









*Painting by Frank E. Schoonover*

Illustration for "North Country"

PICKING HER WAY OVER THE ROCKS, WITH A CHILD CLINGING TO HER SKIRT





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## Is Our Democracy Stagnant?

BY FRANK I. COBB

Editor of The World, New York

OF all the self-governing nations that emerged from the blood and welter of the world war none of them fashioned its constitution after that of the United States. All of them rejected congressional government in favor of parliamentary government.

From one point of view this choice was extraordinary, because at the time it was made the United States was at the zenith of its power and influence in international affairs. No other country in all history had ever attained such prestige. Not only had its vast influence thrown into the balance decided the issue of the war, but at the word of its President, kings and emperors had abdicated, dynasties had crumbled, empires had ceased to be empires.

Europe had seen a pacifist American democracy, drawn into conflict against its will, accomplish through its gigantic economic resources a military feat for which there is no parallel. This achievement might have been expected to appeal to the imagination of European statesmen suddenly confronted with the difficult and precarious task of establish-

ing popular government in place of autocratic government. But none of the nations that owed its emancipation to American intervention in the war had sufficient admiration for the American political system to adopt it as the model for its own institutions.

However much the United States may be respected or envied or feared, it had lost its leadership in what might be called the town-meeting of world democracy. Everywhere the elastic, flexible and responsive British system, divested of the ornamental trappings of monarchy, is preferred to the rigid, unyielding, unresponsive American system, with its enumerated powers and its carefully contrived mechanism of checks and balances. If we are to seek the reason for it we must go back to the origin of the Constitution itself.

When the convention that framed it met in Philadelphia, May 25, 1787, George III was on the throne of England, Catharine the Great was Empress of Russia, Louis XVI was King of France, Frederick the Great had died in August of the previous year. Napoleon Bona-



parte was an obscure young lieutenant of artillery in the French army. There can be no more vivid description of the political state of the world when the Constitution of the United States came into being than the mere recital of these names. They spell what government was like when the Fathers of the Republic set out to draft a new charter for themselves and their posterity.

For nearly seven score years it has been the fashion to exalt them as supermen, and they were supermen if to be a superman is to know precisely what one wishes to do and to obtain that end regardless of all obstacles. The mistake has come, not from thinking of them as supermen, but from thinking of them as prophets who must at all times be vindicated notwithstanding the lessons of experience.

The Constitution of the United States was not devised to be an instrument of democracy for the excellent reason that the men who framed it did not believe in democracy, which was to them a synonym for mob rule. They knew that all previous democracies had been only a prelude to despotism. They had no more respect for the sovereignty of the people than for any other sovereignty. What they knew to their cost was that power of any kind was likely to be mischievous. They would have agreed cordially with John Adams's great-grandson, Henry Adams, that "power is poison," and so in the establishment of a government, they undertook to neutralize power wherever it could be neutralized. To this end, they worked out a most ingenious system which has finally left their descendants in a state of political bewilderment.

To begin with, the Federal government was to be one of enumerated powers. Nothing was to be taken for granted. In the next place, it was to be a government of co-ordinate and independent branches. The executive was to have no control over the legislature or over the courts. The legislature was to have no control over the executive or

over the courts. The courts were to have no control over the executive or the legislature. Each was to do its work independently of the other.

The choice of an executive was to be removed as far as possible from the people. It was therefore delegated to electors who were to be appointed as the legislatures of the several states might direct. In other words, the President was to be named by a carefully selected congregation of the Best Minds.

The principle of democracy had necessarily to be recognized somewhere in the election of a congress, so it was restricted to the House of Representatives. The representatives were to be chosen by the people of the states on the basis of population, but as a permanent brake on the House, a Senate was created in which each state was to have equal representation. This nullified every principle of democracy, and every principle of representative government for that matter. Thus the Senate came into being as a constitutional manifestation of a rotten borough system, and seventy-seven thousand persons in Nevada now counterbalance ten million persons in New York.

To make sure that the Senate would always be a counterbalance to popular passion, it was further provided that the terms of only one-third of the senators should expire every two years with the House of Representatives. This not only made the Senate a continuous body, but it also made it impossible that a majority of the Senate should ever be haled before the court of public opinion of the nation. One-third of the senators might be disciplined by an indignant populace, but the other two-thirds remained to sit tight and wait for the storm to blow over. Furthermore, inasmuch as representation in the Senate had no relation to population, the smallest state having the same number of senators as the largest state, a legislative system was established in which the ultimate power was vested in the minority, and so it has remained to this day.

The American Constitution may or



may not be, as Mr. Gladstone said, "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," but nothing could be farther from the truth than to regard it as an instrument of democracy, for that is precisely what it was never intended to be, and what nineteen different amendments have never succeeded in making it be. Nevertheless, it served the purpose of its founders. It established the central government which they needed to carry on foreign affairs, to provide for the common defense and to regulate interstate commerce, which meant to them that it was not to be regulated at all. It corrected the deficiencies of the Confederation without taking from the states the general control over their own affairs, which were the important affairs as affecting the daily life of the American people. The Federal government did not touch these relationships at all, and for at least a century the average American had no personal contact with the government of the United States except as the postmaster or the letter carrier embodied the Federal authority.

The main thing about the Constitution of the United States is that the men who framed it and set it going made it work. No higher tribute than that can be paid to political genius; and the fact that the government worked was eventually ascribed to the Constitution itself, which presumably had made it possible for a free people to administer their own affairs. A Constitution that worked inevitably became an object of veneration. American citizens divided into most bitterly hostile camps, and carried on political wars that closely resembled civil wars; but the one thing on which there was unity was devotion to the Constitution itself. They differed rancorously and vindictively and with assault and battery as to how the Constitution was to be construed, but no faction ever tired of proclaiming its ardent and unselfish attachment to the Constitution itself. Even while the issue of secession was drawing the nation into the vortex of

civil war, no responsible leader north or south ever flaunted the Constitution. On the contrary, everybody except a few ribald abolitionists who were deplored by North and South alike, was for the Constitution, provided he was allowed to interpret it.

It is not strange that the American people came to regard their Constitution as a fetish. For decades the government established under it was the only responsible expression of the principle of free institutions to be found in a world of kings, emperors, autocrats, and despots. It was the only government professing to derive its powers from the consent of the governed, under which property was protected, and human life was as secure as local custom decreed. It was the only government in which the average man had a chance to participate, and so it came to be assumed that only the Constitution of the United States stood between democracy and monarchy. Nor was that assumption so very far fetched. For after all, the Republic had proved to be a bulwark of freedom for men with white skins, and the Constitution was the Great Charter of the Republic. In one way or another, the hope of political liberty was bound up in this experiment. The American had achieved the political equality for which other men had died in vain. There was no caste system to keep everybody in the station in which God had appointed him. There was no nobility to ride roughshod over the rights of the peasant, and no peasant for that matter to be trampled under foot. No king seized upon a subject to impress him into military service to fight in wars about which he knew nothing, for there were no subjects. Moreover, the burdens that the government laid upon the citizen were light. There were no direct taxes to vex him, and he was never quite sure who paid the indirect taxes. He was a free man with a free vote and a free house, and what more could anybody ask? A Constitution with all this to its credit seemed indeed something more than

human in a world of privilege, repression, and aristocratic pretense.

All religions have this in common, that soon or late they are reduced to a creed, and then the creed solidifies. Even after the articles of faith have lost all their primary significance in relation to the daily life of the adherent, the passionate attachment to the formula remains. Men feel instinctively that if they give anything up, if they admit the possibility of error, the whole structure may crumble, and they will be left naked to the elements of doubt and damnation. It is a very human fear, and the American people have given it a free rein in respect to their institutions. In theory they never cease to exalt the Constitution. In practice they have been engaged for a century and a quarter in desperate attempts to break the shackles which the Constitution riveted upon their political limbs.

They achieved an early success so far as the Presidency was concerned. The Electoral College in its original inception did not outlive Washington. Then the party system for which the Philadelphia convention made no provision intervened, a little clumsily, to be sure, but effectively for all that. Soon the congressional caucus had taken over the business of making presidents and the Electoral College became the rubber stamp that it still remains. But the congressional caucus was still too remote from the political life of the American people ever to become popular. It was more objectionable in many respects than the Electoral College as originally devised, because it tended to corrupt both the executive and legislative branches. Out of the revolt against King Caucus came one of the most remarkable instruments of free institutions that was ever evolved from the political genius of any people—the nominating convention.

Without changing a line or a letter in the Constitution, it accomplished three things in the evolution of popular government which the Constitution skill-

fully endeavored to prevent. It put the election of the President directly into the hands of the people themselves. It established party government, and made the President *ex-officio* the leader of his party in Congress. This was the longest political step forward that the American people ever took on their own initiative. It is perhaps the longest step forward that any people ever took on their own initiative without violence and without destruction.

The national convention, in spite of the inroads made by the direct primary, remains unique. It is extra-constitutional and extra-legal. It chooses its own officers. It makes its own rules. It is its own court of last resort. It passes on the qualifications of all the delegates. It has no statute authority to do anything whatsoever or to bind anybody whomsoever. Yet for nearly a century no presidential elector has ever ventured to cast a vote for any candidate for President except the candidate nominated by the convention of his party. With no legal authority to enforce its mandates or to punish disobedience, the national convention has been a government within a government, selecting the presidents outside the Constitution and making the Electoral College the instrument to record its will.

Thus, long ago, the American people democratized the Presidency, but beyond that they have never been able to break down the barriers which the Constitution erected against democracy.

In respect to Congress, they have practically no progress to report; yet it is against Congress that most of their political discontent is directed, and Congress is, without question, the outstanding failure of the Constitution. It was once thought that the sources of trouble lay in the election of senators by the State Legislatures, but when the Constitution was finally amended to provide for the election of senators by a direct vote of the people, nothing at all happened, except that the Senate declined rather than improved in ability. Every-



thing went on as before. All that has come out of the direct primary is the disintegration of party government and the rise of bloc government, to the increasing dissatisfaction of the country. The principal achievement of the direct primary is the breakdown of party lines and the confusion of party issues.

The attempt to impose this system of direct government upon a system of representative government has done nothing to solve the political problems of the country. Rather, it has helped to make a bad matter worse. The inherent evil of the congressional system is that it is unresponsive to begin with, and the direct primary, by weakening party authority, has also made it irresponsible, except in the narrowest and most sectional sense. More than any other agency, it has given the national legislature over to the control of organized minorities.

All of this might not matter so much if the character of American civilization had not so completely changed since the Constitution was adopted. When Washington and his associates met in Philadelphia to revise the articles of Confederation they were considering the political necessities of an agricultural and mercantile population. The system of transportation that they knew did not differ in any important respect from that known to Tut-ankh-amen. In fact, historians are generally agreed that the eighteenth-century's means of communication were inferior to those of the Roman Empire. The eighteenth century had piled a little more canvas on the yards of the sailing ship, but as for land communications, the roads were much worse than those built by Cæsar, and a horse could run no faster than he could in the days of Babylon.

In a new country without quarrelsome neighbors, with unlimited land and unlimited resources, with a virile population able to take care of itself in most circumstances and no serious economic questions to disturb it, the problems of government were simple, especially the problems of Federal government. No

sooner did a real issue become acute, however, than the congressional system proved impotent to cope with it. Every other nation managed to rid itself of the institution of human slavery without violence. In the United States it was settled only by four years of civil war.

What wrought the revolutionary change in American affairs, however, was not a civil war which a higher statesmanship could have averted, but the development of the railroad, which, in turn, produced the industrial civilization that supplanted the agricultural civilization of the eighteenth century. For nearly a hundred years after the Constitution was adopted, the interstate commerce clause remained dormant, and Congress made practically no use of the grant of power. For the last thirty years the political and economic history of the United States has pivoted round a single paragraph.

Slavery was the nineteenth-century's irrepressible conflict under the Constitution. Interstate commerce is the twentieth-century's irrepressible conflict. In the regulation of interstate commerce Congress has gone from commission to commission, from bureaucracy to bureaucracy. It has muddled everything without really settling anything except the supremacy of its own powers. The more it regulates, the more intimately it touches the daily lives of the people, the louder is the clamor for more regulation on the part of those who are dissatisfied with the previous adjustments. Beginning with a government that laid no appreciable burdens upon the ordinary citizen, and that rarely came in contact with him, we have progressed to a government that regulates trade, that regulates transportation, that regulates wages, that regulates profits, that, incidentally, tells the American people what they may eat and what they may drink and how they may amuse themselves without violating the canons of an impeccable morality, and what the doctor may prescribe in a case of pneumonia.

The states have been stripped to the

skeleton, and the Federal government has been centralized to an extent that would have been deemed unbelievable even a quarter of a century ago. If we are to admit the desirability of all this super-Prussianism on the ground that the national authority alone is competent to supervise in the public interest an economic development which knows no state lines, we must also admit that the congressional system is probably the clumsiest instrument that could be devised for such supervision.

The government of the United States cannot function at all in respect to policy when the President and a majority of Congress happen to belong to different parties. Neither can it function in respect to policy when the House and the Senate happen to be under different party control, which is by no means infrequent. The government can continue to perform the routine functions of administration, but for the rest it is deadlocked, until one side or another can win a decisive victory at the polls. When the victory is won, there is seldom general agreement in interpreting the meaning of the ballot—and there is always the Senate.

Whatever defects are inherent in parliamentary government, it has one unfailing source of strength. It must of necessity settle one thing at a time, and it is always possible to get a vote of the people on a single issue. What is equally important, responsibility cannot be evaded. There is no way of shifting it from the legislative to the executive department, and back from the executive to the legislative. There is no way of shifting it from the House to the Senate, or from the Senate to the House.

The American people were never before so critical of their government as they are now. They were never before so cynical about their government. They rail at the politicians, they jeer at Congress, they blackguard the President, whoever he happens to be, but they never stop to inquire whether their government was established to meet the de-

mands they are making on it. If they did, they would be obliged to admit that it was not. They ask a rigid, inflexible government to function as a responsive and flexible government. They ask a government of checks and balances to function as a political manifestation of democracy. They ask a government of co-ordinate and independent branches to function as a unit. It cannot be done. In spite of all their ardent devotion to the Constitution, it is apparent that they know little about the Constitution. They have turned it into a fetish and they burn a vast quantity of incense before it, but they have forgotten its origin and have lost contact with its purposes. What they think it is, or what they think it must be, is something that it was never intended to be, and can never be made to be, except by a process of almost revolutionary revision.

American democracy is now a stagnant democracy. The great world stream of popular government has swept past it, leaving it isolated. Enormous material prosperity has paralyzed its initiative and made it timid. A democracy that once dared and dared magnificently now alternately mumbles about its troubles and mutters about the greatness of the Fathers. It has abandoned its traditions of individual liberty and forgotten the ancient faith that it exalts. Hag-ridden by statute, it hardly ventures to call its soul its own.

Undoubtedly the American people still believe in democracy. At least, they always say they do, but they are afraid to trust themselves whenever an issue is raised. The world moves on politically. The England of George III is now an England in which the British labor party in Parliament is His Majesty's Opposition, but the United States in its mechanism of government holds fast to the eighteenth century. More than that, it refuses to concede that anything of general importance has been learned about the science of government since the eighteenth century, and previous to the French Revolution.





"WHAT BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS!"

## The Drama As I See It

STUDIES IN THE PLAYS AND FILMS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

### *V.—Masterpieces of other Nations*

#### THE SUBCONTRACTOR

*An Ibsen Play done out of the Original  
Norwegian with an Axe*

##### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SLUMP.....A builder  
VAMP.....His wife  
DUMP.....A professor of  
                                  thermodynamics  
SIMP.....A maid servant  
YOOP.....An accountant  
SCOOP.....His sister  
PASTOR GYMP.....A pastor  
CRAMP.....His mother-in-law

and as many more with names of that kind and with occupations of that sort as there is room for on the page. Some of them may not get into the play at all. But that doesn't matter. An Ibsen *Dramatis Personæ* is a thing by itself.

SCENE.—A room in Slump's house.  
*There are flowers on the table.*

SLUMP.—What beautiful flowers!

VAMP.—Yes, they are fresh this morning.

*[Slump and Vamp speak one after the other in short turns, like sawing wood with a cross-cut saw. But there is no need to indicate which is speaking. It doesn't matter.*

Are they indeed?

Yes, they are.

How sweet they smell.

Yes, don't they?

I like flowers.

So do I. I think they smell so beautiful.

It's a beautiful morning.

Yes, the spring will soon be here.

The air is deliciously fresh.

Yes, it is, isn't it?

I saw a bobolink in the garden.

A bobolink already? Then the summer is soon here.

Soon, indeed, the meadows are already green.

I like the green meadows.

Yes, isn't it?

The angle of the sun is getting high.

I suppose it is. I noticed yesterday that the diameter of the moon was less.

Much less, and the planets are brighter than they were. Their orbits are elongating.

I suppose so.

How I love the spring!

So do I. The evaporation of the air closes the pores of my skin.

This completes round number one. It is meant to show Norwegian home life, the high standard of education among the Norwegians and, just at the end, the passionate nature of Vamp. The spring fills her with longings. It also shows where Slump stands. For him the spring merely opens the pores of his skin.

With this understanding we are ready for a little action:

[A bell rings. Then Simp the maid enters, showing in Dump, a professor of thermodynamics.

Good morning, Dump. Good morning, Slump. Good morning, Vamp. Good morning, Dump.

DUMP.—The spring will soon be here.

VAMP.—I saw a bobolink in the garden.

DUMP.—Yes, I saw a wagtail on the thatch of the dovecot.

SLUMP.—Spring is coming.

DUMP.—It will do my cough good (*he coughs*).

VAMP.—Yes, you will soon be well.

DUMP.—Never well (*he coughs again*).

SLUMP.—You think too much. You need pleasure; for me each time I finish a subcontract I like to take my ease and drink sprott.

DUMP.—I can't drink sprott (*he coughs*). I have a mortal disease.

VAMP.—Don't say that.

DUMP.—In six years I shall be dead.

Nonsense. Come, drink a glass of sprott.

No.

Have some yip?

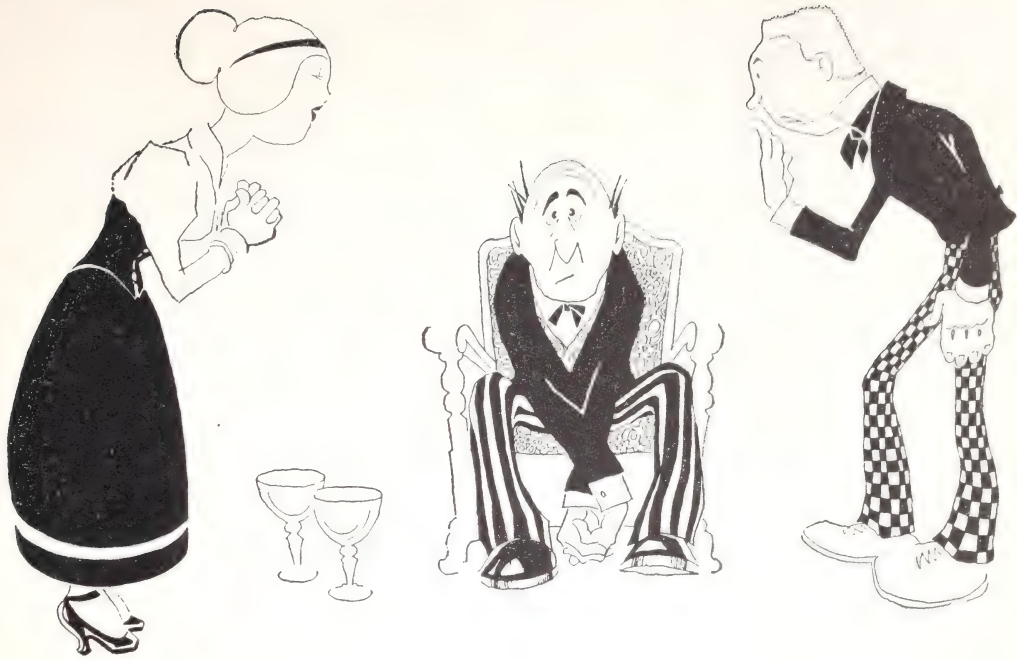
No.

Take some pep?



"I CAN'T DRINK SPROTT. I HAVE A MORTAL DISEASE"





DUMP WILL DIE OF BILIOUSNESS IN SIX YEARS

No.

[*Dump goes and sits down near a window; the others look at him in silence. This completes round two.*]

It is intended to establish the fact that Dump has a mortal disease. There is nothing visibly wrong with Dump except that he looks bilious. But in every Ibsen play it is understood that one of the characters has to have a mortal disease. Dump in the Ibsen Drama will die of biliousness in six years. Biliousness and ill temper take the place of *Anangke* in Greek tragedy.

SLUMP.—Well, I must be about my work. Come, Simp, and help me get my wallet and my compasses.

SIMP.—Yes, sir.

[*Simp and Slump go out. Vamp and Dump are left alone.*]

VAMP.—Come and sit down.

DUMP.—I don't want to sit down. I'm too ill to sit down.

VAMP.—Here, get into this long chair; let me make you comfortable.

[*Vamp makes Dump sit down.*]

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VAMP.—There now, you're comfortable.

DUMP.—Why should I be comfortable? I'm too ill to be comfortable. In six years I shall be dead.

VAMP.—Oh no! Don't say that.

DUMP.—Yes, I will. The bile is mounting to my œsophagus.

VAMP.—Oh, no!

DUMP.—I say it is. There's an infiltration into my ducts. My bones are turning into calcareous feldspar.

This dialogue is supposed to bring out the full charm of Dump. The more bilious he is the better Vamp likes him. It is a law of the Norwegian drama that the heroines go simply crazy over bilious disagreeable men with only from six to twenty years to live. This represents the *everlasting mother-soul*. They go on talking:

VAMP.—Let me sing to you.

DUMP.—Yes, yes.

VAMP.—Let me dance for you.

DUMP.—Yes, yes, dance for me.

Vamp is evidently smitten with that peculiar access of gayety which is liable

to overcome the heroine of an Ibsen play at any time. She dances about the room singing as she goes:

Was ik en Butterflog  
Flog ik dein Broost enswog,  
Adjö, mein Hertzenhog,  
Adjë, Adjö!

DUMP (*passionately*).—More, more, keep on singing. Keep on dancing. It exhilarates my capillary tissue. More, more.

VAMP.—Do you love me?

DUMP.—I do.

VAMP.—No, you mustn't say that. It's wicked to say that. What put that into your head?

DUMP.—Dance for me again.

VAMP.—No. I mustn't. Listen, I hear them coming back.

[*Slump and Simp come back into the room.*]

SLUMP.—There, I have everything, my wallet, my compasses, my slide rule—right, everything is here.

DUMP.—You are very busy. What are you building now?

SLUMP.—I am laying gas mains. They are to go under the Market Hall. They are twenty feet under the pavement. I have forty workmen working—and six steam dredges digging. When I see them dig I want to shout "Ha! ha! dig harder! dig harder!" Do you like steam shovels?

DUMP.—No, they make a noise.

SLUMP.—I like noise. It makes my veins tingle. Don't you like it?

DUMP.—No. It closes my ducts. I don't like it.

SLUMP.—I do. This morning we are to explode dynamite to blow out the bowlders. When it explodes I like to shout "Ha! That was a good one!" Don't you like dynamite?

DUMP.—No, it oscillates my diaphragm.

SLUMP.—Ha, you should learn to like it. Look! Here are sticks of it, like shaving sticks, aren't they?

[*He takes from his pockets some short sticks of dynamite.*]

VAMP.—Don't speak so roughly. It is bad for Dump. It will make him cough.

[*Dump coughs.*]

VAMP.—You see. Come away, Dump, come into the conservatory. I have a lovely eschscholtzia that I want to show you.

[*Vamp and Dump go out.*]

Round three is now complete. It is meant to show that Slump the sub-contractor is a man of terrible driving power. He is filled with the *drang* of life. You have to call this *drang* simply *drang* because in English we don't have it. It means something the same as "pep" but not quite. Pep is intellectual; *drang* is bodily. It means, as all the critics of the play point out, that Slump represents the up-surge of elemental forces.

SLUMP (*calling*).—Now then, Simp, my hat, my stick and a glass of sprott. Where are you?

SIMP.—I am coming, master.

[*Simp comes in with a hat and stick and with a glass of sprott in her hand.*]

SLUMP.—Ha, give it to me! I like my sprott. It makes my eyes bulge.

[*He drinks greedily.*]

SIMP.—You shouldn't drink so fast.

SLUMP.—I like to drink fast. It inflates me. Ha!

[*He finishes the glass and puts it aside.*]

SLUMP.—Ha! That's good. You're a pretty girl.

SIMP.—Oh!

SLUMP.—Come and give me a kiss.

SIMP.—No.

SLUMP.—Yes you shall.

[*He takes hold of Simp and draws her toward him.*]

SIMP.—No.

SLUMP.—Yes, I say (*kissing Simp greedily three or four times*). There!

SIMP.—You shouldn't kiss me.

SLUMP.—Why not?

SIMP.—I have an hereditary taint.

SLUMP (*aghast*).—What?

SIMP.—I have an hereditary taint. My grandmother died of appendicitis.





"HA! HA! THE GIRL IS NOT ILL TO LOOK AT"

SLUMP (*staggering back, his hand to his brow*).—Appendicitis!

SIMP.—Yes, look, I have the marks of it.

[*Simp raises her sleeve and shows a round red mark on her wrist.*]

SLUMP.—Great Heavens! Sprott! Give me some more sprott.

[*He stands staring in front of him while Simp fetches another glass of sprott. He drinks it eagerly.*]

SIMP.—How do you feel now?

SLUMP.—Bad. There are specks dancing in front of my eyes. What does it mean?

SIMP.—Appendicitis.

SLUMP.—I am doomed! Give me more sprott. Appendicitis! Sprott. Appendicitis!

The action of the play pauses here a moment to let the audience appreciate the full measure of retribution that has fallen upon Slump for kissing a Norwegian housemaid. Slump has sunk into a chair and sits with his eyes staring in front of him. Simp stands looking at him unconcerned. Vamp and Dump come back.

VAMP.—Good Heavens! What is the matter?

DUMP.—What is it?

SIMP.—I don't know. I don't think he is well.

SLUMP (*beginning to bark like a dog*).—Wow! Wow!

VAMP.—No, he is not well.

DUMP.—He is hardly himself.

SLUMP.—Bow! Wow!

VAMP.—I should say that he is ill.

DUMP.—Yes, he seems poorly.

SLUMP.—Wow!

VAMP.—He appears in poor health.

DUMP.—Yes, he looks out of sorts.

[*Slump takes the stick of dynamite out of his pocket and begins to eat it.*]

VAMP.—What is he doing now?

DUMP.—I think he is eating dynamite.

VAMP.—Will it hurt him?

DUMP.—Yes, presently.

VAMP.—In what particular way?

DUMP.—After the warmth of his body warms it he will explode.

VAMP.—How curious. How warm will it have to be?

DUMP.—About ninety degrees. It will take about a minute for each degree. He will explode in twelve minutes.

VAMP.—Is it wise to stay near him?

DUMP.—No, it is highly imprudent. We had better go. Simp had better gather up your things. We will go together. It is scarcely wise to linger.

VAMP.—No, let us hasten.

SLUMP.—Wow! Wow!

The curtain falls, leaving as usual after an Ibsen play a profound problem stated but not solved.

### THE RUSSIAN DRAMA AS IT WAS AND IS

BASILISK VANGOROD

A Russian Play  
(Old style)

This is the kind of play that used to deal with dear old Russia when there was nothing more dangerous there than the knout, and exile to Siberia, and the salt mines, and nihilists with black whiskers and bombs as large as a plum pudding. The good old place is changed now. Life there, from what I can gather at a distance of six thousand miles—which is all I propose to gather—seems in some way—how shall I say it—restrained, what one might call unhome-like. But in the dear old days there was a freedom and a space about Russia which reflected itself in the drama.

Here is the sort of thing that we used to gaze at spellbound in the middle eighties:

SCENE.—*Siberia: A Post Station.*

In the old days there was always a peculiar touch about the very word "Siberia"—sort of thrill, or chill, that you couldn't get elsewhere. It suggested great empty spaces, a vast plain of snow broken with dark pine woods, and moujiks with long whips driving one-horse tarantulas over the frozen surface of the endless samovar. Everywhere was the tunga tufted here and there with vodka.

At intervals in the snow was a post house, a rude building made of logs with outhouses for sheltering exiles in. Everywhere there were prisoners and exiles,

wandering up and down in little strings. They never got anywhere that I know of. They were just driven from play to play and from story to story. Among the prisoners were nihilists with bombs, girls who had lost their husbands, anarchists, tartars; in fact, a varied and cheerful lot.

The opening scene was always laid inside the post house.

It is a long room, with a fire burning at the side, a few rough chairs and tables—only one person is in it, a moujik or sort of peasant servant in a tattered hat and a chewed-up fur coat.

The door opens with a burst of paper snow and in stride two Russian officers. They go to the fire and stick their hands out toward its warmth.

"It's a cold night, Petroff."

"A cold night, Dimitri Dimitrivitch, but not so cold as in the outshed where the exiles are—ha! ha!"

Both officers laugh heartily.

This is a first-class Russian jest.

"One of the dogs," says Petroff, expanding his back to the fire, "fell in the snow on the march to-day."

"And what did you do, Dimitri?"

"I ordered him a touch of the knout. I think the dog died where he fell, ha! ha! ha!"

Both laugh heartily again.

Petroff turns to the peasant servant.

"Here, dog, bring vodka!"

"At once, Excellence, at once." The moujik fumbles in a cupboard and brings a bottle and glasses.

Both officers drink.

"To the Tzar, Petroff!"

"Dimitri, to the Tzar!"

A Russian soldier with a gun and a bayonet about two feet long steps in and salutes.

"Excellence, a woman is outside."

"A woman? Ha! What like of woman, Ivan?"

"Excellence, a young woman."

"A young woman! Ha! Ha-ha-ha!"

The two officers stride up and down repeating, "a young woman, ha! Bring





"LONG LIVE THE TZAR!"

her in." It is plain that they mean to eat her.

The soldier salutes and goes out and returns in a moment, dragging in a girl by the wrist.

This is Nitnitska Nitouscha, and she is looking for her father. She is very beautiful, with her hair in two braids and a bright-colored schapska over her head and shoulders.

Petroff grabs her by the wrists and twists her arm twice round and says, "Ha! Ha! The girl is not ill to look at, Dimitri, and what want you here, pretty one?"

"I am seeking my father."

Petroff gives her arm two more turns and says:

"Your father?"

"Yes, he is among the prisoners."

Both officers laugh. "Among the prisoners, ha! ha!"

Dimitri slips up to the girl and twists her other wrist.

"And what might his name be, tell me that."

Petroff takes her by the ear and twists it and says,

"Yes, tell us that."

"His name is written here on this paper, and he is an old man, a very old man; he is too feeble to walk with the prisoners."

Dimitri laughs brutally. "So! he is too feeble to walk? In that case we can help him with the knout, ha! ha!"

He takes the girl by the other ear and turns it twice round.

"And what would you with your father?"

"I want his freedom."

Both officers laugh. "His freedom, ha! ha!"

"His freedom. See, on this paper, I have an order for his freedom signed by the Tzar himself."

"By the Tzar?"

Both officers fall back from the girl, repeating, "By the Tzar."

"Yes, there, it is on the paper." Nitnitska hands over a paper. Petroff takes it and reads it aloud, scowling—

"By command of His Imperial Highness and in accord with the signed order transmitted herewith, you are com-

manded to release into liberty the person of Vladimir Ilyitch!"

Petroff with a start, repeats the name "Vladimir Ilyitch!"

NITNITSKA: "Yes, yes, my father, Vladimir Ilyitch!"

PETROFF: "Dimitri, a word in your ear." They step aside.

"Vladimir Ilyitch! That dog that was struck down with the knout and left for dead—"

Dimitri nods. "That was his name."

PETROFF: "The girl must never leave here alive."

DIMITRI: "No, we must choke her."

Petroff, turning toward Nitnitska,

"Girl, we are going to choke you."

NITNITSKA: "Cowards!" She has set her back against the wall near the window and looks at them defiantly.

"If you dare to choke me, you shall die. Look!" She draws forth from her dress a silver whistle on a chain. "I have but to blow upon this whistle and Basilisk Vangorod and his Tartars will fall upon the post."

PETROFF: "Seize her."

They rush at her. Nitnitska blows a long blast on the silver whistle. Petroff and Dimitri start to choke her, both together, but before they get her more than half choked, there is a sudden outbreak of gun fire outside. Ivan, the sentinel, rushes in.

"Excellence, the post is attacked by Tartars."

Petroff, letting go the girl: "Call all the guards, every man to his post!"

The guards—three of them—rush in and begin firing through the windows. There is a tremendous quantity of firing outside. Presently a full-sized explosion blows in the door. In rushes Basilisk Vangorod followed by his whole Tartar Army—four of them. The Russian guards are hopelessly outnumbered—four to three. They lay down their arms. Basilisk Vangorod rushes at Petroff and Dimitri, and fights them both in a sword combat which circles round the stage so that everybody can

see a piece of it. As it concludes he kills Dimitri and Petroff, clasps Nitnitska in his arms, calls in her father (who is outside, and not dead), and stands in the middle of the stage waving his sword and says, "For the Freedom of Russia, long live the Tzar!"

And the curtain falls.

## THE RUSSIAN DRAMA

(New Style)

### DAMNED SOULS

(A bright little tragedy of Russian home life, written with a little assistance by Maxim Gherkin, Shootitoff, Dustanashej, and a few men like that.)

*Scene.*—An underground lodging in Pinsk: water exudes from the walls: dim daylight comes through a half window. There is a crazy table in the middle of the room, some crazy chairs, a crazy stove on which is a samovar with some crazy tea. In a corner of the room is a low vaulted door which opens on rickety stairs descending to a black cellar.

### THE CAST OF (WANT OF) CHARACTERS

STYLIPIN . . . . . A thief  
YATSCHSCHA . . . . . His wife  
PATCH . . . . . An imbecile  
HOOTCH . . . . . A homicidal maniac  
ITCH . . . . . A paragoric

All these are in the room already when the play begins.

Later the following further want of characters come in, namely:

PRAVDA  
(aged eighty) . . . . An immoral woman  
PRYBILOFF . . . . . A murderer

Their entry is kept until a little later to brighten things up in case they get dull.

When the curtain rises Itch, the paragoric, is lying on a truckle bed, under dirty bedclothes, in a corner of the room. He is evidently dying by inches, if not by centimeters: his feet are already ossified. In fact, he is quite sick.

Patch, the imbecile, is making faces at himself in a broken looking-glass.



Hootch, the homicidal maniac, is sharpening a butcher's knife. Stylipin and Yatschscha are drinking vodka out of dirty glasses at the crazy table. In other words, it's a regular Russian home scene.

ITCH (*sitting up in bed*).—I'm hungry.

STYLIPIN.—Shut up.

ITCH.—Give me some water, I'm thirsty.

STYLIPIN.—Shut up or I'll choke you.

YATSCHSCHA.—That's right. Choke him (*aside*). He has money under his bed, in the mattress. I saw it yesterday. Choke him and take it.

STYLIPIN (*aside*).—Later.

ITCH.—Mother Pravda, Mother Pravda, give me some food!

STYLIPIN.—Shut up, I say. She's out. Mother Pravda is out.

ITCH.—I'm dying.

THE IMBECILE (*with sudden laughter*).—He's dying! Ha! Ha! Isn't he lucky? He's dying!

ITCH falls back on his bed. There is a gurgling in his throat. Nobody pays any more attention to him.

STYLIPIN (*turning to Yatschscha*).—Where is that money you brought in from the street?

YATSCHSCHA.—I brought no money from the street.

STYLIPIN.—You're lying, you foul huzzy. Give it me or I'll beat you!

He picks up a stick.

PATCH, the idiot (*clapping his hands with insane laughter*).

Ha! Ha! Beat her! That's right, beat her.

STYLIPIN.—Give me the money, or I'll choke you.

He takes Yatschscha by the throat and begins to choke her. Strange cries come from her. The idiot capers and chuckles:

Choke her! That's it! Choke her.

HOOTCH, the homicidal maniac.—Stop your accursed noise. Do you want to bring the whole street in on us? Stop, I say, there's some one coming down the steps.

All are still in a moment, their motions

arrested as they stand. Only the gurgling noise is still heard from the throat of Itch, the paragoric.

This opening part of the play is intended to develop that atmosphere of cheerfulness and comfort which surrounds the Russian drama of to-day. It can, if need be, be prolonged still more with little vignettes of choking, poisoning, and knifing. But there should be at least enough of it to develop the temperamental aspect of the Russian stage.

STYLIPIN.—Yes, there's some one coming down the steps. Quiet, I say!

There is a beating at the chained door.

Stylin goes to the door. He motions for silence, his hand upon the chain. He calls:

Who's there?

It is I. Open the door.

It's Mother Pravda. Are you alone, little mother?

No. One is with me. It is all right. Open.

Stylin opens the door. Mother Pravda enters; she is followed by Prybiloff, the murderer. His face is like ashes. His eyes wander. He is afraid.

Who has she got? What is it? Who is she bringing?

This is Prybiloff, children. He has done a murder.

HOOTCH, the homicidal maniac.—Aha! A murder! With a knife, was it, brother? With a knife? A knife like this?

Prybiloff goes and sits down. He is shaking.

I don't know. It was dark.

And you struck him down in the dark? Eh, brother, in the dark? Was there blood? Tell me if there was blood?

PRYBILOFF (*his face in his hands*).—I don't know. I didn't see.

THE IMBECILE (*going near him*).—Don't cry, little brother.

YATSCHSCHA (*taking her husband aside*).—Listen, there is money in his pocket—coins, real money. I heard it jingle in his pocket.

STYLIPIN.—I know it. I heard it, too. Who did he kill, Mother Pravda?

PRAVDA.—He killed a commissary. The people are after him in the streets. They are searching. They want to burn him. Listen!

There is heard a confused sound of shouting and running feet as from the streets outside.

PRYBILOFF (*lifting his head, his hands clenched on the table*).—They're coming!

PRAVDA.—Have no fear. Look, come with me. There is a cellar below here. I'll put you there. Come.

She leads him toward the low vaulted door in the corner.

THE IMBECILE.—She is taking him below! Ha! Ha! Don't go, brother, it's too good a jest. Don't let her take you!

STYLIPIN and HOOTCH.—Shut up, fool, shut up.

Mother Pravda opens the door, leads Prybiloff down the dark steps. The sound of shouting has died away. Pravda's voice can be heard down below. "This way, little brother. There, I will make a light."

One can see the gleam of yellow candlelight through the door.

STYLIPIN to HOOTCH.—Shall we go down?

HOOTCH.—Let her do it alone.

STYLIPIN.—No, no, I'm going down. I don't trust her. She'll take more than her share.

HOOTCH.—All right. Here, take the spade with us. Better finish the job.

STYLIPIN to YATSCHSCHA.—Wait here. Keep the door chained. Let no one in. Come on, Hootch.

They go through the door down the steps. There is a confused sound of voices from below. Then the sudden

noise of a scuffle, one strange cry and silence.

THE IMBECILE (*with laughter*).—Ha! Ha! he *would* go! Like the others. Now they will bury him down there with the shovels, oh what fun! Do you hear, little brother, what a rare joke.

He goes to Patch's bed.

Do you hear, brother, a rare joke? He doesn't answer!

YATSCHSCHA (*looking at Patch callously*).—He can't answer. He is dead.

A voice calls from below.

Are you there, Yatschscha? Bring the vodka. The work is hard.

YATSCHSCHA.—One minute, one minute. She takes from her pocket a little phial with green liquid in it—

But there, there. What's the use of going on with it? The full temperamentality of the thing has been developed by this time. What happens is that Yatschscha puts poison in the vodka. And when she has done that she goes out stealthily to denounce her husband and Hootch to the commissaries of the police. She does this to get the blood money offered by the police for Stylipin dead or alive. In fact, this is a favorite means of support in Russia. So Stylipin, and Hootch, and dear old Mother Pravda presently come up and drink the poisoned vodka and die in contortions. And when the commissaries of the police, led by Yatschscha come in, there is only the idiot laughing over all the corpses.

Nice little thing, isn't it? There is no doubt that life in Russia has a charm all its own and that Russian literature has a tang to it that you don't get in the duller countries.



# Padre Luigi of Kiri

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

FOR five hours we had been climbing steadily on a wet and blood-red trail. We climbed doggedly, in silence. Even the iron-lunged Albanian guides had ceased to sing, and only the swishing of the relentless rain and the clicking of our staffs on the rocks made little noises against the distant roaring of innumerable waterfalls. Our water-soaked *opangi*, limp rags of rawhide on our feet, made no sound.

Far below us, below the jagged cliffs that tore wandering clouds to wisps, below the tortured, limbless trees from which every bough had been hacked to feed hungry flocks, below the slopes of boulders which distance dwarfed to pebbles, foaming Kiri Water ran white. Above us the red trail twisted snakelike up the gaunt mountain-side to the dull gray sky.

I sat down on a boulder, and instantly the five Albanians dropped where they stood, moving only to adjust the waterproofs over their rifles.

"Are we going to the top of the world?"

"No," said the interpreter. "To Kiri."

We sat, soddenly. To light a cigarette was as impossible to us in that rain as to a swimmer under water. When a stranger appeared on the red trail, against the gray sky, we moved only our eyes to look at him.

He was a young man, dark-eyed and handsome, but haggard. Beside the rifle on his back was strapped a small baby. The little head, uncovered, streaming with water, appeared above the thick woolen-fringed collar of the man's black jacket. The baby's mouth was open, drawn into a square of misery, but no sound came from it. The man's

jacket had been darned and darned again, until no thread of the original weaving was visible; his white homespun woolen trousers, hung low on the hips, were worn so thin that the darns no longer held together, and tatters fell round his bare ankles, above feet wrapped in rags. The remnants of black braiding on his trousers were of a pattern new to me; I could not guess his tribe. Behind him a shapeless bundle of household goods moved slowly on the tiny hoofs of a donkey, and the little beast's drooping ears and nose almost touched the trail.

"Long may you live!" And when he had returned the greeting we continued the courteous formula of the Albanian trails, "How could you get here?"

"Slowly, slowly, step by step."

"Are you a man?"

"I am a man of Kossova, of the district of Ipek," he answered, and it was not necessary to say more, for the Serbs hold Ipek. The memory of their taking it moved like a darker shadow in the depths of the man's eyes, and it is not good to disturb such memories.

Yet there was a little hope in his vague voice. He was going, he said, in search of a farm on which he could live. He had tried to live in the Shala country, but it was impossible there. There was too little land for the tribe of Shala, and the making of land is slow among mountains where stone walls must be built to catch the little earth that remains when rain melts limestone. He had heard that in the valley of Scutari there was soil, and his voice sank into silence as though it were a burden too heavy to lift. But he tried to make the baby smile for the American *zonya*. The

baby, too exhausted to cry any longer, was equally unable to smile, and this last baffled effort suddenly became rage. It was only a twist of the haggard face, an explosion in the depths of the man's spirit, and like an explosion, it was over before we saw it, leaving on our eyeballs a picture of something that no longer existed.

"He had a beautiful smile," the father said apologetically. "Very beautiful," and he took up his rifle.

"Long may you live," we said. "Go on a smooth trail." In a moment the rain had blurred the figures of the man and the tiny donkey, moving slowly down the mountain-side.

We wiped the streaming wet from our faces with water-withered hands, picked up our staffs, and drove our bodies again to their task of climbing. The burden of the world's helplessness in misery was heavier on my spirit than the weight of water-soaked woolen on exhausted muscles. Why should man toil over such heartbreaking trails, endure and struggle through such sufferings, only to keep alight a little fire of life, when life means only suffering and painful effort? The rifleshot which interrupted the question seemed an answer to it. We stopped, and the same thought was in all our eyes while we waited for the echoes of the shot to roll away like thunder among the mountain-tops.

Then Cheremi, the gay, ragged gendarme, pressed his thumbs tightly against his ears to keep the air-pressure of his lungs from bursting the ear-drums, and sent down the trail the wild high note of the Albanian "telephone call." He

waited, repeated it, and an answer came up the cliffs.

The man of Ipek had killed his donkey. It had fallen from the trail, it would not try to get up. And there on the mountain-side, five hours from shelter, with night near, he had killed it.

"I wish you blind!" Cheremi called through the rain, and fired his rifle to end the talk.

We could do nothing. We could not carry the donkey's pack, the only goods left to the man of Ipek. My Albanians, in whom also weariness had become anger, went on over the ridge of the mountain, and I followed them. In half an hour we met a beautiful girl. Her black eyes and hair shone through the grayness of the rain, a wide silver-studded marriage belt held the dripping tatters of a Shala dress about her slender body, and her ankles were white above delicate feet bruised by the trails. She drove before her six starveling goats that constantly tried to evade her; they were traveling strange trails and wanted to turn homeward.

"Long may you live!" she murmured,

anxiously urging them forward with her staff, while we climbed the bowlders above the trail to let them pass. Cheremi bent to take her hand and lay his cheek against hers, and for an instant there was a charming smile on her lovely troubled face. When she was gone we continued to sit, gazing into the valley where already lights were shining through the dusk. Down on the banks of Kiri Water were stone houses that seemed as small as children's blocks, and on a ledge of rock a thousand feet below us I saw the flat grayness of



A KIRI CHIEF





KIRI IS ENCIRCLED BY MOUNTAIN PEAKS

a slate roof and a white cross that promised us the hospitality of a priest.

"But we must wait here," the interpreter said, surprised by my impatience. "The woman is the wife of the man of Ipek, and she is a Shala woman. He has killed his donkey; he may kill her, too."

Cheremi's childlike smile was gone. His rifle lay across his knees, his profile was set and stern, cruel; and looking at it, I understood. He was a man of Shala, and though he had never before seen this woman, he would avenge her if there were need for vengeance, for she had been born in his tribe. So we waited for the crash of a second shot. But only the ceaseless rushing sound of the waterfalls came up to us from the darkening valleys.

With staffs and aching feet we found the trail when we went onward. Unseen boulders bruised our knees, unseen rocks rolled when we stepped on them. We came to a slope of crumbling shale which gave beneath our weight and we heard the soft sound of its sliding into

depths that did not report its fall. There was a waterfall, ghostly white with foam, and Soli would have carried me through the waist-deep current, but midway we went down into a madness of struggling, and the terrible invisible force of the stream crushed us against a boulder. Hands reached us through the dark, and by our arms we were pulled like fishes from the grasp of the water. "This must not happen again," the interpreter said sternly. "If we lose you, we must all kill ourselves."

The next hour had no reality in it. It was as eternal and monstrous as a dream. We made our way down the cliffs as one might go back and forth on the ledges of a skyscraper. Six times we came to a white clamor of falling water, and holding hands in a line anchored to a boulder, we fought through the current and the spray. We came to a long, downward, stairlike way, where each step was a fall into darkness, and the roar of the Kiri came up to join the roar of the waterfalls, so

that our shouts to one another were like voices from far away.

Then we looked down on rocks glistening in the flare of a pitch-pine torch, and out of the darkness appeared a broad, merry face. Padre Luigi of Kiri had climbed the trail to welcome us. His gray hair was wet, and shining drops ran from bead to bead of the black wooden rosary at his girdle. The brown Franciscan robe was indistinct against shadows; the smoky torchlight accented only his happy smile and deep blue eyes wise with much experience of pain.

He was amazed to see before him an American. Never before had an American been in Kiri; indeed he had never seen one, and I was so welcome, and he and his village so greatly honored. His cheerful voice ran on, while he went before us with the torch, and soon I was stumbling through an arched stone doorway and up wooden stairs into a large low room warm with firelight.

Two men, whose heavy silver chains and air of authority proclaimed them chiefs, stood waiting to greet us. "Long may you live! Glory to the trails that have brought you to Kiri!" they said, and one knelt to unfasten my *opangi* while the other rolled me a cone-shaped cigarette of the fine golden tobacco that filled his silver box, and Padre Luigi set a long-handled tiny coffee-pot in the hot ashes on the hearth. There was a strangeness in the appearance of the chiefs, but I did not perceive what it was until I saw my five men sitting by the fire without their rifles. Then I saw that the chiefs also were unarmed, and that there were no silver-hilted revolvers or knives in their brilliant sashes.

"Where is your rifle, Cheremi?"

"This is the house of Padre Luigi," said Cheremi reprovingly. "It is a house of peace. All men are safe here. We leave our rifles downstairs near the door, and take them again when we go out."

The wide shadowy room held truly a spirit of peace. For the mountains, it was also a rich house. The fire was built, not on the floor, but in a great stone chimney furnished with an iron chain and hook for cooking pots. On the narrow mantel was another copper coffee-pot and five tiny coffee cups, and from the smoke-blackened rafters hung bunches of seed-corn, black as polished ebony, and here and there a shapely ham. There was even a second fireplace in a far corner, built waist-high from the floor, and used only for baking. And there were two big wooden chests and two three-legged stools. But the Albanians sat more comfortably on the floor.

With left hand on my heart, I accepted the cigarettes rolled for me, and the cups of thick sweet coffee and the brimming glass of

*rakejia*, that deceptive drink that looks like water and tastes like fire, which Padre Luigi offered with the prayer that God would show him how to honor fitly the first American in Kiri. Steam rose from our drying garments to mix with the cigarette smoke and the blue clouds that rolled from the chimney; our supper bubbled in the pot hung on the iron chain, and Padre Luigi's presence warmed our hearts as his fire warmed our tired bodies.

He was about fifty years old, a big man, quite six feet tall and sturdily



KIRI WOMEN IN MARRIAGE DRESS



broad of shoulder. He had been twenty years in Kiri, he said, and chuckled at my surprise, for the Franciscan order does not allow a priest to stay more than two years in a village. He had some knowledge of medicine, he said, and once in the mountains it had saved the life of his bishop, threatened by a fever. Also there was the affair, now fifteen years old, of the taxes. The Turks had held the village of Kiri, and the taxes had been sold, as was the custom, to a tax-collector who harrassed the people.

"As you will see, my people are very poor. We have little land, and it will barely feed the village. To feed also a fat Turk was more than we could do. So I said to the tax-collector that he might go in peace from Kiri, if he went at once, and I wrote to the Turkish government and said to it that Kiri was poor and could not pay taxes. My people were very glad to see the tax-collector go, and they remember it gratefully. The bishop thinks of this also, in allowing me to stay here."

"The Turkish government did nothing?"

"Yes, indeed!" and his sides were shaken by another chuckle. "They sent fifty soldiers to arrest me, and they took me to Prizremi, six days over the mountains. But I did not stay there long; I came back to my people. My people had steadfastly refused to pay the taxes, and when I came walking back to them they said they would kill any Turkish soldiers that came for me again. That would have been bad, very bad. War is a terrible thing, and my people are terrible fighters. I wrote

to the Turkish government and said that I wished peace in Kiri, and no taxes. In the end, nothing came of it. Except that to this day the people of Kiri pay no taxes.

"The Turks did one good thing in the mountains," he continued thoughtfully. "That was when Durgat Pasha came through and took all the rifles. It is true that he killed many men and burned many villages and took hundreds of boys away for his army. But after he had passed, for a little while the moun-

tainers were able to work in their fields and to take some of the burdens from the women. There was a happy time here, until the Serbs attacked the unarmed people, and they had to have guns again. Is it true that the Albanian government is coming here to disarm the people?"

I said that it was true; that already the Mati tribes to the south were giving up their rifles. To an Albanian mountaineer his rifle and his honor are inseparable, and either is dearer than life.

So I was surprised that the Mati, which for two years had held its own against Serbian artillery, should now be giving up its arms without a protest. Would the Dukagjini tribes do the same?

Padre Luigi said they would. "You do not know the burden that the rifle is to the mountaineer. It is the burden of government, and the burden of terror. For we have had no civil law in the mountains except the old Law of Lec, the tribal law that holds every man in honor to enforce it with the blood-feud. So that always the mountaineer is hunting and hunted. He cannot work in



CHEREMI THE GENDARME, AND PADRE  
LUIGI'S MAID PALIM

the fields, for fear of a shot from the cliffs, and he cannot carry goods to market because he never knows what turn in the trail will bring the moment when he must kill or be killed. If all men will disarm, all men will do it gladly. But no man dares lay down his rifle until all men do."

It is a difficulty found not only in the mountains, I said.

"But if the Sons of the Eagle give up their rifles again, what of the Serbs?" said a chief. "What saved the Land of the Eagle last year? Only our rifles, from the Merdite to the Dibra. And the Serbs have large guns drawn by mules."

I explained that the Albanian government would also have large guns drawn by mules, and that in giving up their rifles the mountain men would only be passing the burden of arms from the individual to the state. This, I said, was progress and civilization.

"Good!" said the chiefs. "With large guns we could kill the Serbs like sheep, and take back the lands of the lost tribes." And staring into the fire they repeated like a litany the names that smolder in every Albanian heart: Hoti, Gruda, Kossova, Dibra, and Janina.

It was midnight, supper was ready, and again the richness of the house was revealed. For there was a separate room for eating, furnished with a rough table and two benches. Rain had soaked through the slate roof and spread in damp patches on the walls, and a cold wind came through the cracks in the floor. Cheremi held a torch while I ate, and the shadow of Padre Luigi moved grotesquely on walls and ceiling as he filled my glass with red wine and blessed the food. He ate nothing, as it was his day of fasting.

When at one o'clock I ventured to suggest that sleep would be good, he led me to his own room, which had been prepared for me. A stool from the living room had been brought in as furniture, and a straw mattress was on the wooden

bunk, spread with the reddest of hand-woven sheets and a blanket of goat's hair, striped purple and gray. The sheets, Padre Luigi said, had been woven for him five years ago by a nun in Scutari, and he had never expected to use them. But God had kept them ready to his hand, that he might do honor to the American *zonya*, and his face shone with childlike pleasure because I liked them so much.

Troubled conferences were held outside the door while I undressed, and I was hardly under the blanket when the good Padre came in. In the room beneath mine, he said anxiously, his sheep and goat and six hens were accustomed to spend the night. Sometimes they were noisy. But it was late, the storm was increasing, and it was hours to any other shelter for them. I assured him that I should sleep soundly, and indeed it was luxury to lie in a bed, after many nights spent on floors shared with Albanians and their sheep and goats.

In the morning I looked from the tiny loop-hole window to see seven enormous waterfalls foaming from the heights above us into the depths on either side of the little plateau. The roar of them and of Kiri Water filled the house as the sound of the sea fills a shell, and rain was still pouring from the inexhaustible skies. It was impossible for us to leave our shelter, and Padre Luigi's face was sad because the children could not come to school, or the people come to visit me. They would be so disappointed, he said, and he was worried, too, about his little peach tree. It stood beside the house, a brave and fragile thing of lacelike twigs and pink blossom, lashed by the rain; it had bloomed too soon. No one had planted it, Padre Luigi said. It had appeared one spring like a miracle, the only blossoming tree in Kiri, and the people thought it the gift of a saint. Every Easter they came from two days' journey around to look at its delicate flowers and to sing songs to it.

"My people have so little beauty in



their lives," Padre Luigi mourned. "For twenty years I have tried to teach them to laugh, and to show the children how to play; but they were never really happy until the peach tree came. Though it bears no fruit, only the blossoms, I gladly gave it the earth in which to grow, because my people need joy even more than corn. This will be a sad Easter in Kiri, without the peach blossoms."

He stopped suddenly, listening. Through the roar of the waterfalls came faintly the clear, thin, high telephone call, and the Padre rushed out into the rain to stand on a bowlder and answer it. His favorite pupil, Sokol, was coming to school, and his father was telephoning down the valley for men to carry the boy through the nine streams he must cross. In an hour little Sokol arrived, and school was solemnly opened with a song of prayer

in the small schoolroom, bare and damp and earthen-floored, like the chapel and the stable that shared the first floor with it. Sokol was a manly little boy, seven years old. He was carefully dressed in the short, heavily fringed black jacket, long tight white woolen trousers, and scarlet and yellow sash of the mountaineer. His manners were perfection of grave courtesy, his eyes were keen and intelligent. There was not a blot in his copy-book, his sums were perfectly done, and he read beautifully, tracing the words with a small stubby finger. At ten o'clock, when lessons were done, the storm was so violent that Padre Luigi telephoned that the boy would stay with us.

We were seven unexpected guests, a heavy burden in a house so poor, but for twenty days the inexorable weather held us prisoners there. Food became a problem, I pleaded lack of appetite,



PADRE LUIGI'S HOME AND CHURCH

and I suspected Padre Luigi of multiplying his fast days. But never for an instant could we doubt his heart's welcome. Boiled potatoes, cornbread baked in the ashes, and goat's milk cheese became a banquet when shared with him. And every day he followed his routine, so that the few people who could fight their way to him found him ready.

At six o'clock every morning he rose, for at six-thirty school began, though little Sokol was the only pupil. Usually the children come ten and fifteen miles over the mountains, and they must reach home again at ten o'clock to take out the flocks and cut leaves for them to eat. At ten o'clock the schoolroom becomes an office: the chiefs come then to talk with their priest, who advises them in political and legal, as well as spiritual matters. At twelve o'clock the poor little medicine chest is unlocked, and the clinic is opened. For the people of two hundred houses Padre Luigi is the only doctor. Babies and bullet wounds, malaria and broken bones, are brought to him, and with his few precious boxes of simple drugs, his good common sense and valiant spirit, he does his best for them all. After the clinic he prays. He kneels on the damp earthen floor of the whitewashed chapel, before the wooden altar and the lithograph of the Virgin Mary, and he prays long and earnestly for his people, for their souls, for their bodies, for their happiness. He prays that some day they may learn to laugh, that some day the little children may shout and play in the churchyard after school. For twenty years he has worked and prayed for that, and he believes that some day it will come.



AN ALBANIAN BOY

Through the long dreariness of the days his happiness cheered us, and when, in the evenings we tried to forget our hunger in games, he was the gayest of us all. I had a box of dominoes in my pack, and we sat for hours on the floor absorbed in them. Always the Padre would slyly cheat, and when I pounced upon this his delighted chuckling set the whole company roaring with laughter.

On the twelfth day the downpour became an ordinary rain, and Padre Luigi urged me to visit the ruins of the old church, half a mile above us on the cliff. It had been the first church in Kiri, and there were still "written stones" near it, suggesting that it had been built by ancient peoples, perhaps by the Romans, perhaps by still older Albanians.

The interpreter and I had climbed for half an hour when the skies opened again. The water fell with such force that we feared we should be washed from the trail, and clinging to boulders, we struggled into the shelter of a leaning cliff. We had hardly reached it when round its corner came two women bent under loads of wood. One was old and with-

ered, with a strange sharp expression; the other, as she put down her burden and straightened her back, showed us a most beautiful face. The poise of her head was regal, her forehead and eyes and mouth struck the heart with their perfection of beauty and sorrow.

"You are a happy girl," she said, after our greetings. "I have never before seen anyone so happy. Why do you come to our sad country?"

I said that I loved the Albanian people and wanted to know them better.

"We would bless the trails that led



you to our house," they said, and added, "But ours is a sad house."

"Why?" I asked, and the old woman answered, while the younger stared into the sheets of rain that veiled the valley from us.

The son of the house, Kol Marku, husband of the younger woman, was an exile from his home. His wife had been brought to his house only a week before the night when he killed his cousin, Pjeter Gjon. He had not meant to do it. With a number of other men, he had been sitting by the fire, his rifle on his knees as usual. They were cold and tired and had been talking of crops, when suddenly the rifle spoke, and Pjeter fell back and died. Kol swore that he had not touched the trigger, but when the body was carried to the house of Pjeter, Pjeter's family said that Kol had killed him in order to become the head of the family and control all the property. They claimed blood-vengeance, by the Law of Lec.

It was a killing within a tribe, a matter for the chiefs to settle. They had conferred, and decided that Kol's family should pay to the family of Pjeter 1,200 kronen. The family of Pjeter had refused this. Again the chiefs met. Twelve hundred kronen had been blood-payment within a tribe before the Balkan war, but everything was dearer now, and the chiefs offered 1,500 kronen. But the old mother of Pjeter was bitter, and the family said that no money would pay for the blood of her only son. They demanded blood for blood, life for life; only the death of Kol or one of his family would pay the debt. Kol fled from the mountains, and the men of his family walked in fear.

Without their men the family could not live. The land was poor, was too hard for the women to work. And the lives of the men, hunted always, were no longer good to them, so that they became morose and sat always by the fire, talking of death. Then the women went to Padre Luigi, to ask of him the last ultimate effort.

The good Padre did his best. Wearing his holy robes, and attended by twenty-four chiefs walking in silence, he took the Crucifix itself from the church, and went to the house of Pjeter. For twelve hours he stood, holding the Crucifix before the eyes of that family and telling them as God's messenger that they must forgive Kol. For twelve hours the twenty-four chiefs stood beside him, waiting. But the old mother was bitter, and upheld the spirits of her daughters' husbands so that they refused.

Never before in all the mountains had anyone refused forgiveness asked by the Crucifix itself. The Cross had been carried back to the church above twenty-five bowed heads, and the people of Kiri knelt before it in shame. And Kol could not come home, the men could not work in the fields. The family was always hungry, and the young wife had wept until her eyes were dry of tears.

"We could not again ask Padre Luigi to take the Crucifix," said the old woman, looking at us with eyes that begged that we would do so. But the young woman's eyes were somber and hopeless. The violence of the rain had lessened; below us we saw the green of the valley, the white Kiri Water, and the many little houses linked by tiny fields and a network of overflowing irrigation canals. The women lifted their packs, bent forward under them, and slowly went out of sight down the trail.

When we reached the house we found that Padre Luigi had killed his only sheep for us. That was the reason he had sent us away. And dripping by the fire was a ragged, small, six-year-old boy who had climbed up from the village to bring me three eggs, which he carried tied around his waist in a pouch of goat's skin. They blurred before my eyes as he put them carefully into my hands, and I tried to return the gift with some pieces of my hoarded candy. But he gazed in dismay at the strange things, and nothing would persuade him to



taste them. A colored handkerchief, however, was accepted in a rapturous ecstasy that made him dumb; he could only lay it upon his heart and touch my hand to his forehead, as he departed for the three-hour walk home.

A few moments later the door silently opened, and upon the threshold stood the most handsome man I have ever seen. Tall and lithe, wearing the tight black jacket, vivid red sash and snowy woolen trousers braided in black, he amazed me by his animal beauty and grace. His silver chains were of the finest pattern, a ring was on a hand that might have been perfectly gloved on Fifth Avenue, and his quiet air of the aristocrat would have made him remarkable in any company. He was Plum, the father of Sokol, come to take him home.

He spoke to the boy with the courtesy he would have used to an equal, but there was such pride and love in his eyes and such joy in Sokol's that it was beautiful to see their dignified meeting. For a little while he spoke of his ambitions for the boy; he hoped to send him to the American school in Tirana and later perhaps to a university of Europe. He was proud that he and his son were mountain men, but he wanted Sokol to be wiser and more learned than the mountain life had let his father be. They went away together, and that night while we fed our long hunger with roasted mutton and the Padre ate cornbread, he said that Plum was the Byraktor, or War-Leader, of Kiri, that he was a good man and that little Sokol would be a great one.

I spoke of the family of Kol Marku, and Padre Luigi's face was brightened by the smile that made one love him and the world.

"Only to-day, while you were gone, God answered our prayers," he said. "The mother of Pjeter came to me to cure a burn on her arm, and I showed her the peach tree's falling blossoms and spoke of the sorrow of Heaven over unforgiving hearts. She went away, and her

daughters' husbands have sent me word that Kol may come home and the men of his family live in peace for two weeks, as an Easter gift. Their hearts are softening. Perhaps in another year they will forgive, and give a *Besa* of peace with the family of Kol."

This truce of blood-feud is granted rarely, on sacred feast days, and while it lasts the two families will meet as friends, though on the day it ends they must kill each other on sight. The Albanian blood-feud is not a lawless thing, as strangers think; it is a system of capital punishment founded on rigid laws older than history.

The morning came when I looked from the window to see the peach tree bent under a load of snow, its last few blossoms bravely pink in the glittering whiteness. The gray cliffs were frosted deep with snow, the mountains were white to the pale blue sky, and only the swollen rivers remembered the rain. If the cold held for twenty-four hours we might go on across the mountains.

It held, and next day at dawn we stood ready to depart. Padre Luigi had risen by torchlight to make us the last cups of coffee; with his own hands he had tied the handkerchief around our provision of cornbread and goat's milk cheese, and he had let no one else lace my *opangi*. We were leaving the door, the Padre tucking up his brown robe to go with us a little way, when the boy who had brought me the eggs appeared gasping, stumbling, falling up the trail. His body was blue with cold under the scanty rags, his bare feet were bleeding, and his eyes were wide and dark.

"O Padre Luigi, Padre Luigi, the father of Sokol is dead!"

In a moment the boy had his self-control, and we stood around him in the snow while he told the story. Three days earlier Plum had sheltered a woman who was leaving a cruel husband. She had slept beneath his roof one night on her way to her father's tribe. That morning the husband had met Plum on the trail and without a word had shot



him down. But as he died Plum had managed to reach his revolver and had killed the husband. Both had been found dead, the story written on the snow.

"I thank God," said Padre Luigi, and crossed himself. "Plum was a good man, and brave, and he loved his son."

For Plum, with his last effort, had avenged himself, had closed the account. He left no blood-feud to darken the life of little Sokol. The boy would be honored as the son of a hero, and tomorrow he would take his father's place as a chief and a member of all village councils.

An hour later, halfway up the mountain, we paused to rest in the wearying snow. Far below, brown against the white little plateau, Padre Luigi still stood. The interpreter waved his cap, and a letter fell from it.

"A letter to Padre Luigi's family in Scutari," he explained, putting it into a safer place. "He is writing for more medicines."

"He has a family in Scutari?"

"He comes from the richest family in all northern Albania. That is why he can do so much for the people. No other priest can afford a school and a clinic."

Looking down at the small brown figure, I remembered a sentence he had spoken, hardly noticed at the time. I had admired the weaving of the cloth in his Franciscan robe. "Yes," he said, "I have worn it every day for thirty years, and it is so good, it will last thirty

years more." I remembered this when I realized that Padre Luigi might have been an Essad Pasha in the cafés of Paris and Vienna, had he chosen.

We had climbed for another hour before we stood on the last ridge from which we could see the little church. A hundred miles of mountain tops stretched like a frozen white sea around us, and here and there rose a hundred-foot spray of snow from an avalanche. At the bottom of the chasm at our feet we saw, small as ants, the people gathered at the house of Plum. They were mourning him with wild, blood-chilling death songs, but the distance silenced them. Near the house of Kol Marku three men were working at the wall of an irrigation ditch, and another was cutting wood. On the plateau by the flat grayness of the church's slate roof the tiny brown figure of Padre Luigi still stood, and the glasses brought suddenly close his broad face, streaming with tears as he gazed up at us.

Cheremi sent down to him the telephoned call of farewell and slipped the rifle from his shoulder. But I took it from him. Three times I pulled the trigger, while all the mountain tops shouted back, and when the echoes were only a thin clatter far away I saw Padre Luigi put his thumbs to his ears. Clear and thin and high, with an indescribably fine distinctness, his answer came up to us:

"Long may you live! Go on a smooth trail!"

# The Difference

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

OUTSIDE, in the autumn rain, the leaves were falling.

For twenty years, every autumn since her marriage, Margaret Fleming had watched the leaves from this window; and always it had seemed to her that they were a part of her life which she held precious. As they fell she had known that they carried away something she could never recover—youth, beauty, pleasure, or only memories that she wanted to keep. Something gracious, desirable and fleeting; but never until this afternoon had she felt that the wind was sweeping away the illusion of happiness by which she lived. Beyond the panes, against which the rain was beating in gray sheets, she looked out on the naked outlines of the city: bleak houses, drenched grass in squares, and boughs of trees where a few brown or yellow leaves were clinging.

On the hearth rug the letter lay where it had fallen a few minutes—or was it a few hours ago? The flames from the wood fire cast a glow on the white pages; and she imagined that the ugly words leaped out to sting her like scorpions as she moved by them. Not for worlds, she told herself, would she stoop and touch them again. Yet what need had she to touch them when each slanting black line was etched in her memory with acid? Never, though she lived a hundred years, could she forget the way the letters fell on the white paper!

Once, twice, three times, she walked from window to door and back from door to window. The wood fire burned cheerfully with a whispering sound. As the lights and shadows stirred over the familiar objects she had once loved, her gaze followed them hungrily. She had

called this upstairs library George's room, and she realized now that every piece of furniture, every book it contained, had been chosen to please him. He liked the golden brown of the walls, the warm colors in the Persian rugs, the soft depth of the cushioned chairs. He liked, too, the flamboyant red lilies beneath the little Chippendale mirror.

After twenty years of happiness, of comradeship, of mutual dependence, after all that marriage could mean to two equal spirits, was there nothing left except ashes? Could twenty years of happiness be destroyed in an afternoon, in an hour? Stopping abruptly, with a jerk which ran like a spasm through her slender figure, she gazed with hard searching eyes over the red lilies into the mirror. The grave beauty of her face, a beauty less of flesh than of spirit, floated there in the shadows like a flower in a pond.

"I am younger than he is by a year," she thought, "and yet he can begin over again to love, while a new love for me would be desecration."

There was the sound of his step on the stair. An instant later his hand fell on the door, and he entered the room.

Stooping swiftly, she picked up the letter from the rug and hid it in her bosom. Then turning toward him, she received his kiss with a smile. "I didn't wait lunch for you," she said.

"I got it at the club." After kissing her cheek, he moved to the fire and stood warming his hands. "Beastly day. No chance of golf, so I've arranged to see that man from Washington. You won't get out, I suppose?"

She shook her head. "No, I shan't get out."



Did he know, she wondered, that this woman had written to her? Did he suspect even that the letter lay now in her bosom? He had brought the smell of rain, the taste of dampness, with him into the room; and this air of the outer world enveloped him while he stood there, genial, robust, superbly vital, clothed in his sanguine temperament as in the healthy red and white of his flesh. Still boyish at forty-five, he had that look of perennial innocence which some men carry untarnished through the most enlightening experiences. Even his mustache and his sharply jutting chin could not disguise the softness that hovered about his mouth, where she noticed now, with her piercing scrutiny, the muscles were growing lax. Strange that she had never seen this until she discovered that George loved another woman! The thought flashed into her mind that she knew him in reality no better than if she had lived with a stranger for twenty years. Yet, until a few hours ago, she would have said, had anyone asked her, that their marriage was as perfect as any mating between a man and a woman could be in this imperfect world.

"You're wise. The wind's still in the east, and there is no chance, I'm afraid, of a change." He hesitated an instant, stared approvingly at the red lilies, and remarked abruptly, "Nice color."

"You always liked red." Her mouth lost its softness. "And I was pale even as a girl."

His genial gaze swept her face. "Oh, well, there's red and red, you know. Some cheeks look best pale."

Without replying to his laughing words, she sat looking up at him while her thoughts, escaping her control, flew from the warm room out into the rough autumn weather. It was as if she felt the beating of the rain in her soul, as if she were torn from her security and whirled downward and onward in the violence of the storm. On the surface of her life nothing had changed. The fire still burned; the lights and shadows

still flickered over the Persian rugs; her husband still stood there, looking down on her through the cloudless blue of his eyes. But the real Margaret, the vital part of her, was hidden far away in that deep place where the seeds of mysterious impulses and formless desires lie buried. She knew that there were secrets within herself which she had never acknowledged in her own thoughts; that there were unexpressed longings which had never taken shape even in her imagination. Somewhere beneath the civilization of the ages there was the skeleton of the savage.

The letter in her bosom scorched her as if it were fire. "That was why you used to call me magnolia blossom," she said in a colorless voice, and knew it was only the superficial self that was speaking.

His face softened; yet so perfectly had the note of sentiment come to be understood rather than expressed in their lives that she could feel his embarrassment. The glow lingered in his eyes, but he answered only, "Yes, you were always like that."

An irrepressible laugh broke from her. Oh, the irony, the bitterness! "Perhaps you like them pale!" she tossed back mockingly, and wondered if this Rose Morrison who had written to her was colored like her name?

He looked puzzled but solicitous. "I'm afraid I must be off. If you are not tired, could you manage to go over these galleys this afternoon? I'd like to read the last chapter aloud to you after the corrections are made." He had written a book on the history of law; and while he drew the roll of proof sheets from his pocket, she remembered, with a pang as sharp as the stab of a knife, all the work of last summer when they had gathered material together. He needed her for his work, she realized, if not for his pleasure. She stood, as she had always done, for the serious things of his life. This book could not have been written without her. Even his success in his

profession had been the result of her efforts as well as his own.

"I'm never too tired for that," she responded, and though she smiled up at him, it was a smile that hurt her with its irony.

"Well, my time's up," he said. "By the way, I'll need my heavier golf things if it is fine to-morrow." To-morrow was Sunday, and he played golf with a group of men at the Country Club every Sunday morning.

"They are in the cedar closet. I'll get them out."

"The medium ones, you know. That English tweed."

"Yes, I know. I'll have them ready." Did Rose Morrison play golf, she wondered.

"I'll try to get back early to dinner. There was a button loose on the waistcoat I wore last evening. I forgot to mention it this morning."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I left it to the servants, but I'll look after it myself." Again this perverse humour seized her. Had he ever asked Rose Morrison to sew on a button?

At the door he turned back. "And I forgot to ask you this morning to order flowers for Morton's funeral. It is to be Monday."

The expression on her face felt as stiff as a wax mask, and though she struggled to relax her muscles, they persisted in that smile of inane cheerfulness. "I'll order them at once, before I begin the galleys," she answered.

Rising from the couch on which she had thrown herself at his entrance, she began again her restless pacing from door to window. The library was quiet except for the whispering flames. Outside in the rain the leaves were falling thickly, driven hither and thither by the wind which rocked the dappled boughs of the sycamores. In the gloom of the room the red lilies blazed.

The terror, which had clutched her like a living thing, had its fangs in her heart. Terror of loss, of futility. Terror of the past because it tortured her.

Terror of the future because it might be empty even of torture. "He is mine, and I will never give him up," she thought wildly. "I will fight to the end for what is mine."

There was a sound at the door and Winters, the butler, entered. "Mrs. Chambers, Madam. She was quite sure you would be at home."

"Yes, I am at home." She was always at home, even in illness, to Dorothy Chambers. Though they were so different in temperament, they had been friends from girlhood; and much of the gayety of Margaret's life had been supplied by Dorothy. Now, as her friend entered, she held out her arms. "You come whenever it rains, dear," she said. "It is so good of you." Yet her welcome was hollow, and at the very instant when she returned her friend's kiss, she was wishing that she could send her away. That was one of the worst things about suffering; it made one indifferent and insincere.

Dorothy drew off her gloves, unfastened her furs, and after raising her veil over the tip of her small inquisitive nose, held out her hand with a beseeching gesture.

"I've come straight from a committee luncheon. Give me a cigarette."

Reaching for the Florentine box on the desk, Margaret handed it to her. A minute later, while the thin blue flame shot up between them, she asked herself if Dorothy could look into her face and not see the difference?

Small, plain, vivacious, with hair of ashen gold, thin intelligent features, and a smile of mocking brilliance, Dorothy was the kind of woman whom men admire without loving and women love without admiring. As a girl she had been a social success without possessing a single one of the qualities upon which social success is supposed to depend.

Sinking back in her chair, Dorothy blew several rings of smoke from her lips and watched them float slowly upward.

"We have decided to give a bridge



party. There's simply no other way to raise money. Will you take a table?"

Margaret nodded. "Of course." Suffering outside of herself made no difference to her. Her throbbing wound was the only reality.

"Janet is going to lend us her house." A new note had come into Dorothy's voice. "I haven't seen her since last spring. She had on a new hat and was looking awfully well. You know Herbert has come back."

Margaret started. At last her wandering attention was fixed on her visitor. "Herbert? And she let him?" There was deep disgust in her tone.

Dorothy paused to inhale placidly before she answered. "Well, what else could she do? He tried to make her get a divorce, and she wouldn't."

A flush stained Margaret's delicate features. "I never understood why she didn't. He made no secret of what he wanted. He showed her plainly that he loved the other woman."

Dorothy's only reply was a shrug. Then, after a moment in which she smoked with a luxurious air, she commented briefly, "But man's love isn't one of the eternal verities."

"Well, indifference is, and he proved that he was indifferent to Janet. Yet she has let him come back to her. I can't see what she is to get out of it."

Dorothy laughed cynically. "Oh, she enjoys immensely the attitude of forgiveness, and at last he has permitted her to forgive him. There is a spiritual vanity as well as a physical one, you know, and Janet's weakness is spiritual."

"But to live with a man who doesn't love her? To remember every minute of the day and night that it is another woman he loves?"

"And every time that she remembers it she has the luxury of forgiving again." Keeness flickered like a blade in Dorothy's gray eyes. "You are very lovely, Margaret," she said abruptly. "The years seem only to leave you rarer and finer, but you know nothing about life."

A smile quivered and died on Margaret's lips. "I might retort that you know nothing about love."

With an impatient birdlike gesture Dorothy tossed her burned-out cigarette into the fire. "Whose love?" she inquired as she opened the Florentine box "Herbert's or yours?"

"It's all the same, isn't it?"

By the flame of the match she had struck, Dorothy's expression appeared almost malign. "There, my dear, is where you are wrong," she replied. "When a man and a woman talk of love they speak two different languages. They can never understand each other because women love with their imagination and men with their senses. To you love is a thing in itself, a kind of abstract power like religion; to Herbert it is simply the way he feels."

"But if he loves the other woman, he doesn't love Janet; and yet he wants to return to her."

Leaning back in her chair, Dorothy surveyed her with a look which was at once sympathetic and mocking. Her gaze swept the pure grave features; the shining dusk of the hair; the narrow nose with its slight arch in the middle; the straight red lips with their resolute pressure; the skin so like a fading rose-leaf. Yes, there was beauty in Margaret's face if one were only artist or saint enough to perceive it.

"There is so much more in marriage than love or indifference," she remarked casually. "There is, for instance, comfort."

"Comfort?" repeated Margaret scornfully. She rose, in her clinging draperies of chiffon, to place a fresh log on the fire. "If he really loves the other woman, Janet ought to give him up," she said.

At this Dorothy turned on her. "Would you if it were George?" she demanded.

For an instant, while she stood there in front of the fire, it seemed to Margaret that the room whirled before her gaze like the changing colors in a kaleidoscope. Then a gray cloud fell

over the brightness, and out of this cloud there emerged only the blaze of the red lilies. A pain struck her in the breast, and she remembered the letter she had hidden there.

"Yes," she answered presently. "I should do it if it were George."

A minute afterward she became conscious that, while she spoke, a miracle occurred within her soul. The tumult of sorrow, of anger, of bitterness, of despair, was drifting farther and farther away. Even the terror, which was worse than any tumult, had vanished. In that instant of renunciation she had reached some spiritual haven. What she had found, she understood presently, was the knowledge that there is no support so strong as the strength that enables one to stand alone.

"I should do it if it were George," she said again, very slowly.

"Well, I think you would be very foolish." Dorothy had risen and was lowering her veil. "For when George ceases to be desirable for sentimental reasons, he will still have his value as a good provider." Her mocking laugh grated on Margaret's ears. "Now, I must run away. I only looked in for an instant. I've a tea on hand, and I must go home and dress."

When she had gone, Margaret stood for a minute, thinking deeply. For a minute only, but in that space of time her decision was made. Crossing to the desk, she telephoned for the flowers. Then she left the library and went into the cedar closet at the end of the hall. When she had found the golf clothes George wanted, she looked over them carefully and hung them in his dressing room. Her next task was to lay out his dinner clothes and to sew the loose button on the waistcoat he had worn last evening. She did these things deliberately, automatically, repeating as if it were a formula, "I must forget nothing"; and when at last she had finished, she stood upright, with a sigh of relief, as if a burden had rolled from her shoulders. Now that she had at-

tended to the details of existence, she would have time for the problem of living.

Slipping out of her gray dress, she changed into a walking suit of blue homespun. Then, searching among the shoes in her closet, she selected a pair of heavy boots she had worn in Maine last summer. As she put on a close little hat and tied a veil of blue chiffon over her face, she reflected, with bitter mirth, that only in novels could one hide behind a veil.

In the hall downstairs she met Winters, who stared at her discreetly but disapprovingly.

"Shall I order the car, madam?"

She shook her head, reading his thoughts as plainly as if he had uttered them. "No, it has stopped raining. I want to walk."

The door closed sharply on her life of happiness, and she passed out into the rain-soaked world where the mist caught her like damp smoke. So this was what it meant to be deserted, to be alone on the earth! The smell of rain, the smell that George had brought with him into the warm room upstairs, oppressed her as if it were the odor of melancholy.

As the chill pierced her coat, she drew her furs closely about her throat and walked briskly in the direction of the street car. The address on the letter she carried was burned into her memory not in numbers, but in the thought that it was a villa George owned in an unfashionable suburb named Locust Park. Though she had never been there, she knew that, with the uncertain trolley service she must expect, it would take at least two hours to make the trip and return. Half an hour for Rose Morrison; and even then it would be night, and Winters at least would be anxious, before she reached home. Well, that was the best she could do.

The street car came, and she got in and found a seat behind a man who had been shooting and carried a string of partridges. All the other seats were filled with the usual afternoon crowd





*Drawn by R. M. Crosby*

THERE WAS A GLITTER AND HARDNESS ABOUT HER—THE GLAZE OF YOUTH

for the suburbs—women holding bundles or baskets and workmen returning from the factories. A sense of isolation like spiritual darkness descended upon her; and she closed her eyes and tried to bring back the serenity she had felt in the thought of relinquishment. But she could remember only a phrase of Dorothy's which floated like a wisp of thistledown through her thoughts, "Spiritual vanity. With some women it is stronger than physical vanity." Was that her weakness, vanity, not of the body, but of the spirit?

Thoughts blew in and out of her mind like dead leaves, now whirling, now drifting, now stirring faintly in her consciousness with a moaning sound. Twenty years. Nothing but that. Love and nothing else in her whole life. . . . The summer of their engagement. A rose garden in bloom. The way he looked. The smell of roses. Or was it only the smell of dead leaves rotting to earth? . . . All the long, long years of their marriage. Little things that one never forgot. The way he laughed. The way he smiled. The look of his hair when it was damp on his forehead. The smell of cigars in his clothes. The three lumps of sugar in his coffee. The sleepy look in his face when he stood ready to put out the lights while she went up the stairs. Oh, the little things that tore at one's heart!

The street car stopped with a jerk, and she got out and walked through the drenched grass in the direction one of the women had pointed out to her.

"The Laurels? That low yellow house at the end of this lane, farther on where the piles of dead leaves are. You can't see the house now, the lane turns, but it's just a stone's throw farther on."

Thanking her, Margaret walked on steadily toward the turn in the lane. Outside of the city the wind blew stronger, and the fallen leaves, bronze, yellow, crimson, lay in a thick carpet over the muddy road. In the west a thin line of gold shone beneath a range of heavy, smoke-colored clouds. From

the trees rain still dripped slowly; and between the road and the line of gold in the west there stretched the desolate autumn landscape.

"Oh, the little things!" her heart cried in despair. "The little things that make happiness!"

Entering the sagging gate of The Laurels, she passed among mounds of sodden leaves which reminded her of graves, and followed the neglected walk between rows of leafless shrubs which must have looked gay in summer. The house was one of many cheap suburban villas (George had bought it, she remembered, at an auction), and she surmised that, until this newest tenant came, it must have stood long unoccupied. The whole place wore, she reflected as she rang the loosened bell, a furtive and insecure appearance.

After the third ring the door was hurriedly opened by a disheveled maid, who replied that her mistress was not at home.

"Then I shall wait," said Margaret firmly. "Tell your mistress, when she comes in, that Mrs. Fleming is waiting to see her." With a step as resolute as her words, she entered the house and crossed the hall to the living room where a bright coal fire was burning.

The room was empty, but a canary in a gilded cage at the window broke into song as she entered. On a table stood a tray containing the remains of tea; and beside it there was a half-burned cigarette in a bronze Turkish bowl. A book—she saw instantly that it was a volume of the newest plays—lay face downward beneath a pair of eyeglasses, and a rug which had fallen from the couch was in a crumpled pile on the floor.

"So she isn't out," Margaret reflected; and turning at a sound, she confronted Rose Morrison.

For an instant it seemed to the older woman that beauty like a lamp blinded her eyes. Then, as the cloud passed, she realized that it was only a blaze, that it was the loveliness of dead leaves when they are burning.



"So you came?" said Rose Morrison, while she gazed at her with the clear and competent eyes of youth. Her voice, though it was low and clear, had no softness; it rang like a bell. Yes, she had youth, she had her flamboyant loveliness; but stronger than youth and loveliness, it seemed to Margaret, surveying her over the reserves and discriminations of the centuries, was this security of one who had never doubted her own judgment. Her power lay where power usually lies in an infallible self-esteem.

"I came to talk it over with you," began Margaret quietly; and though she tried to make her voice insolent, the deep instinct of good manners was greater than her effort. "You tell me that my husband loves you."

The glow, the flame, in Rose Morrison's face made Margaret think again of leaves burning. There was no embarrassment, there was no evasion even, in the girl's look. Candid and unashamed, she appeared to glory in this infatuation, which Margaret regarded as worse than sinful, since it was vulgar.

"Oh, I am so glad that you could come." Rose Morrison's sincerity was disarming. "I hated to hurt you. You can never know what it cost me to write that letter; but I felt that I owed it to you to tell you the truth. I believe that we always owe people the truth."

"And does George feel this way also?"

"George?" The flame mounted until it enveloped her. "Oh, he doesn't know. I tried to spare him. He would rather do anything than hurt you, and I thought it would be so much better if we could talk it over and find a solution just between ourselves. I knew if you cared for George you would feel as I do about sparing him."

About sparing him! As if she had done anything for the last twenty years, Margaret reflected, except think out new and different ways of sparing George!

"I don't know," she answered, as she sat down in obedience to the other's

persuasive gesture. "I shall have to think a minute. You see this has been—well, rather—sudden."

"I know, I know." The girl looked as if she did. "May I give you a cup of tea? You must be chilled."

"No, thank you. I am quite comfortable."

"Not even a cigarette? Oh, I wonder what you Victorian women did for a solace when you weren't allowed even a cigarette!"

You Victorian women! In spite of her tragic mood, a smile hovered on Margaret's lips. So that was how this girl classified her. Yet Rose Morrison had fallen in love with a Victorian man.

"Then I may?" said the younger woman with her full-throated laugh. From her bright red hair, which was brushed straight back from her forehead, to her splendid figure, where her hips swung free like a boy's, she was a picture of barbaric beauty. There was a glitter and hardness about her, as if she had been washed in some indestructible glaze; but it was the glaze of youth, not of experience. She reminded Margaret of a gilded statue she had seen once in a museum; and the girl's eyes, like the eyes of the statue, were gleaming, remote and impassive—eyes that had never looked on reality. The dress she wore was made of some strange "art cloth," dyed in brilliant hues, fashioned like a kimono, and girdled at the hips with what Margaret mistook for a queer piece of rope. Nothing, not even her crude and confident youth, revealed Rose Morrison to her visitor so completely as this end of rope.

"You are an artist?" she asked, for she was sure of her ground. Only an artist, she decided, could be at once so arrogant with destiny and so ignorant of life.

"How did you know? Has George spoken of me?"

Margaret shook her head. "Oh, I knew without anyone's telling me."

"I have a studio in Greenwich Village, but George and I met last summer at

Ogunquit. I go there every summer to paint."

"I didn't know." How easily, how possessively this other woman spoke her husband's name.

"It began at once." To Margaret, with her inherited delicacy and reticence, there was something repellent in this barbaric simplicity of emotion.

"But you must have known that he was married," she observed coldly.

"Yes, I knew, but I could see, of course, that you did not understand him."

"And you think that you do?" If it were not tragic, how amusing it would be to think of her simple George as a problem!

"Oh, I realize that it appears very sudden to you; but in the emotions time counts for so little. Just living with a person for twenty years doesn't enable one to understand him, do you think?"

"I suppose not. But do you really imagine," she asked, in what struck her as a singularly impersonal tone for so intimate a question, "that George is complex?"

The flame, which was revealed now as the illumination of some secret happiness, flooded Rose Morrison's features. As she leaned forward, with clasped hands, Margaret noticed that the girl was careless about those feminine details by which George declared so often that he judged a woman. Her hair was carelessly arranged; her finger nails needed attention; and beneath the kimono-like garment, a frayed place showed at the back of her stocking. Even her red morocco slippers were run down at the heels; and it seemed to Margaret that this physical negligence had extended to the girl's habit of thought.

"He is so big, so strong and silent, that it would take an artist to understand him," answered Rose Morrison passionately. Was this really, Margaret wondered, the way George appeared to the romantic vision?

"Yes, he is not a great talker," she admitted. "Perhaps if he talked more,

you might find him less difficult." Then before the other could reply, she inquired sharply, "Did George tell you that he was misunderstood?"

"How you misjudge him!" The girl had flown to his defense; and though Margaret had been, as she would have said "a devoted wife," she felt that all this vehemence was wasted. After all, George, with his easy, prosaic temperament, was only made uncomfortable by vehemence. "He never speaks of you except in the most beautiful way," Rose Morrison was insisting. "He realizes perfectly what you have been to him, and he would rather suffer in silence all his life than make you unhappy."

"Then what is all this about?" Though she felt that it was unfair, Margaret could not help putting the question.

Actually there were tears in Rose Morrison's eyes. "I could not bear to see his life ruined," she answered. "I hated to write to you; but how else could I make you realize that you were standing in the way of his happiness? If it were just myself, I could have borne it in silence. I would never have hurt you just for my own sake; but the subterfuge, the dishonesty, is spoiling his life. He does not say so, but, oh, I see it every day because I love him!" As she bent over the firelight caught her hair, and it blazed out triumphantly like the red lilies in Margaret's library.

"What is it that you want me to do?" asked Margaret in her dispassionate voice.

"I felt that we owed you the truth," responded the girl, "and I hoped that you would take what I wrote you in the right spirit."

"You are sure that my husband loves you?"

"Shall I show you his letters?" The girl smiled as she answered, and her full red lips reminded Margaret suddenly of raw flesh. Was raw flesh, after all, what men wanted?



"No!" The single word was spoken indignantly.

"I thought perhaps they would make you see what it means," explained Rose Morrison simply. "Oh, I wish I could do this without causing you pain!"

"Pain doesn't matter. I can stand pain."

"Well, I'm glad you aren't resentful. After all, why should we be enemies? George's happiness means more than anything else to us both."

"And you are sure you know best what is for George's happiness?"

"I know that subterfuge and lies and dishonesty cannot bring happiness." Rose Morrison flung out her arms with a superb gesture. "Oh, I realize that it is a big thing, a great thing, I am asking of you. But in your place, if I stood in his way, I should so gladly sacrifice myself for his sake. I should give him his freedom. I should acknowledge his right to happiness, to self-development."

A bitter laugh broke from Margaret's lips. What a jumble of sounds these catchwords of the new freedom made! What was this self-development which could develop only through the sacrifice of others? How would these immature theories survive the compromises and concessions and adjustments which made marriage permanent?

"I cannot feel that our marriage has interfered with his development," she rejoined presently.

"You may be right." Rose Morrison conceded the point. "But to-day he needs new inspirations, new opportunities. He needs the companionship of a modern mind."

"Yes, he has kept young at my cost," thought the older woman. "I have helped by a thousand little sacrifices, by a thousand little cares and worries, to preserve this unnatural youth which is destroying me. I have taken over the burden of details in order that he might be free for the larger interests of life. If he is young to-day, it is at the cost of my youth."

For the second time that day, as she sat there in silence, with her eyes on the blooming face of Rose Morrison, a wave of peace, the peace of one who has been shipwrecked and then swept far off into some serene haven, enveloped her. Something to hold by, that at least she had found. The law of sacrifice, the ideal of self-surrender, which she had learned in the past. For twenty years she had given freely, abundantly of her best; and to-day she could still prove to him that she was not beggared. She could still give the supreme gift of her happiness. "How he must love you!" she exclaimed. "How he must love you to have hurt me so much for your sake! Nothing but a great love could make him so cruel."

"He does love me," answered Rose Morrison, and her voice was like the song of a bird.

"He must." Margaret's eyes were burning, but no tears came. Her lips felt cracked with the effort she made to keep them from trembling. "I think if he had done this thing with any other motive than a great love, I should hate him until I died." Then she rose and held out her hand. "I shall not stand in your way," she added.

Joy flashed into the girl's eyes. "You are very noble," she answered. "I am sorry if I have hurt you. I am sorry, too, that I called you old-fashioned."

Margaret laughed. "Oh, I am old-fashioned. I am so old-fashioned that I should have died rather than ruin the happiness of another woman."

The joy faded from Rose Morrison's face. "It was not I," she answered. "It was life. We cannot stand in the way of life."

"Life to-day, God yesterday, what does it matter? It is a generation that has grasped everything except personal responsibility." Oh, if one could only keep the humor! A thought struck her, and she asked abruptly, "When your turn comes, if it ever does, will you give way as I do?"

"That will be understood. We shall not hold each other back."

"But you are young. You will tire first. Then he must give way?" Why, in twenty years George would be sixty-five and Rose Morrison still a young woman!

Calm, resolute, uncompromising, Rose Morrison held open the door. "Whatever happens, he would never wish to hold me back."

Then Margaret passed out, the door closed behind her, and she stood breathing in deep draughts of the chill, invigorating air. Well, that was over.

The lawn, with its gravelike mounds of dead leaves, looked as mournful as a cemetery. Beyond the leafless shrubs the road glimmered; the wind still blew in gusts, now rising, now dying away with a plaintive sound; in the west the thread of gold had faded to a pale greenish light. Veiled in the monotonous fall of the leaves, it seemed to Margaret that the desolate evening awaited her.

"How he must love her," she thought, not resentfully, but with tragic resignation, "how he must love her to have sacrificed me as he has done!"

This idea, she found as she walked on presently in the direction of the street car, had taken complete possession of her point of view. Through its crystal lucidity she was able to attain some sympathy with her husband's suffering. What agony of mind he must have endured in these past months, these months when they had worked so quietly side by side on his book! What days of gnawing remorse! What nights of devastating anguish! How this newer love must have rent his heart asunder before he could stoop to the baseness of such a betrayal! Tears, which had not come for her own pain, stung her eyelids. She knew that he must have fought it hour by hour, day by day, night by night. Conventional as he was, how violent this emotion must have been to have conquered him so completely. "Terrible as an army

with banners," she repeated softly, while a pang of jealousy shot through her heart. Was there in George, she asked now, profounder depths of feeling than she had ever reached; was there some secret garden of romance where she had never entered? Was George larger, wilder, more adventurous in imagination than she had dreamed? Had the perfect lover lain hidden in his nature, awaiting only the call of youth?

The street car returned almost empty; and she found restfulness in the monotonous jolting, as if it were swinging her into some world beyond space and time, where mental pain yielded to the sense of physical discomfort. After the agony of mind, the aching of body was strangely soothing.

Here and there, the lights of a house flashed among the trees, and she thought, with an impersonal interest, of the neglected villa, surrounded by mounds of rotting leaves, where that girl waited alone for happiness. Other standards. This was how the newer generation appeared to Margaret—other standards, other morals. Facing life stripped bare of every safeguard, of every restraining tradition, with only the courage of ignorance, of defiant inexperience, to protect one. That girl was not wilfully cruel. She was simply greedy for emotion; she was grasping at the pretense of happiness like all the rest of her undisciplined generation. She was caught by life because she had never learned to give up, to do without, to stand alone.

Her corner had come, and she stepped with a sensation of relief on the wet pavement. The rain was dripping steadily in a monotonous drizzle. While she walked the few blocks to her door, she forced herself by an effort of will to go on, step by step, not to drop down in the street and lose consciousness.

The tinkle of the bell and the sight of Winters' face restored her to her senses. "Shall I bring you tea, madam?"

"No, it is too late."

Going upstairs to her bedroom, she





*Drawn by R. M. Crosby*

"YOU'RE TIRED OUT, MARGARET, AND YOU'RE NERVOUS"

took off her wet clothes and slipped into her prettiest tea gown, a trailing thing of blue satin and chiffon. While she ran the comb through her damp hair and touched her pale lips with color, she reflected that even renunciation was easier when one looked desirable. "But it is like painting the cheeks of the dead," she thought, as she turned away from the mirror and walked with a dragging step to the library. Never, she realized suddenly, had she loved George so much as in this moment when she had found him only to lose him.

As she entered, George hurried to meet her with an anxious air. "I didn't hear you come in, Margaret. I have been very uneasy. Has anything happened?"

By artificial light he looked younger even than he had seemed in the afternoon; and this boyishness of aspect struck her as strangely pathetic. It was all a part, she told herself, of that fulfillment which had come too late, of that perilous second blooming, not of youth, but of Indian Summer. The longing to spare him, to save him from the suffering he had endured, pervaded her heart.

"Yes, something has happened," she answered gently. "I have been to see Rose Morrison."

As she spoke the name she turned away from him, and walking with unsteady steps across the room, stood looking down into the fire. The knowledge of all that she must see when she turned—of the humiliation, the anguish, the remorse in his eyes—oppressed her heart with a passion of shame and pity. How could she turn and look on his wounded soul which she had stripped bare?

"Rose Morrison?" he repeated in an expressionless voice. "What do you know of Rose Morrison?"

At his question she turned quickly, and faced not anguish, not humiliation, but emptiness. There was nothing in his look except the blankness of complete surprise. For an instant the shock made her dizzy; and in the midst of the dizziness there flashed through her

mind the memory of an evening in her childhood, when she had run bravely into a dark room where they told her an ogre was hiding, and had found that it was empty.

"She wrote to me." Her legs gave way as she replied, and sinking into the nearest chair, she sat gazing up at him with an immobile face.

A frown gathered his eyebrows, and a purplish flush (he flushed so easily of late) mounted slowly to the smooth line of his hair. She watched the quiver that ran through his under lip (strange that she had not noticed how it had thickened) while his teeth pressed it sharply. Everything about him was acutely vivid to her, as if she were looking at him closely for the first time. She saw the furrow between his eyebrows, the bloodshot stain on one eyeball, the folds of flesh beneath his jutting chin, the crease in his black tie, the place where his shirt gave a little because it had grown too tight—all these insignificant details would exist indelibly in her brain.

"She wrote to you?" His voice sounded strained and husky, and he coughed abruptly, as if he were trying to hide his embarrassment. "What the devil! But you don't know her."

"I saw her this afternoon. She told me everything."

"Everything?" Never had she imagined that he could appear so helpless, so lacking in the support of any conventional theory. A hysterical laugh broke from her, a laugh as utterly beyond her control as a spasm, and at the sound he flushed as if she had struck him. While she sat there she realized that she had no part or place in the scene before her. Never could she speak the words that she longed to utter. Never could she make him understand the real self behind the marionette at which he was looking. She longed with all her heart to say: "There were possibilities in me that you never suspected. I also am capable of a great love. In my heart I also am a creature



of romance, of adventure. If you had only known it, you might have found in marriage all that you have sought elsewhere. . . ." This was what she longed to cry out, but instead she said merely,

"She told me of your love. She asked me to give you up."

"She asked you to give me up?" His mouth fell open as he finished, and while he stared at her he forgot to shut it. It occurred to her that he had lost the power of inventing a phrase, that he could only echo the ones she had spoken. How like a foolish boy he looked as he stood there, in front of the sinking fire, trying to hide behind that hollow echo!

"She said that I stood in your way." The phrase sounded so grotesque as she uttered it that she found herself laughing again. She had not wished to speak these ugly things. Her heart was filled with noble words, with beautiful sentiments, but she could not make her lips pronounce them in spite of all the efforts she made. And she recalled suddenly the princess in the fairy tale who, when she opened her mouth, found that toads and lizards escaped from it instead of pearls and rubies.

At first he did not reply, and it seemed to her that only mechanical force could jerk his jaw back into place and close the eyelids over his vacant blue eyes. When at last he made a sound it was only the empty echo again, "Stood in my way!"

"She is desperately in earnest." Justice wrung this admission from her. "She feels that this subterfuge is unfair to us all. Your happiness, she thinks, is what we should consider first, and she is convinced that I should be sacrificed to your future. She was perfectly frank. She suppressed nothing."

For the first time George Fleming uttered an original sound. "O Lord!" he exclaimed devoutly.

"I told her that I did not wish to stand in your way," resumed Margaret, as if the exclamation had not inter-

rupted the flow of her thoughts. "I told her I would give you up."

Suddenly, without warning, he exploded, "What, in the name of heaven, has it got to do with you?" he demanded.

"To do with me?" It was her turn to echo. "But isn't that girl—" she corrected herself painfully—"isn't she living in your house at this minute?"

He cast about helplessly for an argument. When at last he discovered one, he advanced it with a sheepish air, as if he recognized its weakness. "Well, nobody else would take it, would they?"

"She says that you love her."

He shifted his ground nervously. "I can't help what she says, can I?"

"She offered to show me your letters."

"Compliments, nothing more."

"But you must love her, or you couldn't—you wouldn't—" A burning flush scorched Margaret's body.

"I never said that I . . ." Even with her he had always treated the word love as if it were a dangerous explosive, and he avoided touching it now, "that I cared for her in that way."

"Then you do in another way?"

He glanced about like a trapped animal. "I am not a fool, am I? Why, I am old enough to be her father! Besides, I am not the only one anyway. She was living with a man when I met her, and he wasn't the first. She isn't bad, you know. It's a kind of philosophy with her. She calls it self . . ."

"I know." Margaret cut the phrase short. "I have heard what she calls it." So it was all wasted! Nothing that she could do could lift the situation above the level of the commonplace, the merely vulgar. She was defrauded not only of happiness, but even of the opportunity to be generous. Her sacrifice was as futile as that girl's passion. "But she is in love with you now," she said.

"I suppose she is." His tone had grown stubborn. "But how long would it last? In six months she would be leaving me for somebody else. Of

course, I won't see her again," he added, with the manner of one who is conceding a reasonable point. Then, after a pause in which she made no response, his stubbornness changed into resentment. "Anybody would think that you are angry because I am not in love with her!" he exclaimed. "Anybody would think—but I don't understand women!"

"Then you will not—you do not mean to leave me?" she asked; and her manner was as impersonal, she was aware, as if Winters had just given her notice.

"Leave you?" He glanced appreciatively round the room. "Where on earth could I go?"

For an instant Margaret looked at him in silence. Then she insisted coldly, "To her perhaps. She thinks that you are in love with her."

"Well, I suppose I've been a fool," he confessed, after a struggle, "but you are making too much of it."

Yes, she was making too much of it; she realized this more poignantly than he would ever be able to do. She felt like an actress who has endowed a comic part with the gesture of high tragedy. It was not, she saw clearly now, that she had misunderstood George, but that she had overplayed life.

"We met last summer at Ogunquit." She became aware presently that he was still making excuses and explanations about nothing. "You couldn't go about much, you know, and we went swimming and played golf together. I liked her, and I could see that she liked me. When we came away I thought we'd break it off, but somehow we didn't. I saw her several times in New York. Then she came here unexpectedly, and I offered her that old villa nobody would rent. You don't understand such things, Margaret. It hadn't any more to do with you than—than—" He hesitated, fished in the stagnant waters of his mind, and flung out abruptly,

"than golf has. It was just a sort of—well, sort of—recreation."

Recreation! The memory of Rose Morrison's extravagant passion smote her sharply. How glorified the incident had appeared in the girl's imagination, how cheap and tawdry it was in reality! A continual compromise with the second best, an inevitable surrender to the average, was this the history of all romantic emotion? For an instant, such is the perversity of fate, it seemed to the wife that she and this strange girl were united by some secret bond which George could not share—by the bond of woman's immemorial disillusionment.

"I wouldn't have had you hurt for worlds, Margaret," said George, bending over her. The old gentle voice, the old possessive and complacent look in his sleepy blue eyes, recalled her wandering senses. "If I could only make you see that there wasn't anything in it."

She gazed up at him wearily. The excitement of discovery, the exaltation, the anguish, had ebbed away, leaving only gray emptiness. She had lost more than love, more than happiness, she realized suddenly, for she had lost her belief in life.

"If there had been anything in it, I might be able to understand," she answered.

He surveyed her with gloomy severity. "Hang it all! You act as if you wanted me to be in love with her." Then his face cleared as if by magic. "You're tired out, Margaret, and you're nervous. There's Winters now. You must try to eat a good dinner."

Anxious, caressing, impatient to have the discussion end and dinner begin, he stooped and lifted her in his arms. For an instant she lay there without moving, and in that instant her gaze passed from his face to the red lilies and the uncurtained window beyond.

Outside the leaves were falling.



# Trails to Tiny Towns

## 1.—*God Loves the Irish*

BY GERTRUDE A. ZERR

*This is the first of a series of remarkable experiences of a woman school-teacher in the sparsely settled districts of the West. In these "far places"—remote from town and railroad—a rugged and picturesque life is being lived to-day by little polyglot communities of immigrants. For ten years Miss Zerr has here found the role of school-teacher an extraordinary adventure, and her graphic chronicle is a moving and intensely human story.*—THE EDITORS.

I AM a close relative of the town drunkard.

The town drunkard and I are a scandal to our friends and family, who love to lift us up out of the gutter and plead with us to live better and worthier lives, asking us why we insist on wasting our talents and strength in ignoble pursuits when, with a little will power, we could easily be rich and successful and a credit to our folks.

I do not deny that I am clever, probably even cleverer than the town drunkard; and when my old friends meet me and audibly figure up my present status in years, and then spring the reproaches, I have nothing to say. I admit that I should be doing something with my talents: here is a world going to the dogs, with business at a standstill, and political problems puzzling the best minds, and yet I roam at large, with no responsibility and no worry. It is not right, and sometimes remorse seizes me and I toss on my pillow and moan, "My misspent life! My misspent life!" like the drunken hero of the ancient melodrama.

Can I help it?

To please my friends I go to work regularly every June, and for a month or so my employers flatter me and tell me what a great future I have in the blessed realm of sight drafts and bills of lading. Then I needs must tire of the commonplaceness of regular folks and the dreariness of regular occupation, and I take to gazing at the pink and purple sections of a map, which repre-

sent such untold adventures and unsung lives; and I look up the date of my little old second-grade certificate, and finding I am still a recognized though by no means glittering member of the despised profession, I soar joyfully to some level at five thousand feet up in the snow, and am at home in a foreign land.

I take no stand politically on the question of immigration, but as an authority on the foreigners in the barren places of this foreign land of ours, I do stand (modestly) alone.

And of all foreign parts, I know of none foreigner than the waste lands of my country. In ten years of moving onward I've never lived in an American community. We of the cultured set ("book artists" in popular parlance) don't expect to. When we "receive a call," we hunt up a sister-sufferer and ask,

"What are the people?"

The answer comes in terms of nationalities: "Swedes, Austrians, or Wops," as the case may be.

One becomes a globe trotter. In the confines of a single state, one lives joyously—not the gay city life of great capitals, to be sure, but the deep-cut, age-haunted, mysterious life of European peasantry. How can one, then, after having held the black-eyed baby of Italy, swathed from shoulders to feet like a Raphael *bambino*, and having learned to lisp languorous syllables from an angel-faced Madonna—how can such a one be contented to put in a lifetime in the composition of such airy

persiflage as "Yours of the twenty-ninth received and in reply would state—" which is considered a proper occupation for a young woman of undoubted ability and energy?

I cannot make my friends understand this, however, and yet I yearn to be understood. And if the story of Maggie O'Brien isn't convincing, maybe the one about Mary Krakovitch will be; for I swear to you that the Imperial decoration which the Krakovitches lost did come back to them, and all the way from America to Austria and back again, which I should never have known had I not wandered from the straight and dreary road of settled living into the foreign parts that circled me round about.

This is the story of triumphant Ireland.

Not that I take any political stand on the Irish question, regardless of my plain duty to settle the matter; but who could know Maggie O'Brien and not cherish the same emotions that the poets tell us are entertained by the Blithe-heart King?

Maggie was said to be hard to get along with; she had pugnacious black curls that stuck up belligerently, and roused you to an exhilarating sense of combat; she had a bright blue eye that snapped lightnings, and a tongue as sharp as a needle. Arrah, but she was a colleen! She used to come out of her cabin every morning as I went by to pass the time of day with me, and many's the fine bit of gossip we had against the rest of the neighbors; for I love to hear the doings and the happenings of all around me, and Maggie's recitals were always peppered and spiced most appetizingly with bits of malice and cubes of wickedness.

Maggie was not very popular with her neighbors.

"Sure, and they're too good for me," she would flaunt, dancing from corner to corner of her little cabin on endless unnumbered tasks.

I suppose they were patronizing, but

would you have them less than human? They all had flocks and herds and credit at the bank, whereas Maggie had nothing in the world but Mike and the twins and the other two little boys, none of whom could be considered anything of an asset. Mike had landed in that barren valley ten years previously with her and the twins, and a cash balance of fifty dollars. They worked on the ranches when they could get work, bought a bit of stock here and there, and finally got enough together to settle on a homestead.

When I went to live with them, after having been mercilessly evicted from my sumptuous dwelling place which included, all in one price, private pond, rowboat, automobile, and running water, they had got around to building everything but the house. According to Eastern and Middle Western precedent, Mike had erected a splendid big barn. They had been living in the school-house, but when school began, of course, they had to move out, and Mike put a temporary floor in the barn, and there they settled down, all cozy and comfortable, with sliding window sashes and latchstrings instead of doorknobs.

I walked in with my suit case and announced:

"I've come to live with you. Mrs. Garrison bounced me out." (I affect the vernacular.)

"Well, come into the parlor," said Maggie, hospitably, "where we can talk it over."

To ask you to step into the parlor or library or "boodore" was Maggie's favorite waggery, the divisions of her cabin being purely imaginary.

You might think a one-room house would be inconvenient, but it is amazing with what decorum and modesty people can live in one. Many a winter night, as I have sat before the lamp with my embroidery, I became aware of a stillness, and looking up, found that the twins and the grandfather and the grown nephew were all quietly slumbering in their places with their clothes in



neat piles on the floor. How they did it I know not; it is one of the triumphs of the Irish! On Sunday nights (so they would all be clean for school) Maggie hung a curtain and behold, she had a bathroom! The same curtain made a private bedroom for specially distinguished guests.

But not for me! I must have the best of all there is in these foreign lands, and Maggie was not to be behind in the showing of manners.

Offhand, as a mere matter of the day's routine, Mike, that very afternoon, brought in lumber and boarded off a stall to make a room for me; and Maggie lined it from top to bottom with clean flour sacks, so it shone out spotless and fair; and dragged in the skin of the calf that had blown into the creek the winter before, to serve me for a rug. And, in the course of time, Mike built me a table and a chair, and I had the wool comforters and the linen sheets and clean towels and wash things.

Never was so sweet and dainty a room as that one into which Maggie converted the stall of the barn; and most cozy and companionable it was, too. If I did not drop to sleep immediately when I crawled in at half past eight, I could start up a conversation with the ones who were sleeping in the hayloft, or in the room outside. Or I could close my door for an afternoon nap, and still know all that was going on without.

And the things that happen when you are hidden from observation are always most charming. You can laugh unrestrainedly or you can scowl with impatience and it makes no manner of difference. You are under no obligation to be amused, but if you should be, your appreciation comes as a gift to those outside.

One night, for example, just as I was cuddling down between my mail-order catalogues and flat irons, I heard a wild shriek of laughter from one of the little boys in the hayloft.

"What's the matter up there?" I inquired.

The little boy's shrieks and chuckles left him gasping for breath.

"Oo-ee!" he chortled. "I was going to lay my head on the pillow and I hit a pile of snow!"

We have magnificent winter weather, starry white at night and Wedgewood-blue by day; but the fall, before the winter settles down, is apt to be trying, on account of blizzards and high winds. Of course, if you get your cabin chinked up early enough, you are all right, but not one man in ten gets around to it. As you probably know, through the summer the mud dries from between the logs, and it makes no matter, because it's warm; but the cracks get bigger and bigger as the years go by, and the logs dry out and shrink, and then you ought to chink it up every fall. I had the wool comforters, as I said, and I had a good wool bathrobe and sweater and socks and mittens, and I put all those on to go to bed and took two hot flatirons and two of the heavy mail-order catalogues, and so kept pretty warm. The catalogues were my own discovery, and a welcome one it was. You put them into the oven before supper and by bedtime they are heated through. Then you put your feet between the leaves and you can turn pages all night, finding warm ones as you go along. As soon as your feet get cold on the diamond necklaces you can turn over to the harness and saddles, and find them quite hot. By morning all these things were cold, though, and we always got up at five to make a fire and get warm. I had the best place, of course, but at that the cat used to crawl into my room from between the logs, and I hid my clothes under my pillow so they wouldn't be snowed under by morning. I didn't mind; a person learns things that way; for example, I learned that if you put your tooth paste tube under your pillow you can squeeze the paste out in the morning without any difficulty. And one day, after one of the all-night dances I had a bad cold and felt so miserable that I couldn't sleep. So although a

snowstorm was raging, I decided to take a hot bath. I dragged the tub into my room, filled it, and plunged in. And the wind whizzed around the cabin and the snow flew all over me from the cracks, and certain spots of me were boiling hot, and the others were all excited with steam and snow, not knowing what was expected of them, and when I was dressed again, and the tub emptied, I had no more cold than a jack rabbit. Was that a valuable discovery? *Rather*; only it is difficult to find conditions at all times so propitious.

We always wore our wool socks and overshoes all day, and when it was necessary to stand still, as in ironing or washing dishes, we had more hot catalogues to stand on. "Stepping around on snappy stories," one of my friends describes it witheringly, as a blast of sarcasm when I yearn too audibly for the wondrous times I have known.

Maggie didn't have much to do, fortunately, but make beds and shovel out snow. Maggie was an ardent feminist, and stood solidly on her rights. The rest of the neighbors reviled her—"I suppose she's a good housekeeper but she don't know where a cow stands in the barn." Maggie would not milk cows; she pretended to be afraid of them; she would not feed the chickens; she would carry neither water nor wood. Naturally enough, her husband and children adored her, and she did have the dearest and daintiest house in the valley.

But to put parlor, library, kitchen, drawing-room and "boodores" in order every morning meant an eternal folding up and stowing away of bedclothes; an eternal shoveling of snow and mopping up of melting ice. If it were not mopped off the hayloft floor, it soaked through the ceiling into downstairs, and during the three days' blizzards of which I shall tell, I used to move from one spot to another all over the room, as the drops hit me from above. She never got cross about it, at

least not with Mike, and there was never any occasion to be cross with the children. As I said, they all adored her.

They were most amazing poor, but she let them have all manner of puppies and kittens and lambs, and when they got tired sawing wood she would go and sit on a log to entertain them; when she called them they came flocking without delay, because it was just as likely to be a currant bun as a box on the ear which she had to present to them. Mike was the same: he barely provided food for his family—clothing and shelter they got as best they could; but hilarity and freedom and delirious happiness he contributed in never-failing abundance. There was never any worry. Relatives sent in old clothes, which Maggie could make over with immense skill for all of them. And when it came to buying other things, she just sat down with the catalogue and made out her order; then cut off the things she didn't need quite so much; then the next in order of necessity, and so on till she got down into the limits of her cash balance. Of all the blessed talents of the Irish, I think there is none so charming as this genius for being poor. There was always enough to eat, and Maggie was a good cook; even when we ran out of butter and sugar and flour, she could still think up appetizing things. To be sure, food was usually cold by the time it was passed around, but that didn't matter; if the gravy froze into grease before it could be conveyed to our mouths, all we had to do was to carry our plates to the stove and warm them a little; and when it was extra cold, we just helped ourselves from the kettles and went to the heating stove to eat, all cozy and sociable.

We weren't careless with our food, either. You never heard of our canned goods freezing, like some people's. Maggie piled all the cans up against the heating stove every night, and the little boys took turns sleeping with the potatoes.

I taught the little boys to knit, and



every evening I tore and sewed rags while they knitted a rug of stupendous proportions, which when finished overflowed the parlor into the living room; and Maggie carded wool, and Mike planed pieces of furniture—all very primitive and pretty.

We had more clean wool than most rich folks. Sheep herders passing through in winter or fall were always willing to donate a stray lamb or sick sheep, and Maggie nursed it lovingly, and cut the wool, and saved it every spring as long as the sheep lasted, but coyotes usually got them before they had a chance to lose the innocence which poets advertise.

Indeed, it was on account of one of these same little orphans that I lost my standing with the Garrisons.

"The poor little thing," I said, patting its weak, shivery little anatomy, "they went and sheared it too close."

"They don't shear day-old lambs," Mrs. Garrison informed me, almost choking with contempt. She repeated it everywhere with despairing comment on my ignorance. I may say, however, that her resultant hostility was one of the things which endeared me to Maggie.

"Sure, and you want to be takin' on a little education from Lett," she would say at every recital of my many encounters with that alien enemy. I never had to explain my pleasantries to the Irish, and Maggie's whole-hearted roar was as the piping of meadow larks to my tired soul.

The aliens, of whom there were two families, usually referred to the school as the Irish College, and were always on the point of moving to town where they could associate with a better class of people. Well would it have been for them had they done so! For the purpose of this narrative is to relate how through me as a humble instrument in the hands of a humorous Providence, Maggie's children, poor as they were, and despised by the more fortunate as houseless outcasts, even these rose to a pinnacle of glory never to be touched,

but to be envied to this very day with all the agony of hopeless yearning.

And if the triumph that came to the family of Maggie is not as the glory that fell on Mary Krakovitch, yet in its measure, it is perfect, and I'm sure Maggie would rather laugh in glee than glow with pride anyway.

It came about through the puppy liking me so much.

Of course, there is nothing noteworthy about a puppy's liking anybody who will stand and talk idiotically to him by the hour—but the consequences of this special attachment were portentous. The boys had sneaked in with him the first day of school, and I had asked him if him was a puppy, or was him a little baby dog, and if him was, why wasn't him a great big doggie like him's mamma?

The little boys were entranced, and the puppy was frantic.

The next day more dogs came, and then more, and more and more, until everywhere you stepped, you fell over an animal. They behaved exactly like children, starting in full of romp and play, and gradually learning the sacred stillness of school, they grew to come in quietly, group themselves about the stove and sleep until recess, when they would arise and march out gravely with the children. I couldn't drive them out; when I attempted it they would get up and wag their tails, and leap up to kiss me, under the impression that my advances were friendly. All I could do was open the door and say "Sic 'em!" to which clarion call they responded, to a dog, galloping trustfully down a road where the farthest reach of human eye could see naught but the massive wastes of barren land and mountains.

I loved the Garrison pup, too. When Mrs. Garrison took the children away for a week's vacation, the pup came to me first to ask where they were. I took him on my lap and held him all afternoon, while I conducted geography and language ordeals, and he laid his

chin on my shoulder, gazing unutterably, with an agony that made the little boys restless and miserable.

Well, school went on, and the Irish pup came to school day after day, always faithful, always prompt. We didn't have school very regularly on account of the blizzards; the snow drifted in so fast, and when there was wind it was too cold even close to the stove. I could sweep up the snow into the cracks and when it froze it was pretty effective in keeping out the wind, but the air never warmed—once we tried to write by setting the ink bottles in warm water, but the ink froze on the pens while they were being carried from the bottle to the paper. And, of course, when we had the heavy blizzards we couldn't go out of the house at all. So nobody but the O'Briens ever knew whether we were having school or not; and besides, the aliens didn't like their children to be in the cold schoolhouse all day. Down at the railroad it was better; on account of prohibition, there was no particular use for the saloon, and so the proprietor allowed the children to have school there when the weather got too bad to use the schoolhouse.

The O'Briens, therefore, and the O'Briens' pup came to school always, and Maggie used to boast about their "educated pup":

"Sure and it takes the Irish to lay on an education," she would say, especially when one of the alien enemy was close at hand to hear.

I do not know whether it was solely the episode of the pup, or whether the incident of the talented kitten had something to do with it, too. It may be that one merely fanned the flame of the other, or there may have been no significance in the first; however, since it aroused the first storm of jealousy that finally raged around the O'Briens it is worth recounting. We had that winter, as I said, two lambs, a pup, a visiting dog, a cat, and three kittens, all on intimate terms with the family. The cats sat patiently by our chairs

throughout a meal, while the dogs circled the table expectantly. One day when I dropped an offering, a kitten got it, and growling like a baby lion, darted behind the stove with her prize. I was enchanted. From then on she was my special pride, and I went about boasting of the kitten and its wondrous powers until the children of the enemy grew restive.

"The O'Briens must think they're the only people that got a cat that can growl," began one of these spoiled darlings, essaying contempt. The O'Brien boys smiled in calm security. The little girl sought evidence to prove the worthlessness of our boast. She began to watch and listen furtively. Presently, she discovered that other cats do *not* growl. Theirs didn't, the Garrison's didn't. On slyly questioning, she found nobody who had ever had a cat that growled. Then she began to cry for that kind of a cat, and her hapless parents, who showered on her everything that money could buy, sought in vain for the rare product of felinity. It is my belief that they would have sued piteously of the O'Briens for that cat if it had not been for the long-standing feud between them.

But money could not have bought that cat. The boys were puffed up with pride, and Maggie was jubilant. Children never analyze their blessings—it is enough that blessings come; and Maggie, being Irish, never cared what the disturbance was about, so that it was there.

Singularly, I got no blame for this. Of course, I stopped boasting when the trouble arose, and I was innocent as a lamb of evil intent. No one ever thought of me as the instigator. I was rather the discoverer of a new and rare species, and the O'Briens, by some strange perversity of fate, were the unworthy possessors of the treasure.

"Sure, it pays to have a good advertiser in the family," chuckled Maggie, as the storm howled without.

In the course of time the kitten would



have grown to cat's estate, and got enough to eat, and learned to purr instead of growl, and alien children, finding happiness in the possession of store toys and valuables, would have reduced the O'Briens to the obscurity of the unsubservient poor. But the Irish pup continued to adore me. I always took his part against the visiting dog, and I always left a bite of something in my lunch bucket for him. So when I started out for school the day after the big blizzards, the pup insisted on going, too. The wind had shrieked about the cabin for three days with no pause, except when it changed direction, and when those curious calms came we would laugh to find ourselves screaming at one another in the effort to be heard. Bill had fed the milk-cows out of gunny sacks because the wind blew the hay off the forks; and he had made dangerous trips to the creek for water, otherwise nobody left the house. The little boys rolled on the floor with the lamb and the puppy and the cats and the visiting dog; Maggie shoveled snow from the hayloft; I moved from corner to corner with my embroidery; the grandfather filed saws excruciatingly; and the grown nephew played the mouth organ.

For three days we lived in an agony of noise and discomfort and cold; and then, at some unknown hour of the night, we suddenly ceased tossing, and knew nothing until the sun shone on us through the cracks and a celestial hush circled us round about, and when we looked from the door we saw a world like a Portland vase: dark blue, light blue, and glistening piles of white. Every atom of everything had been swept out of the air, and you could see all the *Nothing* in the world, and hear it, too. So I said I would have school that day, but the boys needn't come, and I got my snowshoes and started. (It's a school day if the teacher is there, and she can draw pay for it; otherwise not.)

The boys were satisfied, but the pup was not. If there was going to be school, to school was he going. Up he got,

stretched himself, and was ready. Life in the cabin was, of course, unendurable without the pup; so presently Maggie had to dress the boys and send them after us.

We had a struggle to get the school-house door open, and when we succeeded, we paused in amaze at the sight before us. Snow had drifted all over the desks, and frozen to every crack in the walls. It rayed out all along the stovepipe and from pictures and decorations in fantastic and fascinating designs.

We roared most Irishly; and then set to work to shovel it out. We had a lovely time. Of course, we couldn't have any lessons, but we stayed the allotted time, and went back the next day, and so on until the end of the month. I had to, to draw my pay. The pup would not stay at home without me, the boys would not stay where the pup was not, and the days were magnificent. I would have stayed all winter, because I had some traps out, and my trapline crossed at several places the trapline of a most fascinating young trapper from "the outside," but I felt it tactful to give up my room to Maggie's family, so when the month came to an end, I collected my pay and departed.

But all unwittingly, as I wrote and signed the various documents, I did the deed that brought anguish to the hearts of the aliens and everlasting glory to the house of Ireland. I was spreading my penmanship over some beautifully lithographed, suitable-for-framing, gold-seal certificates of perfect attendance for the little boys, and congratulating their mother, in large terms, on the splendor of their achievement (for I love the sound of my voice), when suddenly I became thoughtful. As ever, the pup was beside me, wagging his tail, and cocking his ears expectantly. (He thought I was eating.)

"But if it hadn't been for Tippy, they wouldn't have gone every day," I said, "Tippy's the one that ought to have a certificate."

A breathless hush fell on the room.

"Tippy *shall* have one," I proclaimed, splendidly.

And I inscribed, in pugnacious characters, the name of TIPPERARY O'BRIEN, as one entitled to honor for perfect attendance at school and exemplary behavior therein, and I delivered it to his guardians, myself taking his head in my hands and telling him what a wonderful thing an education is, and what a proud dog he should be to have won this magnificent memento of his industry, and how generations of dogs would delight to call him their ancestor.

The little boys looked in awe from me to their mother and back again, not understanding why she should laugh.

And I packed my trunk and rode blithely away through the snow to a land of steam heat and bathrooms, and knew that lovely spot no more.

But Mike got some pieces of smooth lumber and cut up some broken window glass with a piece of oiled string, and made frames for the certificates of his children, and also, in consideration of their howls, made a fifth one for the certificate of Tipperary, the pup. This one was likewise hung on the wall, whereupon the children of the enemy gazed, and comprehended the magnificence of the tribute.

For themselves; they didn't care; they had guns and sleds and polished skis and webbed snowshoes, and gold watches, and all manner of things that the O'Briens lacked; they didn't care whether they had certificates or not. But that their thoroughbreds should be humiliated by the glory of an ignorant Irish pup!

They went home full of hopeless anguish, and stormed and cried for certificates for their dogs who had always gone to school as much as the O'Brien pup, and ought to have one, and

why could the O'Brien pup have a certificate and not their dog? And maybe if they'd been to school the last day the teacher would have given their dog one, and "it's all your fault, mamma, 'cause you wouldn't let me go, and now you have to write to her and ask her to send Jeff one; will ya, mamma, now will ya?"

Whereupon the mothers denounced me as partial to the Irish, and a mischief-brewer, and declared I had "lots to do" to make trouble in a neighborhood that was always peaceable and friendly before I came to stir up dissension.

And the fathers, who would sell a steer any day to buy their loved offspring some bit of expensive nonsense, were helpless in the face of the absolute unobtainability of the one thing which the offspring sickened and well-nigh died for.

But the O'Brien boys moved, quietly and magnanimously, along their allotted course, and Tipperary, unspoiled by fame, wagged a still friendly tail toward all lesser dogs.

They moved on an eminence, these four, for were they not the owners of Tipperary, the sole and only dog in all the world to be possessed of an educational certificate, signed and sealed and properly displayed, to the lasting fomentation of discord and joyous turbulence?

The boys' happiness is tinctured with the seriousness of childhood, but on the blithe heart of Maggie there is no cloud of gravity. Her black curls rise with exuberant belligerence when the eye of the enemy rests, as perforce it must, on the framed abomination on the wall.

"Sure, with the growlin' cats and the educated pups, it's hard to beat the Irish!" she chants, in triumphant mockery.

And rapturously the battles rage.

*(The second article of this series, entitled "A Hungarian Rhapsody," will appear next month.)*



# The Finger Post

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

"I'VE got the money handy; it's in the house," whispered Michael. "I don't trust banks; my father didn't."

"But you've been losing interest all the time you've been saving up," his neighbor told him and stared.

"Oh—interest!" Michael laughed: he was happy to-night and a little bit off his head. "If your lawyer and my lawyer will get to work to-morrow morning," he continued.

"Yes, yes; that's all right," Carter threw him a brief nod.

He was casual about this affair, almost detached. He was amused at Michael, who took it so seriously. This was just business: buying and selling a house. What else could you call it?

But upon Michael there lay a fervor and a triumph. He had worked hard, saved savagely, just to have this house and the stonemason's yard adjoining. A roof over your head. In life, a man asked that; in death, decent burial. And he loved this little village with its little harbor: the place and the house where you've been born and lived and wedded and done your work. How it twisted round a man's heart!

The harbor was dead, so far as shipping went. Out there, at the mouth, it was choked with shingle. That was the way upon this bit of coast. And it showed all the wildness, charm and melancholy of decay.

The two men walked down the garden. They looked through the window. Michael's wife was laying supper for three.

They went and sat upon the boundary wall at the bottom. It was low upon the garden side and, dropping down deep upon the other, was lapped by the

tide and colored serpent-green by sea drift.

Michael was a monumental mason and, in his yard, seen over the hedge, stretching at the side of his house, there stood up, rigid and terrifying, the tokens of his trade. He was a simple fellow who cut and lettered grave stones, but sometimes he had a wave of ambition and played at being a sculptor. There was a stone angel standing in his yard, also a cherub—too much like Cupid—who shouldered a Cross.

The sunset—they had wonderful sunsets here—dabbled this statuary with flame, with amber, with wicked violet. The yard looked like a fragment of the Judgment Day.

Michael was a squat man in his late thirties; his face was rugged, yet very patient and tender. There was a romance upon it and drama; lots of things. Nobody suspected. His neighbors, naturally, never thought about his face, for they had known it all its life. He had a flat nose and, far apart, a pair of honest, widely opened eyes, very bright, joyful, intelligent. They looked strained, they were constantly watchful, and there was always about this man an air of nervous listening.

As to Carter! Nothing to say about him. He was the village grocer and he meant to get on in the world. Thousands like him—everywhere.

They sat upon the wall. Michael jubilantly swung his legs. His legs were very short and thick; his arms were long and powerful. So was his neck. He swung his legs and curled up his toes, looking at them, smiling. He was like a child to-night.

The tide was out. The ferry boat lay

upon the other side, beached high upon the mud.

Little ragged tamarisk bushes, their roots bared by the constant suck of salt water, yet bloomed their shelllike, delicate pink.

Michael never knew which he loved best, the tide in or the tide out. In—with blue water; with the boatman in his blue jersey ferrying across—was that loveliest? Out—just mud that was rose-colored; just water-weeds of all the colors, making little gardens. Which?

Low tide, perhaps—as now. Yes, he would always love low tide; for it now watched his most triumphant moment. And the smell of it! And the seductive sound of slipping water! He was going to remember everything. These moments were eternal. He was adoring all that he saw, his heart pounding inside his Sunday jacket. Carter, also wearing a black coat—for they were to have a festive supper to mark the occasion—looked disdainfully at the village and the departing tide. He was thinking,

“What a dreary hole!”

For this landscape, which filled Michael with mysterious, tear-racking rapture, irritated Carter more than words could say.

He remarked, almost as if he wished to pick a quarrel, “I can’t think why you’ve pestered me to let you buy the house. Your father was a weekly tenant here with my father as his landlord. Why can’t you be the same with me?”

As he said this, Michael’s wife came down the garden to tell them supper was ready. She also wore her Sunday clothes; about the three of them there was stiffness, ceremony. Margaret’s skin was crinkled, one of those skins that wither early. Her face, always pale, to-night looked sulphur-colored. “Perhaps,” thought Carter, looking at her apprehensively, “it is only the effect of sunset.” Her eyes had in them the same look as her husband’s—appealing, expectant. These two were dreadfully afraid. When she had returned to the

house and, as they walked after her, Carter said,

“Your wife’s a bad color. She doesn’t seem healthy.”

“Worried; that’s all,” the stonemason sounded absent, “always worried.”

“Her brother George you mean?”

Michael nodded and he said,

“He’s been gone ten years, he may never come back. But we don’t know where he is, nor what he may have done. Margaret feels sure that he’ll turn up and disgrace us. A good name means everything. There’s always the dread of George. She’s got it and I’ve caught it.” He laughed rather desolately.

“Got into trouble of some sort, didn’t he?” asked Carter indifferently. “A woman? Or money? Which?”

“Both. Have you forgotten?”

“More or less. Lots of things happen, you know, in ten years. Why can’t you forget him, too? He’s dead, I reckon.”

“If you ask me”—Michael was grim—“I think he’s in prison, and I hope it’s a life sentence.”

“Which means only twenty years, old fellow.”

Carter was facetious.

“If ever he does come,” returned Michael, “I hope he’ll be drunkish and take the wrong turning. Easy enough to get drowned; caught by the tide, swallowed by the quicksands—if it’s a dark night and if you’ve had too much.”

Carter looked into his rent, bright face and felt uncomfortable. He was almost afraid of this mild stonemason, his life-long neighbor.

Then—both—they looked behind them, toward Chichester Channel. They thought of deadly creeks, little whirlpools, sodden sand, the treacherous tide that sometimes pounced on you from behind. In dumb agreement they quickened step and hurried toward the lighted house.

It was a small, square cottage, the front looking on the village street, the back across the harbor.

One room—their living room—ran



from front to back, a long, narrow room. At the garden-end of it was a door, the upper half glass. It led out of doors. To the right was a comfortable angle of the wall. Sitting there, you saw the sunsets.

When they reached it, the stonemason excitedly twitched his friend back.

"Be careful as you go in. There's a hole. I dug it just now, before you came. This is a pretty place to sit out. I'm going to put up a trellis. There will be a rose one side, a honeysuckle on the other. Sweet-smelling things! But Margaret says her feet would get damp, so I'm paving it. Dug the hole and there's the stone."

He laughed blissfully, and he looked back at the last dirty bubbles of the retreating tide and he snuffled up the sea smell.

Margaret came to the door and she said, smiling as she peered round the corner at the hole,

"Michael's like a baby. Might be a little girl with a doll's house, the fuss he makes."

Then her arch smile at the visitor faded and she looked pinched.

"But you *think*, my dear," Michael looked at her, laughed shyly, then kissed her, ravishingly, under Carter's nose.

"How comfortable we'll be, all our lives. Safe, Margaret; nobody to turn

us out. Whatever happens—here we are!"

"I shouldn't turn you out," protested Carter.

"No; of course not, but life is uncertain. And when I retire, Margaret—"

"Retire!" his friend turned waggish.

"We can't spare you, for we're always dying in these parts and we want a proper lettering on our stones."

They went indoors to supper, all laughing at Carter's joke. When they started eating—and Margaret had provided good things—her husband said, the fire in his eyes devouring her,

"The first thing will be paint—inside and out. Then papering. What fun choosing wall papers! I want them gay. Pink flowers, green leaves!"

The other two smiled indulgently. Yet Margaret was ashamed; for he was making a fool of himself before Carter, who was so practical.

Yet, underneath, Michael was—as always—deadly, tragically serious. For

this affair of being his own property owner had long obsessed him and, before he had saved enough and before he was in a position to make Carter an offer, he had sometimes waked in the night, quaking. For he dreamed that Carter had sold the place to somebody else, that he



HE WAS LIKE A CHILD TO-NIGHT

and Margaret had a week's notice to quit. Just a little, double-fronted house about eighty years old! A parlor, a living room, a kitchen; two bedrooms and—up a ladder—a loft, where you could store things and hide things. At the side, the stonemason's yard, where he worked, where his father had worked. Oh, he loved his small, straitlaced house that overlooked the harbor, that was bathed in sunsets! And—beyond his house, in the direction of the open sea—were fields, vividly green, always wet and in winter flooded. They were part of his passionate landscapes. As the meal proceeded, Margaret got more yellow and the guest uneasily thought, "She looks like puckered wash leather." He would warn Michael seriously, when he got him alone.

He looked up from his plate and said, speaking in a pause of the stonemason's rhapsodic plans,

"You'll be all right unless they build in the field beyond your yard and block the view. That would spoil everything."

"Build! Too damp, old fellow."

"Drain it. Easy enough. Everything's damp in this place, and I don't think it's healthy, if you ask me."

He repeatedly stared at Margaret. She had finished eating; she sat with her hands folded, docilely waiting for the men.

They were toasting each other, the woman sipping like a bird—when the front gate creaked.

"Must get that gate oiled," said Michael irritably.

And—instantly—he put his glass down, stood up, looked across at his wife. She, also, had risen. They were afraid. Carter watched them and he said inconsequently,

"It's late. We're all early birds in this place."

Michael and Margaret were in a funk—but what fools! Even if George came back and if he had disgraced them afresh—who'd blame them for that? The neighbors knew all about him, as it was.

No good trying to hide anything in a little place like this.

There were feet along the bricked path, there was a knock at the front door. Margaret said to her husband,

"You go. It's only the washing come home. They're often late on a Friday." She stared wildly into his face; as wildly he stared back. Carter leaning forward, his face red, his eyes bulgy told her,

"This is only Tuesday."

She had dropped her arms. They hung, they swung. Her neighbor was absently admiring the dainty convolutions of her ear as her head turned toward the door. She was a pretty woman; but sickly.

Michael was speaking; by his voice, they at once knew the worst. He said,

"You'd better come in."

And the front door banged.

Carter was feeling devilishly uncomfortable and when Michael entered with Margaret's brother George—yes, it was that scamp, right enough!—he blundered up; wiping his mouth, flinging down his napkin. And—idiotically—for why did you notice those things that do not matter—he was staring at a handkerchief, spotted blue and white, knotted round the Prodigal's neck. Blue and white—bird's-eye pattern!

The fellow was in rags—he was more disreputable than a drunken sailor. He seemed more terrible even than a tramp. There was something else. What was it?

Uncomfortable for Michael and his wife. But the neighbors would sympathize; they'd understand.

"I'll be off," he said. "You'd like to be alone. I'll look round in the morning, Michael, over that little matter. Good-night, good-night."

So far from trying to stop him, they ignored him; were not listening. He opened the door, went down the path, walked down the deserted street to his own house. The last thing that he saw and the thing that he would remember was Margaret's wash-leather face.

He left them all three standing up, herding close, not saying a word. What





HE WATCHED HER TAKE THE MONEY OUT

would they say when his back was turned?

Michael stared into the dangerous face of his wife's brother as they all stood, in stark quietude, between the untidy supper table and the cheerful, tiny fire (for Margaret was cold in June).

He thought, "This is what we've been afraid of ever since we got married and it's here!"

And his alert brain told him that their dread—so apparently overweighted—was prophetic. For you had only to look into the man's face to know that the worst had happened. So he waited.

Margaret was the first to move. She lumped back into her chair, clasping her hands beneath her two breasts, taking short gulps of breath.

George spoke:

"I was in for fifteen years—burglary. I've escaped but—in escaping—"

He broke off, grinned round, curved his deplorable hands, clasped them round his throat, flung back his head with a choking noise.

"I killed a man; the warder—had to. You've got to hide me."

"The loft," said Margaret almost inaudibly.

"The loft!" Michael froze her by his laugh. "First place they'd think of."

"Under bundles and things, or in a box. The loft's full of old rubbish."

"No good. He must get away. You want us to help you?"

"Naturally. I must have money. And I must be quick."

"Money!" Michael's jaws snapped. "No good coming here. Not a penny."

But Margaret instantly looked at the bureau in the recess by the fireplace. Her brother saw that look and he interpreted.

Michael had always loved his wife dearly. Yet, then, he hated her. She had betrayed him; given away their secret; was proposing to rob him of his overwhelming joy. He saw it in her face as she walked to the bureau, George behind her.

He felt, with implacable rage, "The house won't be mine after all."

And these words made the most terrible sentence he had ever put together.

"They'll get me. I shall be hanged," said George.

Margaret foolishly picked at the locked flap of the bureau. He must have the money, he must have the money.

"Could you"—she looked at her brother, then shrank—"get a passage on a ship? Somewhere far off? So that they'd never find you?"

He nodded.

Michael also was at the bureau. His

wife, pulling at him, shaking, chattering, weeping, said,

"Give him the money, all of it. We can't be disgraced and ruined."

She put her hands in his pocket, got the keys. She was finding the secret drawer.

George watched, almost imperturbably. Yet he listened, how he listened! Always, there was listening in this small house.

"Enough then," Michael said, with agony, "to pay his passage. Australia, say."

"No; everything—all of it. A hundred pounds, more or less—that might make all the difference. And what good is money to us now?"

She looked dying—and beside herself. But these two men could not bother about the color of her face!

She'd got the secret of the drawer, although her husband never had taught her. He had kept that to himself.

Then—paralyzed, chained, as it seemed—he watched her take the money out; saw George snatch it, hide it away. Gone—his five hundred! Lost—his house! Over—the bewitching dream of years!

And he didn't feel that he could stop her. What had happened to him? What had come to her—taking the lead! He looked at her—seemed to think a bit—then said quietly,

"Now you go to bed. You've done enough for one night."

"Yes," she nodded. "I'll go upstairs."

At the door she added, looking at George with awful aversion, "Get out of the house. Go away before they catch you."

So Michael was alone with George and he was rapidly thinking. His thoughts ran—"If I can keep him here, make him drunkish—" For he didn't care if they hanged him or not. All he wanted was his money back.

All he wanted was to see the last of this thief, this murderer—gallows-haunted. Why had he come to ruin the righteous tranquillity of their lives? And to-night—this night of utter joy!



Yet—a new thought—in any case, their good name was tainted; never again would he and Margaret lift up their heads.

It would be in the newspapers. The village would know that Margaret's brother was a murderer.

George—did he then see through his skull!—guessed these thoughts and he said bitterly,

“Don't be afraid. Your respectability is safe enough. I've been living under another name all these years.”

He looked at the supper table, loaded, disordered, very tempting.

“Not much extra risk if I stay for a snack,” he added.

“Yes; stay.” Michael turned eager. “You'd better.”

He looked at the clock.

“The policeman goes his round at eleven. Until then, you are safer here. Sit down.”

He bustled about, his face getting red, his eyes sparkling.

George, at the table, piled up his plate without ceremony, helping himself in a ravenous way, eating with disgusting haste and recklessness.

Michael filled his glass with wine, watched him drink, filled again. Several times they repeated this process, neither speaking.

The clock struck eleven, then ticked on.

Michael had seated himself. They were close together, these two men, averting their eyes, should glances chance to meet. Sometimes Michael stared at the ragged coat within whose breast was his five hundred pounds.

Why did he allow Margaret to do it? He had been made to let her. Yet—somehow—he had been incapable of opposition and, should those moments occur again, he would do the same. She had looked so awful, livid, deathlike—irresistible in her resolve and her terror.

And, many times, he now filled her brother's glass. And every time, George drank off the wine with a happy smack.

“I must keep my legs,” he said, with a foolish, blissful grin. “Not another

drop, old chap. Look here”—turning violent—“none of your tricks!”

But Michael answered smoothly,

“Come now! Just one more wouldn't hurt you.”

And he poured.

Carter could not sleep that night; he kept thinking of those three. At dawn, he did the unexpected thing, cursing himself for a fool as he slithered about the bedroom—afraid of waking his wife as he shivered into his clothes. Though why a man should shiver in June! “This,” he murmured, “beats me.”

He would slip down the street and just look at their house.

In the front all was as usual; the bedroom window of the married pair open a crack at the top in the usual way; the blind discreetly drawn. The second bedroom window was shut up tight. What had they done with George? The ground-floor rooms were shrouded. They were not fools—Michael and Margaret—as he was a fool. They were in bed and asleep.

Yet he prowled round to the back, going through the stonemason's yard, shrinking from the accusing whiteness of the stone angel and of the ribald Cherub with the Cross.

He went round to the back, and the first thing he saw was Michael, with his working overall covering his Sunday suit. He was sitting in that sunny angle near the garden door, staring out across the harbor. The tide at this hour was up; the water clean and blue and frisky. It was a gay morning that already piped the ecstasy of June. He had covered in the hole he'd dug, placing the stone which last night stood ready. His tools leaned against the wall.

“It's you,” he looked up and saw his staring neighbor. “Neat job, isn't it? Only just finished thumping down the stone. Back-aching business, I can tell you.”

“But at this time in the morning—”

“Well, I might say the same to you,” Michael rallied him.

"I couldn't sleep; felt sure I shouldn't—so I never went to bed."

"Margaret's off nicely. I went up and had a look at her. My idea was to get it all done—trellis up and painted; rose all blooming—before she got down. Impossible, of course—but you know how lightheaded you get when you can't sleep. Doing funny things—like you, sneaking round to my back door before it's daylight."

"Sneaking!"

"No offense meant, old chap. I'm glad to see you. Come inside. No; we'll sit out here. Talking underneath might wake Margaret. She was dead tired last night."

He darted into the sitting room—his

impulsive way—not waiting for consent. He brought out another chair.

"There!" he stamped his feet upon the stone, sitting down. "Good idea, don't you think? When the trellis is up and when—"

"Look here—what happened about George? I couldn't sleep for thinking of you three."

"Yes, yes—George." Michael turned vacant; he left off drumming his feet.

Carter, staring at the brilliant spots upon his cheekbones, said, "You're feverish. You're not yourself. It's upset you—for all your trying to carry things off with a high hand."

"You're right. I'm upset. But—" Michael leaned and whispered, "he's gone, you know. Got away all right. I'll tell you in confidence. Keep it to yourself. He's hiding from justice."

"I guessed as much."

"And if they catch him—see."

Michael put up his hands. He gripped them round his throat. Carter dropped back, scrooping his chair upon the stone. "Don't do that. Confound it, you'll wake her. I went a little way along the road with him. If he takes the wrong turning. Well! You know what the tides are!"

He stretched up his long arms and yawned. When this was done he said, with a total change of manner,

"And I can't buy the house. Haven't got a penny. He took it all. Margaret gave it him. She insisted."

"The deuce she did! Why did you let her? Why didn't you take it from him when you'd got him alone?"

"I thought of that, of course I did. My first thought." Michael looked contemplatively at the salt water. "But he was armed: a knife



IN STREAMING RAIN THERE HE WOULD SIT



and a revolver. He showed them to me. Useless, useless! So the money's gone. He's got it."

He actually smiled and Carter thought, "He doesn't seem to care. What an odd chap he is! You never really know him."

And he thought—he also staring at the innocent blue water—he thought of deadly tides that came tigerishly behind you. And he thought of a man—drunkish—going along in the dark. If he was drowned, that was no worse than hanging. For they would have caught him. But five hundred pounds in the sea, sodden within the breast of a corpse. What foolishness!

Michael was saying, "I can't buy the house. But you'll let me stay? You said last night that you never would have turned me out. I hold you to that, mind."

"Turn you out!" Carter was almost devout. "Not for worlds. And I'm sorry, Michael, sorry."

"Yes; it's a pity." Michael's mildness was absurdly inadequate. "But he's Margaret's brother after all. And at least—now—" he yawned again—"we know the worst about George. She won't be frightened any more, poor soul. I may, later on, be able to save enough to buy the house after all. I could pay a little and raise the rest on mortgage."

"Don't bother about it. Why bother? I'm a man of my word."

"I know you are. But if a lease—say twenty-one years—"

"Don't think about a lease. Quite unnecessary," said Carter huffily.

He had been sensitive throughout; for he felt that Michael did not trust him. This was unfriendly.

Later on that same day, Margaret was found dead in bed. Shock, acting on a weak heart, the doctor said. Michael whimpered to Carter, when they came back from her funeral,

"She was a dying woman when she went to the bureau for the money. I see it now. That was why I couldn't stop her. You can't stand up against death."

He changed utterly from this day. He became to his neighbors at first a sign of pity, then of awed derision. He was a finger post. He did very little work, lived alone, allowed no one inside his house. He was hardly ever in there himself. If he was not in the yard at work, he sat in the angle of the wall near the garden door, his feet upon a stone. The sitting-out place which he had meretriciously planned, the trellis never made, the sweet-smelling climbers never planted!

Carter, who looked him up, who sat sometimes upon the stone with him, said casually one night, "You've never put up the trellis, as you said you would."

"A trellis!" Michael stirred. "So I did. You think it would be nicer? I'll do it."

But the next time Carter came, Michael said, looking craven,

"I couldn't bring myself to make that trellis. You don't mind?"

He sat staring at the harbor; he did not speak again. Carter left him there, as he left him always. People wondered if he slept there. In the moonlight they would see him, stars winked upon him and, on moonless nights, his presence was felt.

In streaming rain there he would sit, his hat over his brows, his collar turned up. Heavy drops fell from the eaves. Sometimes he would be seen with his head upflung; and they swore that he was drinking rain. In sea mist, too! Who but a fool would sit outside in fog! Dripping, dreary days with the fog horn sounding. And a day so cold that it pecked your bones. There he would sit, peering perhaps for the shrouded form of a ship.

And the years went on.

He puddled and muddled about, lettering gravestones when they wanted it done; moving slowly about his negligent yard amid the stones and the stark figures—an old man, a broken, silly man, a finger post.

And Carter left off coming. For he'd grown oldish. Sitting outside with your feet upon a stone—where was the sense?

The day came when the village, as they said, "developed." Some artist discovered their famous sunsets. The place became dotted with easels. A row of bungalows got built. The railway advertised the village. There was some talk of a big hotel, of golf links, of a pier.

Carter was enchanted and his covetous side developed with the village.

He had always said of the place, "What a dreary hole!" But now they were making it brisk, habitable, a place where you could make a fortune. He thought of nothing but increasing his business; making money quickly. And he bought land whenever he got the chance; for land was going to be valuable.

Michael never stirred. It made no difference to him. He worked—enough to earn bread. He ate—enough to keep life. He slept—enough for sanity. Throughout, he knew that he must keep his wits.

For the rest! He just sat upon the chair, his feet upon the stone. Sunset, every evening, found him; wrapped him austere in flames.

They built the hotel. They put it in the field beyond his yard. Carter had bought those fields at the beginning of the boom. So Michael's view was blocked. He no longer looked out to sea. He stared at a red, dead wall, very high.

Neighbors put their heads together, whispering, nodding, winking, grinning. They said, "Michael won't sit there any more." But he did.

Carter went to him one night and said, with blustering embarrassment,

"I want to have a business talk. But I'm hanged if I stay here, staring at a dead wall. I get lumbago when I sit out of doors."

Michael arose lingeringly and he said, "Come along in."

So they went into that room where years ago they, with Margaret, had so merrily supped; where Michael had made his grandiose plans—for flowered wall paper, a greenhouse, a trellis.

Life had been fast, warm, gay, violent then. Now they were two old men, cold, bleached. And the room was dirty. Carter shuddered, and he disdainfully twitched his nostrils. The room smelt stuffy. Outside, in the street, air was better. Michael knew best. He sat down, squaring himself, looking up at the stonemason who remained standing, and who was looking steadfastly through the glass of the garden door.

"Look here, Michael, old man, you must have saved enough to retire on. You want shaking up. This place is killing you. I hope you'll look at things sensibly. I came to tell you that I'm thinking of selling this house and yard. The hotel people want it. They'd build over the garden."

"I'll buy it," said Michael, speaking very coldly, "drop by drop. I've got five hundred. I've saved it up again."

"Five hundred! I'm asking three thousand and I shall get it—easy. You forget how the place has developed. You, sitting there against the wall!"

"Let me buy, let me buy," Michael burst suddenly into ferocious weeping. "I'll kill you if you don't. I could kill you. I'm strong enough still."

"Don't be a fool, talking of killing. This is a matter between old friends. Sit down. Let's talk it over."

Michael rubbed his sleeve across his cheeks and he sat down, staring at Carter cunningly, pleadingly. At last he said,

"Five hundred down and the rest—the rest—I could save it, if you only give me time."

"You'll never earn up to three thousand in the rest of your life, old fellow. To say nothing of saving. No; you can't—not even enough to pay interest on a mortgage. Yet I give you my word that, personally, I never wished to turn you out. My son urged me. When we get old we have to do what the young people tell us. The world is theirs; not ours any longer. And that's only fair. For we've had our time."

"I'll buy it," Michael was crying again; he put up his fingers and sobbed



through them, "I'd burn it to the ground before I let anybody else have it."

"Oh, you would! Then let me tell you that I've sold it already. I wished to break things gently to you, as we're such old friends. The hotel syndicate has bought it. You've only got a weekly tenancy. You won't mind them coming round to have a look at things and make their plans for building the new wings?"

Carter was exasperated, brutal—because he knew that he had behaved in a blackguardly way. And he glared at Michael, whose sinewy fingers spread like fans across his clayish cheeks.

That slobbering face! How horrible when an elderly man wept! Carter was dismayed, disgusted. He felt ashamed, outraged—and as firm as a rock. To see a man so forget himself. It was an outrage, a disgrace. It was also a menace and Carter felt affrightedly, "I

trust and pray I shall never come to that." Before he ever came to that, he hoped that he'd be underground.

Michael was in his second childhood. Could you wonder, playing the fool all these years? When a man lost his wife he sometimes went to pieces. Better if Michael had married again.

Carter got up suddenly and walked out of the house. He walked as he had walked before, in drama, in discomfort. As he went home he said again and again, "In a world like this, you can't afford to let chances slip."

At the doctor's gate he pulled up, went briskly in. He sent the doctor to have a look at Michael; for that was only decent toward an old friend.

And he said grandiloquently, "You know what he is! Look after him. Get him everything he wants. And—look here—the bill to me, please."



NEIGHBORS PUT THEIR HEADS TOGETHER, WHISPERING, NODDING, AND WINKING





NOBODY LOOKED UP TO SEE THAT DISTRAUGHT FACE BOB FORWARD



For to play the Good Samaritan eased him.

Michael did not care what they did—so long as they did not do one thing! He lay abed. The doctor sent him there; the nurse kept him there. He did not know who was paying; he did not care. Nobody ever asked him for a penny. It was rapture to lie still; to be washed, fed daintily; to spread himself—cold, aching, stiff—in a freshly made bed. He slept a great deal and after each sleep his brain was clearer.

Yes; they might do anything they liked down there in the garden, so long as they did not do the one thing. Just to curl his toes up and feel the glossy coolness of the sheet wasn't that better than stamping gently—to ease your numbness—on a stone?

Since Margaret died he had slept at the back of the house. The nurse at this moment was asleep in the front room, for he had worn her out with his bad nights. She had said, half jestingly, half irritably, "I never knew such a one as you are for nightmares. And you keep on shouting about gravestones over and over again. I suppose it's natural; for that's your trade."

She was asleep in the front; he lay at the back, in a mood of blissful dazement. It was evening, summer evening, and a shave of the sunset lay shaftlike on his quilt. Only a shave; for the hotel had stolen sunsets.

There were voices outside. But what did it matter? Carter—for one—was talking at the top of his voice. They were talking underneath the window. Carter's voice, giving orders.

People speaking; also, other sounds. What sound? He sat up briskly. They were digging. How dared they?

Prying about his place directly his back was turned. Years had they waited for this chance; and Carter was the worst of them all.

He sat up, gaunt, in the bed and the sweat poured down him. His shirt was limp; it clung. He never should have left that stone; not by day, never, by

night. His resolve had always been to die upon it.

It took him a long time to crawl from the bed to the window. He peeped out. He could hear the voices and that manual sound which was more monstrous, more pregnant than any voice.

He opened the window. God—what an effort! Where was the strength of his wrists? He—who had always been powerful.

Nobody looked up—to see that distraught face bob forward.

There they were: Carter, with his bald head and big stomach; Carter's son, who was a younger edition of his father; the hotel manager—who was rather like both of them. And there were a couple of workmen. Michael recognized them. They had worked for him; been in his pay. Now they were doing this!

The thing that they were doing! He stared at the spades and the pickax.

He crept across the room, swaying, holding on to things. His feet reeled, funny things happened in his head. His eyes—were they bleeding?

And every bone started from its socket and every hair stood. Yes; these things that you read about—they happened!

He got into the living room. Getting down stairs—what a hell it had been! And it had taken so long. Was he too late to stop them? He went on all fours—for it seemed easier that way—to the garden door. He put up a purpled claw, unlatched the door, crawled out into the red light of sunset.

He remained there like an animal just behind them all. And they did not see. They had the stone up and they were looking into the hole beneath.

Carter squatted down, his back humped, his thick hands, one with the big diamond ring, spread upon his plump thighs. And he saw what was left of a man's body. And he saw the remains of a handkerchief, spotted blue and white; bird's-eye pattern.

Michael shuffled up, quite close  
and he said, his awful and his last  
glance darting from one red face to  
the other as they all twisted round  
toward him,

"They can't take me. They can't  
hang me. I'm too old."

He said it in a terrified ecstasy, as if  
freedom had come.

Then he rolled over.

## After the Dance

BY E. DORSET

NO sleep, nor hope of sleep—  
Across the ceiling's range  
I watch the moonbeams creep  
In silver strange;

But with some inward eye,  
With hearing rapt and rare,  
I see the panoply  
Of her black hair,

I hear the burdened throb  
Of many instruments  
Whose rhythms, retreating, rob  
My clear intents;

I hear the word once more  
Clang subtly, cold and low,  
With which all hope fled o'er,  
One closing No.

Such wisdom as long years  
Have written walls me round,  
In book and scroll appears,  
In word and sound.

I know the truth at last  
Of one line, pondered long,  
That keeps my soul aghast  
As at some wrong;

I marvel it again,  
Inscribed in pulsing fire:  
"The source of all worlds' pain  
Is in Desire."

Pale is the drear moonlight  
Where must her phantom rise;  
Long is the bitter night  
For waking eyes!





ETCHINGS & DRYPOINTS  
*of*  
NORTH AFRICA

*by*  
KERR EBY



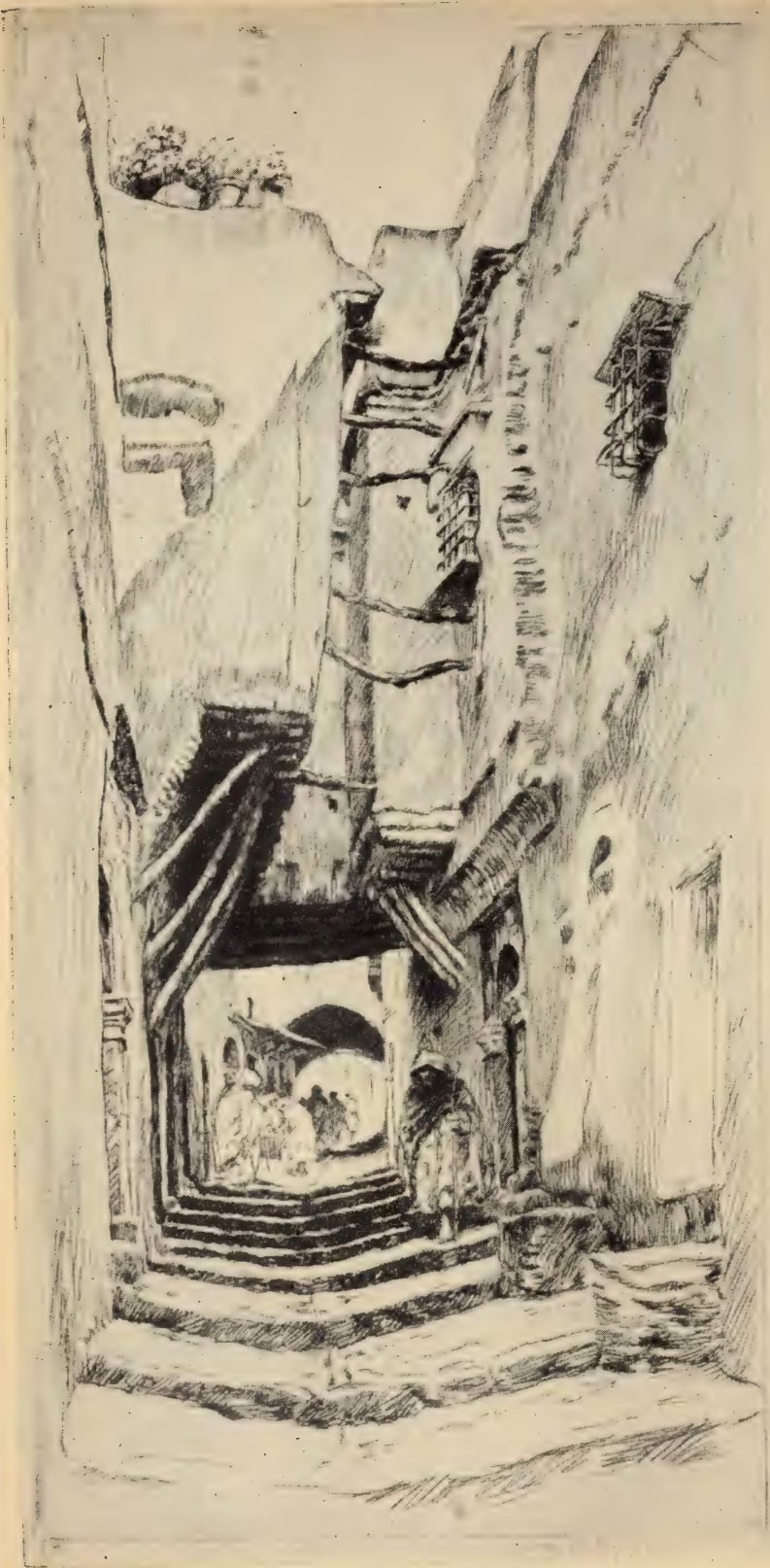


*Shops in the Kasbah*









*Steps and  
Doorways*





*Street of the  
Red sea*





*The Nomads*



*Algerian Beggar*





*The Goatherd*





*Bou Saada Market*



*Camels Resting*





# North Country

BY GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

ANITA came up to the West Channel in July on the half promise she'd be given an Indian School in September, salary fifty dollars, a bonus of one hundred and seventy-five, a house of two rooms, twenty-five dollars for the care of the schoolhouse, and a servant. Not so bad this, if it came to pass, for a girl who herself went down to get her Institute diploma only four short years ago.

Her half-brother, who went from the north country when Anita was a wee 'un, and who had done well for himself, saw her through these four years. The students at the Institute were there on their own for the most, however, the girls as well as the boys making their ways through, planning their lives for themselves and—living them!

She had come face to face with herself in a mirror in the cabin of the steamer which plowed these inland seas, bringing her here to West Channel two days ago; and it had seemed too amazing to be true that the girl reflected there, the young creature in the mail-order suit, hat, shoes, scarf—Anita had met the mail-order catalogue at the Institute along with the rest of it—was herself, a co-ed graduate, her diploma entitling her to teach, with her suit case, ribbon, seal, and all.

She was come back, but in a sense only, for her Indian school, if she obtained it, was fifty miles beyond, on back, as the West Channel saying is, a day's journey by boat and portage by way of Trader's Inlet.

She was stopping for the month with Peter Lalonde and Olivine, his wife, the parents of Leda, who was her oldest and her best girl friend here in West Channel.

Leda was two years married—these things come early in the north country—and with her husband, Hippolyte Petronella, and her baby, lived with her parents in the Lalonde homestead.

Leda and wee old Father La Haye met Anita as the steamer docked, and the three had walked up through the village, a century and a quarter old it is, and no better than five hundred souls to-day.

In front, the channel, and behind, the village with its church, its school, its store, the mountains, perpetual barriers, low range behind low range, their silica outcroppings gleaming like snow amid the timber. And back of the mountains over the passes, the lumber camps and the reservation.

As Anita walked up from the dock with the two, she drew a breath, a long, quivering, a grateful breath. She had gone down from West Channel the child of ancient creed and custom, the daughter of this north country that resists progress by the simple expedient of not desiring it. She was come back to open the slower wits of her birthplace to the fallacies of its supposed verities.

She turned to Father La Haye now. Anita was earnest from her cradle, as the little old priest could have told her, sweetly and passionately earnest. She was not changed in these regards.

"Manners and customs and morals, yes, and fashions too, must move up from time to time," she told him. She had heard this pronunciamiento first herself at her Philodemic Society at the Institute, and had been stirred by it profoundly. Her gaze, resting on Leda at the moment, led her to stress the word fashions.

"Co-ed morals and manners you're speaking of maybe, Anita? And mail-order fashions?" The eyes of Father La Haye twinkled.

She reproached him with look and voice. Time was when he would not have failed her. He had aided and sustained her in her determination to get away and fit herself for something better. He had kept in touch with her through her letters. He had secured this promise of the Indian school for her. She spoke again and with warmth.

"You must know we've moved on in the world, Father. Where I've been these co-ed morals and manners and mail-order fashions as you choose to call them, are received in *the best society!*"

"Co-ed society, 'Nita?"

Father La Haye was seventy-odd. He had known the world himself before he came here, repute said the great world, the over-seas world. But he'd been here forty years, and forty years is a great while. Because there was sweetness in his smile, however, and tenderness too, Anita could not quite resent it.

"Last year's roots weren't killed by the frost, as we say here in our north country, little 'Nita. Look to it that your new friends haven't got a wolf by the ears. Tell them for me when you write to 'em next, that the wild goose still carries his nature with him."

"Ha!" said Anita.

They had reached the Lalonde gate. The church in its yard came next, and next that the wee house of Father La Haye. He paused here with the two for the moment, and again his eyes twinkled.

"I've seen the old age of an eagle, as the saying with us is again, and Solomon's wisdom still is wisdom. In fine, 'Nita, nothing is said by your new friends that hasn't been said before."

Mrs. Lalonde was here at the gate, holding it open for Leda and Anita. She was heavy set and comely and smiling, the mother of five sons and three daughters, all married, and all

gone but Leda, and believed if a woman did right, loved her husband, and bore her babies cheerfully, she'd have her reward both here on earth, and in heaven.

"The sight of youse to our eyes is like savor to the tongue, Anita."

She led the way. The house in its little yard, of stone and logs, four rooms, one of these under the roof, was built ninety and one years before by a Lalonde, just arrived.

The kitchen, clear fire, clean hearth, is the heart of the home in this north country—*pot-au-feu* simmering in its kettle, the cradle drawn beside the hearthstone, a hooked rug on the needles laid down on the stool beside the chair.

"La, la!"

Anita found it hard to believe, hard to accept, that nothing, *nothing*, had changed.

Leda, going to the cradle and lifting her son in her arms the better to exhibit him, remembered that she had a message for Anita.

"Adam is grieved he couldn't be at the boat to welcome you. He came by to say so. 'Out and back, to and from the nets, is the way of it,' he asked me to say to you."

"The nets first," said Anita, herself the child of a father who had lived by his nets.

She colored nevertheless at Leda's words, an upwelling warm color. It was sweet to be home, so it was. Sweet to have Adam concerned about her as of old, *the* young man of the village, one might say.

It would seem that Mrs. Lalonde read Anita's thoughts.

"Nothing of his own yet," she was saying meaningly. "On wages on his uncle's boat during the summers, and in the winters gone to the bush and the logging."

"Yes," Leda agreed, meaningly in her turn, "but *good* wages. It's the understanding that he's put his bit away."

The second day of Anita's return, following supper, she stepped out the



Lalonde's gate and in at the churchyard gate and made her way to the graves behind the small white church building.

She stood here now among these graves. They, like the soil about them, were of sand and gravel, but brightly appareled for all of this, some mantled with creeping portulaca, some with periwinkle, and others, these the remote and lonely ones, grown over with wild morning-glory. The plots about the graves were gay too, with their scarlet and yellow, purple and white, zinnias, phlox, alyssum, asters and—aye, Anita was slipping into the north country speech, in every plot—tiger lilies. She wondered that she'd never noticed this before, in every plot—aye—tiger lilies.

The wooden cross at her feet bore the names of her parents,

Beaver and Evalina Oakes.

She noted, and this for the first time, too, that the N in Evalina was upside down, as thus, N, and the S in Oakes was fashioned backward, Ƨ.

Leda's voice, calling to her, carried across the churchyard. She answered and turned to go.

Leda's dead lying here also bore French names, Zepherine, Genevieve, Cesare, Louis. In the days gone by she and Anita, grown tired of their play, would creep to Father La Haye's door. He would look up from his untidy, cluttered desk.

"*Occupé*," he'd call to Leda.

"Busy," to Anita.

"*Eglise, école, bateau*," said Leda among her own people to this day.

"Church, school, boat," said Anita then and now to everybody.

Father La Haye on his part, spoke according to the needs of each, English, French, Chippewa, Ojibway, as the case be.

Leda called again.

"Adam is here and waiting. His boat's at the dock ready for your disposition."

The churchyard gate clicked, and Adam, coming in, joined Anita.

Adam McPherson was tall and straight built, a masterfine looker, as the saying is in West Channel. His teeth gleamed in the clear tan of his face, and his eyes, keen with gazing across water and through bush, were brightly blue. In feats of strength among the young men he excelled. He had a grave and earnest courtesousness with women.

"It's something back of seven o'clock, the sun's at the moment to drop, and we should be starting," he said.

Anita glanced at her wrist watch, her mail-order watch, and nodded in assent. She nodded again, this time toward the graves she was leaving, and again slipped into the speech of her birthplace.

"I'm thinkin' they were good to me, Adam. I mind the day I come six year old, and Daddy went up to the Key and got me a bunch o' books. Same when he gets home, he drops in my lap, I a little thing. 'School takes in on Monday,' says he."

Anita's eyes raised now to Adam's, were tender with her recollections.

"The next year he brought me a box of lead pencils an' a scribbler. Says he, 'On'y th' babbies uses slates.'"

Adam in his turn nodded.

"Beaver Oakes believed in the book. I'm thinkin' contrary of it myself, full o' trouble now we've got youse back among us, youse'll not stay. Four years gone on the outside makes me fearful can we keep youse?"

He put it direct, looking at her. It was his way. Adam took his bulls by the horns and promptly always. He wasted no time in roundabouts. Anita colored again, the same upwelling warm color. It was sweet to be home, yes, sweet to be going with Adam over to the Channel Light this very evening to the dance at the Pylons along with the rest of the young people, sweet to have Adam—still *her* Adam—look at her as he looked now, humbleness, obeisance, imploration in his eyes. But there was *this*;

She wasn't come to lose herself in the backwaters of this north country.

She wasn't here to take her place beside Adam. She was here, if such it came to be, to lift Adam to a place beside *her*!

She walked with him along the churchyard path and out the gate, waving a hand to Father La Haye, standing in his doorway, across the wooden sidewalk, across the road, and down the rocky slope to the shore.

Two women and three youths were standing here. Anita called them gaily by name.

"Mrs. Renan, Mrs. Legros, good evening. Andrew, Jean, Ferdinand, hey!"

The young men joined Adam, going with him on the dock to stand and watch as he brought his motor boat alongside.

The women paused. Mrs. Renan, twelve times a mother and twenty-one times a grandmother, small, dark, keen, and dry, viewed Anita with a glance up and down, pride in her as a West Channel asset and doubts commingled.

"Youse come to us like the robins after winter, Anita, an' your sweet new gew-gaws an' your pretties, like his gay breast, cheer us up. It's said about, youse learned more than was supposed a girl could hold."

Mrs. Legros, heavily built, a down on her upper lip, broke in. Not too bright as wits go, she in her young days to marry at all had married a ne'er-do-well. She had had no children and, widowed long since, had brooded over it until pity for herself and resentment toward women who had achieved motherhood were become her life. She found comfort in her bodily afflictions, real and imagined.

"Jesus suffered, and so must I suffer. See where I burned my arm, Anita?"

'Nita was solicitous. "How's your cough these days?"

"Not too bad. My cough's not too bad."

"What then? What's the ailment now?"

"It's goin' to take all I make wi' my berry pickin' this season to fix my stummick up right."

A young woman came in sight, picking her way down over the rocks, buckets hanging from the yoke on her shoulders, and a child, a wee boy with a head of Jovian black curls, clinging to her skirt. The bell in the belfry of the church above them pealed, striking seven. The sun now dropped out of sight across the water, sent up fiery rays. Anita cried out,

"Why, it's Heppie, Heppie Snow! Heppie's got a child? No creature wrote me the word, nobody told me Heppie married!"

Mrs. Legros laughed loudly, and checked the outburst,

"She ain't got a husband, only the child. Heppie's a—what is it youse call it?"

"Tut, Octave, with your clack and tongue," thus Mrs. Renan.

Mrs. Legros had found her word, or with her oftentimes twisted wits, thought she had.

"Heppie's a bastard. Or is it Heppie's child's the bastard? An' Heppie then is what? I forget. I'll light a candle to our blessed Lady, an' pray for her."

Anita ran forward and, throwing her arms about Heppie as she stepped to the strip of level shore, kissed her on one cheek, and the other. Heppie was older than Anita and had been ahead of her at school.

"I'm staying the month with Leda before I take over my teaching, Heppie. Come and see me."

Heppie stood passive, her fingers only moving, smoothing the head of her child. Two tears, however, welled and rolled down her face.

"Better not line up for me, Anita. It'll make trouble for youse even for the while youse're here."

"Ai-e-e!" Adam called from the dock. "The boat is ready for your disposition, Anita."

The education of Adam at the hands of Anita began on the way to Channel Light, chugging across McDugan's bay. The color was gone from the sky but the twilight would last to nine o'clock.



"A shallow, Adam?" One must begin somewhere.

"Shallow?" Adam flung back the West Channelman's jest. "It be the bottom that's too near the top."

"I'm this moment thinking of Heppie Snow, Adam."

In the north country sin and sinners of this variety are not mentioned between maidens and gallants.

"Aye." Thus Adam after a prolonged, a terrible pause. "Heppie."

"Heppie's a brave grand creature."

"Pardon?" Plainly Adam was bewildered.

"Heppie stands by her child and abides by her sin, since sin it be in the opinion of youse who make the judgment for her."

Adam was held by the justice of this. "She does that. Since youse point it out, I'll say it be so."

"The father of Heppie's child is the craven. Happen there was such a case where I been at the Institute. We co-eds run it to earth and found the father of the child was of ourselves, a student at the Institute. We posted him, we students wrote him and his fatherhood on the bulletin board on the campus. We published him."

"Aye?"

"We did that. A new world and a new ruling's come to be. Things must move up from time to time."

Mr. Pilon sat in his straight wooden chair, fiddle in hand, prepared to fiddle as only a Pilon fiddles, swaying, bowing, tapping a foot, nodding the head—Jean Henri Pilon, keeper of the lights, Department of Marine and Fisheries, host of the evening, sixty-two years old, father of ten living children, and five dead.

Celeste Pilon, mother of the fifteen, small, quick, fifty-nine, and the best dancer among the lot, clapped her hands. "Adam McPherson will call."

It takes a nice skill to call acceptably, a skill coming from practice. And more, it takes joyousness and zest along with a

nimble wit and a quick eye. Adam by common consent, habitually called.

He declined to-night; shook his head; said no. It was clear to all here this evening that Adam was troubled. He stood against the wall.

"His thoughts are with the eagle, and he's gone after 'em."

"His wits are gone for wool."

"He's looking for fish in last year's pots."

"Sing away sorrow, Adam."

"Never a word for any of us. Thank youse for nothing, Adam."

"Court the day's trouble, Adam, or to-morrow's trouble'll court youse."

They twitted him, but to no avail. Sebastien Paradis consented to call.

Adam crossed the room, approaching the women gathered on their side. He scraped a foot before Anita, as was expected, since he had brought her.

"Youse're my lady."

Whereupon he went forward upon the floor and took his place with the other men, young and old.

At the scrape of Mr. Pilon's bow, and the call of Sebastien, the women folk went forward and took their stands beside their lords and gallants.

Anita protested with warmth. "It's not so where I've been. It's fetch your lady there, and lead her to her—"

"Hist," said Mrs. Pilon, "Sebastien calls."

"Sa-lute your lady, corner lady the same."

There were swift footfalls on bare boards, swishing skirts, quick breathings.

*"Allemain around,*

*Swing about and allemain;*

*Youse done it so well*

*Youse can do it again —"*

The bow of Mr. Pilon scraped, and Sebastien called:

*"Birdie fly out*

*Hawk bide in,*

*Hawk fly out*

*And give birdie a spin.*

*Grab-b-b your lady and roll-l-l her aroun',  
Back to your places an' tamerack her  
down!"*

Barney McPherson, the uncle of Adam, stopped Anita in the entry between the parlor and the porch.

"Youse think about it before youse sign up to teach come September, Anita. Adam wants youse turrible. Youse mind the house I set together on the headland for my Timmy? He since being gone up in the copper country and settled there. I told Adam comin' in from the nets to-day, 'Take the house. I've sons and daughters of my own, but youse my brother's child, my orphan nephew.'"

The moon came up as Adam and Anita chugged home. It was striking two as they came alongside the dock.

Anita prepared to spring.

"Wait," commanded Adam, approaching.

She sprang, and he caught her as the boat slid from the dock. It saved her a ducking.

A quiver shook him as he set her upon her feet, and his voice when he spoke was unsteady.

"Did youse see me hawk you back? It were near a spill, an' youse in your finery."

They climbed the shore. They came to the Lalonde gate. Adam was concerned.

"How do youse feel?"

"Not too bad."

"How then is it youse feel?"

"Just right."

He was looking at her as she looked up at him. They came together, arms clasping, lips clinging. She broke away and fled up the path to the house.

Octave Legros came by the Lalondes the next forenoon. She had a bucket in her hand and was on her way to the bush to pick berries.

"I'm late. I slept in, the morning was an hour gone when I woke," she complained.

Heppie Snow passed, returning from the bush, her child by her side, her two buckets heaped with berries.

Octave was aggrieved that Heppie should be ahead of her. She shook her head as she stood and watched her go.

"Where's the stamp o' sin, I'm asking? Heppie's boy's the sight for eyes as youse look about, yards and doorsteps my witness, calves, colts, kittens, puppies, goslings, children, where's the like o' he? Well, I must be on my going. I'm as bad as these summer creatures, touringist as if I'd nothing to do."

That evening Anita stood at the gate with Adam.

"Youse'll walk along the headland and look at the house, 'Nita? Yours and mine, if youse'll consider it."

Heppie and her child went by with yoke and pails, on their way to the channel for water. Anita was emphatic.

"I say again the man's the craven who fathers a child and forbears to own it."

"Youse believe this?"

"I hold it."

"Youse advise it?"

"I require it."

A long, a silent moment. Then Adam,

"Come to the churchyard, 'Nita. Come and see our dead, youse and me."

"The headland, Adam? The little house?"

"The house another time."

He brought up in the churchyard, his graves and hers on each hand.

"Youse'll find me here four days from this day and this hour. I'll tell youse no more now."

Anita was here at the hour. It was sweet to be here, sweet to be awaiting Adam.

The gate clicked and he came toward her along the path between the plots with their zinnias and phlox and—tiger lilies. He wore a lumberman's garb, boots, mackinaw, and the rest of it. His stride was a weary man's, come to a journey's end.

More—strapped to his back, papoose-wise, was a wee creature, a hardly more than weaned child. It stared at Anita across Adam's shoulder as he reached her, its skin tawny velvet beneath the shadow of its blue-black hair, its brooding big eyes fathomless.





*Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover*

"AS THESE WOMENKIND ARE, GOD FASHIONED 'EM, ADAM"





With dextrous swiftness and a swing about, Adam had the tiny creature free and standing on its moccasined feet on the path between them.

"It be Miss Essie McPherson, my daughter."

Anita stood, staring at Adam, distended eyes of the utmost horror set wide in a rigid young face.

"I stand by my child as youse required I do, 'Nita."

Miss Essie McPherson, clutching Adam's knee with a velvet brown hand, uplifted a chirping bleat. Dusk and its chill were here. Wee Miss McPherson felt it was supper time and also bedtime, and said so.

"She be my daughter, I'm telling youse, Anita."

A sound broke from Anita now, an innocent, heartbroken wail not unlike wee Miss McPherson's own, and as she pushed by Adam, fleeing along the path and out the gate, his gaze in its astonishment followed her.

Miss McPherson, calling passionately for attention, recalled him. He stooped and lifted the velvet soft little creature in his arms.

Steamers going down from the north country put in at West Channel for fish and passengers at sunup. Adam McPherson came plunging across the dock the following morning as the *Island Queen* moved out, Anita Oakes at the railing. He had heard the news of her going, had been forced to believe it, and was here making his way between his neighbors, around piles of fish boxes, an anchor chain, and the like.

His face beneath its brown was drawn. His eyes uplifted to the rail were on Anita, incredulity and astoundment in them. Trapped and undone, he stood calling to her mutely. Tears dripped down his cheeks.

Father La Haye's hand fell on Adam's shoulder, and Father La Haye's voice spoke here.

"She finds it's a dear collop that's cut out of th' own flesh, Adam."

If Adam heard he gave no sign.

The ice that spring went out in May. Anita Oakes stood against the rail of the first steamer in. She was down the stairs and at the gangway as the boat touched.

"Ai-e-e!" The cry of her north country broke from her, joyous, treble.

Leda Petronella and her mother were here to meet her. Octave Legros, who in the history of the boats had not missed half a dozen arrivals or departures, was on hand. Anita's gaze swept the dock.

"Adam? Where's Adam? I wrote him I was coming, when I wrote you."

Leda slow to reply, was grave, triste.

Mrs. Legros answered in her stead. "Adam's not been seen since the village came down from the bush and the sugar-making in the spring, and found him gone."

"Gone where?"

"When the first frog called in the bush I said to the camp, 'Pick up your buckets and let's get home, the sap never runs after a frog calls,' and packed my blankets and took up my buckets and started. I went down through the bush to the shore and the sheds, got out my mare, Doll, and my sled, and tackled up. On my way down over the ice, at Channel Light, I met Adam with his pack, walking."

"I'll hawk youse back to the sugar bush, or take youse with me to West Channel," I told him.

"'I'm travellin' on, I'll not be back,' he said."

She turned to the Lalondes, mother and daughter. "We'll take Anita to the churchyard. We'll let her see for herself."

She was trotting along with the three, talking as she went.

"The village was worked up over Adam, I'll say that, Anita. Never was a man in this north country shamed his village as Adam shamed us here. The women were more affronted than the men. We left him to himself in his house on the headland, him and his squaw breed." Barney McPherson was scan-

dalized along with us rest, but being his uncle, he didn't go back on his word. Father La Haye, as the priest must with the transgressors, stood by him."

They came to the Lalonde's gate. They passed it. Octave led the way in the churchyard, her talk flowing on.

"Eve blessed her daughters, and Adam the sons. Mother wit and the bear's cubs arrive together. Show me a man at the woman's task and I'll show youse a dabster. Twice at Adam's sending, the doctor came the forty miles on the ice from the Key. Father La Haye was there days and nights with Adam at the last. Not that us women away at our sugar-making knew this till after. The bastard wee creature was starved, they do say. Adam nor Father La Haye could find nothing to nourish it."

She had led them to a little mound removed and alone. The wooden cross marking the infinitesimal bit of ground said:

Miss Essie McPherson  
aGed 23 mo

Little Father La Haye and Anita had journeyed afoot two days northward. The first stop was made at Hurley where they spent the night at the Mission house. Crossing Little Chief Pass, they spent the second night with the rangers at the station. The third day saw them into the bush at sunup. They would sleep to-night at the rangers' station again, returning.

"And if Adam's condoned his sin and married the Indian girl, Anita?"

She lifted mute eyes to his.

"Eh, well, set your own house in order, and Adam set his. Ye begged me to this end, and I brought ye. This Chippewa girl died when the wee 'un came. Adam fetched the child from her people."

"We'll find him here?"

"He's in charge here, he's tending the lumber company's property till the men come up again in the fall."

They were standing at the edge of a tamarack clearing. "Yonder's smoke out the cook-house chimney. Go knock. If he's not at hand, he will be."

Adam opened the door. He was in his lumberman's garb, and he wore a yellow beard.

"I came to you and Miss Essie McPherson soon as the ice broke, Adam. Whether you got my letter, I don't know. I didn't know wee Essie was dead till they took me to the churchyard. And now I've told you, we'll start back."

Adam listened, looking at her, plainly troubled. He dwarfed the tamaracks—this young man.

"I didn't get youse that youse went away and left me, Anita. Neither did I get youse when youse wrote me youse were coming back."

Father La Haye had come up. "You're not the first man among us to confess to it, and you'll not be the last. As these womenkind are, God fashioned 'em, Adam." He smote palm on palm abruptly,

"Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned? Clearing weather comes from the bitter north, and a right spirit through chastening. Read Anita through yourself, Adam McPherson. Like you, like me, like the rest of men and women, she's better than the least, and she's less than the best that's in her."

Anita was clinging to Adam now, and his arms had closed upon her.

"Youse're meaning, 'Nita, that when I come down the day I'm released from here, youse'll marry me?"

"On your knees, both o' ye," thundered Father La Haye, "on your knees."

He stood above them.

"The sinned against, the weaker creatures pay. God in His own way exacts the price. Let us pray for the repose of the souls of Marie Commander, and Miss Essie McPherson, her daughter."



# Two Poems

BY JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

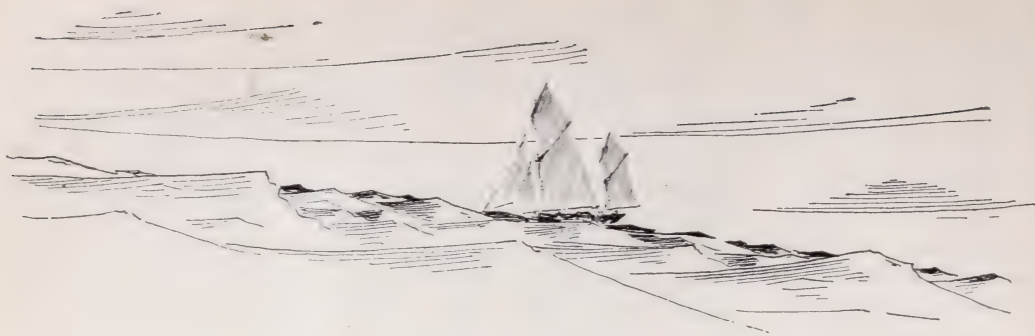
## THE BIRDS

**M**ONTH of triumph, month of mirth,  
May doth repossess the earth.  
Hillsides of a dazzling green  
Against the clearest heavens are seen.  
Naked forests don a pale  
Empurpled palpitating veil.  
The very dandelions hold  
A fresh, intense, celestial gold;  
While the cloudlets as they rise  
Blush like blossoms in the skies.  
May is brightness, May is splendor,  
Fire ethereal, fierce and tender,  
Living in the liquid blue,  
With every color in its hue;  
Touching everything we see  
Into immortality.

What wonder if the birds give throat  
To see the silvery vapors float,  
Loiter, drift, and pass along?  
The wren cannot contain his song—  
Rippling into ecstasy  
That the world so bright should be.  
Robins revel as they roam  
Drunk with new elysium;  
While the songster-sparrow sits  
Seized with sudden music fits.  
Uncontrollably they sing,  
Mad with joy at everything.  
Round about, above and under.  
May's a great white-thoughted wonder,  
All creation's holiday,  
Liquid, tender, brilliant May.

## UP COUNTRY

**B**Y the farmer's shallow pond  
Country children are at play,  
Hatless, busy, Dutch and blond,  
In the cloudless morn of May;  
And the willows cast no shade  
By the little white cascade  
Where the ducklings boldly swimming  
Brave the rivulet's o'er-brimming;  
And the farmer's wife is spreading  
Aprons, tablecloths and bedding,  
Till the season of the year  
Shouts aloud in household gear.



## South; for Blue Water

No. 3—*The Hounds of Spring*

BY ARTHUR STURGES HILDEBRAND

ON the last day of January the almond trees were in blossom in the Balearic Isles. It was to be a late spring, people told us, but we chose to believe the trees—a mistake on our part, since a tree has no means of knowing what the weather is at sea. To sea we went, a week later, and after a period of calms and undecided winds, we picked up a hearty westerly breeze and set off before it, bound for Bonifacio Strait, between Corsica and Sardinia.

We had expected to sight nothing in the whole distance between Spain and Sardinia, being off the route of commerce; we had made up our minds to an empty sea and a wintry wind, with the *Caltha* rolling through it like the last trace of life in the whole world. At dawn one morning four sea gulls came up out of nowhere and hovered about the ship, wheeling and dipping and uttering that strange cry of theirs which sounds like ironic laughter. Then they disappeared again into nowhere. Their visit made the world seem a less lonely place.

But in the afternoon we saw a ship. She came up from the south and passed close astern of us, so that we could take her picture. "A macaroni boat," we said, "bound to the Gulf of Genoa." As she passed her captain came out on deck and waved the Italian flag at us, flapping

it over the quarter rail as if he were shaking the crumbs out of a tablecloth. He was evidently lonely, too, for his greeting was the friendliest imaginable; we could almost see his genial grin as he bundled up the flag in his arms and went below again.

The sky was low and solid gray, and the sea had a cold and oily look. The nights were very black, the stars shone through ragged holes in the clouds. We were wrapped in sweaters and mufflers and oil coats as we sat at the tiller, with a square of canvas drawn across our knees; at meal times the watch below crowded into the galley, like vagrants around the gratings of a bakery, to be near the stove. Now this is not expected in the Mediterranean, even in February. It isn't right.

We were carrying sail to the last square inch, looking eagerly ahead for spring. Ahead, through the Straits, lay Italy, where, we fondly thought, it was always spring. To believe in spring, with that wind moaning in the rigging and that taste of snow in the air, was an act of faith. To believe that Italy actually lies just ahead seems always an act of faith.

The breeze freshened during the night; when I came on deck in the cloudy darkness just before dawn we were scurrying along excitedly, spreading the phos-



phorus from our bows in a broad rolling spearhead of cold white fire. There was a nip in the wind, and the glass was falling.

At seven o'clock I made out land on the starboard bow—Asinara, the north-west point of Sardinia, east a half south, twenty-one miles away by the log. This was just right. But the aspect of it killed all hope of spring: two rounded mountains, close down on the sea, gray and misty and dim, like a headland in Tierra del Fuego. The clouds were rolling up in the west, shutting out the sky, which had become thick and heavy, and rain squalls were chasing across the face of the sea.

The wind grew in strength, all during the morning, and a heavy sea was making. The glass was fairly tumbling. At noon, when Asinara was abeam—the lighthouse was a mere tottering smudge of white, like a ghost—I worked out a course to Bonifacio: north fifty east, forty-two miles.

Bonifacio Harbor lies within the Straits, on the Corsican side. We were carrying all the sail we could hang out, to make port while there was still some daylight left us; we had to make it. We made no more concession to the first squall than to take in the spinnaker; at the second we doused the foresail; the third was actually upon us, black and ugly, filled with pelting rain, before we lowered the big topsail. We got it down an inch at a time, successfully—which was no mean achievement, seeing how it struggled on its halliards, and how badly it wanted to blow out over the gaff. It came down on the windward side of the main, plastered flat against the canvas, and we laid it along the boom to

furl it, and got it in on deck. Then we went for the mizzen. It was broad off, of course, out of reach, and stiff with salt and rain, but we quieted its mad jabbering finally, and furled it snug. We were under mainsail and jib, then—and sail enough, too.

We didn't expect the wind to hold. It would go down at two o'clock, we thought. But two o'clock passed, and it blew harder, and the seas got bigger. The clouds were swept away, and the sun shone brilliantly; tremendous waves were rolling up, their tops whipped off in whistling spindrift filled with rainbows; the whole surface of the sea was deep blue and foaming white. There was too much of it: too much wind, too much sea, too much speed. We wanted things to stop for a moment, to give us a quiet interval in which we could collect our thoughts.

There was no longer any question of reaching Bonifacio before dark; we were wondering only how we should recognize the entrance to an unfamiliar harbor when we got there, and how we should manage to run in in safety with that bellying wind behind us. In all probability there would be a compact and



THE CALTHA HAULED OUT FOR CLEANING

tangled mass of fishing boats lying beside the quay, manned by pirates and fierce bandits who would wave their arms and scream blighting Corsican curses at us as we came splintering into the midst of it.

However—the seas were breaking all around us, and over us, flinging us forward, head down, roaring and wallowing. We did nine knots at the worst, and as each wave jumped up under our stern and caught us, we leaped ahead dizzily, incredibly, and the log on the taff-rail spun like a top. It was time to do something. That whole mainsail was too much to be carrying . . . but it was too much to take in. As for heaving-to, the time had passed for that; the seas were like the breakers on a shallow shore. But it was a simple matter to lower the peak, and we got the throat down five or six feet by means of a purchase hooked in the second reef cringle. This was the best we could do. The sail set like a great bag, the gaff sweeping out almost to the crosstrees.

Then we saw land on the port bow—very high land, covered with snow. It might be Cape Blanco, on the southern end of Corsica; but if this were so, we had missed our harbor, which lay to the northward of the cape, and there would be nothing left us but to run on through the Straits in the dark and spend the night hove-to close up under the unfamiliar shore on the other side. There

were shoals in the Straits, too, and islands that we should have to pass.

In half an hour more land had appeared, but did not help us. It would be best to keep up to the northward, to make sure—best, that is, from the point of view of piloting, for only so could we keep our harbor definitely to leeward, but quite mad from the point of view of seamanship, since it would mean that we should have to take the sea abeam. It was no sea to take abeam. However, we eased up and tried it.

We were thrown about like a stick of wood in rapids. One of those tumbling combers would catch us, dump a few tons of white water on our decks, and send us whirling. It boiled in across the stern like suds, and broke over the rail on both sides as far forward as the main rigging; half the time, it seemed, our bowsprit was plowing under solid water, and the decks were no sooner free of one wave than another came aboard, and we were going

like a locomotive. We were charging down on the coast, over the backs of those hills of water, dropping into the valleys between them until everything was hidden from us, and we from everything, surrounded by a steady halo of rainbows in the smoke of the spindrift. But we got up to the northward.

I went below to consult the chart. It was an extraordinary change of surroundings to come down through the hatch; the whole "house" of the ship



NARROW STREETS OF WALLS AND FLOWERS





THE CITADEL OF BONIFACIO, CORSICA

was leaping and flinging through space in an unbelievable way, but the growl of the waves was muffled, and the wind was gone. The books in the shelves were shifting contentedly back and forth; a sailor's "housewife" was swinging gayly in circles on its hook. The storm was outside. I braced my feet in the angle between floor and wall, took out of the rack the big general chart of the Mediterranean, which had in the margin a detail of Bonifacio Strait, and unrolled it to see where we were.

The whole southwest coast of Corsica is backed by a range of mountains; there were a dozen snow-covered peaks, and the one that we had first sighted might be any one of them. The coast at their feet was a succession of capes. I dumped the chart back into the rack and dragged out the Pilot Book. The capes were all described as "high and rocky." We could see them only when a wave lifted us and when the haze of spray blew clear for a moment. One cape after another, and all alike. There were no lighthouses, no buildings, no islands . . . if only we could find some definite feature . . . just then a paragraph in the Pilot Book seemed to leap up at me from the page:

"A new beacon on Monachi Rocks has been completed; it is in the form of a white tower, consisting of two truncated conical sections of different diameters, one above the other; the whole structure is sixty-one feet high; it is named Moines Tower."

I looked at the chart again, and found Monachi Rocks—a tiny flyspeck, close to the shore. There was no beacon there when the chart was made. But in the Pilot Book there was a beacon. If there was any honor among those patient clerks in Washington, we should sight that tower. And we should be to windward of our harbor, safe enough.

A hail came down to me from on deck, two voices, shouting together. "Hi, below!" they yelled, and, when I answered, "A white tower, close to the shore, dead ahead!"

Good old Pilot Book! I stuffed it back into the rack again and went up on deck into the wind.

Between waves we could see it, white, rising up against the dark, misty background of the shore, with white surf at the foot of it. Five miles to leeward was Bonifacio Harbor. We squared away and ran for it.

As we drew near the details became visible—Cape Feno light, with the cross on the crag behind it, the citadel on the cliffs, the windmills and the wireless station. It was all as it should be. Even the entrance lights, two little white lumps on the gray rock . . . only, there was no entrance. The line of cliffs was continuous, and the surf was breaking all along the shore.

We passed Cape Feno—still no entrance. Even at three hundred yards, when we could hear the rote above the noise of the wind in the ropes, there was no opening; it was like rushing at a blank wall. We went forward and got the anchor ready, as a matter of form. At two hundred yards we were still anxiously looking. The big seas rebounded from the cliffs and danced—sharp, steep points of water that rose and fell soundlessly, incredibly nimble, like crazy things. The deck was prancing under our feet. Through this boiling nonsense we came roaring down on the light, straight for the solid rock, so close that we could see the panes in the windows of the keeper's house, and count the tiles on the roof . . . then the harbor opened up.

Deep emerald water between high cliffs, a sudden turn to the east, and we looked down the whole length of the harbor, barely ruffled by the little cat's-paws of wind that went chasing one another across its surface, and saw the quays and the idle fishing boats and the tall French

houses standing demurely in a row under the hill. The rollers vanished; the wind went shouting through the sky high overhead; we came gliding in, very stately, very deliberate, spreading ripples from under our bows, and let go the anchor at the harbor head. Bonifacio, on the southern tip end of Corsica, is a harbor as snug as a wayside inn.

We had run forty-two miles in four hours and twenty minutes.

Bonifacio was a main place for pirates once; it makes one faintly envious—the pirates get all the best things. That's for the harbor. As for the huddled little town, it has come straight down from the dark ages, unchanged. The high citadel stares down upon it with a stern air of patronizing benevolence; the narrow and dirty streets are made more gloomy still by the crumbling flying arches that cross from wall to wall and keep the crumbling houses from collapsing against one another's faces; there are beggars and deformed idiots and



THE GOOD SHIP CALTHA

thousands of subdued and joyless children; the doorways open on steep worn stairways that lead up to poor and dismal habitations; the priests in the streets seem haughtily superior; the soldiers who lounge at the barracks' gates have an arrogant and half-contemptuous air. There is no "old world charm" about this sort of thing; rather, the miserable aspect of the Old Romantic Days seems uppermost, as if it were presented by the pen of an ultra-



modern realist of melancholy tendencies. The electric lights in the dilapidated houses seem to bring no light to the rooms, and the motor diligence that connects the town with the railway is no more than a scornful taunt.

Moreover, the absence of hot summer sunlight makes the place seem not even Corsican.

We got away on the second day, but a cold and drizzling rain killed the breeze, and we came back. We beat up the harbor, working up the whole length of it in a great many short tacks—a feat which had never before been accomplished, to judge by the staring amazement of the inhabitants. They gathered in groups on the quays—our bowsprit poked into the very midst of them, sometimes, as we came about—and we could see them high above us on the citadel, leaning on the parapet to look down. Their own method of entrance is to lower sail, strike masts, and unrig, off the harbor mouth; then they can row in with dignity. Mediterranean small-boat sailors are not “progressive”; in a pinch, they depend on the good old method of oars, and the business of handling a sailing vessel under sail leaves them astonished, and somewhat skeptical, as at a new form of impious self-assertiveness.

Late in the afternoon of the third day we thought we saw another chance. In that shut-in harbor, which misses complete and perfect seclusion only by not having a roof, it was impossible to tell what the weather was doing, but the sunset was good, and the clouds overhead were moving from the west. We made sail and stood out.

But the breeze failed at dark, and we



HIGH NOON IN THE SUNNY SOUTH

were all night in getting through the straits. It was not until dawn that the islands of Lavezzi and Razzoli were astern of us and we looked ahead into a new sea.

We had been counting on this. Surely, the high mountains of Corsica and Sardinia would shut out those winter west-erlies that come from the Gulf of Lyons. Surely, on this side, we should find spring. We kept reminding one another: “Beyond the Straits lies Italy.” If ever the sea smiled, if grass ever grew green, or buds burst in warm sunshine, this was the place.

But our new sea was gray and hopeless, covered with tumbling white caps. It rained. The barometer went down to twenty-nine point four, and stayed there. The wind hauled into the east northeast—right in our teeth—and blew hard for

a week. For eight hours we went chopping into it, making a scant three knots, five points off our course, with our jib wet half way to the masthead, and every rope tight and humming. The remaining six days of our penance we spent at anchor in Porto Vecchio Bay, on the east coast of Corsica.

This is the loneliest spot in the world. We came in just at the end of the day, and the sunset through the clouds gave a color of deep and solid purple to the surrounding hills and threw a sad blue light across the water, as if the sun were never to rise again. A barkentine from Viareggio was anchored in the center of the bay; she lay all dark and silent as we came in past her, her spars black and sprawling across the sky. There were no lights in the village. There were no boats, no men, no birds, no sound except the faint roar of the surf on the rocks outside and the sighing of the wind in the pines at the head of the bay. The light faded from the sky as we were stowing sail, and there were no stars.

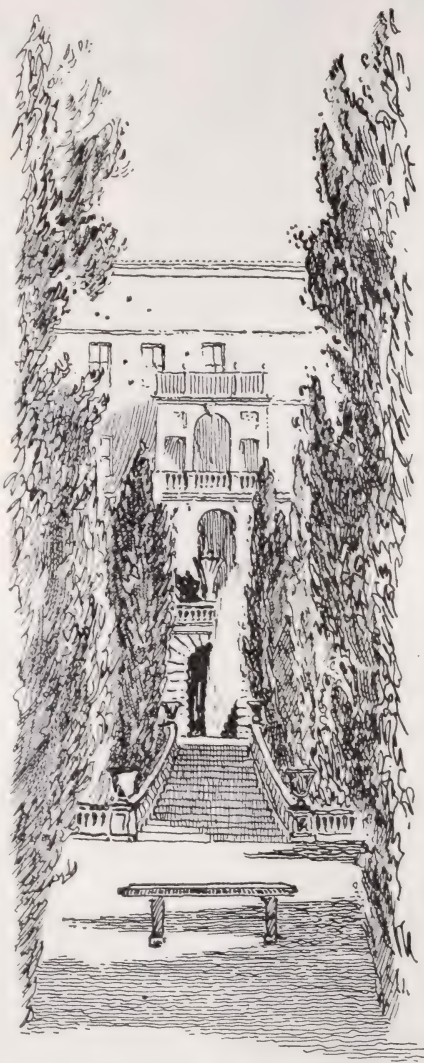
The barkentine was bound to Barcelona, and this was just the wind for him—except that with it he could not start out of the bay. He had come in during the westerly that brought us to Bonifacio, which was the worst possible weather for a ship bound west, of course; now he had his precious easterly, and

couldn't use it. The same wind would serve us both for leaving the anchorage, but, once outside, he would be praying for a shift, while our wish would be for continuance. And in consequence, we both kept silent, from a feeling of sportsmanship. Besides, it's an ill wind that lasts forever.

Each night at sunset it faltered, dropped, blew from the west for an hour, and then hauled back to east northeast. We waited. A time would come when it would go into the west and be unable to get back. . . .

On the shore at the head of the bay was a warehouse marked *Société Marseillaise de Bateaux à Vapeur*, and a large stock of cork was piled in the yard before it, waiting for the next steamer. There were a few lighters for loading, and one or two disconsolate rowboats, chained, padlocked, and forgotten. The shutters of the warehouse were shut tight, and grass was growing in the yard. The possibility of a steamer calling seemed very remote. The whole place looked remote.

The road winds up a hill to town. We came upon rickety henhouses and pigsties, first, and then a wagon builder's shop, with two men listlessly at work in it, and then the town. It is built entirely of bleak gray granite. There is a raw, unkempt look about it, as if its inhabitants were beyond caring what became of things. Indeed, people seem to



A GARDEN OF ROMANCE



live there out of sheer indifference. The place is dangerously malarial in summer, and the town is then nearly deserted. Nearly . . . a very nice problem of balancing chances, I thought, on the part of those who decide to stay behind.

We sauntered through to the other end of the town, and then, returning, dropped into a café—the one opposite the church. A lounging youth with a whip hung about his neck moved aside in the doorway to let us pass. Within: an uneven and much worn floor of boards, dusty, with holes broken through into the cellar; high windows, across which the shutters were closed and propped—the only light came through the door; a dingy billiard table with the legs wedged up by shingles and many tears in the cloth; a marble-topped lay-out for drinking, with three chairs that had frazzled seats and broken backs. The walls were dingy with smoke, and bare, except for a notice which indicated a recent reduction in the prices of all drinks. The lounging youth brought us some very bad coffee, and we sat and talked of the place we were in, and of places.

A motor car crossed the square before the church, and we went to the doorway to see it pass, and we wandered on down the street to look for eggs.

We appeared suddenly—and startlingly, too, evidently, for the woman jumped—at the door of a likely-looking shop. The place was somber and barren, with a stone floor; the woman was seated on a low stool before a fire of brush, making waffles. She thought that she could find some eggs for us, and she chased the chickens out of the chairs and asked us to be seated while she went somewhere to look for them. There were twenty centimes in change left after the eggs were paid for, and we bought a waffle with them. It was very cold and dead, soggy with the steam it had generated while lying in the pile, and doughy inside. Moreover, it was made with black flour. We took one bite each, on the road outside, and threw what was

left into the bushes. Three dogs rose wearily from the dust and went in search of it.

We did not go ashore again. We sat in the cabin, reading or playing Russian Bank, watching the barometer and listening to the wind. And, one night, it shifted and died—died, with its back to the west. At first we could not trust it; yet in the morning it was still there, faint, but confident, and undeniably from the west. The barkentine was gone.

We got under way at once, and dropped slowly down the bay. The big, bare mountains, the deserted shores, the swamp and the empty pine grove—as for the town, it was easy to ignore it—gave the place a primæval, virginal quality; it might have been a newly-discovered bay at the remotest end of an unknown continent, and we, as discoverers—following the tradition of our profession—might have called it “Welcome Harbor” or “Better Luck Bay,” out of obstinacy, to show that nothing could make us downhearted.

Indeed, nothing could. Italy—and spring—was ahead, one hundred and seventeen miles, and the wind was fair.

Our barkentine was away to the south, beating up for the Straits. The wind was light, and shifted several times, but it did not get out of the westerly sector, and we dropped away from the coast. But the mountains were plainly visible—indeed, that line of snow in the sky was astern of us for more than eighty miles. In the afternoon we were far enough off the shore for the wind to reach us through the strait, and the log, which had sunk straight down under the stern, straightened out in the wake again and began to mark the miles.

The next day came in clear and brilliant—a big, clean sunrise, in a sky without a cloud. The wind blew gently and steadily from the west. Monte Cristo was abeam at dawn, and later Giannutri and Elba and Giglio; far down over the rim of the horizon we could see the faint misty outline of a mountain—Argentario, in Italy. In Italy! And spring

had come! There was something miraculous about this: that spring should come on the very day that the first peak of Italy lifted out of the sea. It was so simple and easy. You had only to sail east if you wanted . . .

Clouds appeared in the southwest. They rose quickly, and at sunset the sky was covered. It grew cold; the wind backed into the southwest, and a veil of hissing rain came trailing across the water. Spring? Spring was a phrase the poets used. Let it go. We had sailed gray seas before.

At midnight the big light on Civitavecchia was in sight ahead, and by two o'clock we were in, and anchored. Civitavecchia, "the principal seaport of the late Papal States," is on the main line railway of western Italy, and one may take a train there for Rome. We left the ship in charge of Modesto, and followed the Trail of the Tourists for a month.

And in all that time there was no spring. There were a few sunny days in Rome; the trees that hung over the river where the Arno flows through Florence were of a fresh and tender green; there was one night of misty moonlight in Venice. But these things do not make a spring. When we came back to Civitavecchia again it was blowing maliciously from the rainy southwest, and spray was flying across the top of the forty-foot mole. Day and night we heard the rush and thump of the breakers, and though we lay at the very head of the harbor, our rigging was covered with a crust of salt.

But in Naples it is always summer. The winter gales rarely penetrate so far, the Pilot Book assured us—as if no gale would dare to impose itself on the heart of sunny Italy. "*O, dolce Napoli*"—the phrase came to our minds, and we could not dismiss it as meaningless. We remembered the slogan of the Vikings, "Let's go and see." If the weather would not change under the circumstances, we could change the circumstances.

We ran into heavy cross seas at once.

At noon the wind hauled into the west, and made it worse, since there were then three sets of waves, one running over the other. But with the wind abeam we went merrily, and at sunset we were well clear of Cape Linaro, and fifteen miles offshore, beyond the shallow water. The whole coast is flat and uninteresting, and was nearly out of sight.

We picked up the light of Port d'Anzio at midnight—a black night, if ever was, starless and clear and heavy—a night in a thousand for seeing distant lights—and it was well astern of us when it was extinguished at sunrise. Though, properly speaking, there was no sunrise; the sky took on a uniform tint in all directions, and the day came in from all sides at once.

It blew hard all that night, and freshened in the morning; we were carrying everything, aloft and aloft, and we fairly flew. The steep seas clutched at the scurrying stern, heaved under the lifted bilge, slammed against the bows and went rolling back in tumbling foam. She lay over to her rail, plunging and skipping and trampling it under foot, settling into the hollows, rearing up to look ahead for more. She felt that breeze. It did her good. And bound south, too.

The Mount of Circe was abeam; off shore we had Zannone, and other islands of that group, "used as places of exile by the Romans." This was grand going; we were beginning to look ahead for the land that lay across our course and would mark the final turn of the road. Before noon we saw it, uncertain and indistinct, too high really to be land, and yet too solid for a cloud. This was Ischia, on the northwest side of Naples Bay. It was fifty miles away, and time and again the clouds closed in and hid it, but Ischia it was, and in Naples Bay, and we felt that we had arrived.

The clouds thinned later in the day, and we had glimmerings of sunlight. Away offshore it struck down onto a few acres of rolling gray water, and in the center of it there showed a sail. It was a big yawl, reefed, and running dead



before the wind for Ischia passage. She came thrusting up on a wave until we could see her whole hull, and even the white water under her bow; then she went down again into a hollow, leaving the gray sail to mark the spot where she had been. Four hours later she passed astern of us, close aboard. We made out a sail ahead—a tiny rag of brown canvas, dipping in and out of sight. We bore down on her swiftly—a small fishing boat, she was, and the four men in her, who were reefing, raised their hands in greeting as we passed. The land flashed up all around us; through the Passage ahead we could see the silhouette of Capri. We rounded the gas buoy on Vivara Shoal, the Sorrento Peninsula, Pozzuoli. The old landmarks were coming back. We were there.

It was a thrashing run up the Bay. The wind came whistling down over Ischia and made the water boil. Half a mile off the end of the mole we hove-to and took the mainsail in; then we ran in under headsails and mizzen and reached up for an anchorage.

During the first week of our stay in Naples we had five hail storms; it rained nearly every day, and it was only at intervals that the sky was clear. And then, when we had given up all hope of it, when we had made up our minds to forget about it, we crossed some magical boundary line, and the weather changed—completely and definitely and forever.

We were in Santa Lucia then. There is a glamour about this tiny harbor, and an excitement, that nothing can escape. It lies on a point of land, just under the walls of the old Castello d'Ovo—the best place in Naples, since it is close to the city, and yet free of it, and looks out toward Capri and Sorrento and Vesuvius across the Bay.

Consider Santa Lucia, in the evening,

with the sun going down behind Posilipo, when the steamer comes back from Capri. Dozens of boats go out to meet her and hover around her to bring her passengers ashore. Their oars are tangled in intricate confusion, their gun-wales bump, their rowers alternately argue fiercely or burst out into snatches of the old inevitable songs; the tourists with their wraps and picnic baskets and parasols, move through the tumult sitting very straight, with an assumption of calm, yet shivering with a communicated excitement, as if getting back were an experience second only to that of going out, and they could hardly wait to tell of it. Through the constricted leads of open water an eight-oared shell shoots dangerously up and down, crawling on the water like some grotesque straight-legged bug; the coach is shouting at them from the terrace of the Yacht Club; it seems as if everybody would be run down and sunk. On the streets above hundreds of people lean over the balustrades to watch—young men who sing songs, very attentive to dark-eyed girls, in white dresses and broad floppy hats who laugh, and twirl flowers in their hands and tap on the pavement in time to some imaginary dance. At one side, in a veritable village of boats, fishermen are piling nets, their trousers rolled to the thighs over their brown legs. Naked children are swimming and diving for pebbles, screaming and singing. In the restaurants the orchestras are playing, and some one takes up the chorus of the song, singing as if he were alone on a hilltop, singing as if his heart would break. And the twilight deepens, and the sky becomes too lovely to endure, and the lights come out along the shores, shining in the water—and you would sing, too. For you cannot escape the glamour and excitement of Santa Lucia.

(*The end*)

# The Wonders Round About Us

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

THERE never was a bigger, fatter, flabbier woodchuck than Tubby—among wild animals that *I alone* have known! Tubby is a fixture of the farm. He was here when we came, or else it was his father or his mother, or one of his forbears. He is fat and flabby and as broad as he is long, and broader when full of beans. He is very much of a tub. When he sits in the garden he sits like a tub. When he runs he runs like a tub.

It is worth a few beans to see him run, a medley in motions—up and down and round and round, like the spinning of a top and the hop of a saucepan on a hot stove, with amazing speed forward. He knows which end of him is head and which is tail; but from a distance I can see neither head nor tail, only sides, bulging, tubby sides spilling down the garden. He is a beautifully capable thing in his way. A cutworm is not more capable—if there is anything so capable as a cut-worm!

A full-sized woodchuck is twenty-two inches long; and I presume that Tubby is not more than twenty-two inches wide, though I have seen him wobbling out of the garden and carrying off as mere ballast a cabbage or two, and a watermelon, and a peck or two of beans, and all of the Swiss chard in three rows. There were several bushels of chard in those three rows.

The way he can run with such a load, his little black heels twinkling through the vines, his shapeless carcass flopping into his hole with me on top of him! Then I will hear a chuckling deep down among the hickory roots, a peculiar vegetarian chuckle quite unlike a carnivorous growl. And then I will sit down on the hole and chuckle, having lost for the moment my

carnivorous growl. He is so bold, so impudent, so canny. The old rogue rather likes me. And I *am* a fairly good gardener, if I do say it myself.

When I place a trap in one entrance to his burrow he uses the other opening; if I place another trap here he promptly digs a passage around it; if I block this with chunks of rock he undermines the stones and patiently moves to a new house farther along the ridge; and if I set traps for him here he changes house again. It is a wide, wooded ridge around the garden and honeycombed with woodchuck holes. By and by he is back in his favorite house under the hickory—when the spiders have hung him a sign across the door that the traps are gone.

But it happened once that I forgot the traps. Wood-earth and bits of bark and dead leaves washed down till the wicked gin was covered, and Tubby, coming back after weeks off on the ridge, tumbled into one of the nasty things and got his fat fist fast. I heard him making a big commotion and rushed up to see what the racket was all about. I had a club in my fat fist.

Old Tubby stopped kicking and grunting and looked at me. I do not believe that I was ever thoroughly looked at by a woodchuck before. Stolid, sullen, defiant, there was much more of the puzzled, of blinking, old-world wonder, in the baffled eyes gazing steadily into mine and trying to see what this situation and this moment meant. The snarled body was all fight and fear. But the blinking eyes sought mine for an answer to the riddle that I have asked of God.

All that I could answer was, "You fat-head!" And he said, "Fat-head yourself!" if ever a woodchuck spoke and



spoke the truth. "Fat-head, to set this rotten thing here and forget it!"

It was a rotten thing to do. Somehow I felt as if I had trapped one of my neighbors. He saw how I was feeling, and took advantage of me. "Whose woods are these, anyway?" he asked. "Whose ancestors were here first, yours or mine? You didn't even come over in the *Mayflower*. But I came here in Noah's Ark."

"I know it. But keep quiet," I begged him, "and stop looking at me that way."

"What way?" he asked.

"Why, so much like my brother!" I exclaimed.

"But I am your brother," he retorted, "though I am ashamed to confess it."

"Don't confess it, then," I begged. But he was wound up.

"Any man brute enough to set this sort of thing for his brother has no soul. And any man too mean to share his beans with his brother deserves no soul. If I were as low-down and as lazy as you, I would go over to the north side of this hill and dig a deep hole, and crawl into it, and pull it in on top of me." And all the time I was pressing down on the spring of the trap with my club, trying to free him. Suddenly there was a flop in the hole, and away down in the sub-cellar among the hickory roots, there was talk of me which I should have heard, had I been able to understand.

But there is much that I do not understand. There is much, too, that I can learn; and there are some things that Pup, our old Scotch-Irish terrier, can learn. Time and time again Pup has sent old Tubby tumbling over himself to his hole. Once or twice they have come to blows at the mouth of the burrow, and Pup has come off with a limp or a hurt ear or a sore nose, but with only a mouthful of coarse, reddish hair to growl over. He came off with a new conclusion lately, and a greatly enhanced respect for Tubby.

But Pup is of stubborn stock. So is Tubby of stubborn stock—something American which neither the Scotch nor

the Irish have. Pup knows that here is an enemy of the people, and that he must get him. He knows that Tubby is all hair and hide and bowels. And now he knows that Tubby is broader than he is long, and deeper than he is broad, which makes him pretty deep. This new light began to dawn on Pup when Tubby moved up from the woods to a corner of the ice house near the barn. The impudence, the audacity of the thing stood Pup's hair on end. He took to the blackberry vines at the other corner of the ice house to see what would happen.

Tubby's raiding hour was about five of the afternoon. At that hour the shadows of the ice house and barn lay wide across the mowing field—the proper time and color for things to happen. And there in the close-cut grass, as if he had come up out of a burrow, sat old Tubby, every bit as big as a bear!

Pup stole softly out to meet him, moving over till he was between the chuck and the ice-house hole. It was a deliberate act, and one of complete abandon. Things this time must be finished. And what a perfect piece of strategy! But Pup had staged this battle many times before. Hugging the ground when the big chuck got up on his haunches to reconnoiter, Pup would be motionless till Tubby dropped down and went on with his feeding. Then gliding through the short grass like a snake, he would flatten behind a stone or mound, and work forward and wait.

The ground rose slightly to Pup's disadvantage, and he was maneuvering to avoid the up-hill rush, when Tubby heard something off in the woods, and turned with a dash for his hole. It was head-on and terrific! And the utter shock of it, the moral shock of it, was more than terrific. Neither knew for an instant just what had happened; not Pup, certainly, for the suddenness, the precision, the amazing boldness of the attack, put him almost out of action.

But this was precisely the shock old

Tubby needed. Every flabby fiber of him was tight. The stub feet snapped into action, the chunk of a body shot forward, ramming Pup amidstships, and sending him to the bottom of the slope, Tubby slashing like a pirate with his terrible incisors.

The touch of those long teeth brought Pup short about. He likes the feel of teeth, the taste of pain. He is a son of battle, and in a moment like this, rises to more than common powers of body and soul. The fur flew; the grass flew; but scarcely a sound as the two fighters tumbled and tossed, a single black-brown body like a ball of pain. They sprang apart and together again, whirled and dived and dodged as they closed, each trying for a hold which neither dared allow. But Pup got plenty of hair, choking, slippery hair and leathery hide by the mouthful, while the twisting, snapping woodchuck cut holes in Pup's thin skin with teeth which would punch holes in sheet steel.

And Tubby was fighting with his head as well as with his teeth and toes. He was cooler than Pup. He had a single-track mind and it ran straight to his burrow. The head-work was perfectly clear; the whole powerful play going forward with the nicest calculation, mad as it appeared to be in the wild rough and tumble. There was method in Tubby's madness. He was fighting true to plan. But Pup was fighting to kill, and he lost his head. It was to win his hole, and life, and the pursuit of happiness on these ancestral acres, that the woodchuck was fighting; and as the two laid about them and rolled over and over, they kept rolling nearer and nearer to the ice house and a burrow under the corner.

Over and over, right and left, they lunged when the woodchuck, sent spinning from Pup's foreleg, came up with the dog chopping at his stub nose, but giving him all four of his nailed feet instead, he bounded off the face of the dog, and with a lightning somersault, landed plop in his burrow, Pup raking the hair from a vanished haunch.

And now Pup knows that there is no bottom to a woodchuck's burrow. But do I fully realize that there is no bottom to the woodchuck? I have been almost fatally slow over this lesson. Yet this is the writer's first and most important lesson, no matter what his theme.

"I have been studying the woodchuck all my life," said my old friend Burroughs to me, "and there is no getting to the bottom of him!" He made that great discovery early; eighty-four years of study confirmed it; and from early to late Burroughs never lacked for things to write about or failed of his urge to write. There was no bottom to his woodchuck.

Others have made this discovery concerning other things: the philosophers of truth; the poets of men and flowers; the prophets of God. But the writer must find it true of all things, of all his own things from woodchucks to God. There is nothing new in this discovery. It simply makes all things new to the discoverer. The skeptical, the shallow, the fool who says in his heart that there is nothing but bowels to a woodchuck—what would he at four and eighty find at Woodchuck Lodge to write about? He might have all knowledge and a pen with which he could remove mountains, but lacking wonder, that power to invest things with new and infinite significance, he would see no use in removing the mountains and turning them into steppes, and pampas and peopled plains.

All creative work, whether by brush or pen or hoe, is somehow making mountains into men, out of the dust an image, in our own likeness created, in the likeness of God. It may be woodchuck dust or dandelion dust or the shining dust of stars; touched with a creative interpreting pen, the dust takes human shape and breathes a breath divine. A woodchuck pelt makes an excellent fur for a winter coat; the rest of him makes an excellent roast for a dinner; but it is still what remains, the wonder of him, which makes for sermon and for song.

How hard a lesson that has been for



me to learn! And so slow have I been learning it that little time is left for me to preach or sing. If only I had known early that Mullein Hill was as good as Helicon; that the people of Hingham were as interesting as the people of Cranford; that Hingham has a natural history as rich and as varied as Selborne! My very friends have helped to mislead and hinder me: "I don't see what you find to write about up here!" they exclaim, looking out with commiseration over the landscape, as if Wellfleet, or Washington, or Wausau were better for books than Hingham. Hanover may be better for ducks than Scituate; but Hingham is as good as Hanover or Heaven for books.

One of my friends started for Hanover once for a day of hunting—but I will let him tell the story:

"We were on our way to Hanover, duck hunting," he said, "and at Assinippi took the left fork of the road and kept going. But was this left fork the right road? (An ancient doubt which had brought many a traveler before them to confusion and a halt.) It was early morning, raw and dark and damp. No one was stirring in the farmhouses straggling along the road, and we were turning to go back to the forks, when the kitchen door of the near-by house opened and a gray-bearded man appeared with a milk pail on his elbow.

"'Is this the road to Hanover?' we called.

"The man backed into the kitchen door, put down his milk pail, came out again, carefully closing the door behind him, and started down the walk toward the front gate. He opened the gate, turned and latched it behind him as carefully as he had latched the kitchen door, and stepping out into the road, approached our carryall. Looking up then down the road intently, he hitched his right foot to the hub of our front wheel, spat precisely into the dust, and fixing his face steadfastly toward Cape Cod, answered,

"'No.'

"'You're a damn long time saying it!' snapped our driver, wheeling about for the other fork.

"At the turn I looked back. There stood our guide in the road, his right foot still in the air, I think; and there, though it is twenty years since, he may still be standing—one foot planted on the road to Scituate, the other resting on the hub of the wheel that should have been on the road to Hanover."

Neither the driver, nor my friend, who loves to tell the story, gets at its real suggestion. My friend seems to think there is something funny in it! And there is something funny about the driver—he is so perfectly obvious. He is truly New England, too.

What a swift and vivid style that driver had, but how lacking his sense of the significance of things! He did not appreciate the profound difference between these two forks of the road, the difference for this particular occasion, between Scituate and Hanover. He had not lived his whole life on the Scituate fork. And he was only driving the duck hunters. But the man in the road knew that this road ran to Scituate. He lived on it. Had they asked him, "Master, which is the great Commandment?" he had answered: "Take this road for Scituate." For were they not duck hunting in Hanover? Then what profounder error could they have been in than on the road to Scituate!

But most people go that way for Hanover. Every young writer that I know hankers to get his Hanover ducks out of Scituate, as if failing to get ducks, he might get Scituate; novelty, the mere novelty of gunning in Scituate when the ducks are in Hanover, making the best sort of "copy."

Is it some new thing that we should search out, or some deeper, truer thing? Must we travel, or may we stay at home? Locomotion is the curse of literature. No one nowadays stays long enough in his own place to know it and himself in it, which is about all that he can know well enough to express. Let the writer

stay at home. Drummers, actors, circus men, and Satan are free to go up and down the earth. And these seem to be writing most of our books.

For some years now I also have been going to and fro and up and down in the earth, thinking that I might find some better place than Hingham. I have just returned from Wausau, Wisconsin, where they have a very hard red granite and a deep green granite, both of them the loveliest tombstone stuff that, I think, I ever saw. Certainly they are superior to our seam-face Hingham granite for tombstones. Up to the time of my Wausau visit, I had never given much thought to tombstones; but it shows how one's thought expands with travel, and how easily Wausau may surpass Hingham, not alone in gravestones, but in other, even in literary materials.

But Hingham has one thing in the line of gravestones not found in Wausau: I refer to the boulders, old and gentle and mossy-grown, which lie strewn over our hilly pastures among the roses and hardhack and sweet-fern, ready to be rolled to the tomb, and fit for any poet's tomb.

When that shy spirit and bird lover, Bradford Torrey, a native of my neighbor town, Weymouth, died in California, he left but a single request: that he be brought back to his birthplace for burial, and that a Weymouth boulder be found and rolled up to mark his grave. Were mine not Hingham boulders, I should take one out of my wall, the one which serves as a gate post, and with a yoke of Weymouth oxen would draw it to Bradford Torrey's tomb, a tribute from Hingham to Weymouth, and a gift out of the heart of one who knows and loves *The Foot-Path Way*, *A Ramber's Lease*, and *A World of Green Hills*.

Perhaps one must needs go to California in order to come by this deep desire for Weymouth. Then let him go early. For if he is to write *The Natural History of Weymouth* or of Selborne, he must return early and stay a long time. Thoreau has been criticized for writing of Nature as if she were born and brought

up in Concord. So she was. Can one not see all the world out of the Window in Thrums—that is all of the world of Thrums, which is all of the world, and just the world, one goes to Thrums to see? “I have traveled a great deal in Concord,” says Thoreau.

This brings me back to Hingham. I wish that I could write *The Natural History of Hingham*! A modest desire! There can never be another Gilbert White—but not for lack of birds and beasts in Hingham. Were I a novelist I should write a *Cranford*—and I could! I should call it *Hingham*, not *Main Street*, though that is the name of perhaps the longest street in Hingham. But there are many other streets in Hingham, and all kinds of interesting people.

And here I am on Mullein Hill, Hingham, with all of these streets and all of these people, and woodchucks a-plenty, to write about—and planning this day a trip to California! I might have been the author of a recent book whose theme and subtitle reads: “In the plains and the rolling country there is room for the individual to skip and frolic, but all the peaks are pre-empted.” Come down from Mullein Hill; get out of Hingham; go West, young writer, as far as California; there is room for you to skip and frolic on the plains out there!

It may be true in California, but the opposite of that is true in Hingham. To be sure, I have tried to pre-empt Mullein Hill; I now own the knoll outside my study window, and the seven-acre woodlot beyond; but there are many other peaks here among the hills of Hingham, and scarcely any of them occupied. The people of Hingham all crowd into the plains. So did the people of Israel crowd into the plains of Moab, leaving Pisgah to Moses, who found it very lonesome. There is no one on Pisgah now, I understand; no one on Ararat; no one on Popocatepetl; no one on the top of Vesuvius, nor on the peak of Everest, peaks as well known as White Plains or the Plains of Abraham, but not anything like so crowded. Moses sleeps on Nebo,



yet no man knows where he lies. Have them lay you in Sleepy Hollow if you wish your friends and neighbors to crowd in and keep you company.

Why has there been no Illiad of Hingham? There are Helens in Hingham as there were Helens of Troy. Hingham is short of Homers. Mute, inglorious Miltons have we in Hingham. If one of them, however, should take his pen in hand, would he dream, and if he dreamed, would he dare to cry out to the Heavenly Muse,

I thence

Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,  
That with no middle flight intends to soar  
Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues  
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Which of our poets thinks any more of an adventurous song, of attempting any more the unattempted in either prose or rhyme? It is as if everything had been attempted, everything dared, everything accomplished, the peaks all pre-empted. Politics or religion or literature, it matters not: the great days are gone, the great things are done, the great men securely housed in the Hall of Fame. Heaven offers us a League of Nations, and we prefer the tried and proved device of war; a famed evangelist comes to town, we build him a vast tabernacle, and twenty thousand gather for the quickening message: "Brighten the corner where you are!". And in the corners, and over the walls of the nation, with poster and placard the "Safety First" sign warns us not to hold our little rushlight too high or flare it over far, for fear we set our brightened corner of the world on fire. But the whole world is on fire! And wherever an emperor has escaped the devouring flame he is fiddling as emperors do; and his poet laureate is writing free verse; and all of his faithful subjects are saying over and over: "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better."

"We are taught by great actions that the universe is the property of every individual in it," says Emerson. "Every rational creature has all nature for his

dowry and estate. It is his, if he will. He may divest himself of it; he may creep into a corner, and abdicate his kingdom, as most men do, but he is entitled to the world by his constitution."

I have not spoken lately with a man who seemed to think he was entitled to the world. That grand old faith has passed away. But I talk with no man lately who does not think he is entitled to an automobile. Great is Tin Lizzie of the Americans! Greater than Diana of the Ephesians. But except for our worship of the Ford, we are not overreligious. The Ford is a useful little deity; she meets our needs to the last mile. The individual can skip and frolic with her, for she is distinctly the goddess of the plains and the rolling country. Admirable to her winking tail-light, she is one hundred per cent American, the work of one of the supreme inventive geniuses of our time. She is the greatest thing in America, chugging everywhere but up Parnassus.

Even my quiet old friend Burroughs had his Ford. It was her creator himself who gave her to him. The creature would climb around the slopes and over the walls about Woodchuck Lodge like a side-hill gouger, Burroughs in his long, white beard driving her, as Father Time might drive a merry-go-round. He nearly lost his life in her, too. But everybody nearly loses his life so nowadays; and nearly everybody had rather lose his life in a Ford than to drag out an endless existence in a buggy or on foot or in a wooden swing at home, watching the Fords go by.

Perhaps our machines are taking us—we wish to believe so—to some new Arden, some far-off Avalon, where we shall heal us of our motor-minds, our movie-nerves, our corner-light religion; where "Safety First" shall give way to "Derring Do" as a national motto; where we shall ascend the empty peaks, and out of the thunder and smoke of shaking Sinai bring down some daring commandment, done by the finger of God on new tables of stone.

We are not lacking courage. It is imagination that we lack. We dare. But we do not think it worth while. We are shallow, skeptical, conventional, out of tune with the infinite and out of touch with spiritual things. If we do not try the unattempted, it is because we believe that it has already been tried. It is because Homer has pre-empted Helicon that we tunnel it. Only Milton among us moderns (and how ancient Milton seems!), only Milton in his blindness has seen that there is room and verge enough on Helicon, and deeps within the abyss of Hades where Dante would be lost. No, Milton is not the only modern to leave the plains, and like a star, to dwell apart. Thoreau did it at Walden; Lanier did it on the marshes of Glynn; Burroughs did it at Woodchuck Lodge; and Hudson did it on the plains of Patagonia—proof enough that ponds and plains and the low-lying marsh may be as high as Helicon for poetry, if only the poet have the vision to see that

Like to the greatness of God is the greatness  
within

The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes  
of Glynn.

But here we fail. We no longer see the greatness of God in things. We have covered God with an atom. We ask for bread, and science gives us a stone; for God, and science gives us an electron. It was a superelectron that created the heavens and the earth, when it saw that all the other electrons were without form and void. Atomism has taken the place of Theism in our religion, if it is religion. Man is only a bunch of willful atoms, or parts of atoms, not any longer the crowning work for Creation, its center and circumference, its dominion and destiny and glory, its divine expression, interpretation and immortal soul. Are we to be robbed of God, inhibited forever from faith by the lensed eyes of Science?

"What is man?" I ask, and Science laughs and answers, "Electrons." That

is its latest guess. But does man look like them? Does he feel like them? Does he behave like them? Does he believe like them? In the laboratory he may. But out here in the hills of Hingham where I am returned to the earth, and to the sky, and to my own soul, I know that I am, and that I still hold to all those first things which Science would shame me out of, offering me electrons instead!

I accept the electrons. Capering little deities, they are the sons of God. But so are you and I the sons of God—and we are electrons, trillions of electrons if you like.

Gods and atoms, we can dwell and think and feel as either, the two realms distinct and far apart, the roads between in a continual state of construction, dangerous but passable. The anatomist, laying down his scalpel, cries, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me. I am fearfully and wonderfully made!"—his science passing into poetry, and from poetry to religion, but not easily in our present frame and mood.

Science clears the sight and widens its range; but science can never clear up the shadows at the bottom of a woodchuck. Only vision can do that, and science lacks vision, using a microtome instead, paring its woodchuck until he is thinner than sliced daylight, before it can see through so much as a single stained cell of him. Science turns aside from shadows, walking by sight or else standing still. It deals with the flesh, not the spirit; and is as impotent in literature and art as it is in life and society. The potent thing among men and nations is love. Love never faileth. Yet never were we so afraid of love as we are today; and never did art and literature seem so fearful of the imagination, of vision, of the eternal, of the divine.

"Go get me a bird," the old scientist said to me. "I will give you a lesson in skinning and mounting." I was a young boy. Hurrying out to the woods, I was soon back with a cuckoo. The face of the old scientist darkened. "You should



not have killed this bird, it is the friend of man. 'See when I open this gizzard.' And with a dextrous twist of his fingers he turned inside out the gizzard, and showed it, like a piece of plush, its fleshy walls penetrated with millions of caterpillar hairs.

To this day I feel the wonder of that knowledge, and I thrill at the meaning of that bird's gizzard. Here was science and charity and poetry and religion. What untold good to man! What greater possible good to man? That was before I knew or understood the cuckoo's song. And neither the old scientist, nor his book, *Sixteen Weeks in Zoölogy*, dealt with the song. Science is sure and beautiful with a gizzard. Poetry is sure and beautiful with both gizzard and song. And I wonder if the grinding gizzard or the singing throat is the better part of the cuckoo, even in this world of worms?

I have a great book, published by the government, devoted entirely to birds' gizzards, mills of the gods, and their grindings. It is not a dull book, though the mills grind slowly and grind exceedingly small. It is a book of bones, of broken beetles, seeds, hairs, feathers and fragments. It is a great work of science. One might not like to lay it down unfinished; but having finished it, one could hardly say,

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial faery place,  
That is fit home for thee!

Nature will not do, nor all the truth of nature, for stuff of song and story. As life is more than meat, so is literature more than life. Nature conforms to art; and in fiction "the only real people are those who never existed."

At Good Will Farm, Maine, there is a rock marked with a copper plate. It had been marked for drill and dynamite, until one day, my car swung up and over

it at a sharp turn in the road, skidding rather horribly on the smooth outcropping surface which had been uncovered and left as part of the road-bed.

"You ought to blast that thing out," I said somewhat testily to the supervisor who came out to greet me, my nerves, strung a bit too tight on the long day's drive, snapping with the skid here at the very end of the trip.

"I'll do it," he replied, apologetically. "I had intended to do it from the first."

The next day we were climbing this road on foot, and standing on the ledge to take in the wide landscape of the Kennebec below us, I chanced to look down at my feet and saw, cut deep in the smooth surface of the stone, several parallel lines.

"Don't blast out this rock!" I exclaimed. "Build a new road through your grounds if you have to, but leave this stone. It is part of a great book."

"I don't understand," said the supervisor.

"Here is written a page of the greatest story ever penned. These lines were written by the hand of the glacier who came this way in the Ice Age. Don't blot it out. Put a fence around it, and a copper plate upon it, translating the story so that your students can read it and understand."

So much does the mere scratch of science enhance the virtue of a stone. Now add to your science, history. Instead of the scratch of a glacier, let it be a chisel and a human hand, and let the marks be—"1620." Now read, if you can read and understand.

I copy it verbatim from a Freshman college theme:

### PLYMOUTH ROCK

Plymouth Rock is situated in Plymouth, Mass. It is the rock upon which the *Mayflower* landed in 1620. But it is not now where it was then. It was moved many years ago up to the street. And when they moved it it broke. But they cemented it together. It is four or five feet long and three or four feet wide; and it is inscribed

with the famous figures, 1620, to celebrate the landing of the Puritans at that time. It is enclosed within a canopy of stone and an iron fence; but the gate is hardly ever closed. There are a great many famous stones in the world but this is as famous as any.

My mother was visiting me. She is a self-contained old Quaker, and this was the second time in all her eighty years that she had even seen New England! What should we do first? What did she most desire to see? "Take me to see Plymouth Rock first," she said, and we were off, Mother as excited and as lively as a girl. As we entered Plymouth, however, I noticed that Mother had grown silent, and that her doctor-daughter beside her on the back seat, always sensitive to her moods, was also silent. We descended the hill to the harbor, came on in sight of the canopy over the Rock, and slowed down to a stop. But the car had not stopped, when Mother, the back door open, her foot on the running board, was stepping off and through the open gate, where falling on her knees, with tears running down her face, she kissed the blessed stone, her daughter calling, "Oh Mother, the germs! the germs!"

When science and religion thus clash, science must give way. Mother knew as much about germs as her doctor-daughter. She had lived longer; she had lost more, and had loved more—some things more than life itself.

Science has marked every rock; but only those that are wet with such tears and kissed with such lips are ripe for sermon and song. These are the eyes and these the lips of those, who, passing through Bacca, make it a well. Knowledge alone, though it course the very heavens, will come back to earth without so much as one shining fleck of stardust in its hair.

The other day a great astronomer was delivering a lecture in Boston on the stars. Wonder and awe held the audience as it traveled the stellar spaces with the help of the astounding pictures on

the screen. The emotion was deep; the tension almost painful as the lecturer swept on through the unthinkable vast, when, coming to his close, he turned and asked lightly, "Now what do you think of immortality? Is it anything more than the neurotic hope of a very insignificant mote in this immensity?"

The effect was terrific. The scientifically minded smiled. The simple left the hall dazed and stunned. They lost all sense of time and space, they lost sight of the very stars in this swift, far fall. They had been carried up through the seven spheres to the very gate of Heaven then hurled to earth. The lecture failed—not of instruction, not of emotion, but of will, leaving the listeners powerless and undone. The lecturer may be right—for astronomy, and yet be quite wrong for poetry. He may have uttered the last word—for science; but this end is only the beginning of religion.

How much greater an astronomer this college professor than that shepherd on the far-off Syrian hills! Ranging the same astral field as our scientist, his thought takes the same turn as the scientist's down to man, but on different wings, the wings of poetry:

When I consider thy heavens,  
The work of thy fingers,  
The moon and the stars  
Which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him?  
And the son of man that thou visitest him?

Then swinging upward on those mighty wings, past the reach of science, out of the range of knowledge, up to the divinest height ever touched by human thought, the shepherd-poet cries exultantly,

For thou hast made him a little lower than  
God,  
And hast crowned him with glory and honor!

This starts where the astronomer stopped. This is religion and literature. And I have these very stars over my hilltop here in Hingham.



# The Happy Isles

A NOVEL—PART IV

BY BASIL KING

Author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Wild Olive*, etc.

## XX

TO the best of the boy's knowledge the man who had adopted him was never seen again; but it took some time to assume the fact that he was dead. Visitors to New York often dived below the surface, to come up again a week or ten days later. Their experience in these absences they were not always eager to discuss.

"Why, I've knowed 'em to stay away that long as yer'd swear they'd been kidnaped," Mr. Honeybun informed the boy. "He's on a little time; that's all. Nothink but nat'rel to a man of his age—and a widower—livin' in the country—when he gits a bit of freedom in the city."

"Yes, but what'll he do for money?"

There was this point of view, to be sure. Mr. Goodsir suggested that Quidmore had had more money still, that he had only left this sum to cover Tom's expenses while he was away.

"And listen, son," he continued, kindly, "that's a terr'ble big wad for a boy like you to wear on his person. Why, there's guys that free-quents this very house that'd rob and murder you for half as much, and never drop a tear. Now here I am, an old trusty man, accustomed to handle funds, and not sneak nothin' for myself. If I could be of any use to you in takin' charge of it like . . ."

"Me and you'll talk this over, later," Mr. Honeybun intervened, tactfully. "The kid don't need no one to take care of his cash when his father may skin

home again before to-night. Let's wait a bit. If he's goin' to trust anybody it'll be us, his next of kin in this 'ere 'ouse, of course. That'd be so, kiddy, wouldn't it?"

Tom replied that it would be so, giving them to understand that he counted on their good offices. For the present he was keeping himself in the noncommittal attitude natural to suspense.

"You see," he explained, looking from one to another, with his engaging candor, "I can't do anything but just wait and see if he's coming back again, at any rate, not for a spell."

The worthies going to their work, the interview ended. At least, Mr. Goodsir went to his work, though within a few minutes Mr. Honeybun was back in Tom's room again.

"Say, kid; don't you let them three hundred bucks out'n yer own 'and. I can't stop now; but when I blow in to eat at noon I'll tell yer what I'd do with 'em, if you was me. Keep 'em buttoned up in yer inside pocket; and don't 'ang round in this old hut any more'n you can help till I come back and git you. Yer never knows who's on the same floor with yer; but out in the street yer'll be safe."

Out in the street he kept to the more populous thoroughfares, coasting the line of docks especially. He liked them. On the façades of the low buildings he could read names which distilled romance into syllables—New Orleans, Savannah, Galveston, Texas, Arizona, Oklahoma. He had always been fond

of geography. It opened up the world. It told of countries and cities he would one day visit, and which in the meantime he could dream about. Over the low roofs of the dock buildings he could see the tops of funnels. Here and there was the long black flank of a steamer at its pier. There were flags flying from one masthead or another, while exotic seafaring types slipped in and out amid the crush of vehicles, or dodged the freight train aimlessly shunting up and down. The movement and color, the rumble of deep sound, the confused world-wide purpose of it all, the knowledge that he himself was so insignificant a figure that no robber or murderer would suspect that he had all that money buttoned against his breast, dulled his mind to his desolation.

He tried to keep moving so as to make it seem to a suspicious populace that he was an errand boy; but now and then the sense of his loneliness smote him to a standstill. He would wonder where he was going, and what he was going for, as he wondered the same thing about the steamer on the Hudson. Like her, he seemed to be afloat. She, of course, had her destination; but he had nothing in the world to tie up to. He seemed to have heard of a ship that was always sailing—sailing—sailing—sailing—with never a port to have come out of, and never a port in view,

*The Church of the Sea!*

He read the words on the corner of a big white building where Jane Street flows toward the docks. He read them again. He read them because he liked their suggestions—immensity, solitude, danger perhaps, and God!

It was queer to think of God being out there, where there were only waves and ships and sailors, but chiefly waves and a few seabirds. It recalled the religion of crippled Bertie Tollivant, the cynic. To the instructed like himself, God was in the churches that had steeples and pews and strawberry sociables, or in the parlors where they held family prayers. They told you

that He was everywhere; but that only meant that you couldn't do wrong, you couldn't swear, or smoke a cigarette, or upset some householder's ash-barrels, without His spotting you. Tom Quidmore did not believe that Mr. and Mrs. Tollivant would have sanctioned this Church of the Sea, where God was as free as wind, and over you like the sky, and beyond any human power to monopolize or give away. It made Him too close at hand, too easy to find, and probably much too tender toward sailors, who were often drunk, and homeless little boys. He turned away from the Church of the Sea, secretly envying Bertie Tollivant his graceless creed, but not daring to question the wisdom of adult men and women.

By the steps of the chop saloon he waited for Mr. Honeybun, who came swinging along, a strong and supple figure, a little after the whistle blew at twelve. To the boy's imagination, now that he had been informed as to his friend's status, he looked like what had been defined to him as a socialist. That is, he had the sort of sinuosity that could slip through half-open windows, or wriggle in at coal-holes, or glide noiselessly up and down staircases. It was ridiculous to say it of one so bony and powerful, but the spring of his step was spiritlike.

"Good for you, lad, to be waitin'! We'll go right along and do it, and then it'll be off our minds."

What "it" was to be, Tom had no idea. But then he had no suspicions. In spite of his hard childhood, it did not occur to him that grown-up men would do him wrong. He had no fear of Mr. Honeybun, and no mistrust, not any more than a baby in arms has fear or mistrust of its nurse.

"And there's another thing," Mr. Honeybun brought up, as they went along. "It don't seem to me no good for a husky boy like you to be just doin' nothink, even while he's waitin' for his pop. I'd git a job, if you was me."

The boy said that he would gladly



have a job, but didn't know how to get one.

"I've got one for yer if yer'll take it. Work not too 'ard, and 'll bring you in a dollar and a 'alf a day."

But "it" was the matter in hand, and presently its nature became evident. At the corner of Fourteenth Street and Eighth Avenue Mr. Honeybun pointed across to a handsome white-stone building, whose very solidity inspired confidence. Tom could read for himself that it was a savings bank.

"Now what I'd do if it was my wad is this. I'd put three hundred and twenty-five of it in that there bank, which'd leave yer more'n twenty-five for yer eddication. But yer principal, no one won't be able to touch it but yerself, and twice a year yer'll be gettin' yer interest piled up on top of it."

Tom's heart leaped. He had long meditated on savings banks. They had been part of his queer vision. To become "something big" he would have to begin by opening some such account as this. With Mr. Honeybun's proposal he felt as if he had suddenly grown taller by some inches, and older by some years.

"You'll come over with me, won't you?"

Mr. Honeybun demurred. "Well, yer see, kid, I'm a pretty remarkable character in this neighborhood. There's lots knows Honey Lem; and if they was to see me go in with you they might think as yer hadn't come by your dough quite hon—I mean, accordin' to yer conscience—or they might be bad enough to suppose as there was a put-up job between us. When I puts a few dollars into my own savings bank—I'm a savin' bird, I am—I goes right over to Brooklyn, where there ain't no wicked mind to suspeck me. So go in by yerself, and say yer wants to open a account. If anyone asks yer, tell him just how the money come to yer, and I don't believe as yer'll run no chanst of no one not believin' yer."

So it was done. Tom came out of the

building with his bank book buttoned into his breast pocket, and a conscious enhancement of life.

"And now," Mr. Honeybun suggested, "we'll make tracks for Pappa's and eat."

The "check," like the meal, was light, and Mr. Honeybun paid it. Tom protested, since he had money of his own, but his host took the situation gracefully.

"Lord love yer, kid, ain't I yer next o' kin, as long as yer guv'nor's away? Who sh'd buy yer a lunch if it wasn't me?"

Childhood is naturally receptive. As Romulus and Remus took their food from a wolf when there was no one else to give it them, so Tom Quidmore found it not amazing to be nourished, first by a murderer, and then by a thief. It became amazing, a few years later, on looking back on it; but for the moment murderer and thief were not the terms in which he thought of those who had been kind to him.

Not that he didn't try. He tried that very afternoon. When his next o' kin had gone back to his job of lifting and heaving in the Gansevoort Market, he returned to the empty room. It was his first return to it alone. When he had gone up from his breakfast in the chop saloon both Goodsir and Honeybun had accompanied him. Now the emptiness was awesome, and a little sinister.

He had slept there the previous night, slept fitfully that is, waking every half hour to listen for the shuffling footstep. He heard other footsteps, dragging, thumping, staggering, but they always passed on to the story above, whence would come a few minutes later the sound of heavy boots thrown on the floor. Now and then there were curses, or male voices raised in a wrangle, or a few bars of a drunken song. During the earlier nights he had slept through these signals of Pappa's hospitality, or if he had waked, he knew that a grown-up man lay in the other

bed, so that he was safe. Now he could only lie and shudder, till the sounds died down, and silence implied safety. He did his best to keep awake, so as to unlock the door the instant he heard a knock; but in spite of his efforts he slept.

This return after luncheon brought him for the first time face to face with his state as a reality. There was no one there. It was no use going back to Bere, because there would be no one there. Rather than become again a State ward with the Tollivants, he would sell himself to slavery. What was he to do?

The first thing his eye fell upon was his father's suitcase, lying open on the floor beside the bed, its contents in disorder. It was the way Quidmore kept it, fishing out a shirt or a collar as he needed one. The futility of this clothing was what struck the boy now. The peculiar grief of handling the things intimately used by those who will never use them again was new to him. He had never supposed that so much sorrow could be stored in a soiled handkerchief. Stooping over the suitcase, he had accidentally picked one up, and burst into sudden tears. They were the first he had actually shed since he used to creep away to cry by himself in the heart-lonely life among the Tollivants.

It occurred to him now that he had not cried when his adopted mother disappeared. He had not especially mourned for her. While she had been there, and he was daily face to face with her, he had loved her in the way in which he loved so easily when anyone opened the heart to him; but she had been no part of his inner life. She was the cloud and sunshine of a day, to be forgotten in the cloud and sunshine of the morrow. Of the two, he grieved more for the man; and the man was a murderer, and probably a suicide.

Sitting on the edge of his bed, he used these words in the attempt to work up a fortifying moral indignation. It

was then, too, that he called Mr. Honeybun a thief. He must react against these criminal associations. He must stand on his own feet. He was not afraid of earning his own living. He had heard of boys who had done it at an age even earlier than thirteen, and had ended by being millionaires. They had always, however, so far as he knew, had some sort of ties to connect them with the body politic. They had had the support of families, sympathies, and backgrounds. They hadn't been adrift, like that haunting ship which never knew a port, and none but the God of the Sea to keep her from foundering. He could have believed in this God of the Sea. He wished there had been such a God. But the God that was, the God who was shut up in churches and used only on Sundays, was not of much help to him. Any help he got he must find for himself; and the first thing he must do would be to break away from these low-down companionships.

And just as, after two or three hours of meditation, he had reached this conclusion, a tap at the door made him start. Quidmore had come back! But before he could spring to the door it was gently pushed open, and he saw the patch over the left eye.

"Got away early, son. Now, seems to me, we ought to be out after them overalls."

The boy stood blank. "What overalls?"

"Why, for yer job to-morrow. Yer can't work in them good clo'es. Yer'd sile 'em."

In a second-hand shop, known to Honey Lem, in Charles Street, they found a suit of boy's overalls not too much the worse for wear. Honey Lem pulled out a roll of bills and paid for them.

"But I've got my own money, Mr. Honeybun."

"Dooty o' next o' kin, boy. I ain't doin' it for me own pleasure. Yer'll need yer money for yer eddication. Yer mustn't forgit that."





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

“THAT’S A TERR’BLE BIG WAD FOR A BOY LIKE YOU TO WEAR”

The overalls bound him more closely to the criminal from whom he was trying to cut loose. More closely still he found himself tied by the scraps of talk he overheard between the former pals that evening. They were on the lowest of the steps leading up from the chop saloon, where all three of them had dined. Tom, who had preceded them, stood on the sidewalk overhead, out of sight and yet within earshot.

"I tell yer I can't, Goody," Mr. Honeybun was saying, "not as long as I'm next o' kin to this 'ere kid. 'Twouldn't be fair to a young boy for me to keep no such company."

Mr. Goodsir made some observation the nature of which Tom could only infer from Mr. Honeybun's response.

"Well, don't yer suppose it's a damn sight 'arder for me to be out'n a good thing than it is for you to see me out'n it? I don't go in for no renunciation. But when yer've got a fatherless kid on yer 'ands ye' must cut out a lot o' nice stuff that'll go all right when yer've only yerself to think about. Ain't yer a Christian, Goody?"

Once more Mr. Goodsir's response was to Tom a matter of surmise.

"Well, then, Goody, if yer don't like it yer can go to E and double L. What's more, I ain't a-goin' to sleep in our own room to-night, nor any night till that guy comes back. I'm goin' to sleep in the kid's room, and keep him company. 'Tain't right to leave a young boy all by hisself in a 'ouse like this, as full o' toughs as a ward'll be full o' politicians."

Tom removed himself to a discreet distance, but the knowledge that the other bed in his room would not remain so creepily vacant was consciously a relief. He slept dreamlessly that night, because of his feeling of security. In the morning, not long after four, he was wakened by a hand that rocked him gently to and fro.

"Come, little shaver! Time to git up! Got to be on yer job at five."

The job was in a market that was not exactly a market since it supplied only

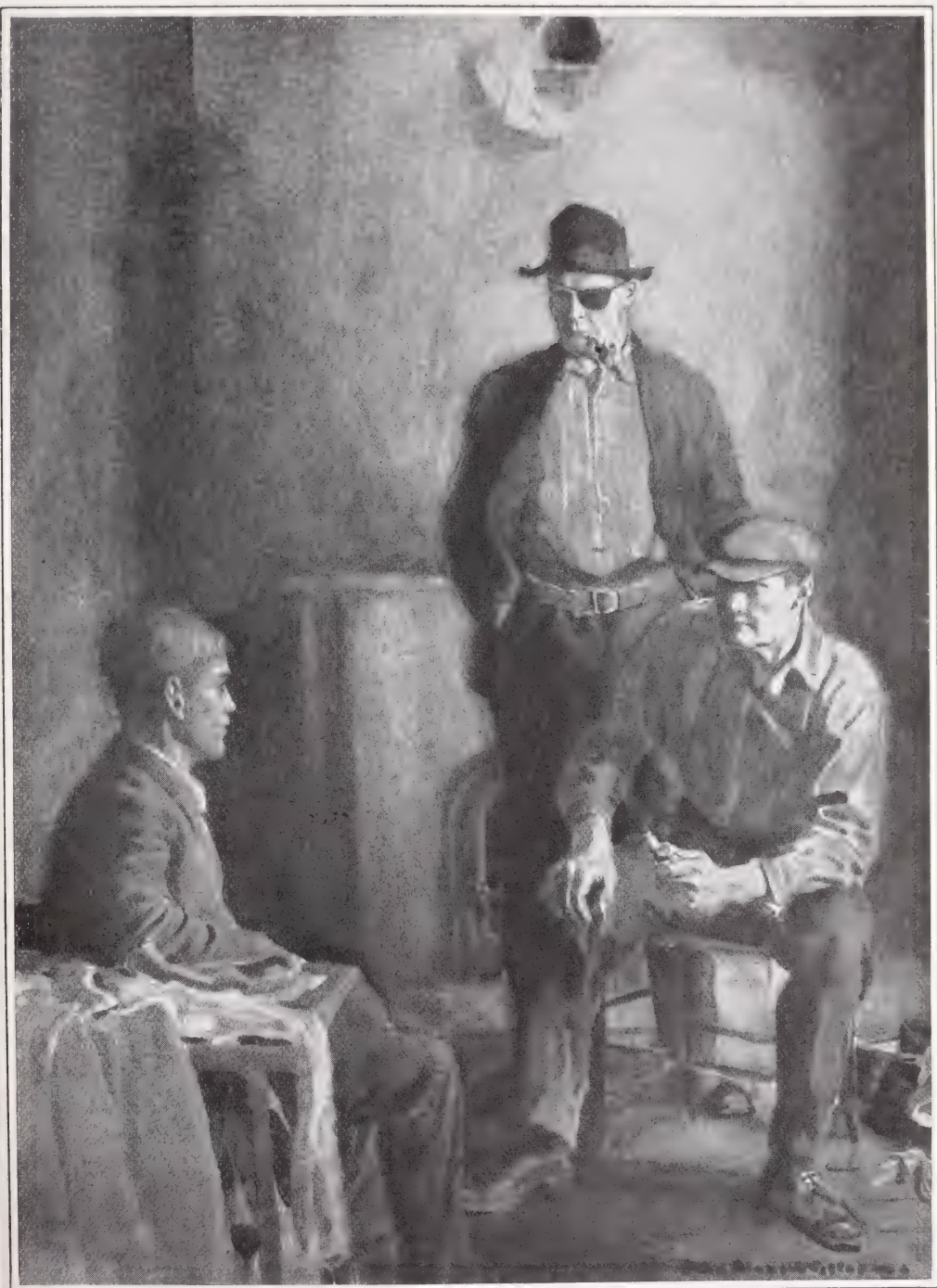
the hotels. Together with the Gansevoort and West Washington Markets, it seemed to make a focal point for much of the food on the continent of America. Railways and steamers brought it from ranches and farms, from plantations and orchards, from rivers and seas, from slaughter-stockades and cold-storage warehouses, from the north and the south and the west, from the tropics and farther than the tropics, to feed the vast digestive machine which is the basis of New York's energies. Tom's job was not hard, but it was incessant. His was the duty of collecting and arranging the empty cases, crates, baskets, and coops, which were dumped on the raised platform surrounding the building on the outside, or which cluttered the stalls within. Trucks and vans took them away full on one day, and brought them back empty on another. It was all a boy could do to keep them stacked, and in order, according to sizes and shapes. The sizes in the main were small; the shapes were squares and oblongs and diminishing churnlike cylinders. Nimbleness, neatness, and goodwill were the requisites of the task, and all three of them the boy supplied.

Fatigue that night made him wakeful. His companion in the other bed was wakeful too. In talking from bed to bed Tom found it a comfort to be dealing with an easy conscience. Mr. Honeybun had nothing on his mind, nor was he subject to nightmares. Speculation on the subject of Quidmore's disappearance, and possible fate, turned round and round on itself, to begin again with the selfsame guesses.

"And there's another thing," came from Mr. Honeybun. "If he don't come back, why, you'll come in for a good bit o' proputtty, won't yer? Didn't he own that market-garden place, out there on the edge of Connecticut?"

"He left it to his sister. He told me that the other night. You see, I wasn't his real son. I wasn't his son at all till about a year ago."





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This statement coming to Mr. Honeybun as something of a shock, Tom was obliged to tell the story of his life to the extent that he knew it. The only details that he touched on lightly were those which bore on the manner in which he had lost his "mudda." Even now it was difficult to name her in any other way, because in no other way had he ever named her. Obligated to blur the outlines of his earliest recollections, which in themselves were clear enough, his tale was brief.

"So yer real name is Whitelaw," Mr. Honeybun commented, with interest. "I never hear that name but once. That was the Whitelaw baby. Ye'll have heard tell o' that?"

Since Tom had never heard tell of the Whitelaw baby, the lack in his education was supplied. The Whitelaw baby had been taken out to the Park on a morning in May, and had vanished from its carriage. In the place where it had lain, was found a waxen image so true in likeness to the child himself that only when it came time to feed him did the nurse make the discovery that she had wheeled home a replica. The mystery had been the source of nation-wide excitement for the best part of two years. It was talked of even now. It couldn't have been more than three or four years' earlier that Mr. Honeybun had seen a daily paper, bearing the headlines that Harry Whitelaw had been found, selling like hot-cakes to the women shopping in Twenty-third Street.

"And was he?" Tom asked, beginning at last to be sleepy.

"No more'n a puff of tobacker smoke when yer'd blowed it in the air. The father, a rich banker—a young chap he was, too, I believes—he offers a reward of fifty thousand dollars to anyone as'd put him on the track o' the gang what had kidnaped the young 'un; and every son of a gun what thought he was a socialist was out to win the money. This 'ere Goody, he had a scheme. Tried to work me in on it, and I don't know

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"I am nearly," the boy yawned. "Good night—Honey! Wake me in time in the morning."

"That's a good name for yer to call me," the next o' kin commended. "I'll always be Honey to you, and you'll be Kiddy to me; and so we'll be pals. Buddies they calls it over here."

Echoes of a street brawl reached them through the window. Had he been alone, the country lad of thirteen would have shivered, even though the night was hot. But the knowledge of this brawny companion, lying but a few feet away, nerved him to curl up like a puppy, and fall asleep trustfully.

## XXI

The next two or three nights were occasions for the interchange of confidence. During the days the new pals saw little of each other, and sometimes nothing at all. With the late afternoon they could "clean themselves," and take a little relaxation. For this there was no great range of opportunity. Relaxation for Lemuel Honeybun had hitherto run in directions from which he now felt himself cut off. He knew of no others, while the boy knew of none of any kind.

"I tell yer, Goody," Tom overheard, through the open door of the room back of Pappa's, one day while he was climbing the stairs, "I ain't a-goin' to go while I've got this job on me hands. The Lord knows I didn't seek it. It's just one of them things that's give yer as a dooty, and I'm goin' to put it through. When Quidmore's come back,

and it's all over, I'll be right on the job with the old gang again; but till he does it's nix. Yer can't mean to think that I don't miss the old bunch. Why, I'd give me other eye . . ."

Tom heard no more; but the tone of regret worried him. True, if he wanted to break the bond this might be his chance. On the other hand, the thought of being again without a friend appalled him. While waiting in the hope that Quidmore might come back, the present arrangement was at least a cosy one. Nevertheless, he felt it due to his spirit of independence to show that he could stand alone. He waited till they were again lying feet to feet by the wall, and the air through the open window was cool enough to allow of their being comfortable, before he felt able to take an off-hand, man-to-man tone.

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The pathos of the life for which he might be letting himself in turned his thoughts backward over his career.

"Why, if I'd 'a stuck at not puttin' others before meself I might still 'a been a gasfitter in Liverpool, Eng. That's where I was born. True 'eart-of-oak Englishman I was. Some people thinks they can tell it in the way I talk. Been over 'ere so long, though, seems to me I 'andle the Yankee end of it pretty good. Englishman I met the other day—steward on one of the Cunarders he was—said he wouldn't 'a knowed me from a born New Yorker. Always had a gift for langwidges. Used to know a Frenchman onst; and I'll be 'anged if I wasn't soon parley-vooin'

with him till he'd thought I was his mother's son. But it's doin' my dooty by others as has brought me where I am, and I don't make no complaint of it. Job over at the Gansevoort whenever I wants one, which ain't always. Quite a tidy little sum in the savings bank in Brooklyn. Friends as 'll stick by me as long as I'll stick by them. And if I hadn't lost me eye—but how was I to know that that low-down butler was a-layin' for me at the silver-pantry door, and 'd let me have it anywhere he could 'it me? . . . And when that eyeball cracked, why, I yelled fit to bring the whole p'lice-force in New York right atop o' me."

Tom was astounded. "But you said you lost your eye saving a young lady's life."

Mr. Honeybun's embarrassment lasted no more than the time needed for finding the right words.

"Oh, did I? Well, that was the other side of it. Yer've heard that there's always two sides to a story, haven't yer? I can't tell yer both sides to onst, now can I?"

He judged it best, however, to revert to the autobiographical. The son of a dock hand in Liverpool, he had been apprenticed to a gasfitter at the age of seventeen.

"But my genius was for somethink bigger. I didn't know just what it'd be, but I could see it ahead o' me, all wuzzy-like. After a bit I come to know it was to fight agin the lor o' proputtty. Used to seem to me orful to look around and see that everythink was owned by somebody. Took to goin' to meetin's, I did. Found out that me and me class was the uninherited. 'Gord,' I says to meself then, 'I'll inherit somethink, or I'll bust all Liverpool.' Well, I did inherit somethink—inherited a good warm coat what a guy had left to mark his seat in the Midland Station. Got away with it, too. Knowin' it was mine as much as his, I walks up and throws it over my arm. Ten minutes later I was a-wearin' of it in Lime



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Tom was astounded. "But you said you lost your eye saving a young lady's life."

Mr. Honeybun's embarrassment lasted no more than the time needed for finding the right words.

"Oh, did I? Well, that was the other side of it. Yer've heard that there's always two sides to a story, haven't yer? I can't tell yer both sides to onst, now can I?"

He judged it best, however, to revert to the autobiographical. The son of a dock hand in Liverpool, he had been apprenticed to a gasfitter at the age of seventeen.

"But my genius was for somethink bigger. I didn't know just what it'd be, but I could see it ahead o' me, all wuzzy-like. After a bit I come to know it was to fight agin the lor o' proputtty. Used to seem to me orful to look around and see that everythink was owned by somebody. Took to goin' to meetin's, I did. Found out that me and me class was the uninherited. 'Gord,' I says to meself then, 'I'll inherit somethink, or I'll bust all Liverpool.' Well, I did inherit somethink—inherited a good warm coat what a guy had left to mark his seat in the Midland Station. Got away with it, too. Knowin' it was mine as much as his, I walks up and throws it over my arm. Ten minutes later I was a-wearin' of it in Lime



Street. That was the beginnin', and havin' started in, I begun to inherit quite a lot o' things. 'Nothink's easier,' says I, 'onst you realizes that the soul o' man is free, and that nothink don't belong to nobody.' Fightin' for me class, I was. Tried to make 'em see as they ought to stop bein' the uninherited, and get a move on—and the first thing I know I was landed in Walton jail. You're not asleep, Kiddy, are you?"

Not being asleep, Tom came in for the rest of the narrative. Released from Walton jail, Mr. Honeybun had "made tracks" for America.

"Wanted to git away from a country where everythink was owned, and find the land o' the free. But free! Lord love yer, I hadn't been landed a hour before I see everythink owned over 'ere as much as it is in a back'ard country like old England. Let me tell you this, Kid. Any man that thinks that by comin' to America he'll git somethink for nothink'll find hisself sold. I ain't had nothink except what I've worked for—or collared. Same old lor o' proputtly what's always been a injustice to the pore. Had to begin all over agin the same old game of fightin' it. But what's a few months in chokey when you're doin' it for yer feller creeters, to show 'em what their rights is?"

A few nights later Tom was startled by a new point of view as to his position.

"I've been thinkin', Kiddy, that since yer used to be a State ward, yer'll have to be a State ward agin, if the State knows you're knockin' round loose."

The boy cried out in alarm. "Oh, but I won't be. I'll kill myself first."

He could not understand this antipathy, this horror. In a mechanical way the State had been good to him. The Tollivants had been good to him, too, in the sense that they had not been unkind. But he could not return to the status. It was the status that dismayed him. In Harfrey it had made him the single low-caste individual in a prim and high-caste world; giving everyone the

right to disdain him. They couldn't help disdaining him. They knew as well as he did that in principle he was a boy like any other; but by all the customs of their life he was a little pariah. Herding with thieves and murderers, it was still possible to respect himself; but to go back and hang on to the outer fringe of the organized life of a Christian society would have ravaged him within. He said so to Honeybun energetically.

"That's the way I figured that yer'd feel. So long as you're on'y waitin'—or yer can say that you're on'y waitin'—till yer pop comes back, it won't matter much. It'll be when school begins that it'll go agin yer. There's sure to be some pious woman sneepin' round that'll tell someone as you're not in school when you're o' school age, and then, me lad, yer'll be back as a State ward on some down-homer's farm."

Tom lashed the bed in the darkness. "I won't go! I won't go!"

"That's what I used to say the first few times they pinched me; but yer'll jolly well have to go if they send yer. Now what I was thinkin' is this. It's in New York State that yer'd be a State ward. If you was out o' this State there'd be all kinds o' laws that couldn't git yer back again. Onst when I'd been doin' a bit o' socializin' in New Jersey, and slipped back to Manhattan—well, you wouldn't believe the fuss it took to git me across the river when the p'lice got wind it was me. Never got me back at all! Thing died out before they was able to fix up all the coulds and couldn'ts of the lor."

He allowed the boy to think this over before going on with his suggestion.

"Now if you and me was to light out together to another State, they wouldn't notice that we'd gone before we was safe beyond their clutches. If we was to go to Boston, say! Boston's a good town. I worked Boston onst, me and a chap named . . ."

The boy felt called on to speak. "I wouldn't be a socialist, not if it gave me all Boston for my own."

The statement, coming as it did, had the vigor of an ultimatum. Though but a repetition of what he had said a few days before, it was a repetition with more force. It was also with more significance, fundamentally laying down a condition which need not be discussed again.

After long silence Mr. Honeybun spoke somewhat wistfully. "Well, I dunno as I'd count that agin yer. I sometimes thinks as I'll quit bein' a socialist meself. Seems to me as if I'd like to git back with the old gang, and be what they calls a orthodox. You know what a orthodox is, don't yer?"

"It's a kind of religion, isn't it?"

"It ain't so much a kind of religion as it's a kind o' way o' thinkin'. You're a orthodox when you don't think at all. Them what ain't got no mind of their own, what just believes and talks and votes and lives the way they're told to, they're the orthodoxs. It don't matter whether it's religion or politics or lor or livin', the people who don't know nothink but just obeys other people what don't know nothink, is the kind that gits into the least trouble."

"Yes, but what do you want to be like that for? You *have* got a mind of your own."

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"Yes, but when I'm yer next o' kin it isn't on'y you; it's you first and last. I got to bring you up an orthodox, if I'm going to bring you up at all. Yer can't think for yerself yet. You're too young. Stands to reason. Why, I was twenty, and very near a trained gas-fitter, before I'd begun thinkin' on me own. What yer does when yer're growed up'll be no concern o' mine. But till you *are* growed up . . ."

Tom had heard of quicksands, and often dreamed that he was being engulfed in one. He had the sensation now. Circumstances having pushed him where he would not have ventured of his own accord, the treacherous

ground was swallowing him up. He couldn't help liking Honey Lem, since he liked everyone in the world who was good to him; he was glad of his society in these lonely nights, and of the sense of his comradeship in the back-ground even in the day; but between this gratitude and a lifelong partnership he found a difference. There were so many reasons why he didn't want permanent association with this fairy godfather, and so many others why he couldn't find the heart to tell him so! He was casting about for a method of escape when the fairy godfather continued.

"This 'ere socialism is ahead of its time. People don't understand it. It don't do to be ahead o' yer time, not too far ahead, it don't. Now I figure out that if I was to go back a bit, and git in among them orthodoxs, I might do 'em good like. Could explain to 'em. I ain't sure but what I've took the wrong way, showin' 'em first, and explainin' to 'em afterwards. Now if I was to stop showin' 'em at all, and just explain to 'em, why, there'd be folks what when I told 'em that nothink don't belong to nobody they'd git the 'ang of it. Begins to seem to me as if I'd done me bit o' sufferin' for the cause. Seen the inside o' pretty near every old jug round New York. It's aged me. But if I was to sackerfice me opinions, and make them orthodoxs feel as I was one of 'em, I might give 'em a pull along like."

The next day being Sunday, they slept late into the morning. In the afternoon Honey Lem had a new idea. Without saying what it was, he took the boy to walk through Fourteenth Street, till they reached Fifth Avenue. Here they climbed to the top of an electric bus going northward, and Tom had a new experience. Except for having crossed it in the market lorry, in the dimness and emptiness of dawn, this stimulating thoroughfare was unknown to him.

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*Drawn by John Almon Williams*

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summer, when shops were shut, residences closed, and saunterers relatively few, it added a new concept to those already in his mental possession. It was that of magnificence. These ornate buildings, these flashing windows, these pictures, jewels, flowers, fabrics, furnishings, did more than appeal to his eye. They set free a function of his being that had hitherto been sealed. The first atavistic memory of which he had ever been aware was consciously in his mind. Somewhere, perhaps in some life before he was born, rich and beautiful things had been his accessories. He had been used to them. They were not a surprise to him now; they came as a matter of course. To see them was not so much a discovery as it was a return to what he had been accustomed to. He was thinking of this, with an inward grin of derision at himself for feeling so, when Honey went back to the topic of the night before.

"The reason I said Boston is because they've got that great big college there. If I'm to bring yer up, I'll have to send yer to college."

The opening was obvious. "But, Honey, you don't have to bring me up."

"How can I be yer next o' kin if I don't bring ye' up, a young boy like you? Be sensible, Kiddy. Yer ch'ice is between me and the State, and I'd be a lot better nor that, wouldn't I? The State won't be talkin' o' sendin' yer to college, mind that now."

There was no controverting the fact. As a State ward, he would not go to college, and to college he meant to go. If he could not go by one means he must go by another. Since Honey would prove a means of some sort, he might be obliged to depend on him.

The bus was bowling and lurching up the slope by which Fifth Avenue borders the Park, when Honey rose, clinging to the backs of the neighboring seats. "We'll git out at the next corner."

Having reached the ground, he led the way across the street, scanning the houses opposite.

"There it is," he said, with choked excitement, when he had found the façade he was looking for. "That big brown front, with the high steps, and the swell bow-winders. That's where the Whitelaw baby used to live."

Face to face with the spot, Tom felt a flickering of interest. He listened with attention while Honey explained how the baby carriage had for the last time been lifted down by two footmen, and how it was wheeled away by the nurse.

"Nash, her name was. I seen her come out one day, when Goody and me was standin' 'ere. Nice little thing she seemed, English, same as I be. Yes, Goody and me'd sniggle and snaggle ourselves every which way, to see how we could cook up a yarn that'd ketch on to some o' that money. We sure did read the papers them days! There wasn't nothink about the Whitelaw baby what we didn't know. Now, if yer've looked long enough at the 'ouse, Kid, I'll show yer somethink else."

They went into the Park by the same little opening through which the Whitelaw baby had passed, not to return. Like a detective reconstructing the action of a crime, he followed the path Miss Nash had taken, almost finding the marks of the wheels in the gravel. Going round the shoulder of a little hill, they came to a fan-shaped elm, in the shade of which there was a seat. Beyond the seat was a clump of lilac, so grouped as to have a hollow like a horseshoe in its heart, with a second seat close by. Honey revived the scene as if he had witnessed it. Miss Nash had sat here; her baby carriage had stood there. The other nurse, name o' Miss Messenger, had put her baby beneath the elm, and taken her seat where she could watch it. All he was obliged to leave out was the actual exchange of the image for the baby, which remained a mystery.

"This 'ere laylock bush ain't the same what was growin' 'ere then. That one was picked down, branch by branch, and carried off for tokens. Had a sprig





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of it meself at one time. I always thinks them little memoriums is instructive. I recollect there was a man 'anged in Liverpool, and the 'angman, a friend of my guv'nor's, give me a bit of the chap's shirt, what he'd left in his cell when he changed to a clean one to be 'anged in. Well, I kep' that bit o' shirt for years. Always reminded me not to murder no one. Wish I had it now. Funny it'd be, wouldn't it, if you turned out to be the Whitelaw baby? He'd a' been just about your age."

Tom threw himself sprawling on the seat where Miss Nash had read *Juliet Allington's Sin*, and laughed lazily. "I couldn't be, because his name was Harry, and mine's Tom."

"Oh, a little thing like that wouldn't invidiate your claim."

"But I haven't got a claim. You don't suppose my mother stole me, do you? That's the very thing she used to tell me not to . . ."

The laugh died on his lips. As Honey stood looking down at him there was a light in his blue-gray eye like the striking of a match. Tom knew that the same thought was in both their minds. Why should a woman have uttered such a warning if she had not been afraid of a suspicion? A flush that not only reddened his tanned cheeks, but mounted to the roots of his bushy, horizontal eyebrows, made him angry with himself. He sprang to his feet.

"Look here, Honey! Aren't there animals in this Park? Let's go and find them."

To his relief, Honey pressed no question as to his mother and stolen babies as they went off to the Zoo.

## XXII

The move to Boston was made during August, so that they might be settled in time for the opening of the schools. The flitting was with the ease of the obscure. Also with the ease of the obscure, Lemuel changed his name to George, while Tom Quidmore became

again Tom Whitelaw. There were reasons to justify these decisions on the part of both.

"Got into trouble onst in Boston under the name of Lemuel, and if any old sneeper was to look me up . . . Not but what Lemuel isn't a more aristocraticker name than George; but there's times when somethink what no one won't notice'll suit you best. So I'll be George Honeybun, a pal o' yer father's, what left yer to me on his dyin' deathbed."

The name of Tom Whitelaw was resumed on grounds both sentimental and prudential. In the absence of any other tie to the human race, it was something to the boy to know that he had had a father. His father had been a Whitelaw; his grandfather had been a Whitelaw; there was a whole line of Whitelaws back into the times when families first began to be known by names. A slim link with a past, at least it was a link. The Quidmore name was no link at all; it was disconnection and oblivion. It signified the ship that had never had a port. As a Whitelaw, he had sailed from somewhere, even though the port would forever be unknown to him.

It was a matter of prudence, too, to cover up his traces. In the unlikely event of the State of New York busying itself with the fate of its former ward, the name of Quidmore would probably be used. A well-behaved Tom Whitelaw, living with his next of kin, and attending school in Boston according to the law, would have the best chance of going unmolested.

They found a lodging, cheap, humble, but sufficient, on that northern slope of Beacon Hill which within living memory has more than once changed hands with the silent advance and recession of a tide coming in and going out. There are still old people who can remember when some of the worthiest of the sons of the Puritans had their windows, in these steep and narrow streets, brightened by the rising or the

setting sun. Then, with an almost ghostly furtiveness, they retired as the negro came and routed them. The negro seemed fixed in possession when the Hebrew stole on silently, and routed him. At the time when George Honeybun and Tom Whitelaw came looking for a home, the ancient inhabitant of the land was beginning to creep back again, and the Hebrew taking flight. In a red-brick house of forbidding expression in Grove Street they found a room with two beds.

Within a few days Honey, whose strength was his skill, was working as a stevedore on the Charlestown docks. Tom was picking up small jobs about the markets. By September he had passed his examinations and had entered the Latin School. A new life had begun. From the old life no pursuit or interference ever followed them.

The boy shot up. In the course of a year he had grown out of most of his clothes. To the best of his modest ability, Honey was generous with new ones. He was generous with everything. That Tom should lack nothing, he cut down his own needs till he seemed to have none but the most elemental. Of his "nice times" in New York nothing had followed him to Boston but a love of spirits and tobacco. Of the two, the spirits went completely. When Tom's needs were pressing the supply of tobacco diminished till it sometimes disappeared. If on Sundays he could venture over the hill, to listen to the band on the Common, or stroll with the boy in the Public Gardens, it was because the Sunday suit, bought in the days when he had no one to provide for but himself, was sponged and pressed and brushed and mended, with scrupulous devotion. The motive of so much self-denial puzzled Tom, since, so far as he could judge, it was not affection.

He was old enough now to perceive that affection had inspired most of his good fortune. People were disposed to like him for himself. There was rarely

a teacher who did not approve of him. By the market men, among whom he still picked up a few dollars on Saturdays and in vacations, he was always welcomed heartily. In school he never failed to hold his own till the boys discovered that his father, or uncle, or something, was a stevedore, after which he was ignored. Girls regarded him with a hostile interest, while toward them he had no sentiments of any kind. He could go through a street and scarcely notice that there was a girl in it, and yet girls wouldn't leave him alone. They bothered him with overtures of friendship to which he did not respond, or tossed their heads at him, or called him names. But in general the principle was established that he could be liked.

But Honey was an enigma. Love was apparently not the driving power urging him to these unexpected fulfillments. If it was, it had none of the harmless dog-and-puppy ways which Tom had grown accustomed to. Honey never pawed him, as the masters often pawed the boys, and the boys pawed one another. He never threw an arm across his shoulder, or called him by a more endearing name than Kiddy. Apart from an eagle-eyed solicitude, he never manifested tenderness, nor asked for it. That Tom would ever owe him anything he didn't so much as hint at. "Dooty o' next o' kin" was the blanket explanation with which he covered everything.

"But you're not my next of kin," Tom, to whom schooling had revealed the meaning of the term, was bold enough to object. "Next of kin means that you'd be my nearest blood relations; and we're not relations at all."

Honey was undisturbed in his Olympian detachment. "Do yer suppose I dunno that? But I believes as Gord sees we're kin lots o' times when men don't take no notice. You was give to me. You was put into my 'ands to bring up. And up I'm goin' to bring yer, if it breaks me."

It was a close Sunday evening in



September, the last of the summer holidays. Tom would celebrate next day by entering on a higher grade at school. He had had new boots and clothes. For the first time he was worried by the source of this beneficence. As night closed down they sat for a breath of fresh air on the steps of the house in Grove Street. Grove Street held the reeking smell of cooking, garbage, and children, which only a strong wind ever blows away from the crowded quarters of the cities, and there had been no strong wind for a week. Used to that, they didn't mind it. They didn't mind the screeching chatter or the raucous laughter that rose from doorways all up and down the hill, nor the yelling of the youngsters playing in the roadway. Somewhere round a corner a group of Salvationists, supported by a blurring cornet, sang with much gusto:

Oh, how I love Jesus!  
 Oh, how I love Jesus!  
 Oh, how I love Jesus!  
 Because He first loved me.

They didn't mind it when Mrs. Danker, their landlady, a wiry New England woman, sitting in the dark of the hall behind them, joined in, in her cracked voice, with the Salvationists, nor when Mrs. Gribbens, a stout old party who picked up a living scrubbing railway cars, joined in with Mrs. Danker. From neighboring steps mothers called out to their children in Yiddish, and the children answered in strident American. But to Honey and Tom all this was the friendly give-and-take of promiscuity which they would have missed had it not been there.

Each was so concentrated on his own ruling purpose that nothing external was of moment. Honey was to give, and Tom was to receive, an education. That the recipient's heart should be fixed on it, Tom found natural enough; but that the giver's should be equally intense seemed to have nothing to account for it.

He glanced at the quiet figure, upright and muscular, his hands on his knees, like a stone Pharaoh on the Nile.

"Why don't you smoke?"

"I don't want to drop no ashes on this 'ere suit."

"Have you got any tobacco?"

"I didn't think to lay in none when I come 'ome yesterday."

"Is that because there was so much to be spent on me?"

"Oh, I dunno about that."

Tom gathered all his ambitions together and offered them up. "Well, I guess this can be the last year. After I've got through it I'll be ready to go to work."

"And not go to college!" The tone was one of consternation. "Lord love yer, Kiddy, what's bitin' yer now?"

"It's biting me that you've got to work so hard."

"If it don't bite me none, why not let it go at that?"

"Because I don't seem able to. I've taken so much from you."

"Well, I've had it to 'and out, ain't I?"

"But I don't see why you do it."

"A young boy like you don't have to see. There's lots o' things I didn't understand at your age."

"You don't seem specially—" he sought for words less direct, but without finding them—"you don't seem—specially fond of me."

"I never was one to be fond o' people, except it was a dog. Always had a 'ankerin' for a dog; but a free life don't let yer keep one. A dog'll never go back on yer."

"Well, do you think I would?"

"I don't think nothink about it, Kid. When the time comes that you can do without me . . ."

"That time'll never come, Honey, after all you've done for me."

"I don't want yer to feel yerself bound by that."

"I don't feel myself bound by it; but—dash it all, Honey!—whatever you

feel or don't feel about me, I'm fond of *you*."

He was still imperturbable. "Well, Kid, you wouldn't be the first, not by a lot."

"But if I can never be anything *for* you, or *do* anything for you . . ."

"There's one thing you could do."

"What is it? I don't care how hard it is."

"Well, when you're one o' them big lawyers, or bankers, or somethink—drorin' yer fifty dollars a week—you can have a shy at this 'ere lor o' proputtty. It don't seem right to me that some people should have all the beef to chew, and others not so much as the bones; but I can't git the 'ang of it. If nothink don't belong to nobody, then what about all your dough in the New York savin's bank, and mine in the one in Brooklyn? We're keepin' it agin yer goin' to college, ain't we? And don't that belong to us? Yes, by George, it do! So there you are. But if when yer gits yer larnin' yer can steddly it out. . . ."

### XXIII

The boy was adolescent, sentimental, and lonely. Mere human companionship, such as that which Honey gave him, was no longer enough for him. He was seeing visions and dreaming dreams. He began to wish he had some one with whom to share his unformulated hopes, his crude and burning opinions. He looked at fellows who were friends going two and two, pouring out their foolish young hearts to each other, and envied them. The lads of his own age liked him well enough. Now and then one of them would approach him with shy or awkward signals, making for closer acquaintance; but when they learned that he lived in Grove Street with a stevedore they drew away. None of them ever transcended the law of caste, to stand by him in spite of his humble conditions. Boys whose families were down wanted nothing to hamper them

in climbing up. Boys whose families were up wanted nothing that might loosen their position and pull them down. The sense of social insecurity which was the atmosphere of homes re-acted on well-meaning striplings of fifteen, sixteen, and seventeen, turning them into snobs and cads before they had outgrown callowness.

But during the winter of the year in which he became sixteen there were two, you might have said three, who broke in upon this solitude.

In walking to the Latin School from Grove Street he was in the habit of going through Louisburg Square. If you know Boston you know Louisburg Square as that quaint red-brick rectangle, like many in the more Georgian parts of London, which commemorates the gallant dash of the New England colonists on the French fortress of Louisburg in Cape Breton. It is the heart of that conservative old Boston, which is now shrinking in size and importance before the onset of the foreigner till it has become like a small beleaguered citadel. Here the descendants of the Puritans barricade themselves behind their financial walls, as their ancestors within their stockades, while their city is handed over to the Irishman and the Italian as an undefended town. The Boston of tradition is a Boston of tradition only. Like the survivors of Noah's deluge clinging to the top of a rock, they to whom the Boston of tradition was bequeathed are driven back on Beacon Hill as a final refuge from the billows rising round them. A high-bred, cultivated, sympathetic people, they have so given away their heritage as to be but a negligible factor in the State, in the country, of which their fathers and grandfathers may be said once to have kept the conscience.

But to Tom Whitelaw Louisburg Square meant only the dignified fronts and portals behind which lived the rich people who had no point of contact with himself. They couldn't have ignored



him more completely than he ignored them. He thought of them as little as the lion cub in a circus parade thinks of the people of the city through which he passes in processions. Then, one day, one of these strangers spoke to him.

It was a youth of about his own age. More than once, as Tom went by, and the stout boy stood on the sidewalk in front of his own house, they had looked each other up and down with unabashed mutual appraisal. Tom saw a lad too short for his width, and unhealthily flabby. He had puffy hands, and puffy cheeks, with eyes seeming smaller than they were because the puffy eyelids covered them. The mouth had those appealing curves comically troubled in repose, but fulfilling their purpose in giggling. On the first occasions when Tom passed by the lips were set to the serious task of inspection. They said nothing; they betrayed nothing. Tom himself thought nothing, except that the boy was fat.

They had looked at each other some two or three times a week, for perhaps a month, when one day the fat boy said, "Hullo!" Tom also said, "Hullo!" continuing on his way. A day or two later they repeated these salutations, though neither forsook his attitude of reserve. The fat boy did this first, speaking when they had hullo'ed each other for the third or fourth time. His voice was high and girlish, and yet with a male crack in it.

"What school do you go to?"

Tom stopped. "I go to the Latin School. What school do you go to?"

"I go to Doolittle and Pray's."

"That's the big private school in Marlborough Street, isn't it?"

The fat boy made the inarticulate grunt which with most Americans means "Yes." "I was put down for Groton, only mother wouldn't let me leave home. I'm going to Harvard."

"I'm going to Harvard, too. What class do you expect to be in?"

The fat boy replied that he expected to be in the class of nineteen-nineteen.

Tom said he expected to be in that class himself.

"Now I've got to beat it to the Latin School. So long!"

"So long!"

Tom carried to his school in the Fenway an unusual feeling of elation. With friendly intent someone had approached him from the world outside. It was not the first time it had ever happened, but it was the first time it had ever happened in just this way. He could see already that the fat boy was not one of those he would have chosen for a friend; but he was so lonely that he welcomed anyone. Moreover, he divined that the fat boy was lonely, too. Boys of that type, the Miss Nancy and the mother's darling type, were often consumed by loneliness, and no one ever pitied them. Few went to their aid when other boys "picked" on them, but of those few Tom Whitelaw was always one. He found them, once you had accepted their mannerisms, as well worth knowing as other boys, while they spared him a scrap of admiration. It was possible that in this fat boy he might find the long-sought fellow who would not "turn him down" on discovering that he lived in Grove Street. Being turned down in this way had made him sick at heart so often that he had decided never any more to make or trust advances. In suffering temptation again he assured himself that it would be for the last time in his life.

On returning from school he looked for the boy in Louisburg Square, but he was not there. A few hundred yards farther, however, he came in for another adventure.

The January morning had been mild, with melting snow. By midday the wind had shifted to the north, with a falling thermometer. By late afternoon the streets were coated with a glaze of ice. Tom could swagger down the slope of Grove Street easily enough in the security of rubber soles.

But not so a girl, whose slippers and high French heels made her helpless on

the steep glare. Having ventured over the brow of the hill, she found herself held. A step into the air would have been as easy as another on this slippery descent. The best she could do was to sway in the keen wind, keeping her balance with the grace of one of the blue spruces which used to be blown about at Bere. Her outstretched arms waved up and down, as a blue spruce waves its branches. Coming abreast of her, Tom found her laughing to herself, but on seeing him she laughed frankly and aloud.

"Oh, catch me! I'm going to tumble! Ow-w-w!"

Tom snatched at one hand, while she caught him by the shoulder with the other.

"Saved! Wasn't it lucky that you came along? You're the Whitelaw boy, aren't you?"

Tom admitted that he was, though his new sensations, with this exquisite creature clinging to him like a drowning man to his rescuer, choked the monosyllable in his throat. Though he had often in a scrimmage protected little boys, he had never before been thrown into this comic, laughing tussle with a girl. It had the excuse for itself that she couldn't stand unless he held her up. He held her firmly, looking into her dancing eyes with his first emotional consciousness of a girl's prettiness.

His arm supporting her, she ventured on a step. "I'm Maisie Danker," she explained, while taking it. "I see you going in and out the house."

"I've never seen you."

"Perhaps you've seen me and not noticed me."

"I couldn't," he declared, with vehemence. "I've never seen you before in my life. If I had . . ."

Her high heels so nearly slipped from under her that they were compelled to hold each other as if in an embrace. "If you had—what?"

He knew what, but the words in which to say it needed a higher mode of utterance. The red lips, the glowing

cheeks, had the vitality of the lively eyes. A red tam-o'-shanter, a red knitted thing like a heavenly translation of his own earthly sweater, were bewitchingly diabolic when worn with a black skirt, black stockings, and black shoes.

As he did not respond to her challenge, she went on with her self-introduction. "I guess you haven't seen me, because I only arrived three days ago. I'm Mrs. Danker's niece. Live in Nashua. Worked in the woolen mills there. Now I've come to visit my aunt for the winter."

For the sake of hearing her speak, he asked if she was going to work in Boston.

"I don't know. Maybe I'll take singing lessons. Got a swell voice."

If again he was dumb it was because of the failure of his faculties. Nothing in his experience had prepared him for the give-and-take of a badinage in which the surface meanings were the less important. Foolish and helpless, unable to show his manly superiority except in the strength with which he held her up, he got a lesson in the new art there and then.

"Ever dance?"

"I'm never asked."

"Oh, it's you that ought to do the asking."

"I mean that I'm never asked where there's dancing going on."

"Gee, you don't have to be. You just find a girl—and go."

"But I don't know how to dance."

"I'll teach you."

Slipping and sliding, with cries of alarm on her part, and stalwart assurances on his, they approached their own doorstep.

"Ow-w-w! Hold me! I'm going!"

"No you're not—not while I've got you."

"But I don't want to grab you so hard."

"That's all right. I can stand it."

"But I can't. I'm not used to it."

"Then it's a very good time to begin."



"What's the use of beginning if there's nothing to go on with?"

"How do you know there won't be?"

"Well, what can there be?"

Had Miss Danker always waited for answers to her questions Tom would have been more nonplussed than he was. But the game which he didn't know at all she knew thoroughly, according to her lights. She never left him at a loss for more than a few seconds at a time. Her method being that of touch-and-go, reserving to herself the right of coming back again, she carried his education one step farther still.

"Don't you ever go to the movies?"

He replied that he had gone once or twice with Honey, but not often. To be on the same breezy level as herself, he added in explanation: "Haven't got the dough."

"But the movies don't take dough, not hardly any."

"They take more than I've got."

"More than you've got? Gee! Then you can't have anything at all."

It was not so much a taunt as it was a statement, and yet it was a statement with a little taunt in it. For once driven to bravado, he gave away a secret.

"Well, I haven't—except what's in the bank."

"Oh, you've got money in the bank, have you?"

"Sure! But I'm keeping it to go to college."

She stared at him as if he had been a duck-billed rabbit, or some variety of fauna hitherto unknown.

"Gee! I should think a fellow who had money in the bank would want to blow some of it on having a good time—a fellow with any jazz."

Once more she spared him discomfiture. Slipping into the hallway, she said over her shoulder as he followed her: "How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

She flashed round at him. "Sixteen! Gee! I thought you was my age if you was a day. Honest I did. I'm eighteen, an old lady compared with you."

"Oh, but boys are always older than girls, for their age."

"You are, sure. Anyways, you saved me on that slippery hill, and I think you ought to have a kiss for it. Come, baby, kiss your poor old ma."

Though the hallway was dark, the kiss had to be given and taken furtively. Whatever it was to Maisie Danker, to Tom Whitelaw it was the entrance to a higher and an increased life. The pressure of her lips on his had sent through his frame a dynamic glow he had not supposed to be among nature's possibilities. Moreover, it threw light on that experience as to which he had mused ever since he had first talked confidentially to Bertie Tollivant. Though instinct had taught him something in the intervening years, he had up to this minute gained nothing in the way of practical discovery. Now an horizon that had been dark was lifting to disclose a wonderland.

With her light laugh Maisie had run into her aunt's apartment, and shut the door. Tom began heavily, pensively, to climb the stairs. But halfway up he paused to mark off another stage in his perceptions.

"So that's what it's like! That's why they all think so much about it—and try to hush it up!"

## XXIV

He himself found something to hush up when he recounted the incident to Honey in the evening. He told of meeting Mrs. Danker's niece on the ice-coated hill, and helping her down to the door. Of his sensations as she clung to him he said nothing. He said nothing of the kiss in the dark hallway. During the rest of the evening, and after he had gone to bed, he wondered why. They all hushed these things up, and he did as the rest; but what was the basic reason?

As his first emotional encounter the subject was sufficiently in his mind next day to make him duller than usual at

school. On his way home from school it so preoccupied his thought that he forgot to look for the fat boy. It was the fat boy who first saw him, hailing him as he approached. There was already between them that acceptance of each other which is the first stage of friendship.

"What's your name?"

"Tom Whitelaw. What's yours?"

"Guy Ansley. How old are you?"

"Sixteen. How old are you?"

"I'm sixteen, too. What's your father do?"

"I haven't got a father. I live with —" it was difficult to explain—"with a man who kind o' takes care of me."

"A guardian?"

"Something like that. What does your father do?"

"He's a corporation lawyer. Makes big money, too." As Tom began to move along the fat boy went with him, keeping step. "What's your guardian do?"

"He does anything that'll give him a job. Mostly he's a stevedore."

"What's a stevedore? Sounds as if it had something to do with bull-fighting."

"It's a longshoreman. He loads and unloads ships."

They stopped at the corner of Pinckney Street. The puffy countenance fell. Tom could follow his companion's progression of bewilderments.

"Where do you live?"

"I live in Grove Street."

It was the minute of suspense. All had been confessed. The countenance that had fallen went absolutely blank. To himself the tall, proud, sensitive lad was saying that his future life was staked on the response the fat boy chose to make. If he showed signs of wriggling out of an embarrassing situation he, Tom Whitelaw, would range himself forever with the enemies of the rich.

The fat boy spoke at last.

"So you're that kind of fellow."

"Yes, I'm that kind of fellow."

This was mere marking time. The

decision was still to come. It came with an air on the fat boy's part of heroic resolution.

"Well, I don't care."

Tom breathed again, breathed with bravado. "Neither do I."

In the stress of so much big-heartedness the girlish voice became a croak. "I know guys who think that if another guy isn't rich they must treat him as so much dirt. I'm not that sort. I'm democratic. I wouldn't turn down a fellow just because he lived in Grove Street. If I liked him I'd stick to him. I'm not snobbish. How do you know you couldn't give him a peg up, and he'd be grateful to you all his life?"

Thinking this over afterward, Tom found it hard to disengage the bitter from the sweet; but he had not much chance to think it over. Any spare minute he found pre-empted by Maisie Danker, who seemed to camp in the dark hallway. If she was not there when he entered, she appeared before he could go upstairs. The ice having melted in the street, she had other needs of protection, an errand to do in the crowded region of Bowdoin Square, a shop to visit across the Common which was so wide and lonesome in winter twilights, a dance hall to locate in case they ever made up their minds to visit it. She was always timid, clinging, laughing, adorable. The embodiment of gayety, she made him gay, which was again a new sensation. Never before had he felt young as he felt young with her. The minutes they spent swamped in the throngs of the lighted streets, between five and seven on a winter's afternoon, were his first minutes of escape from a world of care. Care had been his companion since he could remember anything; and now his companion was this exquisite thing, all lightness and joy.

He was later than usual in returning from school one afternoon, because a teacher had given him a commission to carry out which took some two hours of his time. As it had sent him toward the



south end of the city, he had the Common to traverse on his way home. Snow had recently fallen; but through the main avenues under the trees the paths had been cleared. On the Frog Pond the drifts had been swept up, so that there could be a little skating. As Tom passed by he could hear the scraping and grinding of skates, and the hoarse shouts of hobbledehoys. At any other time he would have stopped, either to look on peacefully, or to take part in some bit of free-for-all, rough-and-tumble skylarking in the snow. But Maisie might be waiting. She might even have given up waiting, which would take all his pleasure from the afternoon.

To reach home more quickly he followed a short cut, scarcely shoveled out, on the slope of the Common below Beacon Hill. Here there were no foot passengers but himself. Neither, for some little distance, were there any trees. There was only the white shroud of the snow, freezing to a crust. A misty moon drifted through a tempest of scudding clouds, while wherever in the offing there was a group of elms the electric lights danced through their tossing branches as if they were wind-blown lanterns.

In spite of his hurry, the boy came to a standstill. It was a minute at which to fancy himself lost in Moosonee or Labrador. His *voyageur* guides had failed him; his dog team had run away; his pemmican—he supposed it would be pemmican—had given out. He was homeless, starving, abandoned, alone but for the polar bears.

It was not a polar bear that he saw come floundering down the hillside, but it might have been a black one. It was certainly black; its nature was certainly animal. It rolled and tumbled and panted and grunted, and now and then it moaned. For a few minutes it remained stationary, with internal undulations; then it scrambled a few paces, as an elephant might scramble whose feet had been sawn off. A dying

mammoth would also have emitted just these raucous groans.

Suddenly it squealed. The squeal was like that of a pig when the knife is thrust into its throat. It was girlish, piercing, and yet had a masculine shriek in it. Tom Whitelaw knew what was happening. It had happened to himself so often in the days when he was different from other boys that his fists seemed to clench and his feet to spring before his mind had given the command. In clearing the fifty odd yards of snow between him and the wallowing monster, he chose a form of words which young hooligans would understand as those of authority.

“What in hell are yez doin’ to that kid? Are yez puttin’ a knife in him? Leave him be, or I’ll knock the brains out of every one of yez.”

He was in among them, laying about him before they knew what had landed in their midst. They were not brutal youngsters; they were only jocose in the manner of their kind. Having spied the fat boy coming down to watch the skating, it was as natural for them to jump on him as it would be for a pack of dogs who chanced to see a sloth. With the courage of the mob, and also with its rapidity of thought-transfer, they had closed in silently and rushed him. He was on his back in a second. In a second they were clambering all over him. When he staggered to his feet they let him run, only to catch him and pull him down again. So staggering, so running, so coming down like a lump of jelly in the snow, he had reached the top of the hill, his tormentors hanging to him as if their teeth were in his flesh, at the minute when Tom first perceived the black mass.

The fat boy had not lacked courage. He had fought. That is, he had kicked and bitten and scratched, with the fury of vicious helplessness. He had not cried for mercy. He had not cried out at all. He had struggled for breath; he had nearly strangled; but his pantings and gruntings were only for breath

just as were theirs. Strong in spite of his unwieldiness, he was not without the moral spunk which can perish at a pinch, but will not give in.

None of them had struck him. That would have been thought cowardly. They had only plastered him with snow, in his mouth, in his ears, in his eyes, and down below his collar. This he could have suffered, still without a plea, had not their play become fiercer. They began to tear open his clothing, to wrench it off the buttons. They stuffed snow inside his waistcoat, inside his shirt, inside his trousers. He was naked to the cold. And yet it was not the cold that drew from him that piglike squeal; it was the indignity. He was Guy Ansley, a rich man's son, in his native sanctified old Boston a young lordling; but these muckers had mauled the last rag of honor out of him.

They were good-natured little demons, with no more notion of his tragedy than if he had been a snowman. As soon as the strapping young giant had leaped in among them, they ran off with screams of laughter. Most of them were tired of the fun in any case; a few lingered at a distance to "call names," but even they soon disappeared. Tom could only help the lumbering body to its feet.

Cleaning him of snow was more difficult, and since it was melting next his skin, it had to be done at once. The shirt and underclothing being wet, and a keen wind blowing, his teeth were soon chattering. Even when buttoned tightly in his outer clothes he was dank and clammy within. It helped him a little that Tom should strip off his own overcoat and exchange with him; but nothing could really warm him till he got into his own bed.

They would have run all of the short distance to Louisburg Square only that young Ansley was not a runner at any time, and at this time was exhausted. Tom could only drag him along as a dead weight. Except for the brief observations necessary to what they had

to do, they hardly spoke a word. Speech was nearly impossible. The only aim of importance was covering the ground.

The old manservant who admitted them in Louisburg Square went dumb with dismay. Having brought his charge into the hall, Tom was obliged to take the lead.

"He's been tumbling in the snow. He's got wet. He may have caught a chill. Better call his mother."

The fat boy spoke. "Mother's in New York. So's father. Here, Pilcher, help me up to my room."

As the two went up the stairs, Tom was left standing in the hall. A voice at the head of the stairs arrested his attention because it was a girl's. Since knowing Maisie Danker, all girls' voices had begun to interest him. This voice was clear, silvery, peremptory, a little sharp, like the note of a crystal bell. Pilcher explained something, whereupon the owner of the voice ran down. On the red carpet of the stairs, with red-damasked paper as a background, her white figure was spiritlike beneath a dim oriental hall light.

"I'm Hildred Ansley," she said, with a cool air of self-possession. "I see my brother's had an accident. Pilcher is putting him to bed. I'm sure we're very much obliged to you."

She was only a child, perhaps fourteen, but a competent child, who knew what to say. Not pretty, as Maisie was, she had presence and personality. In this she was helped by her height, since she was tall, and would be taller, and more by her intelligence. It was the first time he had ever had occasion to observe that some faces were intelligent, though it was not quite easy to say why. "Little Miss Ansley knows what's what," he commented silently, but aloud he said that if he were in her place he would send for the doctor. Though her brother had had no bones broken, he might easily have caught a bad cold.

"Thank you! I'll do it at once."



She made her way to a table, somewhat belittered with caps and gloves, behind the stairs, at the back of the hall. Taking up the receiver, she called a number, politely and yet with a ring of command. While she was speaking he noticed his surroundings.

If to him they seemed baronial it was because his experience had been cramped. Louisburg Square is not baronial; it is only dignified. For the early nineteenth century its houses were spacious; for the early twentieth they are a little narrow, a little steep, a little lacking in imaginative outlet. But to Tom Whitelaw, with memories that went back to the tenements of New York, to whom the homes of the Tollivants and the Quidmores had meant reasonable comfort, who found the sharing of one room with George Honeybun endurable, these walls with their red paper, these stairs with their red carpet, this lofty gloom, this sense of wealth, were all that he dreamed of as palatial.

When Miss Ansley returned from the telephone, he asked if he might have his overcoat. Her brother had worn it upstairs on going to his room. "That's his," he explained, pointing to the soggy Burberry he had thrown down on a carved settle.

"Oh, certainly! I'll run up and get it. I won't ask you to go upstairs to the drawing-room; but if you don't mind taking a seat in here . . ."

Throwing open the door of the dining room, which was on the ground floor, she switched on the light. Tom entered and stood still. So this was the sort of place in which rich people took their meals!

It was a glow of rich gleaming lights, lights from mahogany, lights from silver, lights from porcelain. In the center of the table lay a round piece of lace, on which stood a silver dish with nothing in it. He knew without being told, though he had never thought of it before, that it needed nothing in it. There were things so beautiful as to fulfil their purpose merely in being beautiful. From

above a black-marble mantelpiece a man looked down at him with jovial eyes, a man in a high collar and huge black neckerchief, who might have been the grandfather or great-grandfather of Guy and Hildred Ansley. He had the fat good humor of the one and the bright intelligence of the other, the source in his genial self of types so widely different.

Young Miss Ansley tripped in with the coat across her arm. "I'm sure my father and mother will want to thank you when they come back. Guy's been very naughty. He's always forbidden to leave the Square when he goes out of doors. He wouldn't have done it if papa and mamma hadn't been away. I can't make him mind *me*. But you must come back when everybody's here, so that you can be thanked properly. I suppose you live somewhere near us?"

Tom found it easiest to answer indirectly. "Your brother knows everything about me. I've seen him once or twice in the Square, and I've told him who I am."

"That'll be very nice."

She held out her hand, and he accepted his dismissal. But before having closed the door behind him, he turned round to her as she stood under the oriental lamp.

"I hope your brother will soon be all right again. I think they ought to give him a hot drink. He's—he's got big stuff in him when you come to find it out. He'll make his way."

The transformation in her was electric. She ceased to be starched and competent, with a manner that put a thousand miles between him and her. The intelligence he had already noted in her face was aflame with a radiance beyond beauty.

"Oh, I'm so glad you can say that! No one outside the family has ever said it before. He's a *lamb*!—and hardly anybody knows it."

She held out her hand again. As he took it he saw that her eyes, which he

thought must be dark, were shining with a mist of tears.

Going down the hill he repeated the two names: Maisie Danker! Hildred Ansley! They called up concepts so different that it was hard to think them of a common flesh. Though Maisie Danker was a woman and Hildred Ansley but a child, there were points at

which you could compare them. In the comparison the advantages lay so richly with the girl in Louisburg Square that he fell back on the fact, stressing it with emphasis, that Maisie was the prettier. "After all," he reflected, with comfort in the judgment, "that's all that matters—to a man."

(To be continued)

## To A Foreigner

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

[Children, leprechauns, women beautifulle and yonge, these be forrainers alle.

—Sir Eustace Peachtree]

AYE, for I knew you foreign! Plain to me  
The anxiety that trembled in your gaze—  
Your brave but heavy-burning secrecy  
Compelled by our more coarse and clumsy ways.

O lovely, lovely! Terror in the eyes,  
Poor eagerness to do what men expect:  
Willing to stifle your own gay surprise  
And pass unquestionable, trim, correct—

Shall you, who have untellable things to say,  
Who hear inaudibles, guess the unknown,  
"Assimilate," bewildered *émigré*,  
In our suspicious and mechanic zone?

Be ever foreign, beautiful and strange!  
Nor naturalize (wild word!) that rebel blood:  
Docility and use must never change  
Your sweet enchanting reckless alienhood.

How did I know you foreign? Your most droll  
Blithe candor, so unlike our timid style;  
Courteous to our queer modes, yet you console  
Your humor with a small comparative smile.

How did I know you stranger, troubled, lonely,  
Thrilled and yet puzzled in a foreign land,  
Dear excommunicate?—Ah perhaps only  
Since I am outlandish too. You understand.





# THE LION'S MOUTH

“HIC LABOR . . .”

BY PHILIP CURTISS

THERE is a young married woman in our village who is generally regarded as a thoroughly immoral person, in fact, as the reprehensible influence of the town. It is not that she smokes or drinks cocktails. Even in rural New England we have long ago got used to that. Her depravity consists in the fact that several older women have dropped in to see her at eleven o'clock in the morning and found her seated in an arm-chair in the garden, reading the daily paper. The inference is obvious—that she must be neglecting her duties as a housewife and mother.

To bear out this inference there is certainly no evidence in her house itself. It is one of the most charming and one of the neatest in town. To be candid, I think that this fact in itself is what really makes the older housewives so angry. If Loretta (shall we call her?) were a sloven in person and if her house were a hodgepodge, her critics could take the sweet, sad position of pitying her without seeming to blame. But the fact is that Loretta beats her critics at their own game and does it with none of that fla-fla so dear to the pseudo-professional heart. What the real “worker” loves is a woman who can dress a baby with all the effect of saving the republic and sweep a room with all the appearance of stemming the Belgian retreat. What one “heroic soul” demands of another is scars of battle. Without scars it is hard for the commonplace mind to believe that there has been a fight.

On one or two occasions I have actually caught Loretta at work, seen her

cooking a roast or sweeping a room, and I have never seen any other living thing, except a Bengal tiger, move with such silent, effortless speed. But few persons ever have caught Loretta in action. When usually seen, she is doing nothing at all, and this is her great strategic mistake. She does not pretend that she likes housework. Like any unpleasant duty, she gets it over as soon as possible and then refuses to say any more about it. In the poker phrase, no “post mortems” about the breakfast dishes are allowed at her table, which, of course, is heresy in itself. Your “genuine worker” must not only make a given task as exhausting as possible, but sit around afterward and tell how exhausting it *was*.

The truth is that the American mind does not so much admire work as the appearance of work. It is not energy which it demands but bustle. I always think, in this connection, of my friend Matthews, who is not only one of the best of the younger American painters, but one of the most successful.

As I had known Matthews in the city, he was just what his profession would have implied—a dreamy, meditative, impractical chap who worked furiously when he had a canvas in hand and then loafed indolently for weeks until he began another. The summer months, however, Matthews used to spend with his father and mother at their old home in the country, and the first time I visited him there I was utterly astonished to see what appeared to be a strange reversion to type. All day long, when Matthews was not actually painting, I would find him pottering around the garden, straightening up an old, sagging door,

burning brush, trimming a hedge, or doing any one of the thousand little piffling tasks which the unsympathetic urbanite regards as the bores and nuisances of country life. It cannot be said that he did any of these things very well, and in view of his growing income, they were certainly not necessary. So, one time when I saw him in the wholly incongruous task of wheeling a barrow load of manure, I asked him outright,

"Matthews, do you honestly like to do this sort of thing, or is it just a pose—sort of country-gentleman stuff?"

Matthews put down the barrow and grinned. "No," he confessed, "I hate it, but the truth is that it pleases father and mother to death. They're funny about that—just like all Yankees. They'd see me spend three thousand dollars on a motor car without any qualms, but it would actually hurt them to have me spend half a dollar on any little odd job that I could do myself."

Matthews never said another word on that subject. He didn't have to. I am myself a pure-bred Yankee and, without sympathizing with it, I could understand perfectly the old people's point of view. To the real New Englander there is something sacred about manual labor—purely for its own sake. It is wicked to avoid it and exalting to embrace it.

Like the Hebraic system on which it was patterned, the religious system of the New England Puritans contained economic and spiritual elements curiously and indissolubly mixed. As in the case of the Jewish tribes, these elements arose from the conditions which the pioneer Puritans had to face, but the tendency has been, all through American history, to lend a religious fervor to purely economic things. In a pioneer community, struggling with wilderness farms, there *was* almost a religious duty in the requirement that every member of a given family turn a hand to any form of manual labor; but in the case of my friend Matthews, two hundred years later, except for the rather beautiful exhibition of filial piety, there was

something almost sinful in a spiritual system which forced an unwilling artist to spend his leisure hours wheeling manure.

Nor was this sense of duty which chained poor Matthews to his barrow as isolated or as antiquated as it might seem. It is the same inborn American creed which demands that my friend Loretta should not only work all day long, but assume the postures of working. It is the same instinct which gives almost a religious tinge to "drives," Rotary Clubs, and other manifestations of the "turn out and get together spirit." The old New England worship of labor has, in short, become the modern American worship of "pep."

The idea that a torrential energy has any value merely for its own sake is one of the most ridiculous doctrines ever propounded. It is one which genuine industry in its higher forms has long since outgrown. The "man of dynamic vigor," stripped to his shirt sleeves, buried in a sea of papers, talking into three or four telephones at once, is, in modern commercial life, a figure as obsolete as the heavy dragoon. Reluctantly, ruefully, even the novelist and the interviewer have been forced to paint the captain of industry as what he generally is—a quiet, humorous gentleman in tweeds, sitting at an empty desk, doing nothing that he can hire anyone else to do and reserving plenty of time to talk to anyone who may happen along. After the war Marshall Foch was asked how he turned back the German advance, and he answered, "I smoked my pipe." It sounds highly true, for the traditional failure of volunteer officers in wartime is usually due not to incapacity but to a stewing frenzy of useless zeal.

But of all the tenets of this outworn creed, the most deep-rooted is the idea that manual labor is more ennobling than any other kind of work. To men and women who actually *like* to dig ditches, mend fences, mow lawns, and hang doors, I have nothing to say. No one objects to a fanatic so long as he



does not become a proselytizer, a tyrant, but this is exactly what all these amateur come-out-and-do-it-yourself people always are. They have such a nervous little way of forcing all the rest of a household into their schemes. Nobody on earth has more complete power to upset a perfect day than a "practical" man or woman. Just as you come down beaming to breakfast, fresh from your tub, one of these insects is sure to exclaim, "Well, people, wouldn't this be an ideal day to move the chicken house?" The practical, handy *men* of a household are bad enough—"Come on, Charlie, just give me a hand with this beam and we'll snake it into place in no time"—but the *women* with garden *lust* are the worst. Just as you have settled down in a hammock with a book, out they are sure to come with a pair of gloves and a trowel. There is only one thing to do—throw down your book, mutter "Oh, Hell!" and trudge off to the tool house for the pick and shovel.

To my mind there is only one reason on earth for doing a physical task—and that is to get it done. There are very few forms of manual labor that I have not done in my time, and if I were left on the proverbial desert island, I should do them again; but until necessity arises, I cannot see why any creed or distorted loyalty should force me into any profession but my own. I never insist that my "practical" friends put in their leisure moments as jugglers, drop forgers, trap drummers, wig makers, or Arabic scholars. Why, then, should they think it shameful in me that I refuse to find pleasure in being a glazier or a ploughboy?

I think that the manual-labor enthusiasts must realize this weak spot in their armor, for, in the usual manner of weak causes, they have bolstered up their creed with conventional, stupid defenses.

First, health. "What you need, old man, is a good day's work in the open. Just come out and hoe corn to-day and you'll never realize that you *have* a

liver." Rot and piffle! I wouldn't disturb my liver for anything on earth. I have earned my living with it for twenty years. Health nothing! Look at your New England farmer of the last generation—a broken-down old man at fifty, crippled and rheumatic in every limb. Compare him with the stockbroker of the same age and generation. The healthiest class of men that I know are librarians.

And where do the champion athletes come from? From everywhere except the ranks of manual labor. The amateurs come from the pampered youth of the select schools and colleges. The professionals come from bellboys, taxicab drivers, sandlot loafers, and hangers-on of race tracks and pool rooms. When they have reached the age of thirty they get a steady, open-air job on the police force and go all to pieces.

Another great argument of the manual labor addicts is pride of achievement. "Just look at this table!" they say. "I made it myself, and it cost me only eight dollars and sixty-two cents for the nails and lumber!"

Well, it looks it. Come now, frankly, my fellow sufferers of idle inclinations, let's throw a harpoon into this kind of talk. Did you ever see a table made or a door hung or a floor laid or a lawn mowed by an amateur that couldn't have been done better, in half the time, by a third-rate professional? Personally, *I* never have; but how we do have to lie over that misfit junk so proudly exhibited by its makers!

Yes, now that I think of it, I will admit that there is just one good reason for taking up amateur manual labor and that is to stop these practical people from talking. It is the only way that you ever *will* stop them, for they are sure to get you tied to the garden roller sooner or later; but, after studying their methods for many years, I have worked out a secret technic that makes the process as nearly painless as possible.

The secret is one at which I hinted at the opening of this study. It is not, I

repeat, really work that these people demand, but a great show of bustle. Thus, first, a good plan is to get up a fluent command of technical language, such as "two-by-fours," "compost," and "subsoil." The object of this is to start an argument, for as long as you argue you won't have to work. Then go out with your amateur boss and manage to get in a whole lot of running, grunting, and handing. "Heft" is a great word to say. But the best way of all to keep suspicion from yourself is to get a long string and two pegs and keep pounding them in at odd spots all over the garden. If anyone comes near you, begin to count aloud to yourself—"two-foot-six by eighteen-three plus nine equals eight." This process is the holy of holies of practical work, and as long as you keep on doing it no one will ever disturb you.

Finally, when you really think that it is time to ring off the farce, go out behind the barn, find a pool of black mud and smear it carefully over your face and forearms, with particular attention to the finger nails. Then return to your fellow workers, slap your chest three times (meaning ozone) and say, "Well, shall we call it a day?" I guarantee this method every time. The scars are there. They can't disprove them. They will let you off, completely satisfied.

### PONS ASINORUM

BY PERCY WAXMAN

THE other night I met a friend  
Who kindly took me home to dinner,  
And then suggested that we spend  
The evening seeing "Saint or Sinner?"

We saw a husband, lover, wife—  
The same old tiresome triangle,  
The same old British "smart set" life,  
The same old matrimonial tangle.

We saw a middle-aged M. P.  
Who, so devoted to his labors,  
Could never spare the time for tea  
Or calling with his wife on neighbors.

Poor Marcia, his enchanting bride,  
Quite takes to heart his sad defection  
And foolishly she turns aside  
For admiration and affection.

She smiles on Rodney Flete, a friend,  
Who seems to have no end of leisure,  
For eagerly he swears he'd spend  
His life in doing Marcia's pleasure.

Now Marcia, though of good intent,  
Sees far too much of Master Roddy  
And flirts with him (through discontent)  
Which isn't good for anybody.

Her husband George's time's too bent  
Upon his dreams of rising higher  
To some high post in parliament  
To note his wife at play with fire.

But passion, like a blazing wood,  
When started, nothing seems to dim it;  
And though she swore that she'd been good,  
Her husband thought she'd gone the limit.

To quench his ire, George has resort  
To seek the aid of legal forces;  
And thus we see him in a court  
Where people go who want divorces.

The trial proceeds; Marcia in tears  
Is by her husband's counsel harassed;  
While every word she speaks appears  
To make her more and more embarrassed.

The evidence against the wife  
Is flimsy quite beyond description—  
Quite utterly untrue to life  
But true, no doubt, to stage prescription.

Just as the tension's at its height  
And Marcia's cause is all but over  
A waiter swears that on *the* night  
He saw her with her aunt at Dover.

The suit's withdrawn; back home they go;  
George swears in future to do better.  
But as I sat through all this woe  
I wished to God he'd never met her.

### DOMPTEUR DES DAMES

BY REBECCA EAST

HE was a small man whose pale  
blue eyes were fringed with light  
lashes. You were apt to notice him be-  
cause he was so insignificant. You  
wondered how anyone so small, who



looked on life through so delicately colored a lens, could be so aggressive. You wondered this when you saw him hustling through the crowd at the subway, using his thin shoulders to cut his way straight to the door of the train. You did not know, of course, that Mr. Cuppy went thus through a crowd because of the manner of his being. He would never have knocked a man down in order to achieve his end. A woman?—If a woman were able to detach herself from the stress of her surroundings long enough to look at Mr. Cuppy, she would undoubtedly have stood aside and said, "Do take my place."

And Mr. Cuppy would have taken her place.

She would probably never have known just what there was in Mr. Cuppy to impel her to this sacrifice. She might have justified her moment of weakness later in the evening as she watched her large wholesome husband carve the roast, by saying, "Little men are kind of pathetic. They don't have any chance in a crowd."

Mr. Cuppy was always more successful in an encounter *à deux*. His life was a series of such encounters. He was married, and his friends looked upon his marriage as a model arrangement.

His wife was a nice little thing with mouse-colored hair and spotted amber-colored eyes. When Mr. Cuppy married her she was hot-tempered and romantic and her hair was almost red in the sunlight. She married Mr. Cuppy because she was in love with a prizefighter who ordered her about, and she resented discipline.

Mr. Cuppy believed in ruling by love. His blue eyes would rest affectionately upon his Augusta when little flames would begin to shoot through her hair and her eyes and into her cheeks, and he would say, in his gentle voice:

"Go into your room and shut the door until you have gotten control of yourself."

Once she stayed in her room for three days, and then Mr. Cuppy was forced

to write a note, which he slid under the door and which said:

"You have sulked long enough. I must ask you to come out and attend to your household duties."

When she was not misbehaving, Mr. Cuppy addressed her as "child." He always whistled when he came in the front door and Augusta would run to meet him, to answer his question as to what his little girl had been doing to-day. The sound of the key in the door was Augusta's cue to drop five years from her mental age. One day Mr. Cuppy brought her a cocker spaniel, and after that when he whistled, Augusta let the dog tell him the day's events first. Mr. Cuppy did not mind. There was very little difference in his form of greeting. Occasionally, when his mind was on other things, he kissed the dog. But Augusta did not like to have her ears pulled.

Now and then Augusta thought of her prizefighter who had retired from the ring and was raising asparagus. He wrote her once that he preferred this profession because it entailed no responsibility. Asparagus grew when it got ready and in the meantime—for the next three or four years—he had nothing to do except to shave once a day, and he was considering side-burns to lessen this burden. Mr. Cuppy thought this an inexcusably lax attitude toward life. He thought that everyone should have some occupation. He thought that even his little wife should have an occupation. So he laid down an elaborate schedule of exercise and education for the spaniel. It took practically all of Augusta's day. When the dog had reached the proper age she took him out into Central Park and told him very prettily about the birds and the flowers. Later they went to the Zoo and Augusta described delicately the sex life of the herbaceous mammals. But in spite of all this, he went wrong. Mr. Cuppy refused to adopt even one of the puppies. He said that discipline must prevail and that by softening the penalties of sin

you were condoning the sin itself. Augusta cried a little because after all the puppies did not in the least resemble their father. She consoled herself with the hope that in this case the wages of the spaniel's sin would be death.

By the time the Cuppys had been married for five years Augusta's training was complete. Of course, she made mistakes, but she almost always managed to conceal them. She seldom thought of the prizefighter and when she did it was with a shudder.

"Domineering man," she thought, "what a dreadful life I should have had with him!"

### ETIQUETTE

BY NEWMAN LEVY

WHEN invited to dine with the Joneses  
Or when asked by the Smiths to a  
dance,  
You will find that you'll pull a few boneses  
If you don't study up in advance.

When your hostess comes forward to greet  
you  
It will make the old girl feel at ease  
If you say, "Kid, I'm happy to meet you.  
How's your hubby, the big piece of  
cheese?"

At dinner don't dash to the table  
And grab all the food that's in sight.  
Just wrap up what's left, if you're able,  
And take it home with you that night.

An impression, once made, often lingers,  
And these habits, when formed, last for  
life—  
So don't ever eat steak with your fingers,  
And don't try to eat peas with your  
knife.

If your soup you upset on your neighbor,  
A joke will soon quiet her wrath.  
Just say, "Well that saves you the labor  
Of taking next Saturday's bath."

If your hostess's child, *àtât* seven,  
Should be asked by the guests to recite,  
In an audible voice say, "Good heaven,  
If that brat starts in yawping—good  
night!"

So study these verses—you need them—  
And learn how to act and to dress.  
And you'll find, if you carefully read them,  
That you'll soon be a social success.

### THE GIFT OF SONG

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

ONE day when I was about ten years old, and George eight, my father suddenly remembered an intention of his to have us taught music. There were numerous other things that he felt every boy ought to learn, such as swimming and tennis and blacking his own shoes, and bookkeeping; to say nothing of school work, in which he expected a boy to excel. He now recalled that music, too, should be included in our education. He himself played the piano, though he had forgotten all but a few pieces; and he held that all children should be taught to play on something, and sing.

He was right, perhaps. At any rate, there is a great deal to be said for his program. On the other hand, there are children and children. I had no ear for music.

My father was the last man to take this into consideration, however: he looked upon children as raw material that a father should mold. When I said I couldn't sing, he said nonsense. He went to the piano. He played a scale, cleared his throat, and sang *Do, re, mi*, and the rest. He did this with relish. He sang it again, high and low. He then turned to me and told me to sing it, too, while he accompanied me.

I was bashful. I again told him earnestly that I couldn't sing. He laughed. "What do *you* know about what you can or can't do?" And he added in a firm, kindly voice, "Do whatever I tell you." He was always so sure of himself that I couldn't help having faith in him. For all I knew, he could detect the existence of organs in a boy of which that boy had no evidence. It was astonishing, certainly, but if he said I could sing, I could sing.



I planted myself respectfully before him. He played the first note. He never wasted time in explanations; that was not his way; and I had only the dimmest understanding of what he wished me to do. But I struck out, haphazard, and chanted the extraordinary syllables loudly.

"No, no, no!" said my father, disgustedly.

We tried it again.

"No, no, no!" He struck the notes louder.

We tried it repeatedly. . . .

I gradually saw that I was supposed to match the piano, in some way, with my voice. But how such a thing could be done I had no notion whatever. The kind of sound a piano made was different from the sound of a voice. And the various notes—I could hear that each one had its own sound, but that didn't help me out any: they were all total strangers. One end of the piano made deep noises, the other end shrill; I could make my voice deep, shrill, or medium; but that was the best I could do.

At the end of what seemed to me an hour, I still stood at attention, while my father still tried energetically to force me to sing. It was an absolute deadlock. He wouldn't give in, and I couldn't. Two or three times I had felt for a moment I was getting the hang of it, but my voice wouldn't do what I wanted; I don't think it could. Anyhow, my momentary grasp of the problem soon faded. It felt so queer to be trying to do anything exact with my voice. And Father was so urgent about it, and the words so outlandish. *Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do!* What a nightmare! Though by this time he had abandoned his insistence on my learning the scale; he had reduced his demands to my singing one single note: *Do*. I continually opened my mouth wide, as he had instructed me, and shouted the word *Do* at random, hoping it might be the pitch. He snorted, and again struck the piano. I again shouted *Do*.

George sat on the sofa by the folding doors, watching me with great sympathy. He always had the easy end of it. I don't mean to be ill-natured about George; he was a good brother; he looked up to me, loved me, and I couldn't help loving him; but I used to get tired of being his path-breaker in encounters with father. All father's experience as a parent was obtained at my hands. He was a man who had many impossible hopes for his children, and it was only as he tried these on me that he slowly became disillusioned. He clung to each hope tenaciously; he surrendered none without a long struggle; after which he felt baffled and indignant, and I felt done up, too. At such times if only he had repeated the attack on my brothers, it might have been hard on them but at least it would have given me a slight rest. But no, when he had had a disappointment, he turned to new projects. And as I was the eldest, the new were always tried first on me. George and the others trailed along happily, in comparative peace, while I perpetually confronted father in a wrestling match upon some new ground. . . .

My mother came into the room in her long swishing skirts. My father was obstinately striking the piano for the nine thousandth time, and I was discouragedly and hopelessly calling out *Do*.

"Why Clare! what *are* you doing?" my mother cried.

My father jumped up. I suppose that at heart he was relieved at her interruption—it allowed him to stop without facing the fact of defeat. But he strongly wished to execute any such maneuver without loss of dignity, and mother never showed enough regard for this, from his point of view. Besides, he was full of a natural irritation at the way things resisted him. He had visited only a part of this on me. The rest he now hurled at her. He said would she kindly go away and leave him alone with his sons. He declared he would

not be interfered with. He banged the piano lid shut. He was "sick and tired of being systematically thwarted and hindered," and he swore he would be damned if he'd stand it. Off he went to his room.

"You'll only have to come right back down again," my mother called after him. "The soup's being put on the table."

"I don't want any dinner."

"Oh Clare! please! it's oyster soup!"

"Don't want any." He slammed his room door.

We sat down, frightened, at table. I was exhausted. But the soup was a life-saver. It was more like a stew, really. Rich milk, oyster juice, and big oysters. I put lots of small hard crackers in mine, and one slice of French toast. That hot toast soaked in soup was delicious, only there wasn't much of it, and as father particularly liked it, we had to leave it for him. But there was plenty of soup: a great tureen full. Each boy had two helpings.

Father came down in the middle of it, still offended, but he ate his full share. I guess he was somewhat in need of a

life-saver himself. The chops and peas and potatoes came on. He gradually forgot how we'd wronged him.

There were too many things always happening at our family dinners, too many new vexations, or funny things, for him to dwell on the past.

But though he was willing enough, usually, to drop small resentments, nevertheless, there were certain recollections that remained in his mind—such as the feeling that mother failed to understand his plans for our welfare, and made his duty needlessly hard for him by her interference; and that I was an awkward little boy, and great trouble to train.

Not that these thoughts disturbed him, or lessened at all his self-confidence. He lit his cigar after dinner and leaned back philosophically, taking deep vigorous puffs with enjoyment, and drinking black coffee. When I said, "Good night, father," he smiled at me like a humorous potter, pausing to consider—for the moment—an odd bit of clay. Then he patted me affectionately on the shoulder and I went up to bed.





## The Bats in Some Belfries

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHAT do people do who have no bats in their belfries? How do they get along at all with minds concerned with nothing more than the prosaic details of life—getting money and spending it, working at their jobs, looking for pleasures or consolations, keeping house, minding children, conducting “drives,” giving dinner parties, and such things? Don’t they get terribly bored with those exercises? When they need to retire into their thoughts have they any good thoughts to retire into? Have they any likely expectations a little remote from the ordinary to keep in mind, and give them an interest in newspapers and other means of information, to watch for signs that these expectations are making good or the contrary? How can people possibly be interested in contemporary novels? Life-as-it-is is very cold victual, served up after life-as-it-was has gone by the board, and before life-as-it-is-to-be has taken form. Contemporary stories are mostly about life as it is. Some of them are charged with speculations about whither it is tending, and what it will be like when it is developed. Such books, however defective, may have some interest, but books merely about life as it is, which show no consciousness that it is a mere relic of a dead past and no curiosity about where it is driving to, must be food for minds which are very easily satisfied.

Now a good bat or two in one’s belfry insures one from being bored to death with worn-out commonplaces. To have

lively expectations about the next phase of life and curiosity about any information that purports to throw light on it, is an excellent bat. So everything which is concerned with the extraordinary new developments of the powers of man, whether natural and material or supernatural and elusive, helps to keep the faculties alert and observant. Reasonably good theories about the future of the human race and even about its remote past; exhumed information that throws light on how much human beings had come to know in prehistoric times; information about the derivation of races as we know them, and their probable destiny—all these things are helpful to spirits worn with waiting on the machinations of politicians and the sluggishness of popular majorities. Spiritism is an excellent bat. The theory that the ten lost tribes of Israel are the progenitors to an uncertain extent of races now active in world affairs is a better bat than any normal person who has not examined it could imagine. Everybody who wants to stay really alive had better accept it as true that man is a wonderful creature whose evolution is imperfectly traced, whose limitations are exaggerated, whose powers are almost limitless, about whom what is known is a mere beginning of what is knowable, and that knowledge is still in its infancy, though accumulating at a tremendous rate and reaching out toward marvels which will make our contemporary wonders seem commonplace.

Speculations about the ten lost tribes

of Israel and what became of them are not new. One recalls a book published forty years or more ago which argued that the Nestorians, East Syrians of Turkey and Persia, were descended from them. For the last sixty years the lost-articles department of history has been increasingly invaded by inquirers for those tribes. A whole literature about them has grown up, and it is by no means bad reading, and affords information about many curious things, even if it fails of conviction. If the lost tribes perished, then a great deal of space in the Bible has been wasted on their beginning and early history as a part of the Kingdom of Israel. If Jacob's prophetic estimate of his children's qualities is to go for naught, why has it been offered and continued to be offered to millions on millions of Bible readers? Few things in the Old Testament are read so much and have excited so much reflection as those forecasts. It is told in the Bible how the Israelites misbehaved, neglected orders, flirted with idolaters, and "cut up" under the influence of bad associates and weak kings, and how the Kingdom of Israel split and the ten tribes got lost from the rest, while the tribes of Judah and Benjamin kept on for a while longer as an organized kingdom. At that time the lost tribes pretty well disappeared from the record of history, but that they continued to exist and to cut a figure in the world was confidently believed for many centuries, so that two epistles in the New Testament are addressed to the dispersed part of Israel.

The story of the imaginative people who want to connect the lost tribes with the history of Europe and especially the British Isles, and through them with the American people, begins with an alleged migration of the Prophet Jeremiah to Ireland in the year B.C. 721. They say he took with him two royal princesses who were his granddaughters; that he settled at Tara, which became a center of civilization and presently the seat of a university. Presumably the harp that hung in Tara halls is the familiar harp

on the Irish flag. That was not all by a good deal. Other tribes are traced by these ingenious inquirers to England, partly out of Bible statements and prophecies, partly by existing monuments, partly by allusions in the writings of profane historians. The names of nations and tribes, sustaining various changes, are used to trace the movement of the tribes that bore them. So the Saxons are said originally to have been Isaac's sons and "British" is alleged to be a word made up from "Brith" covenant, and "ish" man, and means man of the Covenant. There is a story that when the Prophet Jeremiah came to Ireland he brought with him the stone which is now the seat of the coronation chair of England, which is kept in Westminster Abbey and in which every English monarch sits when he is crowned. There is such a chair. There is such a stone, and it is probably known that it came from Ireland. Whether the Prophet Jeremiah brought it there, and whether it is the stone that Jacob's head rested on when he had his dream and when he wrestled with the Angel, are matters proper for discussion and are amply discussed in the various books which relate to the Anglo-Israel suggestion.

The Anglo-Israel people are pretty liberal about the disposition of the world. They do not insist that it is all going to the Chosen People, but they are quite strong for the opinion that the tribes of Israel have been nursed along for offices of special usefulness to mankind. They include the Normans and doubtless the Bretons among the peoples who have had an infusion of the prophetic stock. They include the Celts generally, especially the Welsh. One gathers something out of their books about the early intercourse between the countries east of the Mediterranean and the British Isles which is news to most casual readers of history. The upshot of all these curious investigations is that it belongs to the British, the Americans, and the Jews to hang together and work



together as descendants of Israel, however mixed with other elements, and that they have in common distinctive purposes which differentiate them from the Latin Nations, and the other peoples of Europe.

There is a little monthly paper or magazine—*The New Watchman*—published in Boston that is devoted to the exposition of this curious theory. It is a very good publication, of an excellent spirit, and calls itself “a magazine of spiritual progress devoted to the identification of the English-speaking nations with the lost Israel of the Scripture, and to the mission of Israel restored in all that it means to the world.” It advertises the more recent books which relate to this subject.

Anybody that really wants to qualify as a son of Israel ought to be able to do it. The terms are liberal: the stock is extensively diffused and mixed with other stocks, but watered stock will do. The main inheritance is spiritual, and that may come by assimilation, so the Gentiles may get it.

The suggestion is useful to take some of the curse off of the researches and expositions of Lothrop Stoddard, Charles W. Gould, and Madison Grant who insist with so much fervor that we must be Nordics or perish. Maybe the Lost Tribes are the real Nordics, or found them sympathetic and grafted onto them. Perhaps some of the tribes of Israel merged into the Teutonic race, which Houston Chamberlain insisted was the world's white hope.

A great merit of the Anglo-Israel hypothesis is that it takes the Jews in out of the cold, and provides them with blood relatives in a good position in life. If the British are descendants of Jacob, even in a diluted degree, the Jews can't complain because Jerusalem is in British hands. It is still in the family.

The two great questions that are interesting to us human creatures are: where did we come from and where are we going to? Both of them seem in these times to be in rapid process of

elucidation. A lot is turning up all the time about the world that was, and a lot more about the world that is to come. Between the excavations in Egypt, Chaldea, Crete, Yucatan and other places which reek with antiquity, and the adventures of the spiritists which constantly increase in interest and credibility, we seem to be in good way to get enough information about human life to live it more successfully than it has been lived heretofore. Knowledge is not worth anything, or at least cannot achieve very much, until the human mind is ready to receive it. Knowledge that comes before it can be generally understood is very apt to perish, or at least to lie idle and helpless until general information, or what we call science, begins to catch up with it. There is that old diary of Friar Bacon which seems to have wonderful things in it, but in his day it was not safe to disclose them, let alone try to make them work. All the way down recorded history, which is a mighty short path considering how old the world is, one finds heads bobbing up that had something in them quite out of the ordinary. The habit was to cut them off if they were troublesome and threatened to interfere too much with the existing order. That is not done now. The custodians of knowledge are very jealous, but they do not kill and burn as much as they did, and science really begins to have some imagination. What has been ascertained is so extraordinary that it helps the case of folks who claim that they have greater wonders still to show. The inferior scientists hold on to the idea that what they don't know is not knowledge, but the top scientists know better. They know that they have only scratched the surface of human life and the purpose of whoever ordained it.

These are anxious times in this world. They worry a great many people, and there is abundant reason for all of their anxieties. The great problems left by the war are working out, of course, but they seem to lag about it. There are the

French troops in the Rhineland and much loss of sleep over the problem how to get them out. There is the whole great problem of the reorganization of Europe and how to induce the nations of that continent to work together, trade with one another, get the wheels of commerce moving, and win back order and sufficient sustenance to human life. There is the extraordinary problem of Russia, showing some signs of solution by a partial abandonment of communism, but still grievously complicated by fantastic and rather frantic assaults on all religion, and by the great difficulty of constituting working agreements between the Soviet Government and the others. There are problems in the Near East which have to do with material things, and there are problems of the Far East which are very much concerned with spiritual things. There are the Turks and their destiny to consider, but no visible force in sight that is competent to handle this problem after it has been considered. Of Europe, as a whole, there is no existing management that can handle its problems. In so far as they work out, they work out by the action of underlying forces. The great powers try to take care of their own. The League of Nations is able to do something sometimes, but in the main, the great disease of Europe is progressing under the observation of doctors who have no remedies powerful enough to control it.

With Europe in that state, is it surprising that so many people are on the lookout for new developments in man, new knowledge to guide him, new powers to fetch him out of the predicament that he is in? Those are the people who have bats in their belfries. They want to know. They want to understand. They want to see the path cleared to something. They search the Scriptures to an extraordinary extent, compare with what they find there any outside spiritual information which they can pick up, and keep their eyes and ears open to new suggestions. They think that

what the world most needs is a better and fuller understanding of human life, and they are far readier than they were five or six years ago to examine anything that promises to be helpful to that understanding. A great many people believe in immortality, believe that the dead go on living and wonder that they have not more to say to us—wonder that out of their enlarged experience they do not make to us more suggestions about the conduct of life. More people all the time entertain the belief that they do make such suggestions, are making them now and are trying systematically to perfect communication with the living.

If the common knowledge of mankind is up to the job of straightening out the complications of this present world, well and good; let the possessors of that knowledge do it. The field is open to them and no one is hindering their efforts. But if the job is too much for them, the possessors of uncommon knowledge may very properly bring to notice whatever they know or think they know that has a bearing on the general situation.

Knowledge is in a wonderfully forward state. The flying people, the radio people, some of the doctors, do marvelous things. One reads in the *Living Age* the report of two Frenchmen on the possibility of seeing without eyes. One reads in the newspapers about experiments in hearing with the hands. The latest innovator in the care of eyesight starts out by saying, "You do not see with the eyes; you see with the mind." That is true. One sees with the mind, one hears with the mind. If one can learn to hear without the apparatus of the ear and see without the apparatus of the eye, so much the better. The thought is preposterous, but it is not incredible, so thoroughly it is coming to be recognized in our day that the body is a transitory and defective dwelling and that what really counts is the spirit that lives in it for a while, and presently leaves it and goes on.



## EDITOR'S DRAWER



IT MADE ME WANT TO STAY HOME AND PEEL POTATOES

## I Believed What I Read About Radio

BY HOMER CROY

I WAS living a quiet, happy, normal life until I read in the papers about a boy of eleven who had built a radio set out of old cast-off bed springs and some clothesline-wire at a total cost of sixty-seven cents. By turning a knob he could get Grand Opera. My imagination was fired. If a boy of eleven could do that, what couldn't I do? I was almost forty.

It would be wonderful to loaf around home of an evening in my everyday clothes, turn some sort of knob, reach up into the ether, and pull down an opera which people were paying fifteen dollars a seat to hear. And out of bed springs! I went down into our basement, where we keep everything that we

shall never need, and found an old set of bed springs and some clothesline.

I was happy—soon Galli Curci would be in our sitting room.

I began to read about what radio would do. It made my brain reel.

I found that it would bring the news of the world and dump it down in my sitting room for me. It would give me the weather, it would give me the baseball news. I could hear the greatest singers; the greatest inventors would talk about their inventions. I would hear stirring political speeches by the greatest statesmen in the country. Traffic would be cleared and the President would speak to millions. I thrilled—think of being

able to lean back in my morris chair and have the President give me his views on things! I began to feel sorry for all the people who had died before radio. They had lived in the Dark Ages.

Each day new wonders danced before my eyes. I saw radio compared to the printing press; I saw statements proving to somebody's entire satisfaction that radio had made a greater advancement in the few years since its discovery than printing had in three hundred years.

Radio was going to revolutionize things. I discovered how it could send a message round the world before I could wink my eye. I was stunned by it; I winked my eye again—the message had made another complete trip. Again I marveled. Motion pictures were to be sent by radio. They were to be shot up into the ether, hurled through space, brought down on the other side of the world, tamed and projected on the screen. People in airplanes flying over Hackensack, New Jersey, say, or over Wilkes-Barre—it made no difference where—could talk to people in a submarine beneath the waters of the mighty ocean. Every paper, every magazine I picked up had something about this new wonder. I read how forest fires could be discovered, announced, and fought by means of radio. I read how battleships were now being controlled by radio, how they were sent hither and yon, turned, maneuvered, with not a soul on board—all by radio. I read how men in tanks will advance into the firing line of the future with the voice of their commanding officer sounding in their ears. I read how people being whirled across the country in trains would hear the latest news, talk to friends, transact business; how churches would have mighty but unseen congregations, how forest rangers in the heart of the great woods would dance to Broadway's music and listen to prize fights. I learned how stirring speeches at great banquets where the wit and wisdom of a nation was gathered would be poured into my ear free of charge.

But hold! that was only the beginning.

Radio was not only to make a new man of me, but also it was to make a new woman of my wife. Her day was to be brightened, the monotony of her home work was to be relieved, and in proof I saw a happy wife sitting in the kitchen, paring potatoes with a pair of head-phones over her ears. The strains of an aria were coming in, and on the woman's face was a strangely happy expres-

sion. All my wife need do would be to turn a knob and she could hear the latest news, or the sweet, inspiring strains of a symphony orchestra would come floating out of the empyrean blue into our kitchen. It made me want to stay at home and peel potatoes. But I had my evenings. Commerce couldn't take them away from me. All I had to do then was to unhook something and I should hear lectures on art, science, health, and long life, how to eat, how to sleep soundly, how to breathe properly, how to make paying investments, how to understand psychoanalysis. I had practically wasted my life, up to now. And then I read the prediction of some ambitious scientist. Radio wasn't to be confined merely to the earth. It was an interplanetary proposition. In the future we should communicate with Mars by means of it.

I couldn't wait any longer. I mustn't waste my life in the old humdrum manner. My homemade set was only half finished, so I carried the bed springs and clothesline-wire back to the basement and went out to buy a modest priced receiving set. This was no time to hesitate, to haggle over a few dollars; so I bought one more expensive than I could afford and carried it home. I tried to understand the book of instructions, but by now I was so worked up that I couldn't wait to enter upon this new and wonderful life. I hired the electrician to come in and put it up for me. He assured me that he had done a good job, and when I got his bill I knew that he had.

At last the set was installed. I was now ready to live to the full. I wanted our friends to see the wonders of radio, and I invited them in. I had an amplifying horn attached so that all could hear. All the guests need do was to sit back and marvel at Science.

They came. It was a happy evening in our household. I took pride in my set, in its up-to-dateness. It was a great pleasure to give one's guests something new and surprising—something that would show them what a mechanical nation America is. In fact, I made a little speech about America leading the world in radio. I pointed out how young radio was and how overnight it had become a household necessity. I told them about the paring of potatoes. I told them how radio had linked the nations of the world together, how it had made them one.

"Do you know how long it takes to send a message around the world?" I asked im-



pressively. "As long as this," I said, and winked my eye. "Paris is in our backyard." I waved my hand in the direction of our clothes poles.

"Now," I said, "we shall see what is going on to-night."

I consulted the program, which I had cut out from the evening paper.

"Madame Snitzenbrower, the great contralto, is going to sing to-night," I said. "How would you like to hear her?"

I pronounced her name with relish—she was in the papers and much talked about. Her manager was very energetic.

"Very well," I said, glancing at my watch. "We shall now hear her in 'My Heart Is Ever Thumping.'"

I turned on the amplifying horn. For a few moments there was no sound, then a soft sputtering began. It grew louder, died away, came up and pounded in our ears, then went hooting and whooping off. I began to turn the knob furiously.

"I shall have to tune in first," I said. "I'll catch her in just a moment."

The room was filled with the groans of a million cats . . . shrieking, hissing, snarling. . . . I gave the dial another twist and half a million dogs . . . it was awful.

"Sometimes it does that, at the beginning," I explained. "It's the atmosphere, or

the electricity, or the ether, or something that way that we don't understand."

I said "we" because it made it sound as if they were having things explained to them by one on the inside.

"Now, I've got them," I said. "There!"

A voice came rolling out into the room. This is what it said:

"This is station *Nutt*, this is station *Nutt*, broadcasting on a four hundred meter wave length—tune in accordingly. The announcer is *Goop*, station *Nutt*. All ready. Ah—um—ummm. Can you all hear? If you have any suggestions please write them in a letter or post card and send them to us: General Manager, Broadcasting Section, station *Nutt*, Dipsomania, New Jersey, Dipsomania, New Jersey, where they will be opened and read. It is only in this way that we can improve our service. And that is what we want to do. Radio is still—ah—er—a new art—or science, if you will—and all you good fans must work together to perfect it as rapidly as we can. I have been requested that if Mr. Amos Miller, who used to go to school in Squashville, Herkimer County, with Mr. Abner I. Posthole, is listening to-night will he please communicate with same in care of this company. Thank you! The first selection on this evening's program, as announced, is Madame Snitzenbrower. Unfortunately,



I TWISTED THE DIAL AGAIN. I COMBED THE ETHER

however, Madame Snitzenbrower is not able to be present. Her manager telephoned a few minutes ago that the artist could not appear, but, however, we are able to offer in her place Eddie Pzychiz, the boy wonder xylophonist, already a great favorite with the *Nutt* audience. Eddie Pzychiz himself in person will now play 'Go to Sleep, Little Birdie in the Tree Top.' Ladies and gentlemen, Eddie Pzychiz, the boy wonder. Ten seconds for connections, please."

By adjusting some knobs, I got rid of Eddie, the boy wonder.

I looked at the program hurriedly. I smiled—I had found it.

"They are having a Keep-the-Air-for-the-Private-Consumer dinner at the Cauliflower Club to-night. Some of the biggest men in America are going to speak. How would you like to go? Have a cigarette and I will take you."

In ten minutes I had them.

"Just one moment, please," said the broadcaster. "The dinner is under progress now. The speaking will soon begin."

He was right, for inside of twenty minutes the toastmaster got up. Less than thirty minutes later he sat down.

"That sputtering," said the broadcaster, "was the cheering. Now Senator Ganglion of Texas has the floor."

The words came floating into the room with great clearness—we could almost see the affable senator.

"I am reminded," he said, "of a certain darkey down in our section of the country who laid a bet with another colored gentleman also of our section that he could eat a skylark by Percy Bysshe Shelley accompanied by your favorite entertainer, Mrs. Bert Hogan on the saxophone central standard time which everybody should hear entitled 'Why Die in the Water?' late of the Detroit Ways and Means Committee of the Inter-state showed a slight rise in light brown medium and hennerly whites. With that Sambo called for another dozen and knocking the ends on the table proceeded to fifth annual banquet of the veterans of the Rosenheimer Sash and Blind Company entitled

'How I Make Up' for the feather market at from seven to eight and one half per hundred weight, including shorts."

But I wasn't despondent—I had read so much about the wonders of radio.

I turned through the announcements and adjusted the dial. It was stimulating. Inside of ten minutes we heard how Grandpa Woodchuck bit Molly Cottontail in the ear and how, to teach grandpa a lesson, Farmer Brown decided to dig up all his carrots; and we were told if we were ever lost in the great woods and were faced by starvation how we could tell a mushroom from a toadstool and the proper way to cook the same if we had a sun-glass to focus on some dry grass or small splinters of wood, preferably moss. We listened to a report on world-trade conditions prepared by the investigation and industrial research bureau of the Rahway Chamber of Commerce. We heard five different sandmen put the tiny tots to sleep; we heard eight weather predictions, fourteen sets of time signals, twenty opening prices, and twenty-four closing prices, a musical evening by the Woodmen of the World Band in Ottumwa, Iowa, and an educational lecture on the grid leak.

Our guests grew uneasy and began to look at their watches. I twisted the dial again. I combed the ether—there was a new set of time signals, there was a gulf storm brewing off Corpus Christi or Puget Sound or some place; the child entertainers had begun, a novelty band had tuned up and the closing markets on sugar, coffee, cloves and spices was coming in as clear as a bell, and somebody had named a star for little Alice Jones in Metuchen.

My guests mumbled a few words and edged toward the door. They had walked, but now they were so anxious to get away that they took a taxi.

I still have my radio set. It is practically as good as new. If some boy, who is contemplating making a set of his own from bed springs and old clothesline-wire, will call at my house, my generosity will astonish him.

It will be a pleasure to save him the sixty-seven cents.





### A Literary Eventuality

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN GNOME: *"Why don't you go to sleep? You've had enough schnaps."*

RIP VAN WINKLE: *"Plenty, thanks. I'm waiting for the bedtime story."*

## The Ghost's Complaint

BY ARTHUR GUTERMAN

**W**HY must you meddle, mortal men, with disembodied souls:  
 I speak of painful matters, all-too-recent.  
 O spiritists, O mediums who seek forbidden goals,  
 Your goings-on are flagrantly indecent.

You're welcome to hypotheses of any shade or tinge;  
 We do not mind your funny superstitions;  
 But look for retribution when you ruthlessly infringe  
 The liberties of free-died apparitions!

It's galling to be harried from a comfortable tomb  
 Or cosy haunted house of seven gables,  
 To plunk a silly banjo in an atmosphere of gloom,  
 To tiltup chairs or teeter-tauter tables.

A spook of rare intelligence, admittedly sincere,  
 I may be gently led, but can't be driven.  
 But oh! what foolish questions have bemused my spirit ear!  
 And ah! what antic answers I have given!

They've made me write a novel on a squeaky ouija board—  
 Some nonsense that I hope I have forgotten.  
 "How beautiful! how marvelous!" they cried with one accord;  
 And all the time I knew the stuff was rotten.

I've had my photo taken by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle;  
 That picture is an awful psychic spasm!  
 It's libelous and scandalous! it made me fairly boil!  
 I've lost at least a pound of ectoplasm.

They snatched me from the party at the Second Spirit Church  
 While chatting with a lovely little ghostess—  
 Your arrogant Society for Psychological Research—  
 And that was simply horrid to my hostess.

For Freedom, gallant specters, let our banner be unfurled!  
 We'll glide together, every ghost and brother.  
 You folks had better regulate your own distracted world  
 Before you interfere with any other!



HE: "Yes, I suppose the sea must be in my blood. You see my grandfather was vice-president of a marine insurance company."





*"I ran out of gas. I thought perhaps you might have a little you could let me have to get to the nearest service station."*

*"No, I ain't got no gas, mister. But the last fellow got stuck out here took a bottle of my home brew and got away with it."*

#### A Well-known Name

AMONG the many namesakes of Thomas Jefferson is a colored man who for more than ten years has spent his time in humble but useful employment. He wheels ashes and rubbish of all sorts from the back doors of the houses in a Maryland town and has a decided belief in his own importance to the welfare of his employers.

One day the head of one family went out into his back yard and seeing the colored man at work over the ash-barrel, said, affably:

"Let's see, what's your name?"

"Thomas Jeff'son, sah," was the reply.

"Ah!" said the gentleman, "I think—I am quite sure—I have heard that name before."

"Yassuh, mos' likely yo' has heared it," said the negro,

showing his white teeth. "I's done shovel ashes an' wheel bar'ls out of dis heah alley fo' de las' ten yeahs."



*"Lend me your lip stick, Sally. I want to touch up my prize rooster's comb before taking him to the country fair."*

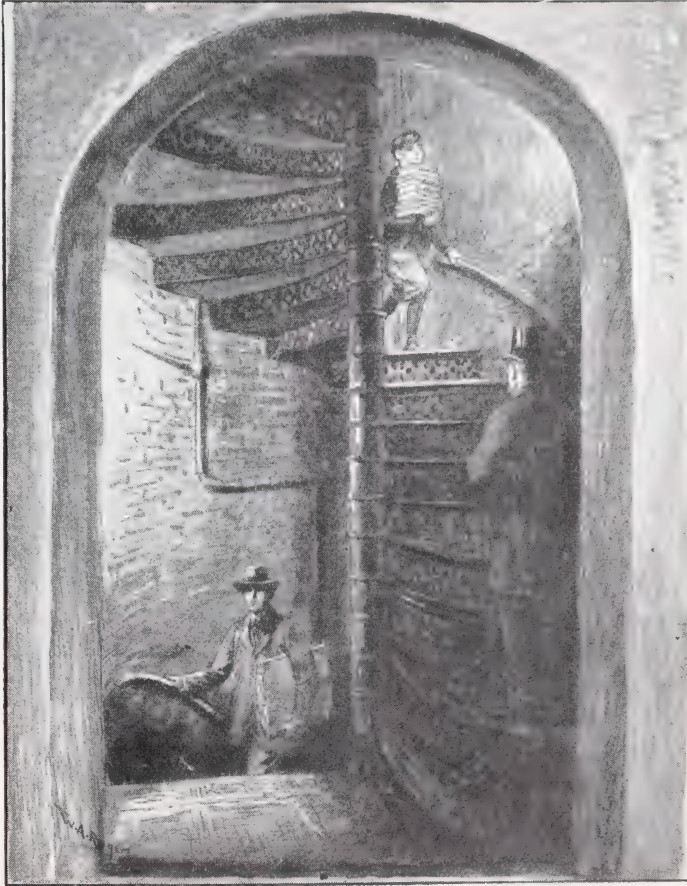




## *Harper's Moves Up-Town*

The expansion of Harper & Brothers' business and a desire to be in a neighborhood convenient to their friends have brought about a move from the historic building at Franklin Square. The executive offices, sales rooms, editorial rooms, the educational, advertising and subscription departments, and Franklin Square Agency, are now to be located in the new Harper building at 49 East 33rd Street.

In the following pages will be found a pictorial story of the old building and its quaint environs.



### *A Stairway to Fame*

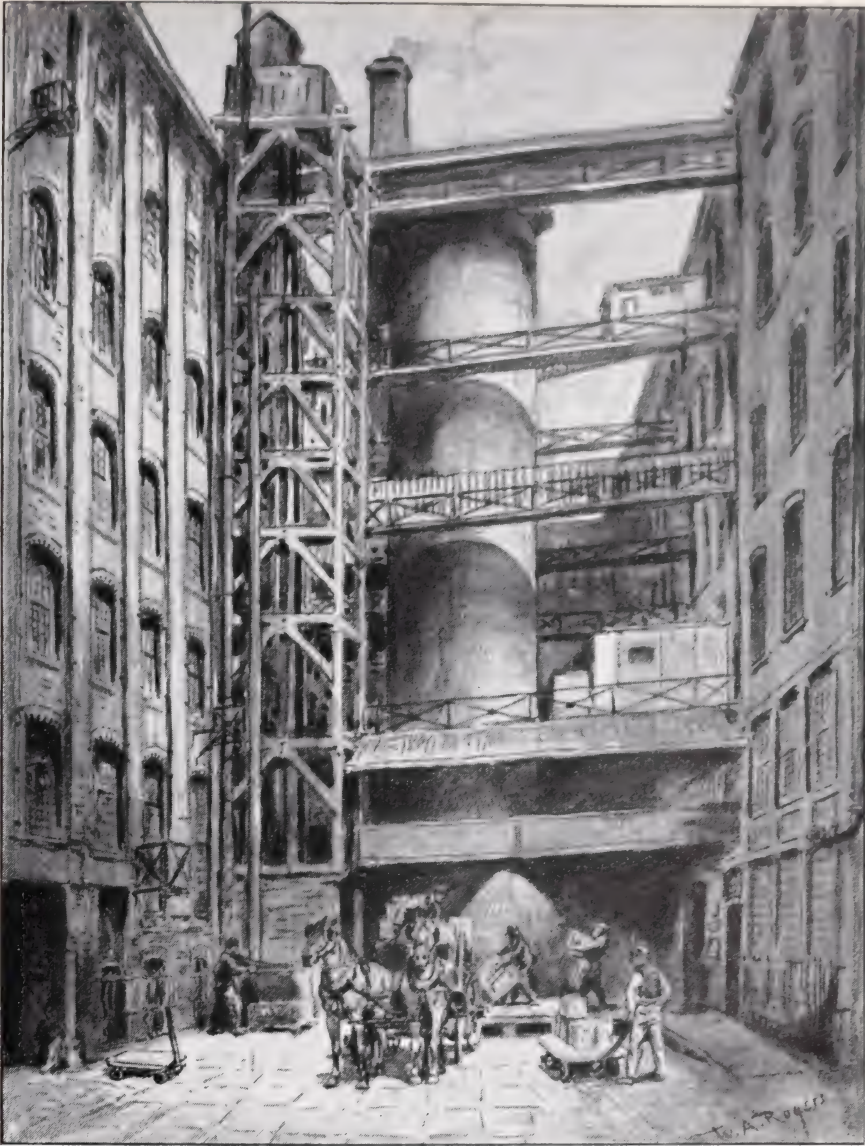
UP THESE mysterious winding stairs have climbed Thackeray, Dickens, Mark Twain, W. D. Howells, and many others who bear the great names in American and English literature of the last seventy years, as well as famous artists, statesmen and dignitaries of the church.



### *The Cliff Street Bridge*

JAMES and JOHN HARPER began business on Dover Street in 1817. In 1825 they moved to Cliff Street, a little winding thoroughfare crossing the old "swamp," as the district is still called, at Ferry Street. Between that time and 1853 the business of the Harper brothers—now four in number—increased until they occupied a great establishment on Franklin Square. Then in 1853 came the fire which wiped out their property in a night. Despite the loss of over one million dollars, the four brothers, with characteristic enterprise and sturdy loyalty to their ideals, went to Peter Cooper, the iron founder, and ordered the castings for the first fireproof structure of any importance in New York.





### *The Courtyard*

*FROM* Cliff Street a low, dark passage for vehicles leads under the rear building of the great Franklin Square publishing house. In this courtyard there rises between the front and rear buildings a brick structure which looks like a massive flume. Inside is the dimly-lighted iron spiral stairway, and leading out of it are iron bridges connecting with the various floors of both buildings. Out of this old court have ridden, in book form, Henry Esmond and Edwin Drood, Tom Sawyer, Ben Hur, Trilby, the buccaneers of Howard Pyle, and many other immortal heroes and heroines.



*The Old Publishing House and Manufacturing Plant in Franklin Square, 1854-1923*





## *The Fire-Place*

MARK TWAIN, William Dean Howells, and many other celebrities have exchanged stories around this fire-place in the private office of Harper & Brothers. In the late '70s the walls were embellished with a series of mural paintings by Edwin Abbey, F. S. Church, C. S. Reinhart and Alfred Fredericks, portraying the various stages in the art of book-making from mediæval to modern times.

## *In Roosevelt Street*

JOSEPH HARPER, a sturdy carpenter, and father of the four Harper brothers, lived at 74 Roosevelt Street in the first years of the nineteenth century. The houses of two of his neighbors, James Moncreif, tavern keeper, at 86, and Jeheil Jasper, mariner, at 88, are all that still stand as a reminder of what Roosevelt Street looked like when the four young printers, James, John, Wesley, and Fletcher lived there.





## *Ferry Street*

**FERRY** Street is a narrow passageway which must have originally consisted of a row of stepping stones across the "swamp" from Gold Street to Queen (Pearl) Street, and thence to Peck Slip Ferry. In the early eighties a strong underground stream, arched over, ran beneath this street, and was connected with the sewerage system. A relic of early days is yet to be seen in the iron grill work on the stoop shown in the picture.

## *Cherry Street*

**THIS** doorway at 43 Cherry Street tells the story of at least a century and a half of constant wear. Dainty boots once stepped across the threshold when George Washington lived only a few doors away at No. 1, where now stands the great granite anchorage of the Brooklyn Bridge. Cherry Street is today a picturesque "foreign quarter," and one sees many strange signs, such as "La Viscayna Fonda Espanol" over this door.





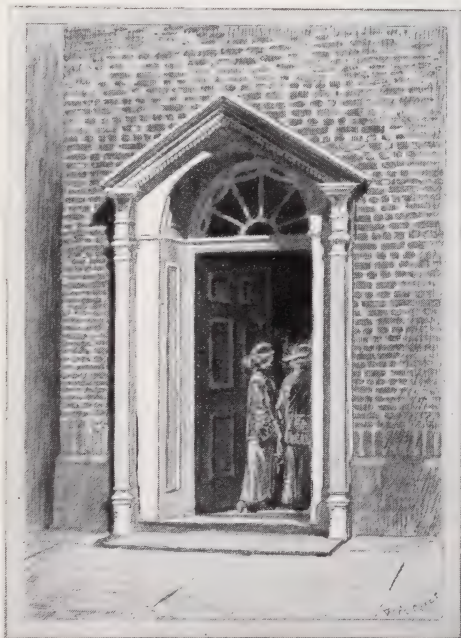


### *Vandewater Street*

*THE* streets in the old Franklin Square neighborhood wandered about, following the contour of the ground, and where they abruptly end there was once a swamp or pond or brook. Vandewater Street started at Pearl Street and ended very quickly at Frankfort. Now it disappears under a gloomy archway beneath the approach to the Brooklyn Bridge. Above its ancient red-brick dwellings can be seen rising out of the mists of Broadway the giant buildings of a new New York. In the old days many prominent families lived in this quaint old street, as the New York Directory of 1823 bears witness.

## *The Four Harper Brothers*

THE success of the four sons who founded the great house of Harper and Brothers owed much to the little home at 74 Roosevelt Street. The father, Joseph Harper, a "handy man," who could turn his hand to any craft, stood ready to back up his boys in every endeavor. He was of sturdy Anglo-Saxon blood, and his wife was a mother with all the stability and industry of her Dutch ancestry.



## *The New Entrance*

A DOOR-STEP not yet worn by any but the feet of the builders is to be seen on East Thirty-third Street. The entrance is designed much after the style of the colonial doorways near Franklin Square. It has an inviting and hospitable air. It is this doorway which now stands open to a new literary generation.





### *The New House of Harper*

THIS quaint and attractive Georgian building at 49 East 33rd Street, and directly adjoining the Vanderbilt Hotel, now houses the book and magazine editorial rooms, the sales-rooms, and the various departments that go to make up the great business of Harper & Brothers. The stock and shipping rooms occupy another building nearby. The actual manufacture of books and Harper's Magazine is now done at a new and thoroughly modern printing plant erected in New Jersey.

## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**Frank I. Cobb** was formerly an editorial writer for the *Detroit Evening News* and the *Detroit Free Press*. In 1904 he joined the staff of the *New York World*, of which he is now editor. **Stephen Leacock** combines both lecturing and writing with his professorial duties at McGill University. His present series of dramatic burlesques will deal next month with the historical drama.

**Rose Wilder Lane** has made an extended trip through the Balkans, particularly Albania, and is at present residing at Constantinople. A volume of her experiences in the Near East, entitled *The Peaks of Shala*, is soon to be issued by Harper & Brothers. A recent short story of hers, "Innocence," published in this Magazine, was awarded one of the O. Henry Prizes for 1922. **Ellen Glasgow** resides at Richmond, Virginia. The best-known of her books are *The Battle-ground*, *The Deliverance*, and *Life and Gabriella*. **Gertrude A. Zerr** is a name new to the readers of *HARPER'S*. In view of the fact that Miss Zerr's "Trails to Tiny Towns" will run through several issues of the Magazine, the following biographical admissions from Miss Zerr will be of interest:

I was the middle one of a family of ten children; I think that's why I love little schools—they are like big families. I was educated in a convent, and I think that is why I love the far places. I had a very happy life at the convent and learned most of the things that have done me the most good, such as sewing, music, French, embroidery, and other pretty arts; but I can remember planning on the day when I should go beyond the gates to the rim of the world. I meant to go everywhere—but there are so many far places in Montana! It took me ten years to see them all, and I have a feeling that, even so, a few of them may have escaped me.

I learned stenography during the war, so that I could enlist in the Navy, and on being discharged, undertook a business career. But there wasn't anything to make it worth while. I missed the companionship of children, and I missed being a part of growing things. When I'm in the far places I'm doing something that nobody can do but me, and I have a consciousness of being one of the makers of the new world. But no matter how efficient I am as a part of a business organization I know quite well that there are other people just as clever who will do just as well when I have gone. I can't bear the hurry and noise of

cities, either; or people's constant chatter about themselves; or "aggressiveness" or "pep"—above all, I can't bear the "pep." I took a term at college every now and then, but it bored me a little. Too much "pep"; too little thought. I took a degree this spring because I want to go to more far places, and it's easier to get appointments if you have proper credentials. I'm going to the South Seas next spring, and then to Alaska, and then I'm coming back to a place I know in the Swan Lake country—it's in the frost belt, and will never be settled—and I'm going to adopt a little boy out of the orphan asylum and both of us are going to live completely wild always. I don't have to save anything for my old age, because the state pensions us when we have taught twenty-five years.

I prefer hiking to automobiles or trains; I like stories of adventure better than Freudian psychology; I would rather ski than dance, though I do dance; I take more pleasure in children and dogs than in clubwomen or business men; know the names of all the stars except the small ones with numbers; resent animals and birds in cages; love pretty clothes, and can make them rather well; won two speed certificates in typewriting—know all about the psychological processes involved. A recent medical examination showed me to have a physiological age of twenty-one.

My little sisters are very beautiful. Two of them are in musical comedy; all of them like cities. My father likes an adorable little town full of apple blossoms and birds.

**Mrs. Henry Dudeney** and **E. Dorset** are familiar names to all *HARPER* readers. **Kerr Eby**, born in Japan and later a Canadian citizen, now lives at Westport, Connecticut. For some years he devoted himself entirely to illustration. Then came the war and he enlisted in a camouflage unit of the United States Army. Returning from foreign service, he turned to etching, and has already made for himself a distinguished position in this delightful art. The group of his etchings in this issue of the Magazine are the results of a recent winter visit to North Africa.

**George Madden Martin** makes her home at Anchorage in her native state, Kentucky. She is a frequent contributor of short stories and serials to the Magazine. Her best-known books are *Emmy Lou* and *Children of the Mist*. **John Jay Chapman** gave up the practice of law for literature. As poet, essayist, critic, and student of the classics, his writings now comprise a number of notable vol-



umes. **Arthur Sturges Hildebrand** concludes in this issue his cruise, "South, for Blue Water," which will shortly appear in book form.

**Dallas Lore Sharp**, professor of English at Boston University, will be recalled as the author of two delightful papers on bee-keeping recently published in this Magazine, "Honey and the Honeycomb," and "The Honeyflow." **Christopher Morley**, essayist and humorist, conducts the "Bowling Green" column of the New York *Evening Post*.



A leaflet emanating from the sanctum of George Jean Nathan and H. L. Mencken, editors of the *Smart Set*, is entitled "Suggestions to Our Visitors." For the benefit of out-of-town readers who have never called upon an editor but who contemplate doing so some day, we may say that this code of procedure is not strictly followed in editorial offices, but it has much to recommend it. We venture to reprint some of the more pertinent—or impertinent—"Suggestions:"

The editorial chambers are open daily, except Saturdays, Sundays and Bank Holidays, from 10.30 A.M. to 11.15 A.M.

Carriage calls at 11.15 A.M. precisely.

The Editors sincerely trust that guests will abstain from offering fees or gratuities to their servants.

Visitors expecting telephone calls while in audience will kindly notify the Portier before passing into the consulting rooms.

Dogs accompanying visitors must be left at the *garde-robe* in charge of the Portier.

Visitors are kindly requested to refrain from expectorating out of the windows.

The Editors regret that it will be impossible for them, under any circumstances, to engage in conversations by telephone.

The Editors assume no responsibility for hats, overcoats, walking sticks or hand luggage not checked with the Portier.

Solicitors for illicit wine merchants are received only on Thursdays, from 12 o'clock noon until 4.30 P.M.

Interpreters speaking all modern European languages are in daily attendance, and at the disposal of visitors, without fee.

Officers of the military and naval forces of the United States, in full uniform, will be received without presenting the usual letters of introduction.

The House Surgeon is forbidden to accept fees for the treatment of injuries received on the premises.

Smoking is permitted.

Visitors whose boots are not equipped with rubber heels are requested to avoid stepping from the rugs to the parquet.

Choose your emergency exit when you come in; don't wait until the firemen arrive.

Visiting English authors are always welcome, but in view of the severe demands upon the time of the Editors, they are compelled to limit the number received to fifty head a week.

The objects of art on display in the editorial galleries are not for sale.

The Editors assume that visitors who have had the honor of interviews with them in the editorial chambers will not subsequently embarrass them in public places by pointing them out with walking sticks.

Photographs of the Editors are on sale at the Portier's desk.

Members of the hierarchy and other rev. clergy are received only on Thursdays, from 12 o'clock noon to 4.30 P.M.

The Editors cannot undertake to acknowledge the receipt of flowers, cigars, autographed books, picture postcards, signed photographs, loving cups or other gratuities. All such objects are sent at once to the free wards of the public hospitals.

Positively no cheques cashed.



Acknowledgment must be made of many letters in appreciation of Charles Caldwell Dobie's latest story. The Editors hope soon to announce more stories by Mr. Dobie. In the meantime one of the letters in praise of "The Fallen Leaf" is reprinted here:

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.

DEAR HARPER'S—As a faithful reader of your Magazine and an admirer of the work of Charles Caldwell Dobie, it is with great pleasure that I have just read "The Fallen Leaf" in the April number of HARPER'S.

I am glad to welcome Mr. Dobie back, for he has seemed a long time absent from your pages, with resulting loss to your readers.

In my opinion, Mr. Dobie's short stories place him among the small group of leading American writers producing the finest fiction of the day. It seems only consistent then that your Magazine, representing as it does the most intelligent modern thought, should contain more and yet more of Mr. Dobie's work.

Meanwhile, please accept my gratitude and appreciation for this very beautiful and appealing story.

Very sincerely yours,

PAULINE PARTRIDGE.



Here is a breezy and friendly note from Texas:

FORT WORTH, Texas.

DEAR HARPER'S—You win! Your April number has done what the most frantic efforts of your advertising staff has failed to do—made me send in my renewal.

My doctor-dad has in the past subscribed to a lot of magazines for each of his married children, and when, because of ill health, he sent checks to each of us this year, I decided we could do without some of the magazines, and all the alluring offers of your pamphlets were in vain. But your April number is such a corker! I believe it has the best

stories, every one of them fine—no duds—of any single magazine issue I've ever read, and the articles are equally delightful. Thanks and congratulations!

Sincerely,

MARJORIE VAN TUYL.

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The Editors were not aware that the April issue transcended other recent issues, but here is another letter typical of many which have been received during the past month:

CINCINNATI, Ohio.

DEAR HARPER'S—I am not a continuous reader of this magazine, and haven't known what I was missing until lately. The April number seems to be unusually interesting, and I have enjoyed it very much.

The anonymous article on the "newspaper woman" piqued my feminine curiosity, and I would like to hear more from her. It is no wonder that Sir Philip Gibbs has called her name first among "interviewers," if her interviews are as clever and attractive as her "confessions!"

I am planning to make journalism my major subject in the future, and I thank her for some valuable hints and material which I hope to be able to use, if she permits.

HARPER's spring stories are splendid, and I like particularly "Muzio," by Bercovici. His language is as colorful as the pigments that his illustrator uses in the frontispiece.

Most sincerely, ANNE COLT.

❖ ❖ ❖

Doctor Ellsworth Huntington's article "The Lordly Sun," dealing with the problem of the earth's climate both past and future, has evoked an interesting response from lay readers as well as from men of science. We hope to print next month a criticism of Doctor Huntington's theories submitted by a member of the staff of Mount Wilson Observatory; this month we make place for the following communication from a reader in Elmira Heights, New York:

DEAR HARPER'S—An article in the March HARPER's entitled "The Lordly Sun," written by Ellsworth Huntington, appealed to me as being a unique conjecture as to the cause of climatic change during past ages of the earth's history. While the article in question is undoubtedly the result of profound thought, and possibly is the correct explanation of some puzzling questions, yet it would seem to be more reasonable to look to the earth itself for the cause of the so-called glacial periods of the earth's history, as well as of the warmer periods in Arctic regions, the evidences of which are too numerous and conclusive to admit of any doubt.

There have been many conjectures as to the cause of observed phenomena. One favorite conjecture is that a change in the earth's axis has taken place at some time long ago. This theory is absolutely impossible, as it requires no argument to

show that the sun's attraction for the ring of matter surrounding the earth's equator, and also the earth's rotation, precludes any possibility of any variation except within very narrow limits. Another untenable conjecture is the one in reference to the variation in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. Now, it would seem to require no argument to show that the temperature of any planet in the solar system depends far more on its own atmosphere than upon its distance from the sun. And also, there is a close relation between a planet's mass and its atmosphere. For instance, the moon has no atmosphere simply because it has insufficient mass to retain one. The moon could pass very near the sun without serious inconvenience, while the earth could not do so on account of an atmosphere charged with water vapor. We read that an eminent astronomer once estimated the heat encountered at the perihelion passage of a comet as something like two thousand times that of red hot iron—presumably meaning red hot iron at the earth's atmospheric pressure at or near sea level; totally ignoring the fact that no observed comet ever had sufficient mass to retain an atmosphere, therefore it could probably pass very near the sun without absorbing enough heat to ignite gunpowder or melt beeswax.

I believe that it is correct to assume that a large amount of material which now forms the earth's crust once existed in a gaseous form in the earth's atmosphere. I believe also that all evidence obtainable indicates that the enormous coal deposits were made when vegetation was propagated principally by the earth's internal heat rather than by the sun's heat, for the reason that atmospheric conditions prevented much of the sun's heat from reaching the earth's surface. Therefore, at that time, there was very little variation in temperature anywhere on the earth's surface, hence little circulation of ocean water. Now, if the earth cooled before the atmosphere cleared sufficiently for the sun's rays to penetrate, it would seem to be unnecessary to look farther for the cause of glacial periods. Bearing in mind, also, that the coal deposits were made in comparatively narrow limits and largely in the northern hemisphere, it seems reasonable to assume that great increase in volcanic action would result. This, in turn, would cause an atmospheric condition that would obstruct the sun's rays through long periods of time. There is no lack of evidence of the fact that this condition was repeated numberless times through indefinite thousands of years before anything like an equilibrium became established.

With these facts in mind it seems fair to assume that the earth will never pass through another glacial period until the final one when the sun becomes exhausted. Also, any marked temporary increase in the amount of heat received from the sun will be automatically adjusted by the melting of the polar ice caps and by the increase of water vapor in the atmosphere. Yours truly,

E. E. BEEMAN.







*Painting by F. R. Gruger*

Illustration for "Knights and Sights of Malta"

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS, A STIRRING PAST AND A VIVID PRESENT

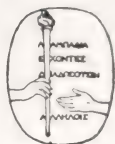


# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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NO. DCCCLXXVIII



## The Personal Touch

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

"CHICAGO argued that engines for printed news sooner or later developed into engines for invasion of privacy, which in turn might bring the old terror of Crowds and blackmail back to the Planet. So news-sheets were not."

Mr. Kipling occasionally permits his indignation to play with the spectacle of a present absurdity, a contemporary peril, become historic. In "As Easy as A. B. C.," from which the above sentences are quoted, he phrases for us what may happen if we persist too steadfastly in certain little twentieth-century ways.

A vice that is frankly a vice can always be put up with, because it offers no defense. It is every good citizen's job to see that he and his are not contaminated thereby. Perhaps the most insidious vices are those that began as virtues, and have been sentimentalized long after they became ugly. It all goes back, of course, to the middle way, and the golden mean, and authentic temperance: all the old classical admonitions to the effect that moderation is the greatest virtue of them all. Even moderation in sin, I take it, to some of

those ancient philosophers, would have been preferable to excess in virtue. Some one or other said, certainly—I refer you to the classicists for his name—that it was more important to know the difference between right and wrong than to refrain from wrongdoing. I am not offering that doctrine as a counsel of perfection; but I wonder very much if what we need, as a community, is not a little more light and a little less sweetness—more perception and less goodness. No one will deny a saint his perfect right to be saintly; but most of us middling folk need to be a little surer than we are that the virtues we are so keen about practising—and making other people practise—are virtues at all.

I am not desirous of "indicting a whole nation," particularly when that nation is my own. Nor do I suppose that we are unique in "invasion of privacy," or even in sentimentality. The yellow press is the yellow press in whatever civilized country. Also, the people who read the yellow press. It is not so much the yellow press, I believe, which we have to fear, as the pink-and-white periodicals which are all for god-

liness. For the important thing, as we were saying, is to learn to recognize those virtues which have gone rotten. The obvious vices can more easily take care of themselves.

No student of history—even the casual amateur—can fail to realize that human nature can pretty well always be counted on to behave, under the same stimuli, in the same fashion. We gape at the marvels of Tut-ankh-Amen's tomb, and feel a curious surprise that there should have been such a civilization as that three thousand years ago. It is salutary, no doubt, for us to realize that the ancient Egyptians knew a great deal without having to wait for the twentieth century to tell it to them. Even more salutary would it be for us to realize that, since Egypt went under, and Greece went under, and Rome went under, we shall probably, in turn, go under ourselves. We have not thought often enough, perhaps, of that hypothetical New Zealander on Westminster Bridge. We have been too apt, always—doubtless it was the same in Tut-ankh-Amen's time—to think that human nature (and therefore history) can or will readily alter its little habits. At the same time there is no doubt that, now and then, an impulse comes into the heart of the race or the nation or the tribe or the community, which is, relatively speaking, new. New, I mean, for that particular human group or human epoch.

Such an impulse surely stirred in Europe—and by contagion in America—in the eighteenth century. Some people call it "Rousseau," though there are as many types of romanticism as of grippe. Romanticism, at all events, can hit the human organism anywhere; and when practically everyone is infected, the complexity of human nature insures an infinite variety of symptoms and after-effects. Egotism, humanitarianism, optimism, pragmatism, publicity—there is no end to the forms the infection can take. Leaving to one side the effects of Rousseau and his followers on politics,

literature, and social theory, let us merely note one simple little state of things. Until the Romantics came in and made inquisitiveness decent, we rather admired reticence. We took it, at least, as a man's right. (Personally, I love the Romantics, and feel that lyric poetry and impassioned prose are their proper bailiwick.)

What helps it now, that Byron bore,

With haughty scorn which mock'd the smart,

Through Europe to the Ætolian shore

The pageant of his bleeding heart?

That thousands counted every groan,

And Europe made his woe her own?

Well: it does not help now, except for sheer æsthetic delight. The point is that, a century before, Europe would not have counted his every groan. When Pope said that the proper study of mankind is man, he did not mean to "boom" for posterity the pageant of Byron's bleeding heart, any more than Terence, with his *nil humani* meant to celebrate prophetically the Russian novelists. Somewhere between the middle of the eighteenth and the middle of the nineteenth centuries was born, in the mind of western Europe, "the personal interest."

It began, one supposes, with the excitement of discovering that the fourth estate was human. That that was a happy discovery, no one will question: the results of it were chiefly political—and usually admirable. In literature, Wordsworth, with his Michaels and Betty Foyes and poor Susans; Burns, with his cotters and Tam o' Shanthers, no doubt helped. Byron's personal interest was largely confined to very remarkable people—beginning with himself; and Shelley never looked, poetically, at human individuals at all. It is absurd to make chronologies—categories, even—for this sort of thing, and we shall by no means attempt it. What we can safely say is that the excitement of finding that psychology was not the peculiar possession



of the few, and that there were a great many more real human beings in the world than Pope or Dr. Johnson would have believed, widened out into a greater interest in the psychology of everybody. People began to poke and probe the human soul—not so much in order to discover more about human nature as to discover more about this or that human being. “Invasion of privacy” had begun, even before the psychologists took over the case system and filed their victims by name in card catalogues. Now, I believe, some people want to finger-print us all at birth, for our fascinating researches into human nature have convinced various publicists that we are all potential criminals.

Sympathy and the desire to understand other people, the better to help them, are originally, I am forced to believe, virtues. But the desire to understand may—if we do not keep our sense of values—turn into mere inordinate curiosity; and if you once get the taste for publicity, you are apt to desire it for its own sake, not for mere redress of wrong. To this we would seem to have come; and no doubt the “news-sheets” are largely to blame. But they can have been only accessories after the fact, for no one would read all this personal stuff if it did not minister to some appetite of his own. If we would call ourselves abominably inquisitive, and let it go at that, it would not matter so much. But we have come to feel that there is something virtuous in our desire to investigate personalities. No one is ashamed of feeling a “personal interest” in a stranger, or of wanting “the personal touch” in his dealings with him. The English-speaking world worried along pretty well for two centuries with the plays of Shakespeare: people read them, memorized them, delighted in them. It remained for us modern folk to publish manifold interpretations of the Sonnets, scandalous or other; and to make Stratford hideous with trippers. Trying to discover “the man behind the book” is an entirely modern pastime.

Shakespeare is apparently safe; though one cannot help feeling that all the theories of Baconian and other authorship are a mere attempt on the part of baffled and maddened inquisitors to ascribe the authorship of the plays to some one about whom they can learn biographical details. It is probably incredible to them that a man could be satisfied to leave Shakespeare’s plays behind him without leaving a diary as well.

Every little while one sees in the newspapers a pathetic request from some one for letters of such and such a person of whom he or she is writing a biography; and often the proposed subject is a person of whom you and I cannot imagine wishing to read the biography in any circumstances. There are two kinds of biography a sane man welcomes: that which deals with a truly extraordinary or amusing mundane experience; and that which deals with a man so important that anything concerning him is of public interest. Otherwise, the *Dictionary of National Biography* and its equivalents are quite enough. I leave out the folk who are sufficiently significant to a particular sect or group—often religious—to make an account of their lives worth while. If there is a demand, there must of course be a supply; and no doubt there is always a sectarian market for the life of a bishop or a missionary. I would not, myself, for anything, have missed the life of Mary Slessor of Calabar—though it was evidently written by, and for, the narrowest type of Scotch Presbyterian. But it is safe to say that the biography of a man is not worth while unless impersonal books about the work he has done are worth while. We ought to get many more critical studies of men’s achievements than we do biographies. But do we? Not only are we deluged with the “life and letters” sort of thing, but we get incredible volumes of reminiscence. If some one of no importance has shaken hands with several people of slight im-



portance, he makes a book out of those gestures.

We were reproached once for asking "what porridge had John Keats?" instead of re-reading *Endymion*; but now we are expected to be interested in everybody's porridge. What is more, we apparently are. Once, biographies were sequent upon death and a decent interval thereafter. Now the living write their own reminiscences—and sometimes write them very young. Mrs. Asquith is by no means unique. All sorts of people are telling, in the magazines and between book covers, everything praiseworthy or striking that they can remember about themselves. The curious thing is that we are supposed to be interested—and doubtless are, for editors are a canny race—in intimate information about people concerning whose achievements, political, artistic, or literary, we really have no interest at all. People will read a chatty article about a man, illustrated with pictures of his home and family, whose own product they would never study or admire, read or look at.

"The personal touch." It is the craving for that, I suppose, that swells the audiences for lecturing foreigners. One quite sees why all the Englishmen come: they enlarge their bank accounts, and they acquire, besides, valuable publicity. Anyone who has seen an author in the flesh is supposed to be more likely thereafter to buy his books. Henry James could not now make old Lady Davenant credible. "This evocation of mortality" (you remember *A London Life*) "led Mr. Wendover to ask her if she had known Charles Lamb; at which she stared for an instant, replying: 'Dear me, no—one didn't meet him.'" The point for us about Lady Davenant is not her snobbishness, but her general assumption that one could be interested in a man's work without being interested in him. She came before "the personal interest" had seeped through all classes of society.

I should not wish to be thought in-

capable, myself, of ejaculating "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?" I would go far—as would you—to see Shelley plain, if that were possible. Most of us, I feel sure, took the trouble to lift our eyes to see Marshal Foch go by. There is one living writer in England whom I would more than cross the street to see—though, I believe, only one. I am glad to have heard, in childhood, the deep, deep notes of George Meredith's voice, and glad to have sat in quiet *tête-à-tête* with Henry James in the garden of Lamb House. I have always been sorry for brushing past Catulle Mendès and not knowing it until he had disappeared into nocturnal Paris. I have always been amused—not annoyed—by the fact that, quite unintentionally, Mr. Paderewski nearly knocked me down once in Vanderbilt Avenue. But it is hard to imagine oneself caring to "meet," or listen to, any but the very great, unless they were guaranteed beforehand charming or amusing. Statesmen or politicians, I think, are in a class by themselves, since their power is a public power, and one's relation to them is precisely the relation of audience to speaker. Invasion of privacy is another matter, and the curiosity which is the cause of it. The proper thing to do with a political speaker is to listen to him: his whole business in life is to get people to listen to him. But the proper thing to do with an artist is to look at his pictures; with an author, to read his works; with an inventor, to use his inventions; with a man of science, to leave him in his laboratory. Not, certainly, to jostle him in the street to get a good look at him; or to worm one's way into the confidence of his cook, in order to be able to say authentically whether or not he likes shell-fish.

There are a few people, in any generation, so truly great that one's vision is, in a sense, forever richer for having included them. When we are old, we shall like to think that we once saw Shelley plain. "*J'aime en*



*vos yeux toutes les mers qu'ils ont vues*" says a forgotten French heroine to a forgotten French hero. My own acquaintance is divided between proud people who saw Edwin Booth act and regretful people who never did. Those who saw him have a happy sense that their eyes are different from other eyes. That is all to the good; and a rich experience of what one's time offers is one of the things to be most grateful for in life. Nor is hero-worship a thing to be stamped out or frowned upon. About a few people in one's own generation one has—legitimately enough, no doubt—a sense that their *mana* (as the anthropologists might say) is so very great that one must profit by merely seeing them; that something which has passed through their hands is indefinably and magically precious. It is not curiosity that takes us to stare at Foch: we know well enough what he looks like. It is—and this the savage would realize, though we may not—an obscure sense that something has been added unto us thereby.

But this sort of interest, though it may be intense, is after all only slightly "personal"; and is, as far as one can see, quite decent. Hero-worship is necessarily limited in scope and is, besides, very exclusive in mood. Whence comes this widespread interest in almost every personality that has ever been heard of, this taste for intimate detail that includes even people one never heard of, until one saw their names in the morning paper? Gossip is perennial; the eighteenth century, one fancies, was as gossipy as any. But a man had to be great to be gossiped about by the intelligent; and eighteenth-century gossip was cultivated and perfected as a *genre* in itself. Wit was more important than "the real dope"; and the art of talk was what mattered. There was, I fancy, very little sentimental interest in anyone; and "the personal touch" was desired only to make a *mot* more authentic. Things are different now.

Pace the feminists, I believe my own sex is largely responsible for this abnormal and impertinent curiosity. Women did not make the yellow press; but they have done more than men, I believe, to spread the pleasant notion not only that porridge is important, but that the investigation of people's porridge is a praiseworthy and lovable habit. My sex has always heard that men's clubs were the worst hotbeds of gossip going; but somehow the men who gossip in clubs do not seem to make a virtue of it. Perhaps I can illustrate better what I mean by referring to certain habits of women's clubs, the country over.

Every one who has ever published a book has had the experience of being written to by some stranger, a thousand miles away, who has to prepare a paper for her club on the hapless author's work, and would like the author to write the paper for her. This request is perennial. That is not very important, though it certainly throws a white light on the value of club study of contemporary literature. One's flattered amazement at being considered worth a "paper" is equalled by one's amazement at any group of women's thinking any writer worth "considering" who is evidently not worth their having their own ideas about. My own notions of the educational value of women's clubs has sunk greatly since I discovered how inveterately they expect the author not only to give them books to consider, but to tell them what to think about those books. Nothing, certainly, could be less calculated to develop the habit of intelligent criticism in the minds of club members. Intellectually speaking, it is as immoral as it can be. More appalling, however, than requests like these are the requests that are beginning to come of late years from the same clubs. Only of one's own experience can one speak authoritatively; but I know that one has only to print anything, anywhere, to be thus assailed. Latterly the form of the appeal is changing. Whereas



once they wanted your own critical estimate of your work to read to their clubs, they now want—that, indeed, but something else. They want an account of your life—as they say, something “intimate.” Within a few weeks I have had requests of the sort from very distant communities. These ladies say explicitly that they want, particularly, details of my family life; details of personal appearance, such as the color of my eyes and hair; facts about my house, husband, and children—and, they do not omit to say, “a cozy, chatty letter, in order to get the personal touch that is so valuable.”

The matter of answering such letters is settled for me, by fate itself. Not having a secretary, sometimes I can, but more often I cannot. To some of the latest I have not replied, because it would be so difficult to do it without rudeness. “Sweet are the uses of obscurity,” a friend of mine once wisely parodied a famous quotation. A fairly obscure person, I feel, should be entitled to some privacy. The color of my eyes is no secret to my acquaintance, and is something I have long ceased to consider of any importance, even to myself. But when strange women in Oklahoma demand to be told it, I feel that I am being morally burglarized. I would defend that information from casual marauders as I would defend my house from unwarranted intrusion. I feel as a householder feels when a strange drummer puts his foot in the door lest it be closed against his conversation. I feel even more as an innocent woman must feel if accident causes her to be searched by a police matron. Except that, in the latter case, one might have a sense of submitting in a vague way to mere Law and Order.

Impertinence is as old as organic life, probably, and I would not put it past a dinosaur to be impertinent in his own fashion. No one has lived to grow up without experiencing impertinence. Also, it would be ungracious of any person to accùse people who are kind enough to

think him worth their interest, of impertinence pure and simple. The trouble goes deeper than that; and illustrations have been used only by way of helping to define our plight. The point really is (is it not?) that we are, in this, as in so many other matters, distorting real values, and calling things by their wrong names. We justify our artificially stimulated interest in a man's private affairs by assuming it to be a part of our natural interest in his achievement. We have somehow come to feel that we cannot appreciate *Endymion* without knowing about Keats's porridge. Therefore, our interest in his porridge becomes moral and desirable. The natural consequence of all this is that a man is eventually hampered in his service to the world. Our forefathers read *Paradise Lost*, for the most part, without thinking about Milton's conjugal affairs. If he had lived in our own epoch, people would be so busy with his family life that they would neglect *Paradise Lost*.

Many of the great works of the Middle Ages were anonymous; and if the “personal interest” mania had been developed at that time, the works themselves would have perished. Public interest in an anonymous work reduces now to an interest in discovering the real author. Having developed publicity first in the interests of public morals, we have come to feel that, because its origins were on the whole legitimate, it is, itself, a creditable thing. In politics, a man has always had to look to himself, though it remained for the “Woman's Party,” I believe, to make a card catalogue of the private affairs of its opponents. We demand not that what a man gives to the public shall please us, but that his home life shall please us. We do not want the information that really counts; we want the information that does not count and is none of our business. Does the public at large wish to read articles, by experts, on the musical achievement of a composer? It does not. But if it has ever heard of



him at all, it is willing to read articles by non-experts telling whether he prefers parrots to canaries, and whether or not he breakfasts in bed. It would not matter so much, did we not deceive ourselves into the belief that knowing he breakfasted in bed was the same thing as appreciating his music. It is, as we said, not the recognizable vices, but the virtues that have turned rotten, which we need most to be aware of and to fear. The sole excuse for our wishing to know about even Shakespeare's breakfasts is that no information about supreme genius can come amiss: any information may help us to realize the conditions under which genius can best operate, and that realization may help us to hold up the hands of genius when we find it—if we find it—in our own time. But this is not precisely the purpose or the result of the chatty articles.

No sane person—except for those rare instances of hero-worship—cares especially to know about the porridge, or the complexion, of the particular artist, or scientist, or man of affairs by whose work he profits. But on this point, we are growing less and less sane all the time. If a man's work is good, it exists in and by itself and stands on its own feet. Every bit of interest we divert to his person is diverted from the thing he wants us to care for—namely, the thing he has toiled hard to offer us. No one in the United States is more of a household name than Mr. Edison. We all use Mazda lamps, and we are certainly never allowed to forget that Mr. Edison was responsible for them. That is no reason why, once a year (I suppose it is only once a year, though it seems much oftener) our intelligence should be assaulted by a column on the front page about how Mr. Edison spent his birthday. If our interest in Mr. Edison is so overwhelming that it must somehow be manifested, we might occasionally light our Mazda lamps an hour earlier than necessary. If we were really interested in an author, we should reread his work, instead of asking—at the point

of a pistol—whether or not he drinks black coffee after his dinner. Every bit of impertinent curiosity about the man draws off energy that should go into appreciation of him. For curiosity is not appreciation; and it is one of our greatest intellectual sins to pretend that it is. What we are really coming to do is to neglect the important things about a man for the sake of the unimportant things. There is less intelligent interest in the work of the world than there used to be, just because there is more desire for "the personal touch."

Literary or artistic criticism, for most of our millions, consists of liking or not liking a man's taste in food, his clothes, his mode of life, his looks. In the mental field, we are perilously near a confusion of *meum* and *tuum*. Even murder, if you choose to look at it from the point of view of the murdered, is only the supreme impertinence. A man has lost the right to live for himself and his chosen circle; and if he has given to the world a sonnet-sequence, he must be prepared to disclose to it the color of his pajamas. Naturally, the people who are reading about the color of his pajamas are not reading his sonnet-sequence. *But they think they are.* Surely this is one reason why art and letters are not progressing among us. What Europe has always found it difficult to understand in America is its intellectual dishonesty—its refusing to look at anything until a pretty name has been provided. Europe has plenty of vices—it may be, more than we; but it does not confuse pajamas with sonnet-sequences. It does not call gossip criticism. It can cross the biggest bridge in the world without wondering whether the engineer who built it had blue eyes, and without feeling somehow imperiled in transit if he happened to eat with his knife.

The real trouble with all this curiosity is the disloyalty involved. I am not such a cave woman that I should not prefer, on the whole, taking my chance with the celebrated or the near-cele-



brated, at a dinner party, than with strangers of whom I had never heard—though I am enough of a cave woman to prefer to anything else a group of my tried and trusted friends. Now and then an encounter of the sort is greatly worth while: the personality is even more than the work. But generally speaking, the man who has achieved stands out from the ruck much more by what he has achieved than by what he can offer to a stranger, personally, in a single social hour. We are disloyal to the best in him when we neglect his real significance in order to go chasing off after his personal idiosyncrasies. We are very disloyal to real values when we permit ourselves to think that knowing about his personal affairs is the same thing, or as good as, knowing about his work. If some fortunate antiquarian could unearth an authentic account of Shakespeare's life, the public would be more excited than if the same antiquarian could unearth an authentic Shakespeare play. People who do not read Shakespeare from year's beginning to year's end would tear the book, each from other, to read the "real dope" about Anne Hathaway and the Dark Lady, and Southampton or Pembroke. All Shakespeare criticism would be rewritten—though the plays would remain the same. The eighteenth century has many faults; but it would never have made the mistake of thinking Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians* biography. It would have known perfectly that Mr. Strachey, being very much of his period, had been interested only in the kind of personality he could create on paper for a gullible public. No one who treated Gordon's Journals at Khartoum as Mr. Strachey treated them is a historian, of course, or a biographer, in any serious sense. He had his cynical formula: to make human beings real by making them disagreeable. It is the converse of our habit of eulogy, and, to a public tired of eulogy, Mr. Strachey's clever prose made good reading. But it is as

immoral to suppress people's virtues as it is to suppress their vices in any biographical account; and Mr. Strachey's book was as gross a piece of impertinence and disloyalty as any gushing, intimate interview in any newspaper.

It used to be said that no man was a hero to his valet. Nowadays we are bent apparently on proving, concerning any notable or semi-notable person, either that he is a hero to his valet, or—if we belong to the Strachey school—that he never could have been. In other words, what we really care about, with any hero, is what his valet thinks of him. The Kaiser's dentist, the Kaiser's barber, are listened to as if our knowledge of world politics were being increased. If you cannot get at the great general, get at the great general's housekeeper: then you will be able to discuss his strategy intelligently. The man who made the epigram we have just quoted would have been alarmed indeed had he suspected that a later century was going to rest all its criticism on valet's evidence. He had not foreseen "the personal touch," or realized that we should care less about a man's demeanor at a Cabinet meeting or on the battlefield than his reactions, in his own dressing room, to the state of his razors. Even when Tennyson told us that kind hearts were more than coronets, he did not mean to say that kind hearts *were* coronets. You may be very sure that he knew the difference. Macaulay had very scathing things to say about the people who defended Charles I as a ruler on the score of his being a good husband and father. Had he lived a little longer, he would have seen us making that easy substitution of terms, every day, for the living, whatever we may do for the dead.

"I have read only one of his novels; but I have met him. He has blue eyes, and he's very charming." You hear it every day—and behold, it is criticism. When the hapless notable is charming, even, it is not so hard on him; though it is unfair to make an



## PERVERSE

explorer, a poet, an engineer, or an artist, pay with his person when he has already paid with his work. But when the hapless notable is not charming—and charm is rare in any social group whatever—it is more than unfair, it is cruel.

Worst of all is our being willing to take the valet's word as to the man's whole significance. As usual, our vices, or our rotted virtues, are most detrimental in the long run, to ourselves; and what we need blame ourselves most for is not impertinence, not unkindness

even, but the habit of saying the thing which is not, and of calling things by their wrong names. When Milton said that the man who would write well hereafter in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem, he did not mean that we were to take the latter in lieu of the former and read a man's life instead of his verse. Strictly speaking, he was, if you like, discussing technic—the *ars poetica*. But Milton had never heard of either Chautauqua, or the modern newspaper, or "invasion of privacy," or "the personal touch."

## Perverse

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

**N**EITHER will I put myself forward as others may do,  
Neither, if you wish me to flatter, will I flatter you;  
I will look at you grimly, and so you will know I am true.

Neither when all do agree and lout low and salute,  
And you are beguiled by the tree and devout for the fruit,  
Will I seem to be aught but the following eyes of a brute.

I will stand to one side and sip of my hellebore wine,  
I will snarl and deride the antics and airs of the swine,  
You will glance in your pride, but I will deny you a sign.

I will squint at the moon and be peaceful because I am dead,  
I will whistle a tune and be glad of the harshness I said.  
*O you will come soon, when the stars are a mist overhead!*

You will come, with eyes fierce, you will act a defiant surprise.  
Quick lightnings will pierce to our hearts from the pain in our eyes,  
Standing strained and averse, with the trembling of love that defies.

And then I will know, by the heartbreaking turn of your head,  
My madness brought low in a hell that is spared to the dead.  
The upas will grow from the poisonous words that I said;

From under its shade out to where like a statue you stand,  
Without wish to evade, I will reach, I will cry with my hand,  
With my spirit dismayed, with my eyes and my mouth full of sand. . . .

# Nights and Sights of Malta

BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN

"**T**HAT is certainly Malta," we told each other as we stared out into the almost painfully shimmering lapis-lazuli Mediterranean. Bystanders on the deck of the little Italian tub murmured that they could see nothing.

But Frederic Gruger and I are exceedingly nautical persons. So eager were we to leave our ship after only some fifteen hours aboard her, that we were scanning the horizon for landfall, and we raised land, I am certain, long before the Sicilian skipper did. He had held his ship a whole night in the harbor of Syracuse because he had not dared to sail out in a breeze—to undertake an eight-hour voyage! And now a faint pearly shadowiness in the translucence beyond cheered us with the hope of land. We could not possibly go wrong. Somewhere ahead of us in that cobalt sea must be the island of Malta.

Two hours later we were entering one of the most exciting harbors in the world. "Under the guns of St. Elmo" is a phrase that reverberates in one's mind from recesses of past reading; and here were St. Elmo and the Ricasoli fortress of a creamy yellow against the blue of the harbor, seeming to make for us like great battleships about to bear us down. A brilliant sun was pouring a warm tremulous light upon waters, forts, and shipping, and suddenly Valletta, a radiant orange-colored city, touched up with green like some successful stage setting, began to cascade backward before us, to lure us up the rock, to lure and to invite.

"So this is Malta," we concluded brilliantly, and a great sense of cheerfulness, of jubilation almost, flamed up in our minds. For like only a very few

spots upon the earth, like Venice, Taormina, and possibly Bruges, reading and pictures and post cards had failed to ruin it for us. It surpassed our most elaborate expectations. It is beautiful with a beauty that no one can render upon canvas or paper. It has a sense of life, a soul and a mystery, that cannot be reproduced. At once all the discomfort and hardship of attaining it are wiped out like a sum upon a slate. Eagerly we hailed a boatman.

In the Mediterranean, if it is at all possible to avoid a pier, your ship will scrupulously avoid a pier. It is not because landing must be made as difficult as possible, though that is a worthy object. But the boatmen, who have been boatmen since the days of Ulysses, must somehow live. Those boatmen in their brilliantly painted gondolas take violent possession of you and bargain in shillings. English money again after the filthy currency of Italy! Then suddenly you hear a stream of language that sounds like Hebrew, and is in reality a mixture of Arabic, Punic and Italian, and you know you are in Malta, notwithstanding the shillings. Smart British naval uniforms in cutters and dingies flit about you. A British cruiser rides at anchor in the lower harbor.

"I'd like to spend about a week just rowing about this bay, making sketches," observes Gruger. In every spot he wanted to spend either a week or a month.

The customs and police lines are easily passed. The stilted little *carrozin*, a fragile, rattling one-horse vehicle that seems built for a child, carries us all, driver, self-attached guide, and all of our hand luggage, in a mad climb up the rock.





CATACOMBS OF ST. PAUL AT CITTÀ VECCHIA

The driver makes an observation to the trifling horse in Punic and up he goes rattling in and out, ever upward, through the tunnelliike balconied streets, oriental, Italianate, but of amazing cleanliness—English.

Massive buildings are the shops and warehouses and massive swarthy gentlemen are the proprietors at the doors. They have had so many masters since the days of the Phœnicians! They are themselves said to be part Phœnician. But they survive. Their eyes are as shrewd and alert now under the Union Jack and the Maltese Cross as they probably were in 1500 B.C.

The first impression of Malta is simply delightful. Hotels were full and no wonder. We drove to several before we found lodgment. Gruger's perpetual hunger that accompanied us like an

intimate third person, now rose up lustily and at four o'clock in the afternoon we set out in search of luncheon. All the life and color of the Strada Reale, which I expected to captivate the artist's eye, seemed to make the slenderest of impressions upon him. The Maltese guide still faithfully dogging our footsteps, with gazelle-eyed meekness offered to lead us to the best restaurant in Valletta—the National. The artist's eye brightened for a moment—until we took in the exterior of that restaurant. That exterior was less brilliant than it might have been.

In reckless mood, under pressure of hunger, one of us abruptly demanded:

"Where would the Governor go if he were hungry and wanted a good meal?"

"The Governor!" gasped the dapper little guide with a startled look in the

gazelle eyes. "The Governor has three palaces—he can eat in any of 'em."

"How snobbish of him!" we murmured and decided to risk the restaurant—which after all proved excellent. But the little guide vanished away. The sacrilegious reference to the Governor was a bit too disturbing for him.

When we emerged replete, with that feeling of a kindly opulent nature that a good meal can give, the artist's eye, now singularly bright and genial, roved up and down the Strada Reale, toward the Library Square, toward the Guard House of yellow stone, over the lovely simple façade of the Governor's Palace, with its long straight line of green-shuttered balcony, against the chrome-colored walls, and he laughed aloud for joy.

Valetta was a city in a thousand, we knew. We knew that to have missed it would have been to miss one of the sights of the world. The declining sun over the orange tints seemed to evoke a city of gold. Trees are scarce in Malta, but in the square were trees and flowers. It was February, but warmer than the Riviera in April or England in May.

We wanted to make a meal of Valetta—to swallow it whole. We roved about aimlessly this way and that, and everywhere were new pleasures. Imagine coming upon a street that is all steps, half a mile of steps leading down, down to sea level and all the massive houses and buildings arranged in two beautiful rows, with perfect sky lines, going down to the vanishing point like a lesson in perspective!

"Those Knights of Malta knew how to build," we said, for it was they who had built Valetta, symmetrical as an American city but of a color impossible in America. To tell the truth, however, you give them little credit enough. Though you see their handiwork everywhere, you keep perpetually forgetting them. For Malta is so much more than the product of some three centuries of the Hospitallers! One of its neolithic temples alone—but to that I shall come

later. In any case, the city is so alive, so vivid with sunlight and brightness, so full of gay uniforms, good cigarettes and Bond Street shops, that you find it difficult to think of the bygone Knights and dead Grand Masters filling the crypts of St. John's Cathedral.

English lads and girls in white flannels, jolly clear-faced little midshipmen and young officers, were going out in motors and *carrozins* to the polo ground or the tennis courts across the bridge at Marsa, or crowding into Blackley's for tea, or hurrying into the clubs, formerly the seats of the Knights. And, moving up and down the pavements and the square were the Maltese themselves, dark as Orientals and light as Saxon Englishmen. They have generally been considered as principally a Semitic race, with much of the Arab in them, but recent scholarship makes them out a Pre-Aryan Mediterranean race of African origin, kindred with others in Europe of a great antiquity, and extraordinary purity. Be that as it may, they are now a free people since, in 1921, they ceased being a Crown Colony and now have a constitution and parliament of their own; and the streets are full of politics.

As our hotel terms included afternoon tea in the general *pension*, Gruger began to turn his steps homeward with the unmistakable indications of hunger. By the time we reached the hotel tea was over, and to go forth to seek it in the highways seemed too great a labor. So Gruger, never to be foiled, took it out by sleeping until dinner time, with an innocent infant's readiness to slumber the moment his head touched the pillow.

We dressed like gentlemen in the evening, and with English currency in our pockets set out for the opera. *Pagliacci* with an act of *Forza del Destino* for a curtain raiser, was admirably sung, but that was hardly the point for us. We are neither of us musicians. What struck us most, coming as we did from Sicily, was the magnificence of the opera house, its cleanliness, the absence of fleas and dirt from the floors, the dress of the



## KNIGHTS AND SIGHTS OF MALTA

women, Maltese and English alike, and the charm of British uniforms. They have a way, these British officers in distant spots of the Empire, of looking their parts so satisfyingly. The English subaltern looks as English as Westminster or Trafalgar Square, and if you can take your eyes from the knees and the kilt of the youth from the Highland regiment, you see a Scottish face that you could not mistake for anything but Scots the world over.

The scene shifts. (It had better shift rapidly if I am to describe Malta in a single article.) By way of the euphonious suburbs and towns, Floriana, Bircarcara, Attard, we are spinning in an excellent American car to Notabile—Città Vecchia, the ancient capital of Malta, before the Grand Master Jean de la Valette had built Valetta. Imagine a country made up entirely of chrome-yellow, orange, and red stone! All the stone walls are of these colors, and the soil itself seems to shade into the fences harmoniously, or the walls into the soil—a whole glowing world under a cloudless sky, a careless sun. Here and there the black-green bushy heads of carob-trees dot the rufous expanse. Farm houses of stone, their walls of stone, their ancient wells—a red petrified land, but for the laborious swarthy men in the furrows and donkeys patiently ambling.

"It's like the Holy Land, by George!" exclaims Gruger. He has never been in the Holy Land. But such is the

depth of his piety, he has intuitively divined it. And, indeed, this sun-baked petrous landscape realizes all the visions you have formed of the Palestinian region. No wonder St. Paul felt at home here after his shipwreck!

The car winds in and out among narrow streets of massive buildings, the same Maltese red stone, all stone—not a tree, a shrub, a blade of grass visible anywhere—into the piazza of the Cathedral of Saints Peter and Paul.

The piety of the Maltese is extraordinary. They are always praying, always filling their many churches. A



THE MALTESE CARROZIN SEEMS BUILT FOR A CHILD



*Drawn by F. R. Gruger*

THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE WHERE ST. PAUL LIVED



## KNIGHTS AND SIGHTS OF MALTA

mass was being celebrated in the choir of the Cathedral as we entered. And it is no wonder. Their religion is very close to them, very personal. That very Cathedral stands upon the site of the house of Publius.

And Publius, as the verger easily informs you, was the son of the Roman Governor of Melita when Paul was shipwrecked there. Paul was entertained in this house. He was made much of. He converted both the governor and his son to Christianity and ordained Publius the first Bishop of Malta. It is all very simple to the Maltese, a thing of yesterday, and the fixing points of their narrative are there at their hands.

The church is beautiful, cool, tranquil as churches should be. It contains some rare and lovely things. There is the usual Madonna, painted by St. Luke—one of scores throughout the churches of southern Italy; but what interested us more was a tall silver cross brought by the Knights from Rhodes, a marvelous picture of St. John, paintings of scenes in the life of St. Paul, and so on. I am not going to describe it. To me the notable thing was the personal memory the votaries harbor of the Apostle. There on the right of the choir was the exquisite little chapel standing, so they said, precisely over the spot where had stood the house of Publius. In their minds they could easily see Paul sitting down there in the cool Roman room, rising up there, narrating the catastrophe of the prison ship, his experi-



THE LION OF THE KNIGHTS STILL STANDS GUARD IN VALETTA

ence with the lizard, or adder—an eloquent talker, no doubt, as his writings show.

Of course, that is not all there is to Città Vecchia. It is full of wonders, that red silent city, that might have been hewn out of a monolith. Pilgrims from all the world continually arrive there. There is St. Paul's cave beneath the church of St. Publius just outside, a step, in the suburb of Rabato. In that cave in the soft rock Paul is said to have lived for three months. Why in a cave, when the governor's house was open to



*Drawn by F. R. Gruger*

THE CATHEDRAL IS BUILT UPON THE SITE WHERE ST. PAUL WAS ENTERTAINED



him, appears uncertain. But there at any rate is the cave, and in the dusk of the long stair leading downward many a devotee sits and prays whole hours, days, weeks.

"And here," said the guide who showed us the cave, "is daily enacted the miracle of St. Paul. For though it is now more than 1864 years since St. Paul was here and pilgrims during all that time have chipped away the stone for mementoes, the cave remains exactly the same size it has always been."

We refused to despoil the cave further by taking any chips of stone from it ourselves, and went upward again into the air.

And this outer air of Notabile in Malta is quite peculiar and apart from all others in the world. It is very clean for one thing, and the reddish-yellow buildings seem to have a consecrated atmosphere without any of the glare and squalor so often belonging to shrines. No troops of beggars molest you, only a few native men and women stare after your car. A barefoot boy offers to lead you to the next "exhibit." Red, dignified, monolithic city—how superbly it stands there after all vicissitudes and conquests! You almost resent its indifference, but the thick ochre walls seem to be saying:

"St. Paul stopped here but yesterday on his way to Rome. Do you think we can be excited about you?"

No human being, it seems, can resist catacombs. Personally, I cannot bear them, and yet always if a catacomb is nearby I must enter it, gaze into the dark recesses, satisfy that something of the cave-dweller which, I suspect, remains in us all. Catacombs are all alike, but each seems novel, strange, mysterious. Gruger is the only man I have met who seems completely at home in them.

In those catacombs of Città Vecchia at Malta I was almost suffocated. They are called the catacombs of St. Paul. A glib boy with Maltese English tells you the most preposterous stories as he guides you. The burial bins, or recesses, where you see the stone hollowed for the

heads and bodies of the eternal sleepers now gone, he glibly declares were homes of early Christians or of prehistoric families who lived there for generations.

"Here slep' the fadder, here the mudder and 'ere was the baby," he rattles on. The round stone tables where the last supper of the friends of the dead took place was, according to the boy, the mill where the families dwelling in that luxury ground their corn. Your head swims and reels. Your breath automatically shortens as your lungs resist that dead sunless air, and the force of life in you sinks, sinks—

"Where is the door?" I demanded of the wretched boy.

"Only three minutes away," he replied absently, going on in his monotone about "fadder and mudder and baby."

"Lead me to it at once," I cried, stifled, "by the shortest way."

Gruger, however, seemed happy, composed and calm, perfectly at home in those nether regions.

Once you emerge from the catacombs, the city presents a new aspect to you. It is a dead city you realize—all dead—a tomb. No birds sing, no trees rustle. Even the living there are only ministers of the dead. It is beautiful, but you feel you must flee it—this vast mausoleum, this museum of eschatology.

"Drive fast," you say to the chauffeur and put your head out of the car to fill your lungs with the wind of motion.

"Where shall I go?" he asks.

"Go to St. Paul's Bay."

"It is five miles," he says.

"I wish it were ten. Let's go."

Once you descend the steep slope over perfect roadways and look behind you toward Notabile—or Medina, as the Arabs called it, the impression of a mausoleum is stronger than ever. With its cathedral and blocks of masonry, it seems to rise like a gigantic monument, a vast necropolis, yet commemorating a great and living event.

Through well-tilled fields with their perpetual stone fences you drive toward that spot of beach where the ship from

Cæsarea, bearing St. Paul and his fellow-prisoners of Rome, struck "between two seas"—nearly 2,000 years ago. The Euroclydon, or the Gregale, as it is now called, the cold north-easter that bore the ship ashore, can blow as chill and wet to-day as it did in A.D. 58, and not so long ago the British war-vessel *Sultan* was lost there in very similar conditions. A watch tower, built by the Knights in 1610, and a small church stand on the spot where St. Paul landed. A village has spread round these monuments and there is even a hotel. On the little twin island, Il Gzira, stands a titanic statue of St. Paul to commemorate the great event. But, indeed, the whole of Malta commemorates it. In a way, that is the gateway by which entered Christianity into Europe, and every creature on the island seems in a manner conscious of the fact.

Everyone had insisted that we must see the church of Moustà. Neither Gruger nor I are any longer of those inveterate sightseers that dare not leave a church or chapel unseen. The fresh dry air of Malta suited us better. But infallibly the chauffeur drove up to the great-domed church, and a handful of priests and worshipers stood on the steps gazing at the arriving strangers.

The priests politely lifted their hats. We did the same. In the church, as bare and new an edifice as any, there surely was the great naked dome—as large as—I forget how large it is. But they compare it with St. Peter's in Rome. It did not detain us, however. Through the clear twilight we drove hotelward very rapidly.

The sun was warm and brilliant, the streets and the library square were full of people, and Gruger was bent on roving up and down the city, sketching and photographing angles, scenes and corners.

But like a conscientious schoolmaster, I nagged him with the duty of seeing the Governor's Palace—the residence of the bygone Grand Masters, the elaborate

remnant of chivalry of the Hospitallers. Gruger desired to "snap" another herd of milch-goats, another market, another *carrozin*, but with a moral force greater than his own, I carried him off into the precincts of authority.

The sweetness of his disposition, however, his docility, went to one's heart and I promised him we should not linger there a moment longer than necessary.

Which brings me to a point. Has anything suffered a greater eclipse of late than the interest in palaces? The traveler and tourist in time gone by could no more slight a palace than a donkey could pass a green bush without nibbling at it. Now, however, they seem mostly fed up with palaces.

Gruger, who had rebelled against the interior of the palace, and desired only to sketch the outer court, soon became intensely interested in the toy pistols, daggers, swords, scimitars, and primitive cannon with which the Knights for so long had fought the Turks.

Personally, I hate collections of weapons. To me they are no different from so many implements of the mediæval butcher's craft.

"Come this way, Gruger," I called the artist to a glass case, "and I'll show you the original Bull by which Paschal II in 1113 officially assumed the protection of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem."

"I have heard so many bulls," he answered absently, and riveted his gaze upon a combined dagger and pistol that looked particularly bloodthirsty. We saw them all—the early cannon, the pikes and the halberds, the deed to the island from Charles V of Spain, dated March 23, 1530, and the trumpet that sounded the retreat from Rhodes in 1522. We saw ballrooms, chairs, candelabra, all the showy appurtenances of a palace. We saw portraits of so many Grand Masters, our heads swam.

What interested us as much as anything was the Parliamentary Chamber where the quondam Governor-General is now merely the presiding officer. All the elected members of parliament are



equipped with sumptuous desks and outfits in great style. The governor on his dais sits at a small deal kitchen table, and that must be very pleasant to the Maltese, who have had so many rulers since Phœnician days that they cannot remember them.

To discipline Gruger because he had seemed so eager to get out of the palace, I made him see the Cathedral the same day.

"Couldn't you just take a squint at it," he begged, "and let me bum around out in the streets?"

"No!" I told him vociferously. "All the Grand Masters lie buried in that church. What will you say to your grandchildren when they ask you about the place?"

"Oh, I'll tell them a few things," he muttered, but with his usual docility and patience he came.

It was then we realized that the palace had exhausted us. All of Città Vecchia had left us less fatigued than that one palace. There is something devastating in staring at other people's living quarters and furnishings. It is like accompanying one's wife on a shopping expedition.

The Cathedral was cool and empty except for a couple of workmen repairing the mosaic of a tomb worn beneath the feet of the worshipers. Grand Masters galore are buried here all up and down the nave in the chapels, corners and crypt, that is what is left of the Knights of Malta—dust under little oblongs of fine mosaic and names daintily embroidered in stone.

The different *langues* or nationalities (languages) had each its chapel, for the Knights of Malta were a sort of international soviet, and each *langue* vied with the others in making its chapel the most splendid in the cathedral—the *langue* of Provence, of England, of Portugal, of Spain, of Austria, of Auvergne and Italy. From being merely a monkish order of hospitallers bent upon helping the pilgrims on their way to and from Jerusalem, they very soon

donned the sword and mail and became a fighting order like the Templars. They were supposed to hold the Turk at bay. Anyway, they had a very good time fighting, ruling, collecting slaves for their galleys; and, if pilgrims did stop at Malta between Europe and Jerusalem, they were doubtless well entertained. But the way is so long and Malta is after all only a dot in the Mediterranean.

It was on the 9th of June, 1798, that Napoleon Bonaparte sailed in with his fleet and insisted upon entering the island, but he did not hold it long. England has held it longer—in fact, ever since.

And there they lie, all those Grand Masters who made such a to do while in life, their armorial bearings over their graves, finely wrought in rare and colored stone, as if, said Thackeray when he saw them, "as if in the next world they expected to take rank in conformity with their pedigrees."

There are one or two excellent paintings by Carvaggio and Il Calabrese, and there is the wonder of the silver railings in the chapel of Our Lady of Philermos that had been painted black by some clever person and so fooled Bonaparte into leaving them alone. A very lovely church.

"But you know it's lunch time," whispered Gruger suddenly. "And whatever else we can miss we can't afford to miss lunch."

The truth is we were mad to get out into the open air. In this sun-baked island everyone is something of a sun-worshiper. The crowd, the color, the goats—but chiefly the color! It is so dazzling and yet so soft. It stimulates like champagne. You are always wanting to do something, to buy something, to go somewhere. If you cannot think of anything else to do you buy a new kind of cigarette, or have some coffee. And you wander—you wander about with a smile in your eyes evoked constantly by those sunbright colors.

Malta is the kind of a country where

touristry is not organized, where even the most abject and helpless of tourists can wear for a few days all the dignity of a competent independent traveler. Nobody tries to cheat you. The English garrison life has accustomed the natives to youth, gayety and attentive service. It is that happy blend of East and West that poets tell us never meet. They do meet in Malta, and by consequence you have a feeling of being on a crest of two uniting waves—very exhilarating.

East and West—their meeting place is everywhere in Malta; in the language, in the faces of the natives, in the soil and climate, in the manners and customs, even in the dress. The black faldetta of the women has suggestions of the Moorish woman's veil, of the Hindu woman's shawl, of the rural English and American sunbonnet, and who knows what strains besides. When one reflects that Malta has been successively held by Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Arabs, Normans, Spaniards, the Knights, and England, one ceases to wonder at its strangely and peculiarly eclectic character. English officers say the Maltese are not good fighters. The wonder is they should survive at all after all those conquests. They deserve to lie pampered and taken care of in a museum as an ethnic curiosity.

They seem to have lived through everything, to have suffered all, to have experienced all things. The result is a curious sort of docile tolerance in their eyes, unlike even to that of the peasants of southern Italy. Side by side almost, stand the Addolorata cemetery, one of the most beautiful Christian *campi santi* in Europe, a terrain of marbles and armies of firs and cypresses, and the Mohammedan cemetery with its slender towers, cupolas, minarets and crescents, dedicated to a faith that for nearly fifteen centuries has been hostile to the Maltese. But the Maltese, notwithstanding their intense piety and orthodoxy, are used to diversity in faith. The Mohammedan cemetery is neglected, whereas the Addolorata is meticulously

kept, but that is not the fault of the Maltese.

But over and above all sight-seeing and all superficial observation, Malta astonished both Gruger and the writer by suddenly converting us into archæologists. As a man who "gets religion" abruptly realizes that mundane preoccupations no longer exert the same pull upon him, we both stood overawed by certain neolithic temples and remains that make mere classical antiquity a thing of yesterday.

One may imagine a school-girl after reading H. G. Wells' remarkable *History* suddenly gushing out with conviction: "I do so perfectly adore the neolithic—don't you?"

And that is what happened to us, hardy travelers, newly come from Sicily, where the whole island is literally a museum of antiquity and every step a classic memory. We were face to face with some of the earliest known beginnings of civilization, and we adored the neolithic!

Hagiar Kim and Gigantia, remains of Phœnician temples vaguely reminiscent of Stonehenge, with immense upright slabs and monoliths, I am obliged to pass over. For what after all were the Phœnicians? Mere *parvenus* and upstarts. In Malta they date only to 1500 B.C. But the newly discovered Stone Age temple in the suburb of Hal Tarxien (pronounced Tarsheen) is dated to at least 3000 B. C., and is probably older. The excavation was made during the war, when Malta was hermetically sealed. The world has scarcely heard of it as yet because archæologists are still busy studying it. The excavation is barely finished. And the discovery is a romance of science.

In 1913, just before the war broke out, a peasant digging his field found some well-squared blocks of stone beneath the surface, only about two feet below. In July, 1915, when the war seemed to have settled down to a normal condition of existence, Professor Zammit of the Valletta Museum began digging, and, to



make the story brief, found as he says, "three pairs of symmetrical apses, connected with each other by means of narrow passages, formed by large slabs placed on end." The floors of the ellipsoid rooms, that seem to grow like leaves from the stem of the passageway, are paved with enormous flagstones. All, all stone, everything is stone, cut with implements of stone and flint, chert and obsidian.

An altar stone in one of the largest of these rooms is elaborately carved with the spiral ornaments such as we often make on a pad absently while waiting for a telephone connection, or such as are familiar to keepers of lunatic asylums. The altar stone is hollow, and the sacrificial knife of flint found there, the bones and skulls in the niches, and the cleverly concealed oracle room behind the sanctuary, dimly show the processes of religion in those distant days, when humanity was cave-dwelling and when even the celebrated "vamp" Calypso inhabited a grotto deluxe, so different from her modern sisters in the films.

Some of these niches, by the way, amount to actual stone cupboards with a top and a shelf beneath it. There are quite elaborate relief carvings on some of the slabs of bullocks and sheep, and there are statuettes of enormously fat ladies whose flesh cascades down in waves to their toes. Banting had not yet been invented in those neolithic times and the survival of the fattest was evidently the accepted doctrine.

"How does it strike you?" I asked of Gruger as he gazed spellbound the while the Maltese caretaker stood by, bored and muttering.

"I'd like to spend a month here," he murmured huskily—"or at least a week."

A curious find in connection with this place was a piece of the Bronze Age overlaying this spot. About a fourth of the building was used in the Bronze Age as a cemetery. And in the trench the excavators dug you could see Bronze Age implements, skulls and pottery above

and three feet lower, the remains of the Stone Age civilization under it. The farmer who unearthed it and we who looked on were presumably of the Iron Age, and there we were in a happy completeness, awaiting only the Radio Age to overlay us in turn.

We were actually in the center or on the outskirts of a neolithic village, for not far away at Hal Safien, is a hypogeum or an underground temple of another style. This has a domed roof and catacomb-like recesses cut in the living rock, painted ceilings and immense quantities of bones. But it was not so interesting as the temple at Tarxien lying under the brilliant Maltese sun.

The truth is, all Malta is a museum of archæology, where man may examine his prehistoric ancestry and assure himself of a descent longer than the best-paid geneologist can trace. Gruger and I were greatly cheered when we left that spot. We realized with triumph how important we were when it took all those layers of civilizations to produce us and the motor car awaiting us.

The only thing to do after that was to go straightway to the admirable Valletta Museum and see in detail what the prehistoric temples showed in broad, general, though concrete, outline. There if you say "neolithic" to the curator's assistant, he will show you all the pottery, implements, clay figurines, pots, herds, and so on, found in Malta of that period. He will lead you to the Phœnician age next with its wonderful jars, black dishes, weapons, statuettes and the like that seem to restore that bold sea-faring Semitic race before your eyes. The Greek period, the Roman, the Byzantine, the Arab, the Norman, seem mere trifles of yesterday by comparison, richly represented though they are.

When you go forth into the streets and see Ford cars again and straw hats, the world takes on a look absurdly thin and insubstantial. Your mind reverts to really important things like food, the passage home, and the price of tobacco.

Impressed and replete with knowledge,

only one exterior circumstance weighed heavily upon us. The preceding day Gruger had ordered a luncheon put up for us at our favorite restaurant to be eaten on a boat we did not take. There lay that elaborate luncheon such as only an artist could select, uneaten, unhouseled, unannealed. I suggested that we demolish it in our rooms and wash it down afterward.

"Eat lunch out of a paper package with all these hotels and restaurants around us?" exclaimed Gruger aghast. I saw at once that I had uttered sacrilege.

"No, of course," I corrected myself hastily. "That—that is out of the question."

"Here is what we can do," announced Gruger with a new light in his eye. "We can go out into the country and eat it there."

Happy thought! Eagerly we boarded the tiny toy railway train to Città Vecchia. Are there any good hotels in Città Vecchia? Aye, are there! On a balcony overlooking one of the finest Maltese prospects, with lovely fields and gardens stretching toward St. Paul's Bay and the opal sea beyond, we spread out our packet and ordered something dark and light and agreeable. That luncheon (I remember every detail of it yet) was a monument to the artist's perfect taste. We smoked our pipes for a space, told each other how it sometimes snows in New York in February, chatted so amiably, it would have done your heart good. Then we paid our bill and went back Valetta-ward satisfied. No one can tell me that that eight mile journey was in vain. We shall never forget the island of Malta.

## The Star-Seeker

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

**A** WRAITH of nebulæ along the skies  
Involves a plan to pierce the farther blue;  
His creed to delve, discovery his prize;  
His is the soul that Schiaparelli knew.

Through silent hours, his midnight lamp agleam,  
He marshals vast equations down his page.  
Shut in by narrow walls, he dreams a dream  
To win the verge of human heritage.

What though his limitations such as these,  
His spirit knows no bounds, but soars afar  
To shores beyond the inter-spacial seas,  
To realms that hold the utmost wandering star.

And when perchance he overtakes, behind  
Some far frontier, a truant unawares,  
He yields it unrewarded to mankind  
That little knows, or, knowing, little cares.



# Pleasing Father

BY IDA E. MELSON

MOTHER had looked her concern during the five leisurely minutes Angeline had been spending on an orange. Then she spoke her warning.

"I think I've time enough," Angeline answered comfortably, as, with dainty deliberation, she cracked a shell on the edge of her egg cup. "Mother, I hate eggs for breakfast," she added irrelevantly. "Let's have chops sometimes."

Father was not so deep in the morning paper as he appeared. "You've exactly nineteen minutes to eat your breakfast, take a fifteen-minute street-car ride, and walk three blocks," he observed. "Think you can make it?"

"I don't know," Angeline replied, for in this particular field she was not given to accurate calculations.

"Why don't you know? I have to know to the second how long it takes me to get to the office."

"You don't have to be there until nine."

"What's that got to do with it? I'd be there at any hour I was due. So would your mother. Naturally, we don't want our daughter to be the tail-end-of-the-line kind. When I went to school . . ."

But Angeline put brakes on the reminiscent strain. "They've got no business counting it when I'm a little tardy," she asserted with languid conviction.

"Why not?"

"Because it gives me a pain in my side to run."

"Then why in thunder . . ." began father, but stopped short as he looked at the offender, for he was tenderly susceptible to lack of logic in a pretty girl. He even laughed.

Mother felt that an opportunity was

about to be lost. "Your father can't bear the girls in his office to be late," she remarked, "and of course with you—" Mother so often seemed unable to finish her sentences.

But Father with avidity picked up the lost cue. "Of course I can't," he asserted. "I fire 'em fast enough when they get to powdering their noses overtime. Usually late folks ain't much good when they do get there. First thing you know, Angeline, you'll be slipping up in your books."

A profound silence settled on the household.

Father's interpretation of it was that he had scored a point. He therefore waxed agreeable. "I'll take you to-day in the car," he offered. "That'll help you out this once. By the time I get to the front, you be there with your book satchel, and your dinner pail." Then he automatically kissed Mother and disappeared.

"Father's so foolish," commented Angeline, as with nonchalant grace, she slipped a light cape over a very nearly sleeveless dress, took mother's handkerchief from the sideboard and used it to flick some imaginary dust from her attenuated heels (the very sight of which would have made tired women shudder and all men wonder), drew on long gloves with an air of sophistication, and looked about for her vanity bag.

"Angeline," said mother despondently, "you are so indifferent. "Sometimes I think folks are right about the youngest child in a family being spoiled. You don't half appreciate your father. If you did you'd think more about what pleases him."

Her daughter paused in flight. "How do I not appreciate him?" she challenged.

"Well, he told you just now about how he likes the office girls to be right up to the scratch with their work. So of course you . . ."

"He pays them for their time," argued Angeline.

Mother suffered from a tumultuous emotion rare with her. "The first thing you know," she threatened darkly, "I'm going to surprise you."

Before Angeline could frame a question, father honked insistently. His daughter laughed a pretty appeal, threw mother an affectionate, fairylike kiss, and ran. But for once that lady was not quickly mollified. "I'm going to surprise her," she repeated to herself. And before her resolution could cool, she had completed her work with a rapidity born of vigor, and had exchanged her house gingham for a street dress of black silk.

Angeline, herself, would have admitted surprise at the summons to appear in the principal's office at the first recess, for it was her custom to keep within the law. She even opened the door of the outer room timidly, and, hesitating with an entirely proper diffidence, admitted her sweet little, pretty little, hard little face a perceptible flash of time before she took a definitive step across the threshold and closed the door behind her.

However, once irrevocably on that side of the door which spelled R-e-c-k-o-n-i-n-g, the criminal dismissed all qualms. She swallowed the last vestige of apparent surprise as her eye seized the personnel of the particular group awaiting her. Indeed, to that court of law, her lack of embarrassment was almost a new offense. With a bright little all-inclusive smile and nod which seemed to say, "I know the worst you can do," she dropped into the vacant chair next to mother and waited deferentially for the charge to begin.

The principal looked preponderantly

thoughtful. Not that she was at a loss for words, but Tact demands a wary if not an affectionate regard.

"You have been warned so often, Angeline," she began cautiously, "that I am certain you know why your mother is here to-day to talk about your work."

Even the prisoner did not deny such a patent fact. She had been bombarded with warnings.

"Yes'm, I know," she admitted, "but I didn't understand that it was so serious."

"Didn't understand?" flashed the principal, loosening her hold on Tact.

The science teacher, Miss Norse, introduced hard facts to the conference. "You knew your averages, didn't you?"

Angeline knew "about what they were."

"In physics," continued Miss Norse, with a cool, impersonal, thin-lipped sense of rightness, "you have exactly sixty-three. To get an average of seventy, you will have to make—do you know how much, the last quarter?"

"Seven below means seven above," reflected Angeline, ignorant of principles but not without a little knowledge of concrete devices when they affected her personally. "Seventy-seven," she glowed aloud.

Miss Norse made a gesture of despair. "But three-fourths of the year is gone."

Angeline was mystified—also a little angry. News that one did not get an average by adding things then dividing by two was disconcerting.

"Ninety-one," crisply stated the inquisitor.

Mother was distressed. In her school days nineties were for the elect. But fortunately the principal had again got hold of Tact.

"We'll talk about that later," she said. "Your teachers will be very glad to tell you exactly what is required. Of course, we are all anxious for you to succeed, and are more than willing to help you. That's why we've asked your mother to talk things over with us."





*Drawn by Frances Rogers*

SHE WAS ASSURED THAT DANCES WITHOUT HER HELD NO CHARMS

You must remember, dear, that it isn't very pleasant for her either."

"No," said mother with conviction, though she was distinctly mollified. "It certainly isn't. I never had to go to a school to see about any of my other children. I don't know what Angeline's father *will* think."

"What we must do," the principal explained with brisk, cheery firmness, "is to find out just why Angeline hasn't succeeded."

"She's been absent so much," contributed a new voice. Benign Miss Brook had spoken.

"She had perfectly awful colds all the winter," defended mother.

"But, Mrs. Stewart"—the principal carefully shaved from her tone all suspicion of reproof—"would she have so many colds if she dressed more sensibly? In the worst weather, for instance, she has worn those thin stockings and pumps."

"I know she oughtn't," grieved mother, "but all the girls do."

"And no underclothes," said Miss Brook in a high-pitched voice. "No winter underclothes," she amended in a lowered tone.

"I'd freeze," confessed mother, "but she tells me all the girls dress that way."

The principal addressed the renegade. "Not a teacher here has been absent this year," she argued, "but you see they don't dress foolishly."

Angeline looked at the circle and politely did not say what she thought. What she did say, however, was sensible enough. "Well, anyway, it's about spring now and going to get hotter and hotter the rest of the time I'm here."

Miss Rivers laughed, then, to cover the error, made a charge herself: "Angeline goes out a great deal, doesn't she?"

"No," said mother, with the dignified certainty of being on the righteous side this time—"except at the week-end."

"But," pursued Miss Rivers, "she has been excused a great many Mondays."

"I never thought of that," said mother sadly. With no shadow of remorse, she had been in the habit of granting any request of Angeline's for those hitherto exempt days. "Of course, I let her go sometimes during the week. I know she ought not to be so wild about dancing, but all girls are. You can't hold back one."

"Does she go off by herself to study?"

The bombardment of mother had broken out in a fresh place. It was the teacher of mathematics who had suspected this particular weakness in the maternal fortifications. Then she opened a black record book with red edges—opened it with a sinister degree of decision which implied that argument might summon abundant reenforcement. "Sometimes I study with the other girls," the culprit admitted. "We don't give each other work—just discuss things and explain some. Somehow I can think better that way."

"No, you can't," flatly contradicted mother with an astuteness evoked by reminiscence. "I used to try to believe that myself." But her instinct to protect reasserted itself. To the council at large she observed, "It certainly is a pity that *all* girls think they can study better in a crowd."

To make a long story short, for this is the history of more than one day, Angeline promised. In fact, she assured the council five times that within a month she would be on a sound scholastic basis. Each assertion more narrowly shaved a guarantee than the preceding, each followed a succinct description by some member of the tribunal of the present lack of contact between Angeline and her work, and each, barring the last, which was sweetly spoken for manners only, was uttered in the hope that remaining accusers might be moved to consider their claims settled on a general basis. But these were orderly creatures, each duty bound to say her specific say. And mother's dear eyes grew misty as they rested with humble reproach on the spokesman for



Angeline's chaotic history or mangled science. But Angeline's brave words cleared the mists wonderfully, and in the end fired the timid aggressiveness of mother with a gleam of reproving triumph. Miss Brooks too believed that she would succeed. Miss Brooks the hopeful was not young, but no experience could destroy her life faith in desirable differentiation of species of the school genus. Others restrained any skepticism they might have felt, and all promised to help the miscreant. The principal, alive to caution, assured mother that in giving Angeline this trial, they were of course promising nothing, but she smiled sweetly. Then the bell rang and mother went, momentarily happy at release, and even enjoying a pleasing little sense of condescension. "Not a chick nor child of their own," she thought, "no wonder they're a little queer." And at the same time, in the hall, Miss Norse was saying to Miss Brook, "Type, isn't she?"

"Which—mother or daughter?"

"Mother, of course, sweet, overwhelmed by life and babies, unstylish, gullible." She thanked God that she herself was not as the rank and file of women are.

Angeline was busy attacking Miss Rivers at that lady's classroom door.

"You don't believe a bit that I'll do it," she asserted shrewdly.

"Why," said Miss Rivers, and floundered a moment, "I'm sure you can if you try. But I think you don't realize how difficult it is to make up so much lost time."

"Oh," said Angeline, "I'll have to work some, of course"—and went her way.

At lunch Angeline, to her profound disgust, found mother determined to talk. She had evidently been thinking too much.

"You must work hard, dear," she pleaded.

"Haven't I promised?" snapped Angeline.

"Yes, yes, of course. But you mustn't

tire out. Those teachers up there thought it would be hard. It would kill father, Angeline, for you to fail. I want you to think more about father anyway, about the kind of girl he likes."

"He likes me all right, all right," said Angeline flippantly.

"He loves you, of course," returned mother in the God-loves-you tone to which the young are accustomed.

"What kind of girl does he like?" questioned Angeline.

Mother was taken aback. Life had not developed her powers of description. "He likes"—she stammered—"he likes you to be nice and polite of course. . . ."

"I haven't been impolite," interrupted Angeline.

"And to stand at the head of your class, and to wear sensible clothes."

At this plagiarism direct from the experience of the morning, Angeline grinned.

"Of course," admitted mother, seeking inspiration from some very far distant relation with father, "he's glad you're pretty, and he wants the boys to like you."

"He wants them to like me," supplemented Angeline, "but he doesn't want me to like them. 'Well, the boys won't stand that. You know, mother,' she added with irrelevant cruelty, 'you couldn't write a character sketch theme yourself.'"

"I know," retorted mother with equal irrelevancy, "that I'm going to tell father all about this morning. I've kept the notes from him. I hate him to be worried. But I want him to talk to you, Angeline."

And talk he did. What is more, owing to the absence of certain limitations, Angeline found this session more trying than that of the morning. Father seemed to have plenty of time. He ignored the clock. Also, he did not in the least mind being a bore. He told her all about his own school days, a recital colored by the rosy glow of an aftermath—and he did not give a hang for Tact. The pleasure of autobiog-

raphy over, he lost his tone of wise admonishment.

"It's nonsense," he scolded. "Why do you want to give your mother all this trouble of going up to a school to see about you? Why can't you work?"

Angeline supposed she could.

"Then why don't you? *I* always did."

"You didn't stand exams," argued Angeline. "You told me so yourself. You went to a little old country school where you were promoted on one teacher's say-so."

"Yours would never say so," remarked her parent drily.

Mother didn't like the turn the conversation had taken. It smacked of frivolity.

"But I always got promoted, dear," she remonstrated gently.

"You married father when you were almost my age," returned Angeline. "I wish I could quit too."

Then indeed did father explode. "Quit!" he shouted. "You're nothing but a baby! You're going for years yet. Get that idea out of your head and get this one in. No more dances, no more movies, no more pink teas, no more boys, till that teacher of yours up there writes me a note telling me you're all right."

"There's five of them," observed Angeline sadly.

"Well—five notes then."

"You mean except on Friday night, don't you, Fred?" interposed mother with a kindly glance at Angeline.

"No! I mean Fridays and Saturdays and Tuesdays and nights and days—even legal holidays," shouted father foolishly.

Angeline thought that perhaps *he* thought that funny. The mistiness in her eyes overflowed a little—but she fought it back resolutely.

"If you keep me here all night raging at me, father, how can I get my work for to-morrow?" she asked sensibly.

Father grunted and picked up the evening paper. Angeline fled. Then mother, poor mother, torn all day be-

tween the discordant elements of love and judgment, education and youth, men and manners, tried to sum up the situation. "You know, Fred, of course Angeline hasn't studied as she ought, but those teachers up there *are* right hard on the girls."

Angeline, alone in her room, would have derided the tameness of the language. Twenty minutes passed in the exchange of street clothes for a pink kimono. Then she defiantly opened her algebra. An additional ten minutes she used in sharpening pencils. Any efficient workman is fastidious about his tools, she would in substance have explained. At last she wrote:

$$x = 1\text{st man}$$

$$y = 2\text{nd man}$$

$$x + y \quad 30 \text{ hrs.}$$

$x = 30 - y = 1\text{st man working together,}$  and paused.

It was vile English and worse mathematics. "How do they expect me to do anything when they've simply worried me to death?" she asked herself. "When anybody's been made as nervous as I am, there's nothing except going to bed that's *right*."

But first she re-read a letter, which had been penned in a youthful masculine hand, and which teemed with a consciously patent nonchalance toward the futile attempts of an arrogant world to impose authority upon the author. Another characteristic was the reiterated implication that sensible youths attend school for the avowed purpose of escaping education. There were, of course, other things in the letter, and Angeline was glad to be appreciated by somebody. Still, she crept into bed feeling very, very sorry for herself.

There relief came. First—tears. They did not sting or burn, but they washed into her consciousness the soothing reflection that she was very miserable, very interesting, and destined to be heroic. Closely allied with this last dramatic picture, was father's absurd dictum. Laved in salty tears, it had



changed color. No longer drab, it glowed crimson and gold, the badge of martyrdom. She would follow the ridiculous banner, she would become pale and thin, she would "lead the class," and she would probably die—but the whole strain of tragic events would doubtless "please father." Oh, yes, she would please him—and she sealed the compact with an ecstatic sob. And so ended at high tide the day of reckoning.

Followed—exaltation. The next day she moved to a front seat during recitation, and the type of attention she submitted to the words of the Wise Ones was positive flattery. Miss Brook vouchsafed the firm belief that the girl was in earnest. Moreover, at recess, to an old pal who questioned her, the martyr turned a wan, gentle smile. "The Furies are after me," she explained, and added with sweet sobriety. "You see, I think I really owe it to my mother, not merely to graduate but to stand well in these prison walls. As for me—" and her gesture faculty-ward was histrionically perfect.

Early in the evening, father and mother, in the living room, were assailed by the piercing meekness of a telephone conversation.

"Yes, really. Father says I'm not to go anywhere for months. . . . What? . . . Oh, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. . . . Well, I think he knows best."

Mother cast a half-reproachful, half-gratified glance at the victor, whose triumph had become so thoroughgoing as to be embarrassing. Father was suffering from qualms that would never have been born if his victim had continued to argue.

"Oh, I know you'll all have a perfectly grand time," the new devotee to duty, scholastic and filial, was saying over the telephone.

Five minutes later the kimono-clad student passed the living room and smiled at her parents, a sad, tired smile. Then her footsteps died away in the cold intellectual regions of upstairs.

"You know, Fred," ventured mother, "all work and no play makes Jack . . ."

"Play and work ain't even balanced yet with Angeline," said father shortly.

At breakfast, the lofty mood was sustained. Mother assisted by a belief that her daughter's appetite was waning. "Nobody wants you to make yourself sick, you know, dear," she said. Angeline implied that food was a matter of small moment.

"Let's talk of pleasanter things, mother. They're going to have a dance at Haden's Hall Saturday night—fancy dress—historic costumes. If I were going—but of course I'm not—but if I were, I'd wear that little blue ruffled thing of yours—like in the picture, you know."

Mother was surprised that any costume of hers could be called "historic." But she did not know how to combat the assertion. Instead, she said that Angeline must eat her egg, and that the sweet way in which she was giving up her good times would surely please father, and, as a further incentive to heroic behavior, she hinted that her own diplomatic duty in this affair between the powers should be to see that virtue was not its own sole cold reward. To father ten minutes later she confided her fear that he might push a sensitive nature too far.

"Some people have to have a good time occasionally," she said, "and Angeline's one of them. Of course, I want her to work too."

"It hasn't been but two days since she was having nothing *but* good times," he said. "She can stand things being a little flat for a while."

Father was a diagnostician. It was from flatness that Angeline was at this moment suffering. Martyrdom had grown pallid—martyrdom impaled by an ironic fate. Although she had, through the method of experimentation, solved two of the five problems of the day, one of the remaining three was allotted to her for board work. Injustice is always hard to bear. The teacher set the result

down in a little black book with red edges. "Everything's figures with her," thought Angeline. "She never catches the *spirit* of anything." The spirit in Angeline's mathematical peregrinations would have been difficult for even herself to run down. But the reflection gave her faint pleasure—and it was the last of its kind to do so. For the torch which had illumined the stage on which Angeline, tragic heroine, was to play before an admiring audience, burned low indeed. In the hall after lessons she met the principal, who, in sweet forgetfulness of past interviews, smiled her most tactful smile. "What's she grinning at now?" wondered the fallen soul of a quondam martyr. The event marked a change of elevation.

And the change suggested—tears. But the Angelines of this world do not waste tears. They use them guardedly, with due concern for legitimate returns. Pledged now to a campaign against boredom, she would squander no ammunition. By way of an opening shot, on her way home from school she borrowed the telephone at the corner drug store. Generals demand secrecy. Besides, she was working in the interest of her chosen business, and it required far less than three minutes for her to be assured by the other end of the line that dances without her held no charms for him.

And yet, at lunch she bungled. She was so preoccupied that she forgot not to be hungry.

"I'm so glad to see you picking up, dear," said mother.

Angeline considered the remark. "I'm not really hungry," she finally explained. "Only, if I must slave my life away I must eat, I suppose." And a big fat tear rolled down her pink cheek.

"You sick, dearie?"

"No, just tired."

"How'd you do to-day?"

"All right."

"You are not studying too hard, are you?"

"There's no such thing as too hard,"

said Angeline judicially. "It wouldn't matter if I died."

"Oh, Angeline!"

"I only mean it would please father."

"You don't know what you're saying. What you going to do now?"

"Study."

"And to-night?"

"Study."

"Maybe to-morrow . . ."

"Study."

"Those teachers up there—they can't mean this, dear."

"They've got no memories whatever, mother. Not," she added with profound self-satisfaction, "that they were ever particularly popular."

"Well, anyway," said mother, "I mean to talk to father to-night—after he's had his dinner." Even mother was a bit of a strategist. But father, intrenched behind the citadel of the evening paper, showed no signs of capitulation. "You let Angeline get around you," he scoffed. "She's not hurt. She hasn't lost a pound."

"She's losing her spirits, Fred."

"Spirits are cheap."

"And, besides, she'll drop out."

"Out of what?" asked father innocently.

"When a girl declines all invitations," explained mother, with patience toward the stupidity of the male, "soon she stops having any."

"Oh, out of the running," said enlightened father.

Mother nodded.

"I don't believe," asserted father with sincere gallantry, "that your daughter could be out of the running." And one looking at mother, unstylish, rotund, long a flounderer in the prosaic sea of domesticity, might easily wonder with what eyes father looked.

But at that moment there happened (or was it one of Angeline's "happen-so's"?) to step before him the loveliest and most radiant vision that ever jerked a man back into halcyon days. The paper slid to the floor. He turned to





*Drawn by Frances Rogers*

"THE COSTUMES ARE TO BE HISTORIC"

mother as if, by a view of her very substantial person, to reassure his tottering senses. He removed his glasses, rubbed them, and replaced them. Angeline laughed—a gay little trilly laugh, devoid of the slightest hint that there is trouble in the world. One evening a quarter of a century before, father, a slender youth hanging precariously to some frail support near the back of a crowded and hoydenish tally-ho, had heard with delight the legitimate forebear of Angeline's laugh. He had asked his nearest neighbor, "Who's the girl that laughed? I have to know because I'm going to marry her." Angeline's merry little outburst increased his confusion. He now removed his glasses.

"Angeline's not going to the dance," explained mother, "but she meant—I mean if she had been—she meant to wear that dress."

"That dress?" repeated father stupidly.

"The costumes are to be historic," supplemented Angeline.

At that he came to life. "Historic!" he shouted. "Well, mother, that's a joke on us. Historic!"

"Why?" said Angeline innocently, wondering if she had made a mistake. But nobody heeded her.

"Do you remember the dress, Fred?" Mother's tone was a trifle wistful.

"Remember it? I could make one exactly like it." He was a born braggart.

"Oh, you silly!"

"That night on the tally-ho . . ."

"I didn't wear that dress. The idea! Blue silk at such a place!"

"Then it was the next night."

"At the Sampsons'."

"You remember old Bob Ferguson, Fanny?"

"Mamie Greer's cousin?"

"He said why go to Europe to see noted statuary when your arms were still in this country."

Mother, with truant consciousness, slightly moved an unwieldy member.

"I wanted to kick him, Fanny. Somehow, I had a feeling that it was

none of his business to be looking at your arms."

Angeline, perched on the arm of a chair, stared at her parents. She had builded far better than she knew, but the past must not be allowed to monopolize the present.

"Am I a little bit like her, father?" she questioned sweetly.

Father turned misty eyes to the vision.

"It's queer I never knew." There was wonder in his tone.

"It's the hair makes the difference," explained mother.

The artful one held out a little old faded photograph. "I copied this," she said. "I wish—I wish"—and the shapely little bosom under the blue silk and yellow lace rhythmically rose and fell.

"What do you wish, Baby? Funny, how much you do look like your mother. Your arms ain't such a rival of European statuary though. What do you wish?"

"I wish I could go to a dance dressed like mother—just once."

Father's manhood rose, tottered, crumbled, and fell. "Well," he said finally, "you can go this time on one condition."

"What?"

"That you won't call *that* costume 'historic.'"

Angeline hugged him.

By some method of vicarious endearments father kissed mother. He had, of course, on leaving for his office pecked her cheek every morning for Lord-knows-how-many years, but it had been a long time since he had kissed her at an unaccustomed hour.

Only Angeline heard the telephone. She cautiously closed the door. Between two sets of lovers it is better so, for one pair cannot always be sympathetic toward the other.

"Hello! That you? . . . Yes, it's all right. . . . Oh, you silly. You'd have the time of your life anyway. . . . We ought to have the kind of phone people talk about when you see the other



person. . . . Of course I'm not throwing bouquets at myself. I meant I've got on the old dress I'm going to wear. It's perfectly ridiculous. . . . No, I look positively comical, but all the same it's brought us luck. It's what you call—what you call the thing in a play or anything that brings good luck. . . . That's it—mascot. I'll explain when I see you. What'd you say? . . . Yes, I can hear now. Of course I'm still studying. I ought to. Mother and father are darling to me. . . . Oh, as for that, I've found out what really pleases father."

This is the end of the story, as all the initiated will know. There were, of course, a few more little flurries looking toward graduation, a few mild flirtations with illusive knowledge, a little good advice from father, a little misguided argument from mother. But there were set up no more drastic family platforms. The ease with which he who builds said structures can slide off lacks dignity too strongly to be risked a second time. And Angeline, herself, at mo-

ments of serious consideration, wondered if the value of education had not been somewhat overrated.

At the end of three weeks mother wrote a note to the principal to say that on account of her health, Angeline would have to withdraw. Miss Norse averred that such had all along been a foregone conclusion. "True to type," she added, "she's bound to inherit early matrimony." Miss Brook opined that the girl really meant well. And Miss Rivers, whose official duty it was to record in six different be-ruled spots the cause of withdrawal, paused with pen in air. Statisticians love perusing these records in order that they may publish, in books which only teachers read, why the young drop out of school. One would wish these records not to mislead, and yet—patrons must not be disrespectfully treated. Finally she wrote: "Ill health and failure." Somehow the sentiment was ill-assorted. She struck out "and failure." No memorandum was made of the queer little smile with which Miss Rivers closed the Book of Records.

## Sanctuary

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

**I** KNOW a place where I may go  
And hide myself therein;  
Sometime a room within a house,  
Sometime the closet thin.

Of a frail flower by a wall,  
Pink-petaled in the clod,  
Where, wrapped in loveliness, I keep,  
And hear god call to god.

For loveliness is not in bulk;  
A rose may shelter me—  
(A thing in need of lovely things),  
Or a tower by the sea.

# The Drama As I See It

STUDIES IN THE PLAYS AND FILMS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

## VI.—“*The Historical Drama*”

AFTER all, there is nothing like the Historical Drama! Say what you will about moving pictures or high-speed vaudeville, they never have the same air and class to them. For me as soon as I see upon the program “A tucket sounds!” I am all attention, and when it says “Enter Queen Elizabeth to the sound of Hoboes,” I am thrilled. What does it matter if the queen’s attendants seem to speak as if they came from Yonkers? There is dignity about it all the same. When you have, moving in front of you on the stage, people of the class of Louis Quatorze, Henry Quinze, Oliver Cromwell, and Mary of Roumania, you feel somehow as if they were distinctly superior to such characters as Big-hearted Jim, and Shifty Pete, and Meg of the Bowery and Inspector Corcoran. Perhaps they are!

But of all the characters that walk upon the stage, commend me to Napoleon. What I don’t know about that man’s life from seeing him on the boards is not worth discussing. I have only to close my eyes and I can see him before me as depicted by our greatest actors, with his one lock of hair and his forehead like a door knob, his melancholy eyes painted black and yellow underneath. And as for his family life, his relations with Josephine, his dealings with the Countess Skandaliska, I could write it all down if it were lost.

There is something about that man—I don’t mind admitting that it holds me. And he exercises the same fascination over all our great actors. About once in

every ten years some one of them, intoxicated by success, decides that he wants to be Napoleon. It is a thing that happens to all of them. It is something in their brain that breaks.

And every time it happens a new Napoleonic play is produced. That is, it is called new, but it is really the same old play over again. The title is always entirely new, but that is because it is a convention that the title of a Napoleon play is never a straight-out statement of what it means, such as “Napoleon, Emperor of France,” or “Napoleon and Josephine.” It is called, let us say, “*Quinze Pour Cent*” or “*Mille Fois Non*” or “*Des Deux Choses L’Une*”—that sort of thing. And after it is named it is always strung together in the same way, and it is always done in little fits and starts that have no real connection with one another, but are meant to show Napoleon at all the familiar angles. In fact, here is how it goes:

### “DES DEUX CHOSSES L’UNE”

#### A DRAMA OF THE FIRST EMPIRE

Adapted from the French of Dumas, Sardou, Hugo, Racine, Corneille, and all others who ever wrote of Napoleon.

The opening part of the play is introduced to show the extraordinary fidelity toward the Emperor on the part of the marshals of France whom he had created.

The scene is laid in the ballroom of the palace of the Tuileries. Standing around are ladies in directoire dresses, brilliant



as rainbows. Upright beside them are the marshals of France. There is music and a buzz of conversation.

Enter Napoleon, followed by Talleyrand all in black, and two secretaries carrying boxes. There is silence. The Emperor seats himself at a little table. The secretaries place on it two black despatch boxes.

The Emperor speaks: Marshal Junot. The Marshal steps forward and salutes.

THE EMPEROR.—Marshal, I have heard strange rumors and doubts about your fidelity. I wish to test it. I have here (*he opens one of the boxes*) a vial of poison. Drink it.

JUNOT.—With pleasure, Sire.

Junot drinks the poison and stands to attention.

THE EMPEROR.—Go over there and stand beside the Countess de la Polissonerie till you die.

JUNOT (*saluting*).—With pleasure, Sire.

NAPOLEON (*turning to another marshal*).—Berthier?

Here, Sire!

[*Berthier steps out in front of the Emperor.*

THE EMPEROR (*rising*).—Ha! Ha! Is it you?

[*He reaches up and pinches Berthier's ear.*

*Vieux paquet de linge sale!*

Berthier looks delighted. It is amazing what a French marshal will do for you if you pinch his ear. At least, it is a tradition of the stage. In these scenes Napoleon always pinched the marshal's ears and called them, "*Vieux paquet de linge sale*," etc.

[*The Emperor turns stern in a moment.*

Marshal Berthier!

Sire!

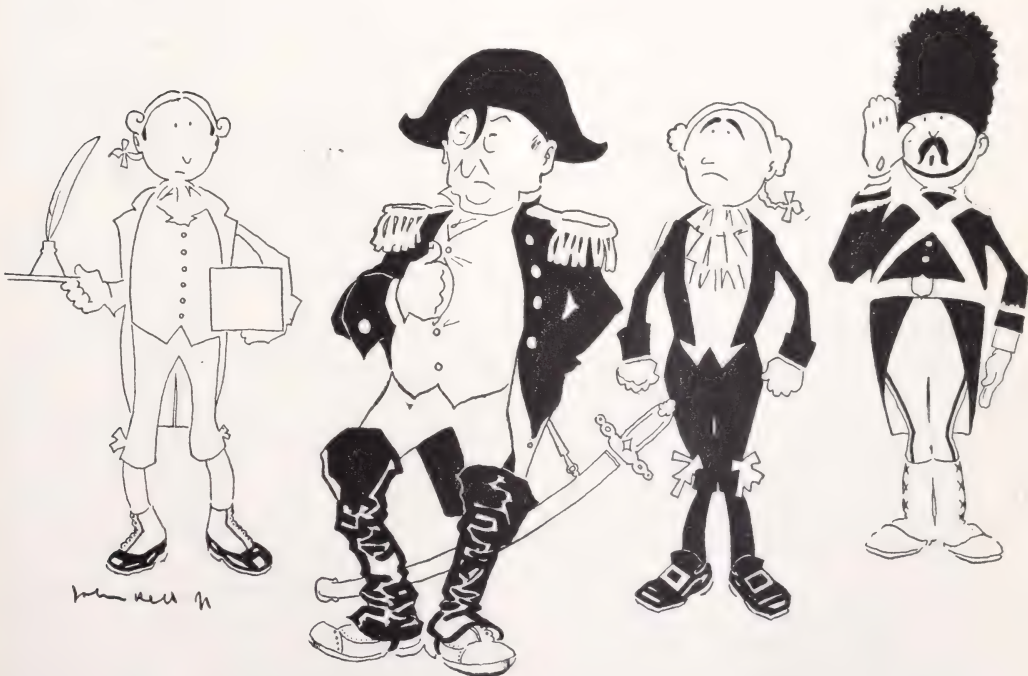
Are you devoted to my person?

Sire, you have but to put me to the test.

Very well. Here, Marshal Berthier (*Napoleon reaches into the box*), is a poisoned dog biscuit. Eat it!

BERTHIER (*saluting*).—With pleasure, Sire. It is excellent.

NAPOLEON.—Very good, *mon vieux trait d'union*. Now go and talk to the Duchesse de la Rôtisserie till you die.



ENTER NAPOLEON, FOLLOWED BY TALLEYRAND ALL IN BLACK

[*Berthier bows low.*]

THE EMPEROR.—Marshal Lannes! You look pale. Here is a veal chop. It is full of arsenic. Eat it!

[*Marshal Lannes bows in silence and swallows the chop in one bite.*]

The Emperor then gives a packet of prussic acid to Marshal Soult, one pill each to Marshals Ney and Augereau, then suddenly he rises and stamps his foot.

No, Talleyrand, no! The farce is finished! I can play it no longer. Look, *les braves enfants!* They have eaten poison for me. *Ah non, mes amis, mes vieux!* Reassure yourselves. You are not to die. See, the poison was in the other box.

TALLEYRAND (*shrugging his shoulders*).—If your Majesty insists on spoiling everything—!

NAPOLEON.—Yes, yes, these brave fellows could not betray me. Come, Berthier. Come, Junot, come and let us cry together.

[*The Emperor and his marshals all gather in a group, sobbing convulsively and pulling one another's ears.*]

But one must not think that the Imperial Court was all sentiment. Ah! No! The great brain of the Emperor could be turned in a moment to other concerns and focused into a single point of concentrated efficiency. As witness:

#### SCENE TWO

How Napoleon used to dictate a letter, carry on a battle, and Reveal Business Efficiency at the Acme.

Napoleon in a room in a château, announced to be somewhere near a battle, striding up and down, dictating a letter with his hat on. On the stage the great Emperor always dictates through his hat. A secretary, sitting at a table, is vainly trying to keep pace with the rush of words.

Now are you ready, de Meneval. Have you written that last sentence?

DE MENEVAL (*writing desperately*).—In a moment, Sire, in a moment.

THE EMPEROR.—Imbecile, write this then, The Prefect of Lyons is ordered to gather all possible cannon for the defence of Toulon . . . is reminded that there are six cannon on the ramparts of Lyons which he has apparently forgotten. The Emperor orders him to pass them forward at once—Have you written that, imbecile?

DE MENEVAL.—In a moment, Sire, in a moment.

THE EMPEROR.—To have them forwarded to Toulon. He is reminded that there are six more in the back garden of the ministry of the Marine, and two put away in the basement of the Methodist Church.

The secretary collapses. Napoleon stamps his foot. A terrible looking Turkish attendant, Marmalade the Mameluke, comes in and drags him out by the collar, and then drags in another secretary and props him up in a chair, where he at once commences to write furiously.

Napoleon never stops dictating:

There are two more cannon in the garage of the Prefect of Police. One has a little piece knocked out of the breech—

THE SECRETARY (*pausing in surprise*).—*Mon Dieu!*

THE EMPEROR.—Eh, what, *mon enfant?* What surprises you?

THE SECRETARY.—Ah, Sire, it is too wonderful. How can you tell that a piece is out of the breeches?

NAPOLEON (*pinching his ear*).—Ha! You think me wonderful!

THE SECRETARY.—I do.

NAPOLEON (*pulling his hair*).—I am. And my cannon! I know them all. That one with the piece knocked out of the breech, shall I tell you how I know it?

THE SECRETARY.—Ah, Sire, you . . . Marmalade, the Mameluke, comes in and salaams to the ground.

THE EMPEROR.—Well, what is it? *Vieux fromage de cuir!*

The Mameluke gurgles about a pint of Turkish.

THE EMPEROR.—Ha! Bring her in . . . You may go. You, Marmalade,





SLOWLY SHE RAISES IT ABOVE THE EMPEROR'S BACK

after she enters, stand behind that curtain, so—your scimitar so—if I stamp my left foot—you understand?

MARMALADE (*with a salaam*).—Zakou-ski, Anchovi.

THE EMPEROR.—Good. Show her in.

[*There enters with a rush the beautiful half-Polish Countess Skandaliska. She throws herself at the Emperor's feet.*]

Sire, Sire, my husband! I crave his life.

NAPOLEON (*taking her by the chin and speaking coldly*).—You are very beautiful.

Sire! My husband. I ask his life. He is under orders to be shot this morning.

THE EMPEROR (*coldly*).—Let me feel your ears.

Ah! Sire. In pity, I beg you for his life.

THE EMPEROR (*absently*).—You have nice fat arms. Let me pinch them.

Sire! My husband . . .

THE EMPEROR (*suddenly changing*).—Yes, your husband. Did you think I did not know? I have it here.

He turns his back on the Countess, picks up a document from the table and reads:

Scratchitoff Skandalisko, Count of Poland, Baron of Lithuania . . . of the Fifth Lancers, reported by the Imperial Poles as in the pay of the Czar of Russia. Ha! Did you think I did not know that?

[*His back is still turned. The Countess is standing upright. Her face is as of stone. Slowly she draws from her bodice a long poniard, slowly she raises it above the Emperor's back.*]

NAPOLEON (*reading*).—Conspired with seven others, since executed, to take the life of the Emperor, and now this fifth day of September . . .

[*The Countess has raised the poniard to its height. As she is about to stab the Emperor, he taps slightly with his foot. Marmalade, the Mameluke,*

*has flung aside the curtain and grasps the Countess from behind by both wrists. The poniard rattles to the floor. The Emperor turns and goes on calmly reading the document.*

This fifth day of September pardoned by the clemency of the Emperor and restored to his estates.

THE COUNTESS (*released by Marmalade, falls weeping at the Emperor's feet*).—Ah! Sire, you are indeed noble.

NAPOLEON.—Am I not? Take her out, Marmalade.

*[The Mameluke bows, takes out the weeping Countess and returns with a renewed salaam.]*

THE EMPEROR (*dreamily*).—We know how to treat them, don't we, old Pilaffe de Volaille? Let no one disturb that mirror. It may serve us again. And now, bring me a secretary, and I will go on dictating.

In this way did the great Emperor transact more business in a week than most men would get through in a day.

But in this very same play of "*Des Deux Choses L'Une*" we have to remember that while all these other things are happening, Napoleon is also fighting a battle.

In fact, hardly is the Countess Skandaliska well off the premises before a military aid-de-camp comes rattling into the room. The great Brain is in full operation again in a second.

Ha! Colonel Escargot. What news?

Bad news, Sire. Marshal Masséna reports the battle is lost.

The Emperor frowns: Bad news. The battle lost? Do you not know, Colonel Escargot, that I do not permit a battle to be lost? How long have you been in my service? Let me see, you were at Austerlitz?

I was, Sire.

And you were afterward in Cantonments at Strasbourg?

It is true, Sire.

I saw you there for five minutes on the afternoon of the third of November of 1810.

Sire! It is wonderful.

Tut, tut, it is nothing. You were playing dominoes. I remember you had just thrown a double three when I arrived.

COLONEL ESCARGOT (*falling on his knees*).—Sire, it is too much. You are inspired.

THE EMPEROR (*smiling*).—Perhaps. But realize then that I do not allow a battle to be lost. Get up, *mon vieux bonnet de coton*, let me pinch your ear. Now then, this battle, let us see. De Meneval, give me a map.

*[The secretary unfolds a vast map on the table. The Emperor stands in deep thought regarding it. Presently he speaks.]*

Where is Masséna?

COLONEL ESCARGOT (*indicating a spot*).—He is here, Sire.

What is his right resting on?

His right, Sire, is extended here. It is endangered.

*[The Emperor thinks again.]*

How is his center?

His center is solid.

And where has he got his rear?

His rear, Sire, is resting on a thorn hedge.

THE EMPEROR.—Ha! Ride to Masséna at once. Tell him to haul in his center and to stick out his rear. The battle will be won in two hours.

ESCARGOT (*saluting*).—Sire. It is wonderful.

*[He clatters out.]*

*[Napoleon sinks wearily into a chair.]*

*His head droops in his hands.*

Wonderful! (*he broods*) and yet the one thing of all things that I want to do, I can't do.

Indeed, the man is really up against it. He can remember cannons and win battles and tell Masséna where to put his rear, but when it comes to Josephine, he is no better than the rest of us.

*[The Emperor rings the bell. De Meneval comes in.]*

THE EMPEROR.—De Meneval, listen, I have taken a decision. I am going to divorce Josephine.



[*The secretary bows.*

Go to her at once and tell her that she is divorced.

[*The secretary bows again.*

If she asks why, say that it is the Emperor's command. You understand?

DE MENEVAL.—I do.

If she tries to come here, do not permit it. Stop her. If need be, with your own hands. Tell Marmalade she is not to pass. Tell him to choke her. Tell the guard outside to stop her. Tell them to fire a volley at her. Do you understand? She is *not* to come.

DE MENEVAL.—Alas, Sire, it is too late. She is here now. I hear her voice.

[*One can hear outside the protests of the guards. The Empress Josephine, beautiful and disheveled and streaming with tears, pushes Marmalade aside with an imperious gesture and dashes into the room. She speaks.*

Napoleon, what is this? What does it mean? Tell me it is not true! You could not dare!

NAPOLEON (*timidly*).—I think there is some mistake. Not dare what?

JOSEPHINE.—To divorce me! You could not! You would not! Ah, heartless one, you could not do it.

[*She falls upon Napoleon's neck, weeping convulsively.*

THE EMPEROR.—Josephine, there has been a delusion, a misunderstanding. Of course, I would not divorce you. Who dares hint at such a thing?

JOSEPHINE.—Outside, in the waiting room, in the court, they are all saying it.

NAPOLEON.—Ha! Let them dare! They shall answer with their heads.

JOSEPHINE.—Ah, now you are my own dear Napoleon. Let me fold you in my arms. Let me kiss you on the top of the head.

[*She hugs and kisses the Emperor with enthusiasm.*

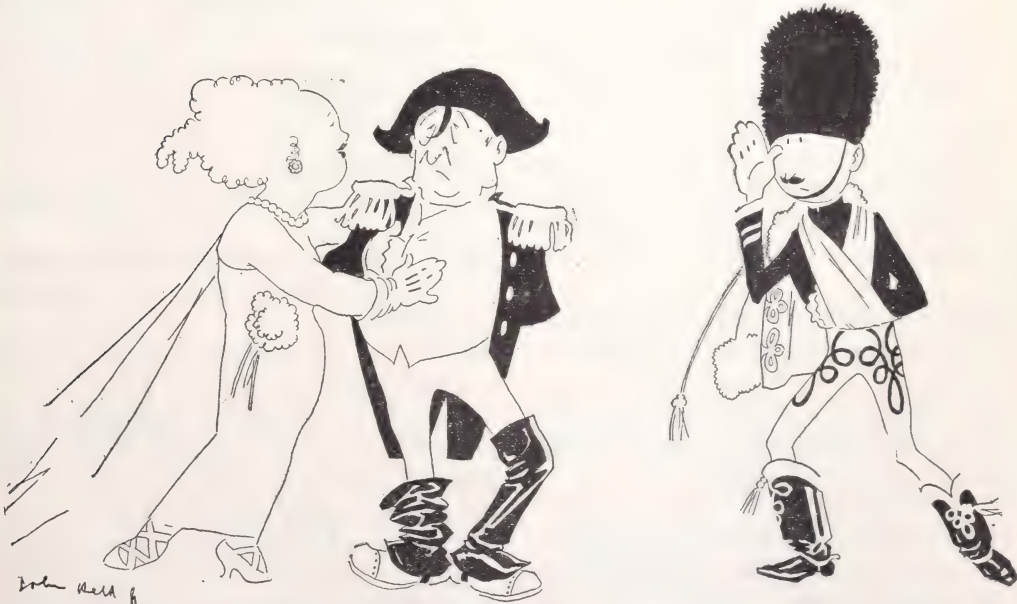
NAPOLEON.—Ah, Josephine, how much I love you.

[*A voice is heard without. Colonel Escargot enters rapidly. He is deadly pale, but has a triumphant look on his face. He salutes.*

Sire, everything is saved.

NAPOLEON.—Ah! So the battle was not lost, after all!

ESCARGOT.—No, Sire, your orders were sent by semaphore telegraph. Masséna withdrew his rear and thrust out his center. A panic broke out in the ranks of the enemy.



"SIRE, EVERYTHING IS SAVED"

THE EMPEROR.—Ha! The enemy? Who are they?

ESCARGOT.—We are not sure. We think Russians. But at least, Sire, they are fleeing in all directions. Masséna is in pursuit. The day is ours.

THE EMPEROR.—It is well. But you, Colonel Escargot, you are wounded!

THE COLONEL (*faintly*).—No, Sire, not wounded.

NAPOLEON.—But, yes—

COLONEL ESCARGOT.—Not wounded, Sire, killed; I have a bullet through my heart.

[*He sinks down on the carpet. The Emperor bends over him.*

ESCARGOT (*feebly*).—*Vive l'Empereur!* (*He dies.*)

NAPOLEON (*standing for a moment and looking at the body of Colonel Escargot*).—Alas! Josephine, all my victories cannot give me back the life of one brave man. I might have known it at the start. (*He remains in reflection.*) I should have chosen at the beginning. Tranquillity or conquest, greatness or happiness—*Des Deux Choses L'Une.*

[*And as he says that, the curtain slowly sinks upon the brooding Emperor. The play is over. In fact, there is no need to go on with it. Now that the audience know why it is called "Des Deux Choses L'Une" there is no good going any further. All that is now needed is the usual Transfiguration Scene.*

Napoleon, dying at St. Helena, seen in a half-light with a vast net curtain across the stage and a dim background of storm, thunder, and the armies of the dead—

That, with a little rumbling of cannon—the distant rolling of a South Atlantic storm—

And then—the pomp has passed—turn up the lamps and let the matinée audience out into the daylight.

But we must not suppose for a minute that French history has any monopoly of dramatic interest. Oh, dear no! We have recently discovered that right here

on the North-American continent there is material teeming with dramatic interest. Any quantity of it. In fact, it begins at the very start of our history and goes right on. Consider the aboriginal Indian—what a figure for tragedy! Few people perhaps realize that no less than seventeen first-class tragedies, each as good as Shakespeare's, and all in blank verse, have been written about the Indians. They have to be in blank verse. There was something about the primitive Indian that invited it. It was the real way to express him. Unfortunately, these Indian tragedies cannot be produced on the stage. They are ahead of the age. The managers to whom they have been submitted say that as yet there is no stage suitable for them, and no actors capable of acting for them, and no spectators capable of sitting for them.

## METTAWAMKEAG

### AN INDIAN TRAGEDY

The scene is laid on the shores of Lake Mettawamkeag near the junction of the Petitcodiac, and the Passamaquidiac Rivers. The sun is rising.

Enter AREOPAGITICA, an Indian chief: With THE ENCYCLOPEDIA, a brave of the Appendixes.

And PILAFFE DE VOLAILLE, a French Coureur des bois.

AREOPAGITICA.—

Hail, vernal sun, that thus with trailing beam

Illuminates with gold the flaming east,  
Hail, too, cerulean sky that touched with fire

Expels th' accumulate cloud of vanished night.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA.—Hail! Oh! Hail!

PILAFFE DE VOLAILLE.—Héle! Oh, héle.

AREOPAGITICA.—

All nature seems to leap with morn to song,

Tempting to gladness the awakening bird,





"HAIL, VERNAL SUN"

E'en the dark cedar feels the gladsome  
hour  
And the light larch pulsates in every  
frond.

Who art thou? Whence? And whither  
goest thou?

PILAFFE DE VOLAILLE.—

Thrice three revolving suns have waxed  
and waned

Since first I wended hither from afar,  
Nor knowing not, nor caring aught, if  
here or there,

Who am I? One that is. Whence come  
I? From beyond

The restless main whose hyperboreal  
tide

Laves coast and climes unknown, Oh,  
Chief, to thy sagacity.

From France I came.

AREOPAGITICA.—Hail!

*(What Pilaffe de Volaille means is that  
he has been out here for nine years and  
lives near Mettawamkeag. But there is  
such a size and feeling about this other  
way of saying it, that it seems a shame  
that dramas of this kind can't be acted.)*

After they have all said "Oh Hail!"

and "Oh Hèle," as many times as is  
necessary, Areopagitica and The Ency-  
clopedia take Pilaffe de Volaille to the  
Lodge of the Appendixes.

There he is entertained on Hot Dog.  
And there he meets SPARKLING SODA  
WATA, the daughter of Areopagitica.

After the feast the two wander out  
into the moonlight together beside the  
waterfall. Love steals into their hearts.  
Pilaffe de Volaille invokes the moon.—

Thou silver orb whose incandescent face,  
Smiles on the bosom of the turgid flood  
Look deep into mine heart and search if  
aught

Less pure than thy white beam inspires  
its love,

Soda, be mine!

SODA WATA.—

Alas! What words are these! What  
thought is this!

Thy meaning what? Unskilled to know,  
My simple words can find no answer to  
the heart's appeal,

Where am I at?

PILAFFE DE VOLAILLE.—Flee with me.

SODA WATA.—Alas!

PILAFFE.—Flee.

SODA WATA (*invoking the constellations of the Zodiac*).—

Ye glimmering lights that from the Milky Way

To the tall zenith of the utmost pole  
 Illume the vault of heaven and indicate  
 The inclination of the axis of the earth,  
 Showing sidereal time and the mean  
 measurement

Of the earth's parallax,

Help me.

PILAFFE DE VOLAILLE (*in despair*).—  
 Oh hêle!

Both the lovers know that their tragic love is hopeless. For them, marriage is out of the question. De Volaille is sprung from an old French family, with eight-quarters of noble birth, a high average even at a time when most people were well born. He cannot ally himself with anything less white than himself. On the other hand, Sparkling Soda knows that, after the customs of her time, her father has pledged her hand to The Encyclopedia. She cannot marry a paleface.

Thus, what might have been a happy marriage, is queered from the start. Each is too well born to stoop to the other. This often happens.

Standing thus in the moonlight beside the waterfall, the lovers are surprised by Areopagitica and The Encyclopedia. In despair Sparkling Soda leaps into the flood. The noble Encyclopedia plunges headlong after her into the boiling water and is boiled. De Volaille flees.

Areopagitica vows vengeance. Staining himself with grape juice, he declares a war of extermination against the white race. The camp of the French is surprised in a night attack. Pilaffe de Volaille, fighting with the courage of his race, is pierced with an Indian arrow. He expires on the spot, having just time before he dies to prophecy in blank verse the future greatness of the United States.

Areopagitica, standing among the charred ruins of the stockaded fort, and

gazing upon the faces of the dead, invokes the Nebular Hypothesis and prophesies clearly the League of Nations.

The same dramatic possibilities seem to crop up all through American history from Christopher Columbus to President Harding.

But to see the thing at its height it is better to skip about three hundred years in one hop and come down to what is perhaps the greatest epic period in American history—the era of the Civil War.

This great event has been portrayed so often in the drama and the moving pictures that everybody knows just how it is dealt with. It is generally put on under some such title as "The Making of the Nation," or "The Welding of the Nation," or "The Rivetting of the Nation," or "The Hammering," or "The Plastering"—in short, a metaphor taken from the building and contracting trades. Compare this:

## FORGING THE FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT

### A DRAMA OF THE CIVIL WAR

The scene is laid in the Council Room of the White House. There are present Abraham Lincoln, Seward, Staunton, Artemus Ward, and the other members of the cabinet.

LINCOLN (*speaking very gravely*).—Mr. Secretary, what news have you from the Army of the Potomac?

STAUNTON.—Mr. President, the news is bad. General Halleck has been driven across the Rappahannock, General Pope has been driven across the Roanoke, and General Burnside has been driven across the Pamunkey.

LINCOLN (*with quiet humor*).—And has anybody been driven across the Chickahominy?

STAUNTON.—Not yet.

LINCOLN.—Then it might be worse. Let me tell you a funny story that I heard ten years ago.

SEWARD (*with ill-disguised impatience*).





"HAIL! OH! HAIL!"

—Mr. President, this is no time for telling stories ten years old.

LINCOLN (*wearily*).—Perhaps not. In that case, fetch me the Constitution of the United States.

[*The Constitution is brought and is spread out on the table, in front of them. They bend over it anxiously.*]

LINCOLN (*with deep emotion*).—What do you make of it?

STAUNTON.—It seems to me, from this, that all men are free and equal.

SEWARD (*gravely*).—And that the power of Congress extends to the regulation of commerce between the States, with foreign states, and with Indian Tribes.

LINCOLN (*thoughtfully*).—The price of liberty is eternal vigilance.

(In the printed text of the play there is a note here to the effect that Lincoln did not on this particular occasion use this particular phrase. Indeed, it was

said by some one else on some other occasion. But it is such a good thing for anyone to say on any occasion, that it is the highest dramatic art to use it.)

LINCOLN (*standing up from the table to his full height and speaking as one who looks into the future*).—Gentlemen, I am prepared to sacrifice any part of this Constitution to save the whole of it, or to sacrifice the whole of it to save any part of it, but what I will not do is to sacrifice all of it to save none of it.

[*There is a murmur of applause. But at this very moment a messenger dashes in.*]

Mr. President, telegraphic news from the seat of war. General Grant has been pushed over the Chickahominy.

LINCOLN.—Pushed backward or pushed forward?

THE MESSENGER.—Forward.

LINCOLN (*gravely*).—Gentlemen, the Union is safe.

# Two Airs for the Virginals

BY JOHN PEALE BISHOP

## I

**A**LLEGRA walks under the quince-buds  
In a gown the color of flowers;  
Her small breasts shine through the thin silk-haze  
Like raindrops after showers;  
The green hem of her dress is silk, but duller  
Than her eyes' green-color.

Her shadow restores the grass's green  
Where the sun had gilded it;  
The wind had given her copper hair  
The sanguine that was requisite.  
Whatever her flaws, my lady  
Has no faults in her young body.

She leans with her long, slender arms  
To pull down morning upon her—  
Fragrance of quince, white light, and falling cloud.  
The day shall have lacked due honor  
Until I shall have rightly praised  
Her standing thus with slight arms upraised.

## II

Lock your bedroom doors with terror.  
Comb your hair between two lights.  
In the high unlighted chamber  
But for them let all be somber  
Till the crested fire-drake lights  
Fiery threads upon the mirror.

Comb, comb out your bright hair. Rain  
Fiery threads upon the shadow.  
Stare until you see dilated  
Eyes stare out, as once the excited  
Young men, coming out of shadow,  
Stared into a burning pain.

Find the loveliest shroud you own.  
Build a ceremonious  
Height on gilded heels—and summon  
To a rarity grown common  
Starved arachnid and dead-louse  
And whatever feeds on bone.



# The Promise

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

IT'S no wonder when you come to think of it that a legend wove itself round Maxim Lopez and Mary Nickerson. Angus MacDonald said it was plainly Providence that sent Mary to the outside shore the day of the wreck, while the Coreas next door declared it was the Blessed Virgin. The people in Dennisport made a pretty enough story out of it all. But the real story of Mary Nickerson and Maxim and the part she played in his life, not more than two people understood, though it may be Captain Nickerson did also, for he had a deep wordless knowledge of Mary.

As to the legend of her going out across the dunes with a forewarned knowledge that she would find Maxim, there's nothing in that at all. Pure chance played its part there. Nothing more dignified than a squall of rain, fore-runner of the great storm, and Susan Herren and Hettie Dower caught in it in front of Mary Nickerson's house and whirled up her front steps by the wind and rain to ask for shelter, giggling with curiosity as they went.

They had both ached to get inside the house with its stately white pillars, and they pattered up the long brick walk, flanked with blue bachelor buttons, half triumphant and a little afraid too, for Mary Nickerson was a woman who, as they said it in Dennisport, "kept herself to herself."

How had she managed to escape being disliked since she had broken the first of all village commandments, "Thou shalt not be reticent"? Perhaps by the way she smiled at people, for her smile said, "I like you"—perhaps because of the magnificence of her beauty. Anyway, Dennisport tolerated her aloofness. She

was a stranger when Captain Darrow Nickerson brought her there as his bride, and a stranger she remained, making many little friendships and no intimacies in the twenty-five years that went by from her marriage to the day that Hettie Dower and Susan Herren sought shelter with her from the white squall.

When they were inside the house it seemed disappointingly familiar and, from the way Mary Nickerson greeted them, they might have been daily visitors. The three women watched the storm grow in fierceness. Then suddenly Susan Herren called out,

"There's a wreck, a vessel's foundered on the outside shore."

For the street that had been washed clean of people was suddenly alive again. An unnatural crowd had come out into the wind and rain, and it's an unchancy sight to see folks stand gesticulating and screaming to one another in the street, indifferent to the rain slashing and tearing at them like wolves' teeth. People had been drained out of their houses by the compelling magnet of disaster. Groups stood like blots of ink under the high crashing trees, dwarfed and ineffective people opposing themselves to the storm's fury, asking one another where the wreck was, their futile gestures, their screaming voices all played to the tune of panic.

All at once they came to a decision; the blots flowed together and formed an irregular stream. Hettie Dower stood on the veranda and shouted into space, "Where's the wreck?"

Voices screamed in answer, "White Horse Bar."

And next, Mary Nickerson and Hettie and Susan had joined the sightseers of

disaster in their march through the back country, sheets of water drowning them, washing down the sides of houses more like waves than rain.

Soon the marching feet of the crowd had trodden an irregular path over the smooth cheek of the dune. There was a hint of madness in the procession and no wonder, for going sightseeing to death is a queer business.

After all their struggle through dune and bog, there was little enough for the drenched company to see on the outside shore. Nothing but a wrecked barkentine with one mast gone and the other, like a crazy finger, making circles on the horizon. The vessel had met her death on the outside bar which had taken toll enough of vessels in its time so that that part of the coast had been named, "The Graveyard of the Atlantic."

Coast guards were already bringing drowned men into the life-saving station. Crew and passengers had taken to the boats which had been whelmed inshore by the fury of the sea. The procession of sightseers from the town separated and plowed their way up and down the beach as though in some vague search. Gideon Dalton, Captain of White Horse Station, was giving orders to his men, while between orders he cried out:

"God! No end to it! All lost, every man jack gone! All of 'em drowned. No end to the trouble corpses is to the captain of a station."

He stood silhouetted against the sulphur-colored sky, a great bulk of a man, bellowing impersonally into the nightmare racket of the storm the trouble that he was going to have with the corpses, lists to be made out, long inventories to be sent to Washington, and while he shouted into space, the sulphur sky turned to the color of a bruise. It seemed as though death itself had come shrieking down on the sudden night. Far-off lightning ripped through the black horror of the sky. Those of the sightseers of death who had at first spread out along the shore fled back to the station. Then one sheet of lightning

followed another and lighted up the shore fringed by greedy breakers.

Along the shore a single crazy figure wallowed through the wet sand, a woman trying to run, a woman without hat or coat, whose hair was lashed across her face like seaweed, whose wet clothes clung to her as though trying to throw her. The darkness of the unnatural night engulfed her again, and then another flash of lightning showed her straining on with incredible effort, a puny toiling thing shouting something inaudible through the storm's uproar. Some one said:

"It's Mary Nickerson!" It seemed impossible that the toiling, wallowing creature was the Mary Nickerson they had known walking Dennisport streets, proud and aloof.

She was almost spent as she gained the little group that went to meet her.

"There's a boy down—the shore—still alive. . . . Hurry. . . . Oh, hurry," she managed to wheeze at them.

"You'd better go inside, Mary," the captain begged her. She turned on him snarling.

"I'm going back with you, I'm going back—you'll say he's drowned, but he's not. He's not! When I dragged him out I felt he was alive." And as the coast guards started down the shore nothing would do but she must follow.

"How'd he get so far up on the sand?" Captain Dalton asked as they got to the inert figure of the boy.

"I pulled him up," said Mary. "A wave came along and licked against me. I felt something soft against my feet. I bent down and caught him just in time. I told you I dragged him out." Captain Dalton shook his head.

"He's dead, Mary—dead like the rest of 'em."

"He's not dead," she shrieked, "I tell you he's alive!"

They labored under the compulsion of her certainty as they'd never worked under Captain Dalton, though up and down the Cape he was one known for driving his men. But for all their efforts there was never a sign of life in the boy.



Now and again some one would lift a head to say, "It's no use," and at this Mary Nickerson would cry out,

"He's alive I tell you! He's alive!" There was no gainsaying her furious certainty.

She kept them at work, standing apart from the crowd, her disguise of kindly reticence torn to shreds. From the disguise there stepped out a creature with furious energy, with a will that overrode reason, a will, it seemed, that transcended death itself. "Possessed" was what people called it who saw her that day drive the Captain and the life-savers to what seemed a vain effort. She seemed as if cut off from the rest of humanity, cut off from her own life, filled with one overwhelming purpose, as though she had been hoarding her energy so this boy could live.

Then, after what seemed an incredible time, the boy began to fight for breath, and the coast guards were taking Maxim Lopez back in the station. They carried back Mary Nickerson, too, for with the coming of life to Maxim life ebbed from her.

It was natural enough that Maxim went to live at the Nickersons and sailed with Captain Nickerson in the *Aurora*, for in those days almost every Captain had a "Portugee" boy. He was sixteen then, tall with wide shoulders, his gray eyes set apart and glints of gold in his hair, a "blond Portugee," they called him in Dennisport. There are blond tribes and red-headed ones in the north of Africa who came down on the old invasions and lost themselves, and there are traces of this northern blood in the Western Islands. These men of mixed blood are leaders always.

Maybe it was because of this northern blood of his, or maybe it was because she nursed him through pneumonia after he'd been saved from drowning off White Horse Bar, that Mary Nickerson felt about Maxim as she did, for her own son might not have been to her what he was. A hunger had gnawed always at Mary's

heart. Her two children, both girls, had died as babies. Always she had wanted a son—and so had Darrow Nickerson. It seemed to Mary that she had failed the husband she loved that no son had been born to her. Life had thwarted her and left her hungry. Now Maxim filled the empty place in her heart. They understood each other, these two beyond race and beyond language, and there's no stronger love than this. It's true enough, too, that not all kinships are of the body. If ever a boy had a mother, Mary Nickerson was Maxim's.

She loved all of him, good and bad, lean and fat. She knew that Maxim Lopez was arrogant, that his pride matched Lucifer's. She knew when he set out to accomplish something he had it in him to be as cruel as hell's ice. But there was something in that which matched her. It was perhaps for this reason she could graft on him her hard moralities.

When he was hurt or angry he'd be like a closed house with a wall around it. There has never been a human being who looked as though made of granite as Maxim did then. It was awful at these times to try to talk to him. His words would trickle down thin and sharp like the drip, drip of water from a glacier. And yet Mary Nickerson liked even this side of him. She gloried in the bitter strength of him.

When he had been sailing with Captain Nickerson for a year and Maxim was seventeen and with a strength that the young men talked of from New Bedford to Provincetown, one soft night Mary Nickerson was walking home from the post office, and under the silver maples she saw a woman standing and a man with her. A light from the arc lamp played over the woman's face. It was Bessie Deane, a young married woman the young boys ran after. She stood there poised, playing her game, her loose mouth alluring and red in the dubious light. The boy she was playing with was Maxim Lopez.

A feeling close to murder had Mary



Nickerson in its grip. These were the women who tarnished the youth of boys, and who robbed them of their belief in women. She felt as if she could have strangled Bessie Deane gladly with her own hands. Mothers who are strong enough to look life in the face know this anger. You can protect a girl, but not your boy. She saw Maxim tarnished and despoiled and herself powerless to help.

"Maxim," she called, "Maxim, I've got a package to carry home. Will you help me?"

"Yes'm," he answered, and came to her running. For a while they walked in silence, he sensing what was in her mind and summoning up his pride to meet her, but when she spoke he had nothing with which to answer her. She was as little like the reserved quiet woman he knew every day as she had been the time she had come toiling up the beach to save his life. She told him of her years of waiting for a son, all her hidden despairs.

As Mary Nickerson and Maxim walked down the street together, she put her heart in his hands. Their talk left both of them shaken. When Mary Nickerson stopped, Maxim cried out, "I won't speak to her, I won't look at her again ever!"

What happened next wasn't perhaps Maxim's fault, but before a week was over, he was walking up the street with Bessie Deane. They went past the Nickerson's big house, talking lightly, and at something she said Maxim threw back his head and laughed.

Mary Nickerson, sitting on her veranda sewing, heard him laugh and looked to see the two of them saunter down the street.

When Maxim came home for supper she served him without speaking. Maxim braced himself for battle. As she passed him she only said one thing.

"*You broke your promise, Maxim,*" and as she spoke it was as though she broke the current of understanding that had been between them from the days when she had been fighting for his life.

The *Aurora* was clearing that day for a long cruise, and all through the days of the voyage Maxim heard only one thing, "You broke your promise."

He needed no explanations. One thing the world over a man must not do, he may not break his word. Maxim had broken his, broken it lightly, broken his word for a laugh of a light woman, after he had given it unasked. Broken his word after she had told him that her life had been barren for want of a son and that he had taken the place of the son she had never had.

Through the voyage he was dour and unapproachable. He had broken his word to his mother, who had twice saved his life, and who had trusted him so deeply that she had been able to say to him what few mothers can tell their sons.

It was a long time before life flowed in its old happy current in the big house. He withdrew from Mary unto his granite silence and in his silence he thought about her and her passionate revulsion from life's cheap compromises. In those weeks Maxim aged and his boyhood dropped from him like a garment.

Between the two of them so alien in blood, so close together, there was no formal reconciliation. What had happened had cut too deep. Time had to do its work.

But Maxim had made himself a promise that he would never again break his word; it was something forged into him by the suffering of having failed Mary Nickerson.

A year later Maxim fell in love with Corona Corea, a Portuguese girl from the Western Islands. Mary Nickerson silenced her husband's talk that the boy was too young to marry with a short,

"Nonsense. He's the kind of boy who ought to get married early."

There was a little house close to the big one which Maxim had hired, and all day Corona was running in and out of the big one. So Mary Nickerson had a son and a daughter, and her life was full. Mary took Corona to her heart. These





*Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner*

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING SHOWED HER STRAINING ON

two women of alien blood understood each other from the first, and they were united by their love of Maxim. It was a matter of course that Maxim's boy should be called Darrow after Captain Nickerson. Mary let the town wag its tongue that she had "taken to Portuguese" when there was a town full of New England people to choose from.

Corona was a beautiful, wilful woman who had a dominion over the heart of her husband that more submissive women never have. She was all soft curves and yet tall, too, and it was like music to see her walking down the street. People said she walked like Mary Nickerson.

No woman had more joy than Corona. Maxim knew what love meant, and that is rare in a man. One thing kept them from happiness—Corona never got over her fear of the sea. The last day before Maxim's vessel was due she'd go to the Nickersons' house and sit looking out of the window, the knuckles of her hands showing white with the intensity of her waiting.

Mary Nickerson hated fear. She hated Corona's anxiety.

"Fear's going to kill you one day, Corona," she'd say.

"I know," Corona would answer, dry-lipped, "I know."

Mary Nickerson was right. Fear in its own fashion took Corona. One time when Maxim's vessel was two days overdue, she heard it was sighted off the point, and she waited for hours in the slashing rain.

By the time Maxim's vessel came to anchor, Corona was shaking with chill, and three days later died of pneumonia.

After Corona's death it seemed that women no longer existed for Maxim. All the love of his heart centered around his boy. He couldn't bear him out of his sight, and though Darrow was only fourteen, Maxim took him to sea in spite of all Mary Nickerson could say.

The sea suited Darrow. By the time he was eighteen he stood over six feet,

a mighty commanding figure of a man, and he and his father looked more like brothers than father and son. When they walked down the streets of strange towns, the women's eyes followed them, and turned to look at them. The blond strain came out even stronger in the boy. His blond hair had a deeper glint of gold and his eyes were a startling blue in the bronze of his face.

It was that year that some accident made them put into Provincetown Harbor. The crew came ashore and tramped up the board walk in their high boots, looking around as men do in a strange town, both curious and bored. Some drifted to a pool room, others remembered they had relatives they might visit. Some strayed out to Railroad Wharf, watching a seiner that had come in with a big catch of mackerel. Darrow and Maxim strolled down Commercial Street, and as always the eyes of women followed them. Maxim turned to Darrow:

"I'm going to go cruising in back. You wan' to come?" Darrow shook his head.

"There's a girl round here I know," he said.

"You go then look for your girl," Maxim agreed. "Mebbe I'll walk to the station on the outside. You know Tony Santos who useta sail with us, he's workin' out there."

Maxim walked out into the back country, and there he lay on his back and let the warm sun stream down on him. On the Cape spring comes with a loveliness no other country knows. When spring is lush everywhere else with the full green of summer, the leaves on hornbeam and silver maple and on the stunted, wind-blown oak trees are still shy and hesitating, while the back country is covered with white bloom of beach-plum and shad and honey-pear as with a bridal veil.

He looked up into the ardent blue of the spring sky, and it seemed to him that there slipped from his shoulders a burden which he had carried for four years,



and this was the burden of grief that hadn't left him since Corona had died. It had weighed him down so that the joy of living had gone out of him. Maxim's grief had been a lonely thing. He hadn't even been able to let Mary Nickerson within its circle. Suddenly its weight had slipped from him.

Maxim lay still and looked at the spring, the feeling as of the earth released from the iron sorrow of winter entering deeper and deeper in him. He was alone in this spring country, and yet he felt his heart flooded with tenderness as though this loveliness before him was not tree and blossom, but was part of some sentient creature.

Down below him the wind fluttered a girl's dress—a girl with red-gold hair, a thicket of beach-plum trees in full flower behind her.

She looked up toward the hillside, shading her eyes against the bright sunlight, as though she were looking to find Maxim there.

He walked toward her as if she had called him, sure that Life itself had made this appointment with this unknown girl. She stood quite still against the white background of blossom, looking at him quietly, without astonishment, then with a swift gleam of recognition as though he were an old friend who had been away a long time.

They stood together a moment without speaking, the girl's gray eyes meeting Maxim's squarely.

At last Maxim said,

"It's pretty here."

The girl assented gravely.

"Let's walk over to the dunes together," he asked her.

She came with him unquestioningly. When they had turned into the trail that led into the forest beyond the blueberry pasture, Maxim opened his arms and she came to him. Then he held her at arm's length.

"Are you my woman?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"Will you come with me when I come for you next week?"

"Yes," she answered again, and for all she was a shy girl and young, she met his look proudly, for she was a fit mate for Maxim.

They walked together, hardly talking, her hand in his.

"What's your name?" he asked her.

"Mary," she answered.

"My name's Maxim," he told her. "You live here all time?"

"I live in the last house before you come to Turtle Pond Trail, in back behind a dune."

Then Maxim noticed her worn dress and worn shoes, and saw she was a poor girl. This made him glad, as he would have the more to give her.

But he didn't go back the next week. When his vessel came to anchor in Den-nisport they carried Maxim Lopez ashore with a broken leg. News traveled to the Nickersons before Maxim got up the hill, and Mary had him brought to the big house.

It was a strange enough talk that Mary Nickerson and Maxim had after they brought him to her house that night, for the first thing he said to her after the doctor had set his leg and he lay comfortable in the four-post bed, was,

"I found my woman."

"What's she like, Maxim?" Mary asked him.

"Oh, she looks like spring on the Cape, shy the same way."

"What's the color of her hair?" asked Mary Nickerson.

"It's red," said Maxim. "Her skin's tanned the color o' honey."

"How'd you meet her?"

"It was like this," said Maxim, telling what they had thought instead of what they had said. "I was in the back country and she was standing with beach-plum tree behind her—a great tall one. And I says, 'What you doing there? Was you standing there waitin' for me?' She laughs shy at me an' says, 'Well, I guess mebbe I was.' Then right off I knew she was my woman and I knew she loved me just lak I'm sure I love her. . . . An' I tol' her so."

"What's her name?" asked Mary Nickerson.

"Oh, her name's Mary," said Maxim, impatiently. "I jus' put my arms round her and I says, 'Mary, will you marry me?' 'Yes,' says she. Nex' week I was goin' back to get her."

For all he was thirty-eight, he looked like a boy—he looked as if light were shining out of him. It seemed to Mary as if she could see the honey-colored girl with her shy ways, and proud enough and brave enough to know without discussion that Maxim was her man.

There were other things to think of than that. There were twenty-three men who made the crew of the *Maria Corona*, and the fish running as never before. There was a tramp of sea boots in the Nickerson's house, for a committee of the men had come to see Maxim.

"They want to know who's goin' to sail your vessel, Maxim," Mary told him, for fever had him, and she had kept the men outside.

He lifted himself wearily.

"There ain't one o' them sons o' guns could sail a vessel, not sence my mate lef'. There ain't a navigator among 'em. Not a one o' 'em can take the sun—just like I couldn't if Captain Nickerson hadn't learned me!"

"You learned *me*, pa!" came from Darrow, standing at the foot of the bed. "Let me take her out, pa—let me!" He stood there, youth confident and triumphant.

"You couldn't take her out. Why, you ain' but eighteen."

"I got a nose for fish, pa. You remember trip before last, when I told you there was fish in the north'ard an' there was—we got the best catch ever."

"The men won't follow you for cap'n."

"You say the word, pa, an' they will. I'm your son, an' bigger'n any of 'em." Pride rose high in Maxim that day.

"Call the men, boy," he said. "If they tak' you for cap'n, good! It's you or no feesh till I'm well."

When the *Maria Corona* weighed an-

chor, it was with the youngest captain that had ever sailed from Dennisport. They came back with fish and more fish for three trips. It seemed that Darrow couldn't fail. The fish that the *Maria Corona* caught became a story of fable. A fable, too, her making the market a full six hours before any of the fishing fleet from Provincetown to Gloucester.

Maxim seemed these days to live in a golden web of happiness. He was so happy that it hurt Mary Nickerson to look at him.

"You'd better write to your sweetheart, Maxim," she warned him.

"I don' write ver' good."

"You told her you'd come and get her in a week."

"She knows me—my girl. She knows me. If I don' come for a year, she wait! I don' need write letters," he answered with the arrogance of love.

"You ought to write—women can't be left waiting."

"Who I'm goin' to write to?" Maxim asked with his big laugh. "'Mary who lives in the last house near Turtle Road?' I don' know her las' name."

"But you promised, Maxim. You ought to send somebody with word. I'll go myself."

But Maxim wouldn't be stirred or moved. He would go himself in a little while when he was well.

His leg mended quickly. In three weeks Maxim was back in Provincetown's long streets. He walked down to the last house near Turtle Road, behind the dune.

Instead of a house there was a charred hole in the ground, and above it still standing a brick chimney that gave the aspect of a tombstone sacred to the memory of what had been a home.

A boy was going past.

"Where's the folks that lived here?" screamed Maxim.

"Gone," said the boy. "They wasn't Provincetown folks. They'd only been here a little while."

A chill like a cold wind swept down





*Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner*

"WHAT'S YOUR NAME?" HE ASKED HER

Maxim's back. Afterward he could give no account of the afternoon. He searched the town for news of the people who had lived in the little house near Turtle Road.

The house had burned and they had gone. No one knew where. They had not lived there long. The man was a poor fisherman. Only the nearest neighbor remembered a niece, Mary, who was always "in back"—a queer girl.

There was no trace of them. There was no one who knew Mary's last name.

Maxim came back to Dennisport with defeat eating his heart out like acid. It seemed to those who saw him that they looked at some other man, for the fury of defeat had eaten into him, and this defeat was of his own making.

It was a hard summer and winter for everyone, with Maxim turned as though to granite and spending all his spare time on his barren search or clutching after Darrow with something of the thoughtless egotism of the old.

It was the middle of the next winter that Darrow told his father what Mary Nickerson could have told Maxim months before.

"I want to get married, pa!" said Darrow.

Maxim felt as if the sound planking of the vessel had given way under his feet.

"You wan' *what*?"

"To get married," Darrow repeated.

"You're nothin' but a kid, Darrow. Married? You?" He spoke with the scorn of a father toward a son, but it seemed as if his heart had plunged over a precipice.

"When I took out the *Corona* you called me a man."

They faced each other—equals, a tinge of gray at Maxim's temples, the boy in the young magnificence of his strength.

"You're right," Maxim said after a long silence. "Go get your girl."

"I'll bring her up to-morrow to Mis' Nickerson's. She lives down to Truro," said Darrow.

Weather was making the day Darrow brought his sweetheart to Dennisport. Work of some sort had kept Maxim from going to the station, and he walked wearily up and down the big house, Mary watching him. She knew what was in his mind, as she knew what was in her own. Mary made a pretense of talking.

"It's a nasty storm," she said. "These sou'westers are mean for vessels. Especially for those which aren't overhauled yet."

Maxim stopped his moody walk.

"There's fog outside. There'll be a welter o' strange shippin' in port come nightfall."

Then silence impenetrable fell between the two. Presently Mary broke the silence with:

"Here they come."

A little figure shrouded in raincoat and sou'wester followed Darrow shyly up the brick path.

Inside the house she greeted Mary, who busied herself with her guest's streaming clothes. The girl took the sou'wester from her shining red-gold hair, and then her eyes fell on Maxim, staring at her.

"*You!*" she cried. "*You here?*"

But Maxim neither moved nor spoke. The girl ran to him and laid her head on his shoulder as though she had known neither rest nor peace since last she had seen him. He shoved her head back and looked at her with hungry eyes.

"Are you still my woman?" he asked in a tender, savage sort of way.

"Yes," she cried. "Always."

They clung together, forgetful of everything but that they had found each other.

Darrow stood as if turned to a stone image. He looked at them first as though with the amazement of madness. Slow fury mounted in him—as though torn out of him by sheer courage.

"*May!*" he cried. "*Father!*"

They sprang apart—dazed, bewildered, staring at him with shocked eyes. Then slowly, like something mortally



wounded, the girl crumpled into a chair and put her hands before her eyes as though to shut out the sight of torture.

"What's happened?" Darrow demanded. "What's it mean?"

But Maxim stood open-mouthed, struggling for words. The girl still kept her hands before her face.

"Why, don't you *see*, Darrow?" came Mary Nickerson's voice. "Don't you *understand*? Mary Burns is the girl Maxim found in the back country. This is *his* girl. The girl he couldn't find when he went back for her."

Darrow strode over to the girl. He took her hands from her eyes.

"Look at me," he pleaded. "Say it ain't true about him. You love *me*—May. You *can't* love him! He—he's *old*. Why we been goin' together months and months. Months and months lovin' each other. May, May, speak to me. Tell me it ain't true. Why, you're promised to me. I know you love me. Say somethin'." He stood before her, wounded to the heart, bewildered—but still master of himself—still sure of her love. "You don' love him, I tell you. It's me you love. You loved me right off same's I loved you. Ain't that so?"

"I thought he was gone. I did love you."

"When you think you love him it's jus' a dream. A man you seen once. My *father*—old—"

The cruelty of Darrow's magnificent, unthinking youth hit Maxim like a blow.

"What you tryin' to do, Darrow?" he cried. "Keep her w'en she wants me? *My* girl?"

"Oh, she's free to choose," said Darrow. "But I know her. I tell you and I *know* she loves me!"

As though from a long distance came Mary's voice. "I—been waiting for Maxim all my life!"

"We loved each other, boy, w'en we looked at each other. I thought I'd lost her—now I found her again." Maxim spoke slowly, as though from the depths of a dream.

"Yes, and she'd forgotten about you.

She loved me—why, we was goin' to be married in just a little while. She loves me, I tell you—*me, me*. She knows me—You jes' passed by one afternoon—What's that to the days an' weeks an' months we been together? You leave us be and she'll forget you fast enough like she done before."

"I never forgot him—not an hour, not a minute," said Mary Burns.

The two men faced each other, anger flaming high between them.

"What are you *doing*?" cried Mary Nickerson. "Maxim, Darrow—what are you thinking of, you two? *You two*, father and son fighting over a woman!"

Their rage died like the light of snuffed out candles. They stared at each other, the horror in Mary Nickerson's voice reflected in their eyes.

Maxim put his hand on Darrow's shoulder.

"We can't neither of us have her, boy. We lose each other if we do. I can't take her away from you."

"I'd take her away from you," cried Darrow. "I'd go to Hell to get Mary Burns. I wouldn't care if you was a hundred times my father. I never loved no other woman. You know that."

Again anger flamed between them. They faced each other without speaking. The room held the awful, unnatural silence of their conflicting wills. The two women were motionless, their eyes on the men. Outside the wind clawed at the windows and shook them and rattled them as with hands. There was no other sound. Both women watched Maxim. Slowly the anger between the two men died down again. They looked steadfastly at each other. At last Maxim spoke into the insane noise of the storm. He spoke in a toneless, unnatural voice, as though his tongue was unaccustomed to words.

"I can't—take her—from you, boy. You got my word!"

At this the girl sprang to her feet.

"I got your word, too, Maxim. He's right! Darrow's right! I got a right to choose."

"Then choose me, for God's sake!" said Darrow. "Me that you love."

"You two men can't say 'Yes' or 'No' about me. I choose you, Maxim, like I did the day I promised myself to you. If you don't want me, I don't want no one!"

Then it was as if the screaming of the wind blew the words from her mouth. She stopped, her head up, standing between the three of them.

Maxim walked to the window and looked out into the storm's fury. It seemed to him his flesh was torn with hooks. He loved Darrow as though he were his father and his mother both. And the thought of Mary Burns hadn't left him by day or night since he had seen her standing before the blooming tree. Love for her had overwhelmed him in a mighty tide.

He had given his word to her. He had given his word to Darrow. In his anguish he turned mutely to Mary Nickerson who was his mother, who had taught him to keep his word inviolate. It was as though he shouted to her above the racket of the storm: "*You see I must choose between my love and my boy. I must choose between my word given to her and my word to him. Such a choice is beyond me. Such a choice is beyond any man.*"

Aloud he said slowly: "I—don' see no—way—out."

Now suddenly the rain-swept street began to fill with people gesticulating and pointing out to sea. To Mary Nickerson's mind there came the memory of years before when a wreck had driven people from their houses in this way and she had found Maxim on the outside shore. The memory sent a cold chill crawling up her back, and when there came the sound of knocking at the door it seemed as though it was death itself that knocked.

A voice shouted, "Darrow and Maxim Lopez here? There's a vessel wrecked out in the bay. We gotto have volunteer life-savers. Comin' both of you?"

"Yes," called Darrow, without moving.

The four stood staring at one another in complete silence, until Maxim called to the men waiting outside.

"I'll be going with Darrow."

"You can't go," cried Darrow. "You're no good in a dory sence you broke your leg. You can't go!" He called to the two women, as he ran for the door. "Tell him he mustn't go. He can't go out in this storm." Horror was in the boy's voice. It was as though he left panic behind him, as he rushed out, shouting, "Keep him, you two!"

Then, with his going, an awful silence again held the room under its enchantment. Maxim looked from the girl to Mary Nickerson. He looked as though he could never gaze his fill. Suddenly Mary Nickerson cried out,

"*You're not going, Maxim! You're not going!*"

"I got to go," he answered dully. "You know I got to."

It was as though some message had been flashed between the two—as though this message held all Mary Nickerson had taught him, the sum of the years they had known each other.

He came close to her and spoke softly, "I've got to keep my word, ain't I?" He held her gaze to his, as though pleading with her to consent to her own teachings. As though pleading with her, "There's only one way out. You know what that road is. Give me leave to go. Give me God-speed." So they looked at each other for a moment. Then suddenly, at what she read in Maxim's eyes, Mary Nickerson shrieked aloud,

"No!" she cried. "*No, Maxim, no!*"

Still he looked at Mary Nickerson, the granite of his resolve eating away his love and his love of life. Mary Nickerson watched him. She saw all his softness hardening to stone before the necessity of action. There was only one road for him. He had made two promises. He could not keep both.

Then Mary Nickerson screamed,

"What are you thinking about, Maxim Lopez? Are you crazy?"

He looked at her, smiling. "I'm not



crazy," he said. "You know I ain't," he said gently.

"But think of her," cried Mary, her face as white as her hair.

"I'm thinkin'—an' o' you and o' Darrow."

The girl huddled in the corner sprang up as though his words spoken so gently had been sharp stones he had thrown at her. She stood there like a flame between them.

"*What's all this about?*" she cried challengingly to Mary Nickerson. "What's it about? *Where's he going?* Where's my Maxim going?"

Mary put her arms around the girl.

"Why, it's nothing," she said, "just nothing. They've called for life-savers, that's all."

The girl released herself from Mary and faced her demanding,

"What made you scream like you did then? Women like you don't scream like that for nothing. *What's Maxim going to do?* I've got a right to know what's in his mind."

There was panic back of her words. Then Maxim opened his arms and she went to him.

"You're my man, ain't you?" she said.

"You know I am."

"As long as you live?"

"As long as I *live*." He stroked her flaming hair.

At that Mary Nickerson's hand flew to her heart as though to staunch a sudden mortal wound.

They spoke with the gravity of people reciting a marriage ceremony, but at his "As long as I live" he pressed the girl to his heart again. From outside came the voice of the slashing storm and with it men's voices crying,

"Hey, Maxim! What's keepin' you?"

"Good-by," he said. "Wrecks won't wait."

For a moment he held her in his arms, then he turned to Mary Nickerson and put his arms around her also, and kissed her eyes and mouth.

They heard the slamming of the great door behind him.

## Evening

BY ALICE CORBIN

**B**Y the smoky tide of evening  
The sands are running out to the sea,  
And an old man sits by the wharf  
With his pipe gone out on his knee.

The sun behind his shoulders  
Is the measure of his desire  
For the sea, which is only longing  
Lacking the old-time fire.

Color streams over the water  
Like many flaming oils;  
On the brown sea beach of evening  
The fishermen fling their spoils.

# Trails to Tiny Towns

## 2.—*A Hungarian Rhapsody*

BY GERTRUDE A. ZERR

**T**HERE is never a land so silent that it does not talk, and the voices of the bleak places are wild, wild voices, fierce and terrible. The water talks as it rolls restlessly over the rocks; the trees talk, branch to branch and twig to twig; the echo of the wind talks back and forth from canyon walls—talk, talk, talk, breathings of death and disaster, of crime and vengeance and whispered threat—rarely of pleasant things.

You can't imagine how terrible it is. I have known a man who went into the wild mountains young and full of cheerfulness; a little while and the quietness was sweet; then sounds became audible through the silence, a soft murmuring of voices as if far away; he began to wait for the approach, but no one came; the voices went on, more and more distinct, and he began to look—to look and look—for the Someone who was there. From expecting and hoping, he came to dread: it was no friend of his who could be skulking thus among the brush and piled dead vegetation, no; it was some enemy who sought him out for revenge. At first he was valiant, and called on the unseen foe to come out into the open; but no one replied, except only in the murmuring threats which came to him from every tree and twig, from every stream and stone. Then he took to hiding behind boulders with his gun cocked, ready; and after a while someone found him and put him away where he would be safe.

To those who play with her on sweet summer days, Nature is frolicsome and kind; but there are things she has shut away from humanity forever, saying,

"This is mine"; and it is well that this is so, for domination is not good for man, and it is only in the recognition of an unconquerable power that we preserve sanity. It is this which takes men into desert heat and mountain snow to lay down their lives for things they care nothing about—this compelling necessity of worshiping something greater than themselves.

Otherwise, you might wonder that men should love such places as they do; that children should be so happy, and women so undisturbed.

It is a tale of such a land I have to tell; and if my song is sung in a minor key, do not be distressed, for I promise you that presently you shall hear the trill of distant laughter, and the happy run of little feet, and the final exultant burst of rapture which in its suddenness and strength is so much more enchanting than continuous quiet content.

You have seen most of the wild places I tell about, because they are beautiful, and cars can travel along the roads in summer. You will never see Mystic Canyon. No one will ever blow away the mountain walls to make a road, because there is no reason for a road—no gold, copper or molybdenite as in Lost Lode; no farm produce as in Purple Prairie; no herds of cattle as in Crooked River Valley; the same old trails that the first prospectors made; the same little wagon road over which the homesteaders carried their first few supplies—that's the entrance and the exit; canyon walls that touch each other; bridgeless streams that roar between the steep slopes; patches of blue sky and stars



from the depths; and the eternal silence—the silence that is broken by the screech of tree tip grinding against tip; by the chatter of pine needles stirred by a tiny breeze; by the crash of a bit of bark dropping on the dead brush. . . .

*Of course you love it!* Only don't stay too long. Don't wait for the chatter to become talk. Don't wait for the crash of the bit of bark to become as the roar of an avalanche. Unless you can recognize it as your master and a tyrant, leave it before you have found your weakness and its power. But if you can submit to it, the sense of its mastery is sweet.

It was in Mystic Canyon that Llad was born, the little boy who had never seen another child.

The Canyon was not totally uninhabited. At the lower end lived Arnoldson, the sheep man, and sometimes his wife came out to spend a pleasant month with him; not ten miles away was a hunters' camp where men gathered every autumn from all parts of the country to play cards and drink, while the guides went out in the snow and shot some deer for them to take home; and some of the old prospectors who had come up in the early days still lived there in cabins neat and dainty as those of careful women. They all liked Llad, and when he wasn't busy about his other affairs he often rode down on his weary old horse, and sat listening to their talk—talk of wild doings of wild men; of highwaymen and gunmen and desperadoes and vigilantes and Indians and sheriff's posses, and all those other heroes whose names will never die. Llad loved it. He would listen as long as the men talked, and then ride the long distance home, chattering with dread in the darkness. And who wouldn't be afraid? Every tree whispered something; every tiny waterfall threatened; and to Llad the voices were not indistinct or meaningless.

He had lived among the trees ten years—alone. And it does not take that

long for sounds to become voices, even to a grown man.

If he had had a mother I do not believe this would have happened to him, because she would have guarded him by her loving talk against the mysterious sounds of the woods; but there was nobody except his silent gypsy father and the old woman who called herself his grandmother. Glowering and silent and terrible she was—yet to him always gentle, and to me friendly.

I came to them on a May day, but not the kind of a May day you are thinking of. I had waited in town for several weeks for the rain to stop so that someone could take me out to my school, and I was so weary with the town and the grayness that I went thankfully with the first person who offered to convey me thither.

I shall never forget that ride. The road was narrow; on one side the wall rose straight and sheer, on the other side it fell into a vast canyon all horrent with the trunks and branches of dead trees. I looked down, fascinated, speculating how far I could fall before one of those sharp points thrust me entirely through. But I was not afraid. I knew the driver had been drinking, I knew his horses were bronchos, I knew he wouldn't be able to turn out of the road if anyone should pass, I knew that a single false step would hurl us down that abyss—but I also knew that none of these things would happen. They never had before, and what is so sure a guide as precedent?

I love to think how young I was that day, how young and careless of life. And I love to look back on my dangerous career and remember how in all its perils I was never so near death as on that day—a little boy, elf-wild, was waiting with his twenty-two cocked to kill—and his intended victim was I.

We stopped overnight, and a woman greeted me with such gladness that I had no rest from her.

She had not seen a woman since the preceding fall, what with the long snow and the heavy spring rains. I had to

tell her all about the picture shows and what people were wearing, and what they were talking about. I assured her that my clothes were quite new and quite in style, the skirt was the proper length and the waist the correct cut. She fondled my hair, lovingly, because it was properly put up; and she held my hands, tenderly stroking the finger tips. She was a charming woman, quite old, I think, though probably not so old as she seemed. She cried when I went away.

"You need not stay up in that dreadful place," she said; "my husband shall come and get you next week. Go to-day, but don't stay, we will come for you."

And so on into the high hills. We reached the canyon, and I did not shudder at its vastness. I looked up at the scrap of blue above and laughed. It is so charming to be young! There was no sign of life. We passed cabins from the single chimney of which spirals of smoke rose up, but nobody came out. It was a dreary day, when only beasts were abroad. The man beside me chattered as he had done all through the long journey—I did not know how still everything else was. But when we came to the cabin of Teodor I knew. I knew by the grave eyes that looked at me from between jungles of eyebrows and whiskers; by the strange gleam from behind wildly unkept gray hair; by the shy, inquisitive stare of a little boy. This was the little boy who had been lying in wait to shoot me. He still held his twenty-two in his hands.

"This here's your teacher," said the man who had brought me. The woman shoved forward a chair, and I sat down. The men talked a little in uncouth jargon. I smiled uncertainly.

Presently, the guide left us, and suddenly I realized his kindness in staying so long. All at once the world was wrapped in a vast soundlessness that fell with a shuddering pall on my heart. I opened my mouth to speak, but no words came. The men bent their eyes

to the floor and smoked in silence. The woman moved to the door and sat gazing at the mountain wall; the little boy stood behind the stove, holding his gun.

How long people can endure to do nothing!

But presently it was night, and the woman spoke, telling me we were to go to the other cabin. I followed her gratefully, and as soon as we were away from the men, I began to talk—I am not afraid of women.

The cabin was a mile away and we walked, but I didn't mind, because the stars were out, and they looked humorous, peeping at me from between the tops of the trees and darting up over the crests of the mountains as if they were playing a game.

There were flowers in the other cabin—the little boy had picked them while I was eating supper—and from a box deep full of treasures the old woman brought out linen sheets for my bed. That is the only time I have ever slept in a bunk; there were two of them built against the wall on opposite sides of the room—deep, wide, wooden boxes full of hay. She had only blankets on her bed, but I had the linen sheets and clean comforts besides. She had made the sheets herself, years ago, she told me, woven them for her marriage—it was during some of the great Hungarian wars, and her lover had been killed. But Teodor was a good son; when he married her daughter he did not leave her to poverty and servitude in the old country as so many young men did; but when he came to America he sent for them both, and they had lived upon their own land, with deer in the forests that they could shoot, and free pasture for their sheep. They had enough, and everything was their own. To be sure, her daughter had died but what of that—sometimes it was the mother, sometimes the child, and wasn't little Llad a fine boy?

We went to bed, and I lay a long time picking bark off the walls and listening to the boring of the wood-worms. You



may think I was depressed, but I wasn't. I will admit that until she began to talk I was scared, but once words have passed between us, I know how all things are, and I'm never afraid any more.

I lay awake, full of thoughts, exciting and exhilarating. Through my brain raced serfs and slaves and lords and overlords; cringing servility under which hissed deathless hate; insolence of nobles and patience of slaves; splendid pageantry and writhing wretchedness; somber forests and hidden caverns where rebellion seethed; despair and envy of landed rights, fear of law and dread of lawlessness. For of such the woman's long talk had been full. Music in minor keys, the sobbing of winds and the cold drip from low, gray clouds.

I got up and went out of doors. The moon was shining for a brief space between the mountain tops, and there were new stars occupying the narrow strip of sky. The distant waterfalls tinkled, and the night-breeze stirred among the pine needles. It was bitterly cold, but I wrapped myself in my blanket and sat a long time, leaning against the walls of the cabin. I was having a very nice time, wild and romantic.

I had breakfast the next morning in my own cabin. The little boy got up at daybreak and caught fish for me, which were much better than the wild-flavored bear-steak we had had the night before.

I unpacked and hung my clothes on nails—the woman watched hungrily. She had on only the gray garment in which she slept, over which she put a black skirt for the daytime, and she had on some shoes but no stockings. I am fond of dashing colors; and she touched my things as I took them out, felt them lovingly, and held them as fondly as if they had been alive. There was candy for the little boy, and he took it, laying down his gun.

Life, you see, became normal and commonplace almost immediately. That's what's so curious about being wild; after you begin to talk, everybody is just the same as everybody else; you go to bed

and get up, and eat and talk, and hang your clothes on nails, and nothing is very different from what it was before.

Never did a little boy have so wild and free a time as did little Llad. He despised his grandmother because the other men did—she was only a woman; he was a man. When he was very little his father began to take him out into the deep mountains, following the traps. There were big traps and little traps—the big ones took bear and foxes and mountain lions; the little ones held all manner of fascinating things—weasels, mink, lynx, bobcats, muskrats, sometimes rabbits, which last, of course, were worthless, except to furnish bait for the better prey. The little traps were Llad's heritage; when he was six he could go out alone on his snowshoes with his twenty-two and take the catch, reset the traps, and bring the fur home.

Like all little wild things, he was obedient, and he never made any attempt on the big traps because he was forbidden to go near them. One day, when he was coming home with his pitiful small pelts, he heard a great charging and snorting and plunging in the brush above exactly where the biggest trap was securely lashed to a half-buried tree trunk, and his heart bounded and throbbed with the excitement and certainty of the biggest bear the mountains held—probably the great silver-tip of which the old prospectors talked. But his father had told him not to go near the big traps, and he didn't, though the tears were streaming down his cheeks from disappointment and anxiety. When his father reached the spot the animal was gone. He had wrenched the trap from its moorings and carried it away with him.

Llad was inconsolable. It was useless for his father to protest that a little boy with a twenty-two was no match for such a giant beast as this must have been. Llad wanted nothing in life but that silver-tip—it had been within his reach and now was gone.

Any little boy is like that.

He had no particular reason for wanting it, except that everybody else did. He didn't know that when he caught it his portrait would be in all the sporting journals of the country and his name forever linked with that of the wildest beast in the wildest hills—that was the reason the visiting hunters wanted it. He didn't know that the skin of the silver-tip would bring him more money than the skin of a hundred smaller animals—that was why the trappers wanted it. He didn't know that he would be the first and only little boy in all the world to battle to the death with a giant grizzly, eight times as big as himself and eight times as heavy—that's why I should have liked to kill it. He just wanted it; he had heard the fame of it ever since he had heard any intelligible sound. I don't know that there was such an animal—the men all talked about it, but you know how men are.

He wanted this bear more than anyone else did because he believed in it so heartily, and the voices in the trees told him that it would be his.

Now I cannot explain to you about the voices in the trees—whether Llad heard them of himself, or whether it was suggested to him by the old gypsy, his grandmother, or whether, finding his first intimation of it received with reverence, he manufactured much evidence I can never know, because children are the original sensationalists, and will never tell a thing in its bareness, if by embroidery they can make the tale more dazzling. In this they differ much from us, so that it is never possible to arrive at the exact truth except by the grace of God.

Well, however he came by his voices, Llad heard many strange things as he pursued his lonely way through trailless places on quests of fur or fish: they were usually the voices of the mother he had never known; and she told him all manner of pleasant things; she told him that he was the most savage of boys, that when he grew up there would be no one in the world so savage as he; she told

him that the silver-tip was as big as his father's cabin, and that some day he himself should kill it, and when he protested that his twenty-two was too little, she promised him that he should have a thirty-thirty. His grandmother listened reverently to these tidings, and he got a great many privileges that way.

These were the pleasant things he heard when he scudded over the beaten trails on his skis or picked his way through the soft snow on his webbed snowshoes in the bright blue hours. But when the clouds hung dark or when he lay awake at night, the voices he heard were threatening and terrible—they accused him of nameless crimes and menaced him with dire revenge; and he cried out in fear and clung to his grandmother, who listened respectfully to the dreadful tales he told her. Then I think he would have been glad to be a normal little boy if he had known that such things existed. Nobody thought to tell him about any—in the wilds of Hungary I suppose little boys had been wild and strange, too, so his father could tell him nothing; his grandmother revered him as one who held converse with the unseen world; the men at the camps made him talk, and pretended to take account of what he said. He was a very important little boy—and he was a very useful one.

I think that one of the greatest advantages which childhood can possibly enjoy is the consciousness of great social and economic value. Llad brought in his full share of the furs in the winter time; in the summer when the men attended to the heavier work of gathering hay for the wintering of sheep and horses Llad spent all his days in fishing and berrying, not for amusement—oh no! The quantities of fish he brought home were laid down, some in salt and some in oil; the berries were pounded and dried; and this is the age-old housewisdome which runs through generation after generation of womankind, whether it wears out its existence on the frozen



steppes of a far country or in the jungles that lie at our doors.

It was in the dark days of winter that his mother had whispered to him through the sighing of frosted twigs that he should have the thirty-thirty and should kill the great grizzly. His grandmother was doubtful when he reported the promise to her. His father said: "When you are ten, you will be big enough." And Llad counted the days hopefully. Every other day he asked, "Am I ten, now?" discouraged that the years should be so slow.

Now he was ten, and the spring had come.

The snow gave place to rain and the streams raged between canyon walls. It was dangerous to stir much abroad; avalanches crashed down the steep slopes, bears came ravenous from their winter holes. Llad was in a fever to get out. The men smoked in tranquil silence in the cabin, and the grandmother plied her daily slow tasks, equally silent. Llad fretted and teased. When was he going to have his thirty-thirty? When was he going to kill the grizzly? There had been no hunters through the depths of the long winter, and trappers do not infringe on one another's territory, so Llad had had many months to listen to the voices that were not. You must understand how firmly he believed all this before you can realize the stun of the blow that fell on him. Stolidly his father took his pipe from his mouth to say:

"You will not work this summer; you will go to school."

"School," cried Llad, "what is school?"

They told him. Teodor himself had built the schoolhouse years ago when the prospectors thought there was gold in those mountains—a big log structure that had stood unharmed through the heavy snows and battering rains of many a wild year. Once it had had many children, riding in every morning to battle and feud, for education is a strangely warlike process. Now the children had grown up and moved away and there were never any more until Llad was ten.

"Stay all day? By a woman? Mind her? Stay in de house?"

He sought relief from the voices in the trees, which obligingly told him he need not go; but his father was obdurate against voices.

"But if somebody should hide when she went by," he said, cunningly, "and wit' a twenty-two should shoot her, den dere'd be no school."

His father took his pipe out of his mouth to reply:

"If somebody would shoot dis teacher, still would dere be more. Town is full of teachers; if some die, more come. And always will dere be school."

"And will always I have to go?" wailed Llad.

"Only when you are little," answered his father; "but if it was me, I'd want to go. Once when I did build de school-house I did go, me and Antone, and we can write; dat teacher she would take our hands, so, and show us how."

Llad snatched his hand away angrily.

"She shall not do so to me," he cried. "I am the most savage boy in the world, and on her door will I write dose numbers like de Wittelant Commideors, and she will have to go."

"You do not know how to write dose numbers," taunted his father.

Llad flung angrily out of the cabin and spent the rest of the day in the sheep corral.

Despite his father's words, he rode out every day with his little gun on his saddle horn; but when finally he saw me he did not shoot.

A dark-faced, wild-eyed little boy, with shocky hair and ragged clothes, framed in a square of somber black hills, regarded me that day with hostility that impelled attack, fear that called on him to flee, and curiosity that kept him rooted to the spot.

"Hullo!" I said.

He made no reply, but turned his horse and galloped home.

On Monday we rode to school together. It was horrible, splashy weather, and the fording was dangerous. The

horses struggled valiantly against entering the whirling waters, and you couldn't much blame them, because the current was so swift that it swept them downstream, and so deep that we had to take our feet out of the stirrups and tuck them around the saddle horns. But it was all a part of the day's work to Llad; he went right on talking.

We have a proverb in the still places: "To be alone in the mountains makes men crazy; and it makes women crazy to talk." Children of both sexes are very much like women in many ways, and Llad was no exception. He told me about the thirty-thirty, and the grizzly, and the highwaymen and the "Wittelant Commideors."

"They were the most savage of men, Miss Ahlice," he told me. "Always would dey come to a man's house and make dose numbers on his door. And de man would come and look at dose numbers and he would say, 'I got to go.' But when he would get his gun and his horse, dose Commideors would be dere, and dey would take him out to a tree and hang him, and he would be dead. I would be a Commideor, too, because dere is nobody so savage as me."

"And are you going to be a Vigilante when you get through killing grizzlies?" I asked, much entertained.

"I have not yet been told," he replied, seriously. "I will ask my modder's spirit when it talks again in de trees."

"Llad!" I cried, sharply.

It was the first of many times that I was to hear about those spirits, and always the tidings were eerie and dreadful.

"What?" he queried, innocently.

"There are no spirits in the trees; nobody talks except people. What you hear is only wind."

"No, Miss Ahlice," he contradicted gently. "You are a woman like my grandmodder, and women know nothing. I know when the wind blows, and I know when things talk in the trees. Now we will talk again about dose Commideors."

He was always like that—lordly and commanding.

"You don't say it right," I suggested, glad to change the subject. "The right way to say it is 'Vigilance Committee.'"

"Yes, dat's what I said: 'Wittelant Commideors.'"

We began lessons that morning as few lessons are begun:

"Llad," I said, "look what I'm making!" and I wrote the magic numbers: "3-7-77."

He looked at them uncomprehending.

"Do you know what they are?"

He shook his head.

I pronounced them for him in a voice grim and terrible.

He gave a cry.

"De Wittelant Commideors! Do not put it dere! Do not write dose numbers!"

"If you take off some of them," I continued, erasing the seven's, "and write this kind, do you know what it is?"

He was interested.

"That, Llad," I assured him, "is your thirty-thirty."

He was entranced.

He made himself enough 30-30's to depopulate the mountains and ranges; then, braving the wrath of chance Committees of Vigilance, he learned to make those dreaded numbers whose significance nobody knows, but whose appearance in ancient days always heralded death. We had a lovely time. He was wrathful when I introduced him to the primer.

"I will *not* read in books!" he stormed. "Why do I read 'See de baby?' I do not *want* to see de baby. I do not care if James can run; I can run, myself. I will read about dose Commideors. Show me about de Wittelant Commideors."

So I became the author of the first and only volume of the *Child's Book of Famous Crimes and Vigilante Days*, writing out bloody tales on the blackboard for him to read, and he progressed rapidly. He was an exacting censor. If I attempted to soften the narrative and introduce kindly deeds and gentle ways into my savage tales, he would ruth-



lessly order the offending sentences erased. But he learned; he would ponder over the words all day, and the bloodier they were the more tender the affection he felt for them.

He had other lessons; he learned how to paint dazzling sunsets which he had to take on faith, because we never had sunsets in the Canyon, only a white ball that shot into the sky over one mountain, and out of it over another; deserts of unearthly splendor which he loved for their brightness—I don't think he had ever seen anything red or yellow until I appeared in all the colors of the aurora, and he worshiped them. He insisted on painting all his trees crimson, his sheep purple, and horses orange.

We had "Literature." I read to him from the books that bless every school library, no matter how remote, and he hung breathless on tales of tropic isles and arctic seas.

He loved geography; there was an old chart full of brilliant pictures of all the wild places of the globe. He turned the pages of this chart and I told him about the strange lands there portrayed. If I never told my tales twice alike, he made no objection. Most of all he loved the brilliant hues of the Aurora Borealis, and one day he said to me:

"Miss Ahlice, I have made a song about de Nordern Lights."

"All right, sing it."

He sang in a monotonous chant of three tones, over and over and over:

"De Nordern Lights!  
De Nordern Lights!  
De Nordern Lights!"

It was weird and unreal—the wild little boy singing his chant to the silent sky and the eternal mountains, his savage little face glowing with the splendor of his achievement, with the rapture of self-expression. Often after, I heard his childish voice singing its passion for the loveliness he had never seen; but after that he sang it alone; once I had pronounced it good, he would yield to none of my entreaties to sing it to me.

We had music every day as a part of the program. It consisted in his pronouncing the words after me in his earnest monotone as I sang them.

We evolved from the Vigilantes and highwaymen presently into Robinson Crusoe, which he adored, and we had a pleasant game of going to far places where we should never be bothered by other people, but live our savage lives at war with all mankind. Sometimes he let his father go with us, because the poor old man would be helpless without his indispensable boy, but Ned, his partner, could not go; when Ned tried to come, we should get behind great rocks and shoot him to death with our bows and arrows, the reason for this hostility being that Ned took an interest in showing me good fishing places of a Sunday, and masterfully dispensed with little Llad's assistance. He flew into a rage over *The Swiss Family Robinson*, when, having been lured by the fascination of the tale into listening to two hundred pages of it, a woman stepped into the book and ruined everything.

"Miss Ahlice, dose men do not do anyt'ing any more, but just follow dat woman around. Dat's what happens when women come. Dey *spoil* t'ings! We will not have any women on our island. We will *not!*"

I soothed him with the promise that when we had found our island, no woman should come near, but we should hold it alone without fear or favor against friend or foe.

May passed by in these pleasant endeavors, and in the main Llad was happy, but he could not forget about the thirty-thirty and the grizzly, though his resentment was not so much against me now as against fate that had dealt so hardly with him; and he began to cherish a slight distrust of the spirits who had deceived him. But one day he came to me all excitement and told me he knew a new thing—someone was coming to live in the canyon who had never been there before, not hunters, but other people, who were going to take the home-

stead that lay at the edge of the lower falls in the forest reserve. There was to be a boy as small as himself.

"And, Miss Ahlice, I shall fight wit' him and I shall lick him—the spirits said so, because I am the most savage boy in the world, like the Wittelants and Rob-elson Crusoe, and always he will be afraid of me and follow me around like Friday."

"Why, Llad," I cried, disturbed; "little boys are not to be fought with, and you mustn't be so savage; you're *not* going to fight with him; you are going to play with him and be good to him."

"Miss Ahlice," he cried, passionately, "I will not do dose t'ings you say. I am savage, and I will show dat boy how savage I am, and you shall not tell me I can't, because I *will*!"

Now all this had been amusing when we two were all alone in a big world, but with the coming of a new boy, a shy, timid, helpless little boy, matters needed adjustment. I spoke sternly for the first time.

"Llad," I said, "has your father ever beaten you, with a stick?"

His eyes took on a look of intelligence.

"Wit' a club, Miss Ahlice," he informed me. "So t'ick." He indicated the circumference of his small fist. "I could not walk for four days."

"*Well*," my heart stood still, but I spoke fatefully; "if you lick this new boy, I shall cut a willow this thick, and I shall beat you, *exactly* as your father did."

"No, Miss Ahlice"—his voice was incredulous but a bit tremulous—"you cannot do dat; you are a woman, and women do not beat men."

"But I am more than a woman," I informed him. "I am a *teacher*, and teachers do beat little boys."

"But I can lick him *anyway*," he murmured, not for my ears, as he turned away.

The homesteaders came, and I must say I did not welcome them. I had grown used to my wild little boy and

our wild ways together, and I am ever chary of innovations.

But my heart went out to the new boy when he stepped timidly into the schoolhouse, so like a tramp pup that has been beaten about from one inhospitable doorway to the next.

"You can come and sit by me," I told him when I took out the book for "Literature."

"Dat is my place!" Llad cried, angrily, and he slid into the seat beside me.

"But, Llad, there are two sides of me," I assured him, and I drew the other boy to me.

His little form was inflexible as wood, as if it had never known the circumambience of a friendly arm, but Llad snuggled down and glared triumphantly at his rival.

When "Literature" was done, Llad announced:

"Now, Miss Ahlice, we will have nodding but jog'fy to-day," and masterfully drew out the chart.

He would not allow the new boy to belong to the same classes with him, but this was just as fortunate, because the waif was much farther advanced.

He glowered at me when I sat by the new boy to help him with his lessons.

"Miss Ahlice," he said, "Fredt cannot go wit' us to dose islands because he is not savage enough. Only when a boy is very savage can he go to dose places."

"Llad," I held up a warning forefinger: "Three, Seven, Seventy-seven!"

He was crushed.

Llad did not invite me to come out and play with him at recess, as usual. From the window I could see him circling about the new boy, in earnest discussion of something. So the next day and the next. On the fourth day they went down out of the school yard to the willows by the river. I waited in vain for them to return. I rang the bell violently twice, then I sat down quietly with my tatting to wait. There was no reason for disturbing them. Presently, as I expected, they returned, Llad striding virtuously to the fore, the new boy



slinking guiltily in the rear. Llad marched up to my desk.

"Miss Ahlice," he declaimed, "you will please to beat Fredt. He took me down to the river, Miss Ahlice, and, Miss Ahlice, he has licked me."

I bent a judicious eye on the culprit. He advanced shrinkingly, but with a dogged defiance that could not but appeal. If he was to die, he would at least die with his boots on.

"Well, he had it comin'," he spoke rapidly and desperately. "I wasn't going to fight; I ain't ever *going* to, but ever'where I go they try to lick me, and I don't get no peace till I *do* it. He said he was the most savage boy in the world, and he don't know *nothin'*. I just hit out at him easy, like that—well, what d'ye know about that! He went down again, I knocked him down *six* times, and *still* he don't know *nothin'*, went down this makes seven times, just like that—"

"Fred! I don't care to see how many times he went down. Now don't hit him again."

Fred put his hands behind him, and went on rapidly,

"Well, kin I help it if he don't know *nothin'*? Never saw a street car, never saw a movin' pitcher, never saw an ot-tymobile; talks about Commideors, and prospectin' and horse-wranglin' and silly ghosts in trees! *Shucks!*"

I have never heard an innocent word express so much profanity as did that one.

Having finished his oration, Fred's courage deserted him, and he stood trembling before the throne of awful justice.

"Miss Ahlice, you hear him," said Llad, indignantly. "He says dose t'ings, and den he hits me."

"And did you hit him?" I asked.

"No, Miss Ahlice, when I would hit him he would not be dere."

"I don't believe I said I would beat him," I mused. "I think it was you I was going to beat if you licked him. I didn't suppose he could do it. He must

be a wonderful fighter. People who have seen street cars and automobiles and moving pictures know so many things that we don't. Probably, he could even teach other people to fight like that. And if I should let you fight, *but I won't*, he could teach you everything he knows, and you would really be the most savage boy in the world, instead of only thinking you are."

I looked slowly at the new boy. A wondering light dawned in his eyes, and a shy grin spread over his face. But Llad's eyes were snapping.

"He will not say dose t'ings any more, now, maybe," he said, craftily.

From then on, I had lost my little boy.

On Sunday he announced, loftily:

"Ned, you will show Miss Ahlice dose fishing places to-day. I cannot go wit', because I got to see Fredt."

Every recess and noon hour he was down by the river among the willows, coming back to the schoolhouse with a guilty but triumphant look in his eyes.

Fred regarded me with the shy adoration of the tramp pup that has at last felt a caress, and his once resistant little form gradually relaxed in peace and harmony.

"Miss Ahlice," said Llad, "I will now read about 'I see de baby,' and 'James can run'; because Fredt he has read all dose books, but I can read dem more better."

He forsook the painting of red trees and purple cows when Fred laughed at them; he no longer sang about the Northern Lights when he thought he was alone. He talked to me only when we rode down to school alone in the mornings; at other times he listened reverently to the all-wise Boy, and in his reticence there was a mystery that fascinated me more than all his former volubility.

The end of the precious summer season came, and one day he burst into my presence with his perfect confidence, followed by his timorous leader.

"Miss Ahlice," he cried magnificently, "you can now beat me, Miss Ahlice."

For I have fought wit' Fredt, and, Miss Ahlice, I have licked him!"

"Oh savagest of boys!" I cried.

"You don't need to lick him," volunteered Fred, "because I don't care, we ain't mad. I taught him how, and now he kin do it—*sometimes*. He ain't such a bad kid when he got some teachin'. We ain't going to fight no more, now, but if you want to beat us, you kin."

"Not till the next time," I said, judiciously. "You are both even now; but

the next time there's *no* telling what I'll do!"

The boys turned away with their arms over each other's shoulders. The crime was judged.

"Llad," I called.

He turned.

"Did the spirits in the trees tell you to do this?"

He looked at me blankly.

"What spirits?" he asked. "What trees?"

## The Album

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

IS it because we had to have the sun  
To take them that they look  
So happy every one?  
The book  
Has only light and laughter; you would say  
There was no day  
Of rain or tears  
Through all those pictured years.

And were we out of doors as much as these  
Insistent glimpses show?  
It seems as if we never had to go  
Inside the house at all,  
But, scorning roof and wall,  
Just pitched our lives beneath the blessèd trees.

The chronicle that memory keeps  
Of what befell  
In those same days,  
Would sometimes lead us back by shadowed ways  
Where sorrow sleeps;  
This little book is wiser and its pages tell  
How all was well.



# The Fountain

BY HARRISON RHODES

THE soft spring air that seemed to her, just from the North, like the breath of summer, stole idly in between the curtains. It came from the pine woods and, as it drifted back toward the sea, it caught up the perfumes of the river orange groves and the odors of all the roses of the gardens that lay around the great hotel. From below came a murmur of occasional voices, and now and then the whirl of a wheel chair in the night, like the hum of a great soft moth that had been drawn by the sparkle of lights.

It was half past eight, already time for the dinner at the Club, and for at least ten minutes she had been ready, as ready as Seraphine could make her. The room was in a kind of pink dusk, lit only by the heavily shaded light which threw all its illumination down upon the dressing table and the mirror and the woman who sat a-glitter there, regarding the image in the glass.

"Should I laugh or cry, Seraphine?" she had asked her maid.

"Why do either?" asked the rather grim Frenchwoman. And then almost grudgingly,

"Madame may reassure herself, she is always *belle femme*."

"Not what I was twenty years ago!"

"Ah, no! Thank God," had been the answer. "For me," she proceeded in that agreeable and philosophic way of foreigners, "the beauty of young girls is not wholly satisfactory. It lacks distinction. They are like unripe fruit."

"Ah," retorted her mistress, "you have the prejudices of your trade! Twenty years ago God made me, now you do. I admit," and she smiled—it had been for years a famous smile—"yes,

I must admit there is a finish now. Perhaps a certain charm. Who knows?"

She rose and made a smiling half ironic bow to the glass as she turned to put on the pink cloak that was held ready for her.

"On the whole, you are an encouragement, Seraphine. If it were not an indiscretion I should tell you why to-night I particularly desire not to fail in my effect. But I am never indiscreet, am I?"

A certain grim humor lit up the maid's face.

"Not so indiscreet that I can catch Madame at it," she answered.

It is perhaps a little unconventional, this conversation, but not exactly what for the purposes of our story might be termed evidential. Yet it was all that Mrs. Veerey's Seraphine had to report the next day. Her mistress had come in early the night before, in a silent mood. She often had them, indeed, they had been more frequent of late.

She had merely said that she wanted to be "unhooked"—isn't that what they want to be?—and left alone. And then when the maid had gone in at nine the next morning there was no one there, that was all.

By six that evening, Seraphine was genuinely uneasy, and the matter might easily have become the spring sensation of Palm Beach had not the telegram come by half past. It had been sent from Fort Gray, on the northern road.

"Pay the bill—you usually have money," it read. "And then go back to New York and don't make a fool of yourself. I am quite all right."

It was signed Stella Veerey. This was in early March. And not till late in

April did she appear in New York. This leaves a gap in her history. Since I can fill it probably better than Seraphine, or her banker, I will. A good deal she herself told me one evening at Cannes, three years later, because, so she alleged, the breeze smelled soft and fragrant as it does nights in Florida. And I have since then myself been to Lion Springs out of mere curiosity, I suppose, and seen old Hunt and his wife and young Leroy. I have seen the blue water bubble up into that giant cup forever brimming. I have guessed at things, that is about all.

She was radiant at Cannes; happy, thank God! Will it make things more comprehensible if I admit at once that I have always been a little in love with her myself since she was Stella Lanni re of West Twelfth Street in New York?

"You're happy, Stella, aren't you?" I asked her again that night on the terrace of the old *H tel des  les Britanniques*.

"Yes," she smiled slowly—the famous smile.

"And you've found the secret of eternal youth."

"Go along with you, Don," she protested. "I'm only forty—and a little more—after all."

"You look like Stella Lanni re of West Twelfth Street."

She put her hand on mine an instant.

"The magic's in your eyes, Donald, and in the dim light."

Magic there was, I swear she looked to me younger than she had ten years earlier. I told her so. I believe you may as well tell a woman a pretty thing if you have managed to think it.

"Younger!" she murmured. "I wonder if I am."

She suddenly took her handkerchief and scoured her lovely cheek.

"You see it doesn't come off a bit. And my hair just won't turn gray, even now when they say it's so fashionable in Paris."

"You see," I said lightly. "You have

drunk of the fountain. Where did you find it?"

She looked at me with those wonderful eyes and was quite silent for what seemed oh so long before she spoke. She had the most lovely slowness at times. How shall I put it? Her smile and her beauty perfumed the pauses.

"Where did I find it?" she repeated after me. "In Florida, Don. Where else should it flow?"

She rose and went over to the terrace's edge.

"Roses and orange bloom," she said without turning back to me, "but there's not the scent of pines. Oh, dear God!" she went on, and as she came back to me she was smiling through tears, "I pray that everyone who drank with me of that same fountain is happy, too, as I am."

"You hint at romance and a story, Stella dear. Will you let the night woo you to confidences?"

"I suppose," she said, "that neither you nor anyone else guessed why I came to Palm Beach that spring, that odd spring."

"No, not especially . . ." I began vaguely.

"I came because after twenty years I wanted to marry Harry Littleton. Yet I went away the morning after I arrived, having exchanged scarcely two words with him. And, mind you, I had not seen him for twenty years."

"Running away wasn't like you, Stella."

"Wasn't it? Well, and thank God, I did. You remember twenty years before that, Donald?"

"In West Twelfth. When the town's reigning beauty . . ."

"Little old New York! Think of it's being provincial enough to have a 'reigning beauty.' But I—well I almost was, wasn't I? Ah, how nice it is to have known you so long, Donald!"

"Are you trying to put me off the story?" I asked severely.

"No," she answered. "Only that it's



pleasant for a moment to think of those days. And it's there that the story begins. You remember 1900?"

"Yes, and that you were the bright morning star that brought in the new century. Ah, you were beautiful, my dear! And wasn't it amazing how the moment they found you you were a 'craze'? The old ladies, too! How they all crowded into that funny little old house of yours!"

"I don't suppose they ever guessed how much of the housework mother and I did. Not," she went on characteristically, "that I ever especially tried to conceal it. I wasn't afraid in those days. I believed in my star."

"And then in 1900 you broke all our hearts by marrying Sam Veerey."

"I only thought," she murmured softly, "that I was breaking my own."

"It is very simple," she said. "When I met Harry Littleton I was already engaged to Sam, and it seemed to me honorable to keep my word. Sam hadn't changed. He still loved me."

"He seemed to make you happy."

"He always tried to, till the end," she answered, smiling.

"And he never knew—?"

"That all through those years I was still in love with Harry? No, thank the Lord, he never knew. Harry went away, into the diplomatic service, and I never saw him again. I arranged that. Of course, Sam and I were abroad, an infinity of times. But I managed. I won't ask you to believe absurdities. I didn't think of Harry Littleton every moment. There were weeks, I dare say months—I had a rather splendid life, yes, glittering, Don. Money and good health and worldly things and friends and quite the kindest husband in the world. Oh no, of course, I forgot my early love often enough. But the memory was always there. And I knew all along that I'd missed romance. Perhaps that's not a very dreadful thing; lots of women do. And I think if I'd had children—but there, I didn't. I expect if I'd

had to, I could have met Harry Littleton calmly enough. But I didn't. And the longer I put the meeting off the more almost superstitious I became about it. So I went on contriving that it should never happen. And then Sam died."

"Harry Littleton had never married. Had you never written?" I asked.

"No. We just seemed to forget each other. And when Sam was gone I went on just the same for two years until suddenly I learned that Harry was coming back, from Peking, and at first the old habit of avoiding him was strong. When he was to arrive in New York I went up to Montreal—to stay with the Stone Illingmores. Then somehow I suddenly waked from the kind of lethargy I'd been in, and I knew that if by any miracle he'd kept on caring—well, I came back to town and collected some clothes. Yes, colors, at least faint ones now. He'd gone South, and I started for Palm Beach brazenly. Oh, I had no shame, once I'd made up my mind! I wanted to put things to the test. The test was quick enough."

Even now, in her happiness and her triumph, she turned a little wan at the memory. Her smile was a trifle tremulous and teary.

"I was dining with Lilly Whiteside the first night, and I knew he was to be there, though I'd expressly told Lilly that afternoon that I'd rather not have him take me in. I had a feeling that ghosts from twenty years ago should first grow used to the look of each other. Oh, I had an instinct I suppose. Sub-conscious things, you know, Don. I remember that as I went across to the club I thought my cloak was too thin. And it was a hot night. Premonitions, I think. I had stared myself almost out of countenance in the glass in the hotel bedroom. And yet as I went across the room that night I still believed in my star."

"Don't I remember that night!" I could not keep from breaking in. "You were beautiful!"

"And yet as I looked after twenty

years into Harry's eyes I saw that I was old."

"Couldn't you see him?" I retorted half angrily. "Didn't you see that *he* was old?"

"Ah, Donald dear." She put a fan lightly upon my arm. "Centuries ago women learned to forgive that in men."

"Shall *we* never learn?" I asked. And she smiled.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "You'll learn. That's the secret," she finished enigmatically so I thought then.

"That's about all there is to tell, Don. Two words before dinner, and when the men came out after it I'd gone. I'll spare you emotions and introspection. I think they're boring. It was a new world and I had to face it—alone. I remember I said a prayer that night that I might have back my lost youth. And then like a child I ran to the mirror and looked again. I looked much the same. And I saw it wasn't to be done that way. I cried for a while, rather bitterly. Then I was calm enough. I took an inventory—isn't that what they say?—and I couldn't see that at the moment there was much I wanted in life as I'd been living it. Oh, no, Donald, I didn't think of suicide or anything like that. I just longed to be out of it all for a while. Toward three or four in the morning I sat for a long time at my window. It faced west, and against the horizon I could see the dark line of thick woods—the wilderness, the place one could be lost in. What was all this settlement of hotels and villas and clubs? Just a tiny camp on the edge of the unknown. I am not what you'd call an eccentric woman, should you say, Donald?"

"Ah, well," I protested, "as to that I shouldn't want to go on record!"

"Then you're no good to me. I must draw a picture of my own character myself. I am merely a woman of some decision. I got up early and went over to the little town, to an automobile agency, and I bought something, paying cash for it and drove it out upon the road and

started out, a tin-can tourist, to see the world!"

From now on I must in part reconstruct for her, abridge and supply, both.

There was breakfast at a lunch counter; life with a vengeance, so she thought. But her appetite astonished her, and by the mercy of Heaven the coffee was excellent.

She flipped a coin, head was for the north.

At Eau Verte a ridiculous general store caught her eye. She bought some canned things and some cooking utensils. Quite as an impromptu, she announced that she was a camper. There were some dresses, no, not calico, that scarcely exists now they say—but gingham. And cotton stockings. All this was packed in a fresh yellow suit case. She arrived at Fort Gray (where she sent the telegram to the distraught Seraphine), looking very trim and metropolitan, quite different from what she did the next morning. She stayed at the second hotel. It was of an advanced simplicity. Yet pretty clean. And oddly enough, it carried her back to the West Twelfth Street of her youth, which was, of course, luxury compared to this and yet simplicity compared to the luxury she had since known. When morning came she found that, although it was unnecessary, she really *wanted* to make her bed. The night before she had turned it down for herself; it adds to the picture of her that this was an event. After supper she had strolled out and bought at the drug store a box of whitening for her buckskin shoes. And as she used it on her footgear before she went to bed, she thought, for the first time perhaps in months, of her mother. The connection is clear enough, it must have been by such frugal means and humble works that the ladies Lanniére presented a proud unblemished front to the world. Oh, youth that was gone and fair milk-white boots of other days! They bought them, the boots, cheaply, in Sixth Avenue near Tenth, in Simmons' shop,





"TWENTY YEARS AGO GOD MADE ME, NOW YOU DO."

unknown to the proud world of fashion into which her beauty had precipitated Stella. She cried herself gently to sleep, yet it is quite plain that she was not wholly unhappy. She *had* been unhappy, that was all, in what already seemed to her an old distant half-forgotten world.

This is a small miracle. Later it would have been easier to understand, when she had come under the spring-time spell that lurks in the half-tropic recesses of the Floridian land. When the April wind rustled in the palmetto tops and mocking birds sang passion-

ately to the moon and the ceaseless flow of that great blue spring gurgled and splashed in the sluices that carried it away under the green dike to the rushing little river which had its source there, then indeed it is small wonder that New York and Europe became to her merely the phantasmagoria of a half-remembered dream. But, at the very beginning, the total change which her quick decision brought into her life made it seem as if quite simply she had stepped through a door and escaped.

Yes, escaped, that was the word. The wound still burned in her heart, the de-

struction of her hopes still gave her pain. But here at least no one knew or cared whether she was young or old, beautiful or plain, loved or unloved, whether she was the famous Mrs. Veerey or, if she liked, a middle-aged Mrs. Snooks, who was a fair camp cook.

Was she still a fair cook? She determined to put the matter to the test. She remembered that in Twelfth Street, as she and her mother sat one day contemplating Stella's trousseau, she had laughingly asked the older woman if now that her daughter was marrying Sam Veerey she didn't think all the lessons over the hot kitchen fire wasted. And she remembered how her mother had smilingly protested that no woman could say when she might not need to cook.

There was a green patch of turf under a vividly green water oak by the roadside which she chose for lunch. And lunch, mostly from the Sunrise Grocerteria at Eau Verte, promised famously until the successive overwhelming discoveries that she had no matches and no can opener. Still the sun twinkled in the oak leaves and there was not much to do except to sit down and laugh. But suddenly a comic hunger like death gripped her, and she went over to the road to hail and borrow from a passing car. With a laugh, she let three or four great machines thunder by. Who was she that she should beg aid of anything but her modest fellow-Ford?

No one can sit long by any wayside anywhere in the world without one of the world's conquerors clattering cheerfully along. This one contained a family party of four and an abominable yet comic collection of baggage. Also the most ready kindness. Good gracious, of course they would light her fire and open her cans for her! They only asked to do more. They were from Nebraska, a father and mother, son and daughter-in-law on the way back to get the spring planting done on the farm—all that way in the tin car over, they admitted, *such* roads!

Stella perceived as she undid her packages that she had bought recklessly of canned baked beans at Eau Verte and decided it was the moment to give a party. It had almost always in the gay past been the moment for her to give a party, why should a good custom not be carried over into an equally gay new world?

The invitation was accepted—had not her invitations always been accepted with alacrity? But had her guests often contributed so generously to the party? And *such* pie? Had they ever been able to initiate their hostess into such fascinating mysteries as, for example, powdered whole milk? And does not powdered milk open to any woman new and dazzling avenues toward felicity? Novelties seemed to tumble helter-skelter into her lap from the blue cloudless Floridian sky. Her charm had had its full effect upon her casually acquired friends—she saw cheerfully that she might if she chose make a new social career within a hundred miles of Omaha. And that night at the little hotel at Seminole River Harbor it was monstrous and incredible how soundly and how dreamlessly she slept.

There is a longish chapter which might be told of such incidents along the high-road. I need not chronicle them. Each one of us could perhaps duplicate them from his own wayfaring experiences. They were small, unimportant, though like small unimportant bricks, they built a wall behind her. Can this process and the slow cutting off of her view upon her past not be just hinted at? The splendid career of Mrs. Sam Veerey grew misty. Yes, she knew she would go back to it. But not now, not yet. Her mind fled more easily to the earlier Twelfth Street time, to the girl who was Stella Lanniére, poor but beautiful, whose career had culminated so long ago on the day when in queer little old New York she met Harry Littleton and knew that she had lost him.

Yet while I philosophize and in imagination follow her car along the main



road, off inland in the forest the great spring is forever flowing which is our story's goal, forever pouring forth its blue flood for him or her who will to drink of. Who shall say what brims within the battered tin cup that hangs on the rotting stake at the pool's edge?

At Slade's she turned west, in the early morning of the third day. The main route is to the north, while to the left begins a white shell road, smooth enough but little used — indeed through the center a green line of grasses proclaims it a mere byway. It caught her eye as she drove slowly along, and without a second thought she turned into it.

Pure chance, was it not? In a life very considerably devoted to the study of that sex I have encountered very few evidences of the famous "woman's instinct." Yet sometimes I wonder if this indeed were not an instance of it. Why should an obscure grass-grown road leading off toward the lonely flat woods make a sudden imperious call upon Stella? It is true that she had the curiosity to halt and read the almost obliterated lettering on the rickety sign post, but "To Cristobal and Lion Springs" meant nothing to her, as little as it indeed would mean to most Floridian travelers.

This was a plunge into the true Florida. For miles she crossed the flat lands. She met during the morning two cars, the

occupants of which looked at her oddly, she thought. In the marshes blue herons waded. It was indeed a sunlit solitude. Yet here in loveliness the spring was coming. The cypress boughs were hung with a delicate green fringe of new needles. On the brown grass tiny delicate flowers were springing. The sky was swept clean by the east wind and occasionally on a bit of scrub a bird perched and sang.

Once she went by a turpentine camp with a group of negro cabins huddled about it, and sped up her car. So into Cristobal, not the romantic half-Spanish hamlet its name had conjured up. Instead desolation — five or six houses and a pitiful-looking store.

But she found that the one house showing any paint would give her a room for the night.

There were pork chops for supper and very bad potatoes and not much hospitable friendliness. A glum husband, obviously ill at ease, and an oldish sal-

low-faced wife so deaf as to be safely removed from the temptation to conversation.

"Where you bound for?" asked the man after long silent pulls at his evening pipe.

"Oh, Lion Springs," answered Stella, because she must say something.

"Got friends there?"

"Yes. I hope so."

And so it was settled for the Springs.



"WANT A LIFT?"

By chance rather than fate, we may still suppose, if we like.

She went upstairs early, with a somber mood upon her than before. Because of it perhaps she put the kerosene lamp down by the bureau—there was, oddly enough, a fairly good mirror, and slowly seated herself before it. She took from the yellow suit case a light-blue celluloid comb, the loot of Eau Verte, and let down her hair. Less than a week ago the night wind had stolen through pink silk curtains, and Stella had looked upon the picture of the famous and beautiful Mrs. Veerey. Now not quite that. Neither Fort Gray nor Eau Verte had, of course, been able to furnish the accustomed aids to beauty, such as could please a fastidious cosmopolite, though indeed it was astonishing how much use the unspoiled inhabitants of Arcadia seemed to find for highly scented orange talcum powder and cheap Parisian rouge. She told herself that the last few days' light coat of tan hid the lack of care to her complexion. But the truth was there—the flowerlike look had gone. The carefully drawn image of youth had departed.

"If it had been *my* mirror," she told me. "I should have smashed it then and there. As it was," and she laughed, "I merely made a vow, that until I should come back to the world I would not look at myself in a glass again. If you wash your face with soap and water—I hadn't for years, you know—you can do it in the dark. And," she continued with the odd wholesome practicality which was mingled in her extreme romance, "if your hair curls naturally and you do it in a plain knot in the back nothing matters, except that I should think it was damned unbecoming."

"Perhaps it wasn't, Stella," I suggested softly.

"What do you mean, Don? I *swear* I never looked in a glass!"

Beyond Cristobal the country breaks into little hills, like the smallest dancing waves upon water stirred by a light

breeze. There are occasional groves of orange and blue pools magnificently called lakes are scattered lavishly between. This is comparative civilization and at Peeksville, which she was to learn later was her shopping center, there are a railroad station and a store. Here she took in gasoline. Beyond there the road is quite unspeakable. It leads first over higher barren land with a thin growth of yellowish-green "black-jack" oak, and then slides down again into tangled jungle and swamp which hint at the not remote great river of St. John.

About a mile from the Spring she saw ahead of her a man on the road, going her way, and limping ever so slightly. It was Le Roy.

"Want a lift?" she asked.

He twisted his mouth into a smile as he answered.

"They say it's good for me to walk, but thank you, lady, I'll break the rule this time. Any stranger going to Lion is too good to be missed."

"Am I a fool to be going there?" she asked, with her directness which was so much of her charm.

"I wouldn't want to say," he answered, and the twisted smile broadened. He was probably forgetting the pain in his leg. "One thing's sure. Not many, fools or otherwise, come here."

"Then I'll stay."

"I dunno where!" he answered.

She did not know where either, when she saw the tiny settlement at the springs. Lion flows in a cup ringed about by the green forest, flows in such incredible volume that below the dam it forms, from its own waters only, a deep, strong stream which enters the sleepy brown flood of the St. John's a few miles away. Round the spring it is evident that there was once some attempt to use its forces, there is an old mill already ruinous and a huge water wheel disused and rotting. A tiny clearing, a little way up the hill with a small orange grove struggling in the sand. Beyond, three small cabins with discouraged gar-



dens and an old-fashioned Floridian house, picturesque with a gallery and gray with the softness of wood that has never been painted, sits nearer the white-shell strand of the great spring. This had a little furniture in it—it had been closed for years. A cot bed and a small oil stove were really all it needed, and these and a little more were added after an amazed owner at Peeksville took Mrs. Veerey's offer to become its tenant. She would, of course, have bought the house if necessary.

There was Fanny, a well-seasoned old colored woman who appeared sometimes—when she felt “up to it.” But it is literally true that Stella often did most of the work. She even helped fill

her own larder. For from a flat-bottomed red rowboat that lay below the dam she caught fish in the blue outlet stream and sometimes drifted down to the great brown river. In piscatorial art she was Le Roy's rival, but she had more time than he. For he was old Professor Hunt's one patient, and daily he took mud baths for his rheumatism under the latter's direction in a back-water down nearly where Lion Creek enters the St. John's.

“It doesn't make me any worse and it does the Professor a lot of good. I heard of him from a man at my hotel over on the West Coast. I was sent down for the climate, you know. I think the truth is that everybody got



FROM A FLAT-BOTTOMED ROWBOAT SHE CAUGHT FISH FROM THE BLUE OUTLET STREAM

tired of me whining around about my bad leg so they shipped me. But I'd got tired, too. I'd got tired of doctors anyhow. Lord, I'd got tired of everything."

"So had I," Stella had half whispered in return, and she and Le Roy became friends over those speeches perhaps.

"But you will get well," she said softly.

"I guess so. If anything can make me all right, I guess our spring can."

They were standing by its edge, and as he spoke he gave the pool where the water forever bubbled at its center a long look. Stella at his side knew he had almost forgotten her presence.

"You get fond of it somehow," he ventured half shyly.

There were white snail shells and mussel shells, too, iridescent and shining in the sun, and long gray-green strands of water growth streamed in the current from the piling of the old diving pier, and forever the water bubbled up in the center. The proof of his cure would be, so Le Roy said, when he could swim out to the spring's heart and lie there in the sun while the water gushed beneath and cradled him.

"The Professor's daft about the spring," he told Stella. "He says that if the old Spaniards had ever found our spring they could have stopped looking for that magic fountain of theirs."

"He doesn't think—?" she began.

Young Le Roy laughed. Was he not a modern disillusioned person?

"I guess every spring in Florida tells that story to the tourists. Professor and Mrs. Hunt have been here almost twenty years and there isn't much youth about them, is there?"

I see that I am not managing my story quite as I should. I must go back to that afternoon when Stella first drove her tin car down to the blue waters' edge. The sunshine slanted upon a big oak tree which overhung the pool. There on the little white beach an old woman knelt on a board and rinsed a

well-soaped undershirt in the crystal flood. So country women all through the south of Europe, but here in America it was a small oddity.

"Do you always wash that way?" asked Stella with the kind of facile comradeship one might extend to any peasant laundress by the side of a French or Italian stream.

"No, not always," the old creature answered with the smallest gayest laugh. "But I like to, sometimes, just to remind me of places I saw when we were young. I remember once my husband and I saw a peasant woman washing in the little stream that runs away from Petrarch's Fountain of Vaucluse in Provence. I like to think of that, too."

It was Ma Hunt, to fall into the parlance of the springs.

Stella says she saw at once that this was the way to grow old, if you must.

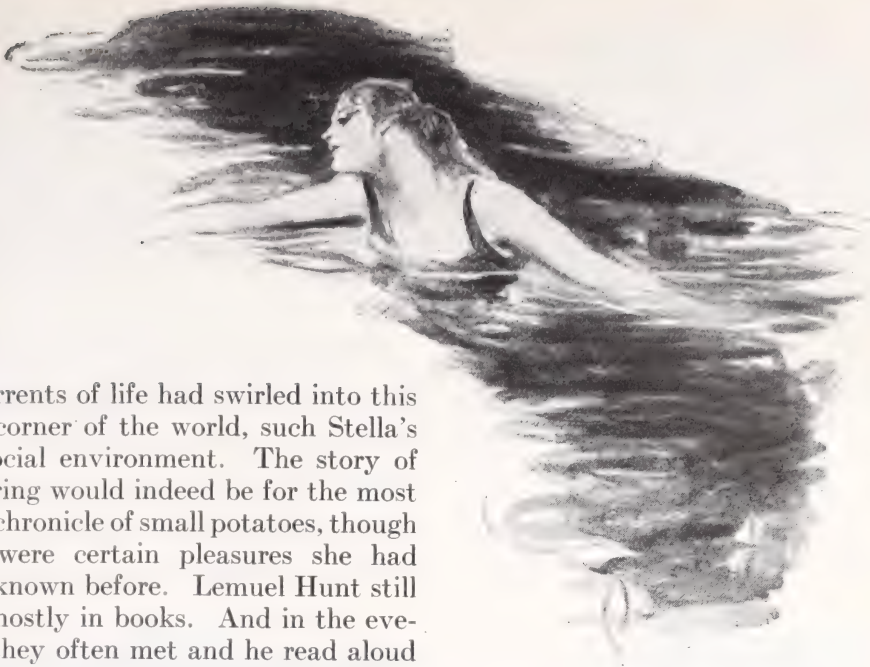
Hunt—he was Le Roy's mud-bath maniac, you will remember—had taught Greek and Latin in a small fresh-water university, in a minor Ohio town. His health had given away, and he had been "all crippled up" with rheumatism.

"Ah, but that wasn't all," Professor Hunt would interrupt his wife if it were she who had started to tell the story. "I wasn't much good at teaching. I dreamed too much. And it was too pleasant playing about the world with Amy here. I don't think they were very sorry when I resigned. My goodness, Amy, they didn't protest very hard! I suppose if we'd have had a little more money we'd have gone abroad to live. As it was, we only ventured as far as Florida that first winter, where I'd be in easy striking distance of my brother in Iowa if I had to borrow money. And here we've stuck. There's a fortune in the mud baths. Perhaps Le Roy will make it when I've got him thoroughly untied. I don't feel somehow that Amy and I were ever destined to be rich."

"We weren't ever destined to be anything but happy, Lemuel," she would answer. "And tucked away!"

Such was the human driftwood which





IT WAS ALMOST LIKE BEING  
AFLOAT IN THE AIR

the currents of life had swirled into this green corner of the world, such Stella's new social environment. The story of her spring would indeed be for the most part a chronicle of small potatoes, though there were certain pleasures she had never known before. Lemuel Hunt still lived mostly in books. And in the evenings they often met and he read aloud to them. Some of the Greek tragedies—in translation, of course—and Theocritus. They, too, in Arcadia!

Toward midday Stella would swim in the great fountain. In the clear water it was almost like being afloat in air. Gayly she would forge her way into the very bubbling heart of Lion and let the strong current carry her to the more peaceful shore. There in the very center, where no sounding line would sink, it seemed indeed that you were poised over the entrance to a deeper hidden world, that you hovered at some gateway to the earth's heart, to the secret storehouse of life's exhaustless energy. She grew to understand Le Roy's feeling that if ever he should be able to swim out to the fountain itself he would be cured. It was to be for him the signal that strength and youth had come back to him.

He was apt to sit, whittling and softly whistling, by the pool's edge when she swam, and sometimes, out there in her crystal world, her eyes would fill with tears that he so young should have lost what she, who had only such a short time ago called herself old, should still have. Water, sun, air, the earth carpeted with pine needles, all seemed to lend her

strength. All the four elements of the ancients had become her friends.

The chronicle of small potatoes would be, as I said, endless. It would include, of course, the mishaps and the triumphs of the kitchen. And the making of the pink sunbonnet. This loomed as a large event in mid-April at the springs. How shall I make it seem important now? Stella took a sudden fancy for such a covering—she had been going bare-headed till then—and she insisted upon a sunbonnet and pink. She had an instinct for it, she alleged, she rather suspected, she asserted, that they might have become the mode and that they might be wearing them in Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix! It turned out that Mrs. Hunt had a pattern. Le Roy and Stella motored to distant Cristobal for the gingham, and the ladies constructed the bonnet in two days.

She put it on for the first time up at the Hunts'.

"It's just ravishing, that's all," declared old Amy, and her husband

promptly found something to quote from Horace in praise of nymphs and country life. As for young Le Roy, he only looked and clapped his hands softly.

"Go, see for yourself," cried Mrs. Hunt, "there's a mirror in the bedroom."

"No, no," protested Stella, and she suddenly felt as if for an instant a cold wind had blown. "No. I've not looked in a glass since I came here. Oh, that's the secret of youth and of happiness, never to see yourself as others see you!"

And with a sudden impulse she caught up the new sunbonnet and ran out and home in the dusk. At first she locked herself in her room and cried softly. It was as if for the first time she looked about her and saw that she was in a

fool's paradise. Then just as suddenly, quite in the manner of sunlight after a shower, the revelation came upon her that now at last she could face the truth and bear it. She would admit that youth had gone. She would no longer dream. A settled, cheerful, middle-aged creature came down and fried some pork for supper.

Toward eight Professor Hunt "dropped in." He talked slowly, gently, monotonously, and his voice mingled with the blue waters rushing over the dam. After a while he said,

"We were talking about you to-night, Amy and I. We hadn't ever before thought somehow that you'd be going



"IT'S JUST RAVISHING, THAT'S ALL," DECLARED AMY



away. I don't know why that was. Of course, everybody does go except those who in a manner belong to the springs. I hope you know that she and I wish you could always stay."

"Dear, dear Professor," murmured Stella, her eyes starry and her hands suddenly on his.

"It's a great privilege for us to have youth about with us."

"Youth," she protested, and she caught back her hand. "I've given that up, forever, to-day!"

"It isn't a thing you can give up, dear," he said. "Why, you're not a day older than Amy or I. And I can't say more."

He smiled whimsically at her.

"And we aren't growing old at all. We settled that a long time ago, I and the young lady. I'll tell you a secret, too, *you're* younger than you were when you came."

"Oh, am I?" she cried.

"Well, aren't you?" he asked her as he rose to go. "You know what spring this really is, don't you? Amy and I have found out." And he smiled at her almost teasingly.

The moon was up, and in the oak tree some misguided mocking bird sang to it as if it were the sun. Was night day? And was day a mere dream? Such questions and more she asked. And only the blue spring eternally bubbling from the earth's heart made her any answer. She wandered down to its little shell beach, all silver now, and then suddenly Le Roy was by her side.

He began much as the Professor had, "Mrs. Hunt has reminded me to-night that you might be going away some day. I'd like you to know that I wish you could stay always."

"I wonder if I could—" she said softly. "No, I suppose I can't."

"I suppose you know I'm in love with you?"

"No, I didn't," she answered gravely, with all of that amazing sweet slowness of hers. "No, I hadn't thought of it. You're only a boy."

"A boy, yes," he answered, and the twisted smile came that she had learned to know meant pain, "a crippled boy who isn't ever going to be much else perhaps unless the spring can really help."

"It can. It shall," she exclaimed.

"Anyhow, while you are here I don't mind so much either way. I don't dare ask you to marry me. I've nothing to offer you. But, oh, my God, I wish you'd stay."

The tears were brimming in his eyes, she could see them in the moonlight. She would have liked to pull his head down into her lap as if he had been a little crying child.

"I won't ever desert you, Le Roy," she pledged. "I'll always come back once a year. I swear that. But you'll get well and you'll find some one young to love and marry."

"I've found some one young enough for me."

"Oh no," she protested. "I've lost my youth."

"Where did you lose it?" he asked, laughing a little. "In the spring? I'll find it for you."

He slid down to the water's edge and in his two hands held up a cupful of blue silver. Then, ironically, he dashed it down.

"You've enough youth for me."

And then he called her "Stella."

The moon had risen higher, and was flooding the green cup in which forever flowed the great spring of Lion. Again a bird sang. On the surface of the pool you could see the bubbling of the waters. Her arms had been about his neck and her lips on his. But she pushed him away at last.

"It is a night to go mad in, Le Roy, like the mocking birds and like you. I might go mad myself so easily."

She smiled at him slowly.

"There's magic here—I've known it from the first. Perhaps this is the legendary spring. If so, then one must lose one's youth in order to find it, that's the secret, Le Roy."

"I thought I'd lost my life, and yet I found it," he answered, "for a minute just now."

"Ah, Le Roy, dear, dear young man," she broke out with, "what you've found by the spring's edge is not youth but age, age so that *you're* old and *I* seem young to you."

"What's age," he asked. "I'd sell mine cheap for a bit of love."

"Yes," she cried out, "you would be selling it cheap. I must tell you a great deal more, Le Roy. Listen to me. When I came here it was because I'd just seen some one from whom I'd been away for twenty years, and because when I did see him again I knew that in his eyes I'd grown old and haggard. So I ran away. Because I'd been in love with him."

"Are you still in love with him?" he asked at last.

"Yes, I think I am, if I don't go mad. No, I mustn't do that any more. For both our sakes. Yes, I'm in love with him still."

He was silent for a moment and the look that meant pain came into his face again.

"He probably never thought any such thing as that you're old. That was only because you were afraid. If you love him, go back to him. Take youth from the spring. And, anyhow, you'll take mine."

"Don't say that, you mustn't," she protested.

"Does it much matter, my youth? If you're happy. If only somebody's happy."

"I'll come back, Le Roy," she found herself saying.

"Every year?" he asked.

"Every year," she pledged afresh.

"All right! All right!"

And with that he hobbled off toward the Hunts.

This is partly guesswork, of course—she did not tell me quite all this that night on the terrace of the pleasant old hotel at Cannes.

"I could see the spring from my bal-

cony, and, Donald, I watched it a good deal that night. I knew that I'd had Romance. And yet somehow I knew even then that only white and kindly magic had been in the air. Le Roy is married now to the Hunts' grandniece Miranda. It's all right, but Le Roy *will* call me Stella, and I'm not quite sure that if we went down to Lion's edge by moonlight I shouldn't want to kiss him again. And he me. Moonlight, you know, Donald, and youth—even if we *are* old!"

"You're incorrigible," I scolded.

"Just a young woman, that's all," she flashed back. She was forty-seven then.

"But I must go on. I thought a great deal that night. I swore that the next day I'd look in a mirror and not be afraid of whatever I might see. I would forget youth and Harry Littleton.

"I was up early and wore the pink gingham and the sunbonnet. And I ate four fried eggs with bacon for breakfast. Gross, wasn't it? And at about nine a tin car came snorting and puffing down the road from Peeksville and Cristobal. It was Harry.

"I've had the very devil of a time finding you, Stella," he began, and then an odd look, though not wholly unpleasant, came into his eyes. "What *have* you been doing to yourself? Why, you're a good ten years younger than that evening at Palm Beach! And in that bonnet, why—why, you're Stella Lanniére of West Twelfth Street!"

"I told him it was rest and good air and simple food and sleep. Harry's a dear foolish thing; he believed me. I hope you don't, Don."

"I don't," I answered, quickly enough. "But I'm going to Lion Springs myself."

"I take Harry back every year. I tell him we'll never grow old that way.

"Never for each other," he answers."

"Isn't that the secret, Stella?" I asked, as her husband came along the terrace.

"Part of it," she answered. "A secret wouldn't be a secret if such creatures as men could guess it all."



# Chinese Commercial Morality

BY HENRY CROSBY EMERY, LL.D.

*The author of this article is an economist of international standing who formerly occupied the chair of political economy at Yale University. He served as Chairman of the United States Tariff Board from 1909 to 1913, and for some years past has represented large American financial interests in China, where he has an extensive and intimate acquaintance among Chinese bankers and business men.*

IF there are any two things that I have always resolved never to do, one is to make any sweeping assertion about the character of a whole people; the other is to write on any general moral theme—since morals are matters of specific men under specific conditions. And yet here I am apparently breaking both resolves. I trust there is some better reason for doing so than that it is “by request” and for a consideration. However, I am going to make some limitations. I intend primarily to speak of North China, since I do not yet know South China. I am going to speak so far as possible of the sweeping characteristics of an established and traditional commercial class, not the trickeries of new and young invaders who have no code and recognize no tradition; and thirdly, whether it be the case of America or China, primarily of dealings among themselves rather than with each other!

It seems to be a very common tradition anywhere that it is always fair to cheat the foreigner. Among all nationalities merchants will do abroad what they would not dream of doing at home.

These limitations cannot be adhered to altogether, but it is under them that I shall attempt to consider the main theme.

There has always been a rather peculiar tradition in western countries as to a special commercial honor among Chinese merchants. When I was young there was a widespread opinion that the Chinese were so honest as compared with other Oriental nations that all

Japanese had to employ a Chinese cashier to prevent defalcation. At the same time it was usually pointed out that in official life the Chinese were so corrupt that they had to employ foreigners, especially Englishmen, to manage their own Customs Service; and it was often supposed that the Chinese had themselves called in these foreigners in order that the government could be sure of receiving the revenues. This peculiar situation was sometimes explained by a theory pleasant to all people desiring to make broad distinctions regarding national character as being due to the following facts: China, it was said, having always held trade in honor, and not having had a chivalrous knighthood on the one hand and a despised commercial class on the other, it was natural that the code of honor should be highest among the mercantile class, whereas their governments had always been corrupt. On the other hand, it was said that Japan had been based on the feudalistic ideal, and that out of the feudal class had come the leading members of the government; that this feudal class, with its high code of honor, had always looked down on the merchant with scorn, and that therefore no sense of honor had developed in Japan's mercantile class. Such an explanation was, of course, delightful as an illustration regarding the later results of the past forces of history to one who is concerning himself with such questions. I can well remember getting it off blandly to my own classes many years ago when I was an in-

structor in economics. This idea is possibly still current among those who have not examined it more carefully. In fact, at a certain time there may have been a grain of truth in the illustration, though, of course, we know now that the whole story about the Japanese being forced for their own protection to employ the honest Chinese was entirely untrue. We know that there have been thoroughly honorable merchants in Japan and at times great corruption in high places. We also know that there have been some cases of highly honorable Chinese officials, and that there has been plenty of crooked work on the part of a certain class of Chinese merchants. So far as the latter goes, however, such cases of crooked work seem to be rather a new development, and more especially applied to foreigners. In fact, the situation has become such that I have heard prominent American business men in China referring to the old tradition of Chinese commercial honor, say, "Yes, the Chinaman's word is as good as his bond and neither of them is worth a hang!"

This suggests an important fact, namely that the old commercial morality of the Chinese was not based much upon "bonds" or upon any legal code. Most of the lawmaking of China in the old days, as distinguished from that of an Anglo-Saxon country, had to do with ceremonies or foreign affairs rather than with commerce. Just as the Chinese village did not maintain a system of good roads because the roads were not public, each strip being the property of the adjoining farm, and its maintenance, therefore, the private business of the farmer, so they looked upon commercial arrangements as more or less private affairs not calling for much legislation by the public authorities. Anglo-Saxon countries, on the other hand, in developing a commercial law or code, have devoted perhaps the major portion of their activities to these questions. Whether the Chinese are honorable and straightforward in their business prac-

tices, the matter at least has little to do with public legislation. In fact, I heard one New York banker say that the Chinese business man had been perfectly honorable until he had come in contact with the Anglo-Saxon law of contract. Our modern American concerns in China now feel it necessary to have a typical New York lawyer draw up an elaborate contract according to the New York form, which has to be signed by the Chinese contracting party. Anyone, however, who has dealt beyond the treaty ports, knows that the Chinese view such an elaborate document, which they cannot understand, with grave suspicion, and that it is much better to trust to the word of the Chinese rather than to any written contract beyond perhaps an *aide memoire*.

Before there occurred a somewhat general degeneration of commercial morals everywhere, the Chinese merchant, although somewhat different in his methods, was the same in his principles as the old-fashioned merchant of London, Hamburg, or Bremen. Great undertakings or great purchases of goods were carried out by these merchants of the old days on the basis of trusting one another's honor and having all documents drawn in the simplest way, without any hint that anybody was trying to "do" the other contracting party. One might, indeed, wonder whether the famous work of Lord Mansfield had had such good results as have commonly been supposed. That he made an important revolution in English law is not to be denied, and all that he did was for the improvement of the situation as it then existed, since commercial disputes were being decided on old technicalities rather than upon the necessities of honorable trade. In fact, there was no true commercial law of a progressive nature before his day. Finding that merchants had for years been acting on their own code, Lord Mansfield decided that all disputes should be settled according to the existing custom of honorable merchants or honorable members of



any craft. This was a splendid advance and worked finely in its immediate practice. But what happened? Having accepted the principle of the custom of the trade as the proper way to settle any dispute, a great body of law was then built up based on the precedents of the days of Mansfield and his followers. And then what happened? This new body of dead precedents took the place of the living principle which Mansfield had applied until judges for decades decided all matters as between merchants or between capital and labor according to the custom of Lord Mansfield's time or the decision of one of his early successors. Now Chinese commercial honor is based on this same old idea except where foreigners force documents on him. When that happens his traditional honor is likely to go by the board. He has always done such and such things in a straightforward way, but a legal document, to his mind, is a technical agreement which must be carried out verbatim. Having accepted the document, he is likely to see no reason for considering the principle of the transaction, and unless he is a man of especially fine quality, recognizing both principle and tradition, his honor goes.

And yet in speaking of this question a writer who knows his China past and present as well as E. H. Parker says:

"As to mercantile honor, in spite of occasional lapses such as occur in all countries, it is so universally admitted that Chinese credit stands deservedly high that I need not say another word about it, except that unhappily it has quite recently somewhat degenerated, owing to the competition of crooked foreign traders eager for business."

Of course, we have all always properly recognized that there are honest and dishonest men in all countries, and the Chinese regret and denounce some of the later evil practices. But the main fact is that the differences between American commercial honor and Chinese commercial honor are trifling as compared with the great differences between

methods employed by different groups in New York. There were some differences in method as between the old-fashioned Chinese and the old-fashioned merchants of other countries. The Chinese had a traditional custom on which to work, and this was neither codified nor expressed in law, but it is perfectly well known. Also, a commercial transaction in China has always been much more a ceremonial function than is the case with modern commercial transactions in western nations. Still, there was a time when men were leisurely, and when there were no telephones, when a good deal of ceremonial attached to such transactions elsewhere. One only has to think of two English merchants of a hundred years or more ago entering into a joint enterprise. One can see them coming into the tavern, with their flaring top hats and their brass-buttoned tail coats, each treating the other with grave consideration, discussing various matters, drinking a glass of port over the transaction (not because they wanted the port but because it was the proper thing to do on closing a contract), and parting with every formality. Englishmen in China to-day frequently laugh or even sneer at the quantity of tea which has to be drunk before they can come to closing a bargain and all the ceremony forced upon them by the Chinese. But after all, they are carrying out unconsciously the tradition of the London of the old days. Of course, to the average business man this will all seem absurd. People say: "Thank God, we got rid of such nonsense long ago!" But also, thank God, there are still a few left who look back with sympathy on their ancestors of a hundred years ago who believed that commercial transactions were not the base things which they had been considered by the lords of the feudal system, but were consonant with a proper courtesy and ceremony.

It is true that, together with this ceremonial and the length of time it took to come to actual terms, these terms

were finally clearly understood and usually without formal contract. Disputes later could be settled by arbitration. But usually there was no difference in understanding regarding the actual terms, and the transaction was carried out strictly without the signing of many documents. This was true of various classes. An old-fashioned Chinese landlord would make a contract, or perhaps it were better to say an agreement, to lease his house without any signed contract, since the mutual rights of landlord and tenant were well known by both parties. Perhaps in a sale of real estate matters it is necessary to have boundaries properly designated in some documentary form. At the present time real estate documents are, compared with ours, relatively informal, and important rather as possible collateral on the part of the owner than in proving the exact nature of the purchase.

This is all very fine, but why should any fuss be made about it? If the word of the old-fashioned Chinese was as good as his bond, the same was true of the old-fashioned Englishman, the old-fashioned American, and the old-fashioned German.

I referred just above to the fact that differences between groups of New Yorkers were greater than the differences between the commercial honor of China and America in general.

For instance, if a New York bank were to lend a million dollars to any foreign government it would involve lengthy discussions between the bank and its foreign clients and also between their respective attorneys. Everything once in order, a document of many pages would be finally prepared by the lawyers for the signatures of the two parties. We sometimes think of that as representing the fact that business in America is never done quickly by mere verbal agreement. On the other hand, on the Stock Exchange many millions of dollars' worth of business is done daily not only verbally but by a mere gesture. A broker on one side of the crowd dealing in a certain stock will catch the eye of a

broker on the other side, suddenly hold up his right hand, shoot it to the left, hold up three fingers, and the other broker nods. This means that one broker has sold to the other say a million dollars' worth of stock at a certain price. Each then hurries to make another transaction. They do not even wait to get together to see whether they have understood each other. Of course, at the end of the day confirmation slips have to be sent to the clearing house for clearing purposes. It may be said that the broker does not dare to welch because he would be expelled if he did. The fact remains that this enormous business, amounting in a good day to a hundred million dollars, is performed without any signing of documents. It is also true that an enormous amount of business is done by word of mouth over the telephone every day, although probably more formal documents quickly follow the agreement than is the case in China.

Two stories regarding two Americans in my own experience will illustrate what I mean regarding the diverse conduct of two native Americans, and I give them not only because they are interesting in themselves, but because they bear very directly upon my conclusion. In the bustle of business after the Armistice, when things were at their height and almost anything went, I was in charge of the Export Credit Division of one of the largest of the New York banks. A Swedish bank opened with us a credit of \$300,000 to buy coal for shipment to Stockholm. This bank credit was issued in favor of a small Scandinavian commercial house which had not sufficient capital to handle any part of the transaction themselves. They therefore transferred the credit to a coal operator and dealer, a native of West Virginia. He in turn did not have sufficient capital to secure the necessary reservations for shipment. The man consequently agreed that we should transfer a part of the credit to a firm of ship brokers and a certain ship was denominated. It ap-



peared very hard to locate that ship, and we began to wonder whether it even existed. Things were getting so complicated that the Swedish purchaser came over to New York to see what was happening to his money. We assured him that every cent of it was in the bank and that he could be sure that it would not be paid out until the coal was shipped to him and documents sent to him to cover the shipment. In the meantime our West Virginia friend had found the ship or its substitute, but everything had been so much delayed that he would have to take a loss of \$7,000 if he shipped the coal according to his contract. Consequently, the ship was turned over to carrying wheat to a Mediterranean port. Conferences were held and this fact was brought out.

The old Swede, with his long white beard, was a man of the utmost humor and dignity as well as probity. He suggested that the contract should be carried out in good faith. He was then told by the various American parties concerned that it was impossible at that late date (the lateness being due to their own negligence) to make shipment to Stockholm, and the best they could do was to deliver it to Gotenbourg. The old gentleman said that he would under the circumstances accept delivery at Gotenbourg, although it would mean a loss of \$25,000 in railroad freight in getting the coal to Stockholm, where he had made contracts to deliver it. He was then told that they could not ship the coal without a loss. He smiled and said that he had been in business fifty years and had often taken losses in considerable amounts both in the coal and in the shipping business in order to keep his contracts. The conference closed then, but the next day the bank rather read the riot act to the West Virginian, forcing him to pay, and the incident was closed, but the parting shot of the American as he left was that he did not see any reason in the world why he should take a loss of \$7,000 on account of any wretched foreigner!

A few days afterward a quiet gentleman came to my desk who was a resident of Virginia. He was a cotton merchant who had dealt with Bremen customers for many years. He quietly asked if bank credits issued before America's participation in the war were still valid. I asked him what the specific case was, and he said that a Bremen bank had issued a credit through my bank in his favor for a large quantity of cotton. This was in 1915, and the terms of the contract read that the cotton should be shipped as soon as free navigation with Bremen was open. Now that the time had come, he wished to keep the contract if the credit was still valid. I had the matter looked up and found that we had in our records a credit of that kind, but I explained to him that we could not honor it because we did not know the condition of the Bremen bank nor whether his purchasers wanted the cotton, and must wait until a new credit was opened before we could take any action. He thanked me, and said that that was all he had come to ask. After he left I followed after him and asked him: "Do you mind telling me at what price you sold your cotton?" knowing that at the price of cotton at that moment the carrying out of his contract would mean an enormous loss. He gave me the price, whereupon I said: "Man alive, don't you know that there has been a war between this country and Germany since that original credit, and that you can get out of it perfectly well? You must stand to lose nearly one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars," to which he quietly replied, "That's about what I figure it." To my suggestion that he could escape that loss on account of the war, he replied that he was not interested in that, but that he had dealt for thirty years with this firm and that neither they nor he had ever gone back on a contract.

These two stories illustrate how much greater are the differences in business honor within a single country than between any two countries.



If one attempts to get any indication from foreigners who have long been in trade in China as to Chinese commercial honor it is difficult to get anywhere. The differences of opinion among foreigners are amazing. A leading business man in Peking, a man himself of the highest sense of honor as well as highly educated, remarked to me one evening that he did not think there was a single honest man in China. On the other hand, another man of a somewhat lower grade told me that he had done business for twenty-five years in all parts of China, and that in not one instance had the Chinese merchant, whether a seller or buyer, failed to meet his obligation exactly according to the terms of the agreement.

It should not be forgotten that such differences in opinion are likely to result from the fact that one man has devoted most of his time to selling goods to the government of Peking or perhaps to the railroads, which are government institutions, and that the other has been trading with old-fashioned merchants. Those who have dealt with government officials have become familiar with the system of granting commissions which are popularly known as "squeezes." After the T'ai-ping Rebellion and the inauguration of the *likin* system possibilities for graft from public funds were greatly increased. Since the inauguration of the Republic and the breakdown of the established ratio of collection and distribution of taxation between the Central and Provincial authorities, there has been a further notable increase in official graft. During this period there has also been a growth of mushroom foreign enterprises in China, with the result that the reaction of this class of foreigners upon the newer class of officials who have come to their positions under the present system has brought about a state of affairs in which graft in governmental dealings between Chinese and Chinese, as well as between Chinese and foreigners, has become common.

On the other hand, those who have dealt only with the regular merchant

type, inheritors both of tradition and a business, will give quite different testimony from that of those who have dealt only with a corrupt government. In that class of transactions where purely legitimate profits are made and the transaction is of mutual advantage to each of the two contracting parties, the old commercial honor still exists, Chinese merchants of that class are as scornful of and denounce as vigorously the methods of their own government as can be done by any foreigners.

Nor should the tricks of the foreigners themselves be forgotten. The Chinese merchant has been subject, especially in recent years, to all kinds of cheats on the part of foreigners, and unfortunately on the part of Americans as much as any. Goods have been delivered of entirely different quality from that specified in the contract. Houses that would not think of trying to palm off an inferior grade to a Christian countryman are quite willing to do so in the case of the benighted heathen. What should he know, anyway, about grades, and what right has he to the best grade even if it should have been specified in the contract? Contracts have been drawn in such a manner that there were all kinds of "niggers in the wood-pile." It was only when it came to settlement that the Chinese merchant found he had been cheated through an instrument which he never understood but was forced to sign.

This has been more or less justified in occidental minds by the feeling that the "heathen Chinese is peculiar." That phrase of Bret Harte's has probably been more widely quoted than any other statement about the Chinese, but the fact doubtless was that in the case of that game of euchre the cheating had been started by the Californians in the game, and that Ah Sin had gone them one better with his tricks. The Chinese are certainly quick to learn, and if they themselves are once cheated, then let the foreigner who cheated in the first place beware of any further dealings with the



man who suffered in the first place. I once heard an old China merchant remark that to attempt to deal unfairly with a Chinese was commercial suicide, since the Chinese would certainly double-cross you in the end. This peculiar quickness of the Chinese to learn any commercial trick which has been developed outside and to beat the foreigner at his own game is combined with a slowness in initiating such practices.

Regarding punctuality in payment, it cannot be said that the Chinese shows up very well. In recent years the situation has been such as to make further trade almost impossible. Besides the complete bankruptcy of the government and constant changes in the Ministry of Finance, very many of the soundest Chinese merchants have been obliged to suspend through the collapse in exchange. Among many good qualities of the Chinese, even his most earnest defender must admit that the Chinese are by nature gamblers. It is almost impossible to bring him to cover his exchange at the time of his contract. Consequently, when during boom times he had placed large orders abroad, he then saw exchange go against him week by week in toboggan fashion before the time of payment became due. He had not covered his exchange, and therefore was called upon to pay double in his own currency. Consequently, he found himself in a situation where it was utterly impossible for him to meet his obligations at the proper time. This was not dishonesty on his part. He was taking an optimistic chance on a great factor in his transaction. No sound foreign merchant would do such a thing, but it has been a not uncommon method in China. In the last two or three years, however, the change in exchange was so swift and severe that even usual reserves for such emergencies were inadequate.

Apart from all this recent trouble, however, it must, I think, be admitted that the Chinese never had a very clear idea of a "due date" in commercial,

though not in banking transactions, as understood in other countries. If a specific date was mentioned, he rather thought that he was bound at this date at least to begin payment and to continue payments as rapidly as possible afterward. The Chinese have always been rather given to the partial-payment system. To pay a part of one's obligation at a certain date has been thought to be a friendly and gentlemanly arrangement. Exception must be made for three great periods in the Chinese year. These three dates are Chinese New Year, Spring Festival, and Autumn Festival. These are the three great clearing-up times in China, and one "loses face" and credit within the trade if he has not squared up everything at each of these dates. In the old days he often contracted in the most informal way as to time of payment, but it was always clearly understood that, unless something was stated in the agreement to the contrary, full payment must be made by each of these three dates.

Again in the matter of any delay in payment, there is a due ceremony to be performed and a courtesy to be preserved somewhat like that of the old English methods, only more elaborate. There were certain preliminaries to be gone into. A cup of tea would be drunk between the two parties. The creditor would throw out a gentle hint that these were hard times and hope very much that his friend's situation was not serious or that he had not had an illness in his family. If his friend expressed any optimism over the situation he was told that, since he had delayed his payment, the creditor naturally assumed that there was some trouble in his business or family affairs. Such a way of approaching the subject might bring out full payment at once with an apology for forgetfulness; it might bring out a fifty-per-cent payment with a promise for the balance the next week. Anyway, no antagonism was aroused between the two parties. Certain foreign firms, on the other hand, believe in the "treat



'em rough" method. The attitude of some of the newer banks and newer firms, dictated, to be sure, largely by their New York management rather than by their local managers, is to send out a curt note demanding immediate liquidation within a certain date, and if that is not forthcoming, to sell out the collateral no matter how ruinous the price, provided the principal and interest are covered. They may get their money this time, but they may lose a good future customer. The attitude of the older mercantile houses and the older foreign banks, especially the British, is very different. They know their Chinese customers, they know their record in the past, they know how to get the truth as to their resources, and are willing to give the necessary accommodation in a manner following Chinese custom rather than the custom of New York. All of this may be vexatious, and yet large profits have been made by firms that have followed the custom and have recognized that business in China must pay some respect to the immemorial customs of the Chinese merchants.

A humorous anecdote is told by Mr. Nichols in his book *Through Hidden Shensi*. After a very hard ride he was lifted out of his saddle by a soldier, and his servant handed him his razors, saying that his beard had been growing for five days and should be taken off. Mr. Nichols retorted that his servant was as badly off as he, that his queue was a sight and that he should have it braided immediately. To this the servant replied: "The queue is Chinese; it can wait patiently, but the beard is European; it cannot wait; it must go quickly."

This applies as well perhaps to Chinese and American methods of doing business. It is not that the Chinese are dishonest, but they have their own methods. "Cash against documents!" one can hear the strident tone of the American manufacturer as he says it with a boastful voice showing that he is so successful he can refuse credit of any kind. But one would not hear in China

either that policy or that tone of voice. They have their own ways and they do business on long credits. To many New Yorkers doing business on long credits seems actually immoral, but it is perfectly legitimate, and if the buying market demands it, it must be met. Chinese, indeed, have a certain scorn or suspicion of a concern so tied up that it must have its money back in ninety days. I have known a Peking manager of a branch of a New York bank frequently criticized by his head office at New York for making loans for a period of six months. There was no question but that the borrowers were people of the highest standing, also that the security was A-1 with ample margin. But it was not according to New York practice. He was told that it was "not good banking practice" to make loans beyond ninety days. This may be a very good practice, but it is not a Chinese practice. Now the misfortune was that the loans criticized were to Chinese, and the Chinese practice in banking is for six months loans or even one year. The problem of the manager was this: he must either meet the terms or lose the business. If he did the business he would get a good profit but he would get criticism from the home office. If he didn't do the business he would hear later in the day that this same profitable business had gone to a rival bank. Presumably, the borrower was going to lend these funds on a six-months' basis, and consequently could not make a three-months' loan—that is, the custom of this particular city was six months and he was not interested in anything else. He would discuss and make concessions on rates of interest, form and amount of security, and be reasonable in all such matters, but the moment ninety days was suggested he lost interest in the transaction. But New York is not stable or even big enough to change a custom which has endured for centuries among hundreds of millions of people.

I certainly should not advise any



American firm to go into China without ample capital, sufficient at least to allow for renewals up to between six months and twelve months. Too many American firms have come into China under-capitalized and therefore unable to deal with Chinese according to their own methods. But this is their business. I think it is true that China has almost no commercial crookedness, again omitting the upstart concerns referred to above. But it must also be admitted that China, along with her commercial honor, has her delays. This is known by the older English commercial houses and banks. They know their China and they prepare and act accordingly. We all know the motto regarding the fate of the man who tried to "hustle the East." Recently there has been a tendency on the part of big American concerns toward a change in policy, and this especially on the part of those who have large surpluses sufficient to make reasonable delays not seriously embarrassing. The practice, however, is not to be recommended to firms with insufficient reserves. In any case, Americans may as well make up their minds that even with all its prestige and power America cannot force a country like China to give up century-long practices at the mere command of

even so powerful a friend as the United States.

It appears then that our conclusion is that there is a very high sense of honor among Chinese. So is there among the merchants of America, England, Germany and other countries. Again, the differences between individuals are infinitely greater than those between nations. There are many, many merchants of the highest degree of honor in China, but none who could surpass our cotton friend from Virginia mentioned above. There are especially among the newer and smaller class plenty of rotters, but none more rotten than our West Virginia coal friend. To all this must be added that, since China is an older country, her merchants developed a sense of honor long before western countries. At a time when European commerce was half trade and half piracy, China had developed this high commercial morality. It is probably the half-buccaneering traders who first brought news of this strange and honorable custom to lands who as yet knew it not. To-day Chinese commercial honor and English or American commercial honor differ little except that China had developed it centuries before it was adopted in foreign lands.

## I Would Go Forth

BY CONSTANCE JOHNSON

I WOULD go forth upon uncharted seas,  
Or seek a trail across the desert sands.  
I'd hew me paths beneath primeval trees  
Where trackless forests clothe the silent lands.

I would climb upward still, with panting breath  
To scale those heights where men have never trod,  
And joyfully pass down the vales of death  
To find man's last unknown adventure—God.

# The Happy Isles

A NOVEL—PART V

BY BASIL KING

Author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Wild Olive*, etc.

## XXV

A FEW days after his rescue of Guy Ansley from the snow Tom Whitelaw found himself addressed by that young gentleman's sister, aged fourteen. She had plainly been watching for him as he went through Louisburg Square on his way from school. He had almost passed the Ansley steps before the tall, slight girl ran down them.

"Oh, Mr. Whitelaw!"

As it was the first time he had ever been honored with this prefix, he felt shocked and slightly foolish.

"Yes, Miss Ansley?"

A little breathless, she was, as he had noticed during their previous meeting, oddly grown up for her age, as one who takes responsibilities because there is no one else to bear them. She had the manner and selection of words of a woman of thirty.

"I hope you won't mind my waylaying you like this, but my brother would so much like to see you. You've been so awfully kind that I hope you'll come up. He's in bed, you know."

"When does he want me to come?"

"Well, now, if it isn't troubling you too much. You see, my father and mother are coming home to-night, and he'd like to have a word with you before then. He won't keep you more than a few minutes."

What Tom obscurely felt as an honor to himself she put as a favor he was doing them. It was an honor in that it admitted him a little farther into privacies which to him seemed tapestried with

privilege and tradition. His one brief glimpse of their way of living had not made him discontented; it had only appealed to his faculty for awe.

Awe was what he was aware of in following his young guide up the two red staircases to the room where the fat boy lay in bed. It was a mother's-darling's room, amusingly out of keeping with the pudgy, fleshy being whom it housed. Flowered paper on the walls, flowered hangings at the windows, flowered cretonnes on thickly upholstered armchairs, flowered silk on the duvet, garlands of flowers on the headboard and footboard of the virginal white bedstead, made the piggy eyes and piggy cheeks, bolstered up by pillows of which some were trimmed with lace, the more funnily grotesque. Tom Whitelaw saw neither the fun nor the grotesqueness. All he could take in was the fact that beauty could gild the lily of this luxury. He knew nothing of beauty in his own denuded life. The room with two beds which he still shared with Honey at Mrs. Danker's was not so much a sanctuary as a lair.

The fat boy's giggles were those of welcome, and also those of embarrassment.

"After the scrap the other night got sick. Bronchitis. Sit down."

Tom looked round to see what Miss Ansley was doing, but slipping away, she shut the door behind her. He sank into the flowered armchair nearest to the bed. The cracked girlish voice, which now had a wheeze in it, went on.

"They've wired for dad and mother, and they're coming home to-night."



Thought that before they got here I'd put you wise to something I want you to do."

Waiting for more, Tom sat silent, while the poor piggy face screwed itself up as if it meant to cry.

"Dad and mother think that because I'm so fat I'm not a sport. But they're dead wrong, see? *I am* a sport; only—only—" he was almost bursting into tears—"only the damn fat won't let me get it out, see?"

"Yes, I see. I know you're a sport all right, old chap. Of course!"

"Well, then, don't let them think the other thing, if they were to ask you."

"Ask me what?"

"Ask you what the row was about the other afternoon. If they do that tell 'em we were only playing nigger-in-the-hen-house, or any other snow game. Don't say I was knocked down by a lot of kids. Make 'em think I was having the devil's own good time."

Tom Whitelaw knew this kind of humiliation. If he had not been through Guy Ansley's special phase of it he had been through others.

"I'll tell them what I saw. You and a lot of other fellows were skylarking in the snow, and I went by and got you to knock off. As I had to pass your door we came home together; but when I found you were wet to the skin I advised Miss Ansley to see that you hit the hay. That's all there was to it."

In this version of the incident the strain of truth was sufficiently clear to allow the fat boy to approve of it. He didn't want to tell a lie, or to get Tom Whitelaw to tell a lie; but sport having been the object with which he had stolen away on that winter's afternoon, it was easy to persuade himself that he had got it. Before Tom went away Guy Ansley understood that he would figure to his parents not as a victim but as something of a tough.

"Gee, I wish I was you," he grinned at Tom, who stood with his hand on the doorknob.

"Me!" Tom was never so astonished

in his life. His eyes rolled round the room. "How do you think I live?"

"Oh, live! That's nothing. What I'd like to do is to rough it. If they'd let me do that I shouldn't be—I shouldn't be wrapped up in fat like a mummy in—in whatever it is they're wrapped up in. *You* can get away with anything on looks."

Sincere as was this tribute, it meant nothing to Tom Whitelaw, looks being no part of his preoccupations. What, for the minute, he was thinking about was that nobody in the world seemed to be quite satisfied. Here he was envying Guy Ansley his down quilt and his comfortable chairs, while Guy was envying him the rough-and-tumble of privation.

"I shouldn't look after him too much," he said to the young sister whom, on coming downstairs, he found waiting at the front door. "There's nothing wrong with him, except that he's a little stout. He's got lots of pluck."

Her face glowed. The glow brought out its intelligence. The intelligence set into action a demure, mysterious charm, almost oriental.

"That's just what I always say, and no one ever believes me. Mother makes a baby of him."

"If he could only fight his own way a little more . . ."

"Oh, I do hope you'll say that if they speak to you about him."

"I will if I ever get the chance, but . . ."

"Oh, you must get the chance. I'll make it. You see, you're the only boy Guy's ever taken a fancy to who didn't treat him as a joke."

Tom assured her that her brother was not the only fellow who had a hard fight to put up during boyhood. He had seen them by the dozen who, just because of some trifling oddity, or unusual taste, were teased, worried, tormented, till school became a hell; but that didn't keep them from turning out in the end to be the best sports among them all. Very likely the guying did them good. He thought it might. He, Tom Whitelaw, had been through a lot of it, and



now that he was sixteen he wasn't sorry for himself a bit. He used to be sorry for himself, but . . .

Seeing her for the second time, and in daylight, her features grew more distinct to him. He mused on them while continuing his way homeward. To say she was not pretty, as he had said the other night, was to use a form of words calling for amplification. It was the first time he had had occasion to observe that there are faces to which beauty is not important. "It's the way she looks at you," was his form of summing up; and yet for the way she looked at you he had no sufficient phraseology.

That her eyes were long, narrow, and yellow-brown, ever so slightly Mongolian, he could see easily enough. That her nose was short, with a little tilt to it, was also a fact he had no difficulty in stating. As for her coloring, it was like that of a russet apple when the brown has a little gold in it and the red the brightness of carmine. Her hair was saved from being ugly by running to the quaint. Straight, black—black with a bluish gloss—it was worn not in the pig-tail with which he was most familiar, but in two big plaits curved behind the ears, and secured he didn't know how. She reminded him of a colored picture he had seen of a Cambodian girl, a resemblance enhanced by the dark blue dress she wore, straight and formless down the length of her immature, boylike figure, and marked at the waistline by a circle of gold braid.

But all these details were subordinate to something he had no power of defining. It was also something of which he was jealous as an injustice to Maisie Danker. If this girl had what poor Maisie had not it was because money gave her an advantage. It was the kind of advantage that wasn't fair. Because it wasn't fair, he felt it a challenge to his loyalty.

Nevertheless, he could not accept Maisie's offhand judgments when between five and six that afternoon he told her of the incident.

This was at The Cherry Tree, one of those bowers of refreshment and dancing recently opened on their own slope of Beacon Hill. Bower was the word. What had once been the basement-kitchen and coal cellar of a small brick dwelling had been artfully converted into a long oval orchard of cherry trees, in paper luxuriance of foliage and blossom. Within the boscage, and under Chinese lanterns, there were tables; out in the open was a center oval cleared for dancing. Somewhere out of sight a cracked fiddle and a flat piano rasped out the tango or some shred of "rag." With the briefest intervals for breath, this performance was continuous. The guests, who at that hour in the afternoon numbered no more than ten or twelve, forsook their refreshments to take the floor, or forsook the floor to return to their refreshments, just as the impulse moved them. They were chiefly working girls, young men at leisure because out of jobs, or sailors on shore. Except for an occasional hoarse or screechy laugh, the decorum was proper to solemnity.

It was the fourth or fifth time Tom and Maisie had come to this retreat, nominally that Tom should learn to dance, but really that they should commune together. To him the occasions were blissful for the reason that he had no one else in the world to commune with. To talk, to talk eagerly, to pour out the torrent of opinions boiling within him, meant more than that Maisie should understand him. Maisie didn't understand him. She only laughed and joked with pretty inanity; but she let him talk. He talked about the books he liked and didn't like, about the advantages college men possessed over those who weren't college men, about what he knew of the banking system, about the good you conferred on the world and yourself when you saved your money and invested it. In none of these subjects was she interested; but now and then she could get a turn to talk of the movies, the new dances, and love. That



these subjects made him uneasy was not, from Maisie's point of view, a reason for avoiding them.

Each was concerned with the other, but beyond the other each was concerned most of all with the mystery called Life. To live was what they were after, to live strongly and deeply and vividly and hotly, and to do it with the pinched means and narrow opportunities which were all they could command. In his secret heart Tom Whitelaw knew that Maisie Danker was not the girl out of all the world he would have sought of his own accord, while Maisie Danker was equally aware that this boy two years younger than herself couldn't be the generous provider she was looking for. They were only like shipwrecked passengers thrown together on an island. They must make the best of each other. No other girl, hardly any other human being except Honey, had entered the social isolation in which he was marooned, and as for her . . .

She was so cheery and game that she never referred to her home experiences otherwise than allusively. From allusions he gathered that she was not with her aunt, Mrs. Danker, merely for pleasure or from pressure of affection. Her father was living; her stepmother was living too. There was a whole step-family of little brothers and sisters. Her father drank; her stepmother hated her; there was no room for her at home. All her life she had been knocked about. Even when she worked in the cotton mills she couldn't keep her wages. She had had fellows, but none of them was ever any good. The best of them was a French Canadian who made big money, but he wouldn't marry her unless she "turned Catholic." "If he couldn't give up his church for me I couldn't give up mine for him; so there it was!" There was another fellow. . . . But as to him she said little. In speaking of him at all her face grew somber, which it did rarely. Either because he had failed her, or to get her out of his clutches, Tom was not sure which, her aunt had offered

her a home for the winter. "Gee, it makes me laff," was her own sole comment on her miseries.

As Tom had dropped into the habit of telling her the small happenings of his uneventful life, he gave her, across the ice-cream sodas, an account of what had just occurred between himself and Guy and Hildred Ansley.

She listened with what for her was gravity. "You've got to give some of them society girls the cold glassy eye," she informed him, judiciously. "If you don't you'll get it yourself, perhaps when you ain't expecting it."

"Oh, but this is only a little girl, not more than fourteen. She just *seems* grown up. That's the funny part of it."

"Not more than fourteen! Just *seems* grown up! Why, any of that bunch is forwarder at ten than I'd be at twenty. That's one thing I'd never be, not if men was scarcer than blue raspberries—forward. And yet some of them society buds'll be brassier than a knocker on a door."

"Oh, but this little Miss Ansley isn't that sort."

"You wouldn't know, not if she was running up and down your throat. Any girl can get hold of a man if she makes him think she needs him bad enough."

"It wasn't she who needed me; it was her brother."

"A brother'll do. A grandmother'd do. If you can't bait your hook with a feather fly, you can take a bit of worm. But once a fella like you begins to take a shine to one of them . . ."

"Shine to one of them! Me?"

"Well, I suppose you'll be taking a shine to *some* girl *some* day. Why shouldn't you?"

"If I was going to do that . . ."

The point at which he suspended his sentence was that which piqued her especially. Her eyes were provocative; her bright face alert.

"Well, if you were going to do that—what of it?"

The minute was one he was trying to evade. As clearly as if he were fifty, he



knew the folly of getting himself involved in an emotional entanglement. Though he looked a young man, he was only a big boy. The most serious part of his preparation for life lay just ahead of him. If he didn't go to college . . .

And even more pressing than that consideration was the fact that in bringing Maisie to The Cherry Tree that afternoon he had come down to his last fifteen cents. At the beginning of their acquaintance he had had seven dollars and a half, hoarded preciously for needs connected with his education. Maisie had stampeded the whole treasure. To expect a man to spend money on her was as instinctive to Maisie as it is to a flower to expect the heavens to send rain. She knew that at each mention of the movies or The Cherry Tree Tom squirmed in the anguish of financial disability, and that from the very hint of love he bolted like a colt from the bridle; but when it came to what she considered as her due she was pitiless.

No epic has yet been written on the woes of the young man trying, on twenty-five dollars a week, let us say, to play up to the American girl's taste for spending money. His self-denials, his sordid shifts, his mortifications, his sense at times that his most unselfish efforts have been scorned, might inspire a series of episodes as tensely dramatic as those of Spoon River.

Tom had had one such experience on Maisie's birthday. She had talked so much of her birthday that a present became indispensable. To meet this necessity the extreme of his expenditure could be no more than fifty cents. To find for fifty cents something worthy of a lady already a connoisseur he ransacked Boston. Somewhere he had heard that a present might be modest so long as it was the best thing of its kind. The best thing of its kind he discovered was a toothbrush. It was not a common toothbrush except for the part that brushed the teeth. The handle was of mother-of-pearl, with an inlay in red enamel. The price was forty-five cents.

Maisie laughed till she cried. "A toothbrush! A *toothbrush*! For a present that's something new! Gee, how the girls'll laff when I go back to Nashua and tell them that that's what a guy give me in Boston!"

The humiliation of straitened means was the more galling to Tom Whitelaw, first because he was a giver, and then because he knew the value of money. With the value of money his mind was always playing, not from miserly motives, but from those of social economy. Each time he "blew in," as he called it, a dollar on the girl he said to himself: "If I could have invested that dollar, it would have helped to run a factory, and have brought me in six or seven cents a year for all the rest of my life." He made this calculation to mark the wastage he was strewing along his path in the wild pace he was running.

There was something about Maisie which obliged you to play up to her. She was that sort of girl. If you didn't play up, the mere laughter in her eye made you feel your lack of the manly qualities. It was not her scorn she brought into play; it was her sense of fun; but to the boy of sixteen her sense of fun was terrible.

It was terrible, and yet it put him on his guard. He couldn't wholly give in to her. If she could make moves he could make them too, and perhaps as adroitly. Her tantalizing question was ringing in his ears: If he was going to take a shine to any girl—what of it?

"Oh, if I was going to do that," he tossed off, "it would be to you."

"So that you haven't taken a shine to me—yet?"

"It depends on what you mean by a shine."

"What do you mean by it yourself?"

"I never have time to think." This was a happy sentiment, and a safeguard. "It takes all I can do to remember that I've got to go to college."

"Damn college!"

He was so unsophisticated that the expression startled him. He hadn't sup-





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

"I KNOW YOU'RE A SPORT ALL RIGHT, OLD CHAP"

posed young ladies used it, not any more than they sneaked into barns or under bridges to smoke cigarettes.

"What's the use of damning college, when I've got to go?"

"You haven't got to go. A great strong fella like you ought to be earning his twenty per by this time. If you've got money in the bank, as you say you have . . ."

He trembled already for his treasure. "I haven't got it here. It's in a savings bank in New York."

"Oh, that's nothing! If you've got it *anywheres* you can get at it with a check. Gee, if I had a few hundreds I'd have ten in my pocket at a time, I'll be hanged if I wouldn't. I don't believe you've got it, see. I know a lot o' guys that loves to put that sort of fluff over on a girl. Makes 'em feel big. But if they only knew what the girl thinks of them . . ." She jumped to her feet, allowing herself a little more vulgarity than she generally showed. "All right, old son, c'me awn! Let's have another twist. And for Gawd's sake don't bring down that hoof of yours till I get a chance to pull my Cinderella-slipper out of your way."

## XXVI

It was after he had spent the first ten dollars he drew from his fund in New York that Tom felt the impulse to tell Honey of the way in which he was becoming involved with Maisie Danker. The ten dollars had melted. In signing the formalities for drawing the amount, he expected to have enough to carry him along till spring, when Maisie's visit was to end. He dreaded its ending, and yet it would have this element of relief in it; he would be able to keep his money. At a pinch he could spare ten dollars, though he couldn't spare them very well. More than ten dollars. . . .

And before he knew it the ten dollars had vanished as if into air. Once Maisie knew what he had done her caprices multiplied. To her as to him ten dollars to "blow in"—she used the airy expression

too—was a small fortune. It was only their instincts that were different. His was to let it go slowly, since the spending of a penny was against the protests of his conscience; hers to make away with it. If Tom could "draw the juice" for a first ten, he could draw it for a second, and for a third and a fourth after that. It was not extravagance that whipped her on; it was joy of life.

Tom's impulse to tell Honey was not acted on. It was not acted on after he drew the second ten; nor after he drew the third. After he had drawn the fourth his unhappiness became so great that he sought a confidant.

And yet his unhappiness was not absolute; it was rather a poisoned bliss. Had Maisie been content with what he could afford, the winter would have been like one in Paradise. But almost before he himself was aware of the promptings of thrift, she vanquished them with her ridicule.

"There's nothing I hate so much as anything cheap. If a fella can't give me what I like, he can keep away."

Time and time again Tom swore he would keep away. He did keep away, for a day, for two or three days in succession. Then she would meet him in the dark hallway, and, twining her arms around his neck without a word, would give him one of those kisses on the lips which thrilled him into subjection. He would be guilty of any folly for her then, because he couldn't help himself. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty dollars, all the hoarded inheritance from the Martin Quidmore who was already a dim memory, would be well thrown away if only she would kiss him once again.

He lost the healthy diversion which might have reached him through the Ansleys because they had taken the fat boy to Florida. Tom learned that from little Miss Ansley a few days after the return of the father and mother from New York. One afternoon as both were coming from their schools they had met on their way toward Louisburg Square. Even in her outdoor dress, she was



quaintly grown-up and Cambodian. A rough brown tweed had a little gold and a little red in it; a brown turban not unlike a fez bore on the left a small red wing tipped with a golden line. Maisie would have emphasized the red; she would have been vivid, eager to be noticed. This girl didn't need that kind of advertisement.

Seeing her before she saw him, he wondered whether she would give him any sign of recognition. At Harfrey the girls whom he saw at the Tollivants, and who proclaimed themselves "exclusive," always forgot him when they met him on the street. This had hurt him. He waited in some trepidation now, fearing to be hurt again. But when she saw him she nodded and smiled.

"Guy's better," she said, without greeting, "and we're all going off to Florida to-morrow. Guy and I don't want to go a bit; but mother's afraid of his catching cold, and father has to be in Washington, anyhow. So we're off."

Though he walked by her side for no more than a few yards, Tom was touched by her friendliness. She was the first girl of that section of the world for which he had only the term "society" who had not been ashamed to be seen with him in a street. Little Miss Ansley even paused for a minute at the foot of her steps while they exchanged remarks about their schools. She went to Miss Winslow's. She liked her school. She was sorry to be going away as it would give her such a lot of back work to make up. She might go to Radcliffe when Guy went to Harvard, but so far her mother was opposed to it. In these casual observations she seemed to Tom to lose something of her air of being a woman of the world. On his own side he lost a little of his awe of her.

The snuffing out of this interest threw him back on the easing of his heart by confidence. It was not confidence alone; it was also confession. He was deceiving Honey, and to go on deceiving Honey began to seem to him baser than dishonor. Had Honey been his father, it would

have been different. Fathers worked for their sons as a matter of course, and almost as a matter of course expected that their sons would play them false. There was no reason why Honey should work for him; and since Honey did work for him, there was every reason why he who reaped the benefit should be loyal. He was not loyal. He had even reached the point, and he cursed himself for reaching it, at which Honey was an Old Man of the Sea fastened on his back.

He told himself that this was the damndest ingratitude; and yet he couldn't tell himself that it wasn't so. It was. There were days when Honey's way of speaking, Honey's way of eating, the smell of Honey's person, and the black patch on his eye, revolted him. Here he was, a great lump of a fellow sixteen years of age, and dependent for everything, for *everything*, on a rough dock laborer who had been a burglar and a convict. It was preposterous. Had he jumped into this situation he would not have borne it for a week. But he had not jumped into it; it had grown. It had grown round him. It held him now as if with tentacles. He couldn't break away from it.

And yet Honey and he were bound to grow apart. It was in the nature of the case that it should be so. Always of a texture finer than Honey's, schooling, association, and habits of mind were working together to refine the grain, while Honey was growing coarser. His work, Tom reasoned, kept him not only in a rut but in a brutalizing rut. Loading and unloading, unloading and re-loading, he had less use for his mind than in the days of his freebooting. Then a wild ass of the desert, he was now harnessed to a dray with no relief from hauling it. From morning to night he hauled; from night to morning he was stupified with weariness. In on this stupefaction Tom found it more and more difficult to break. He was agog with interests and ideas; for neither interests nor ideas had Honey any room.

Nor had he, so far as Tom could judge,

any room for affection. On the contrary, he repelled it. "Don't you go for to think that I've give up bein' a socialist because I've got a soft side. No, sir! That wouldn't be it at all. What reelly made me do it was because it didn't pay. I'd make big money now and then; but once I'd fixed the police, the lawyers, and nine times out o' ten the judge, I wouldn't have hardly nothink for me-self. If out o' every hunderd dollars I was able to pocket twenty-five it'd be as much as ever. This 'ere job don't pay as well to start with; but then it haven't no expenses."

Self-interest and a vague sense of responsibility were all he ever admitted as a key to his benevolence. "It's along o' my bein' an Englishman. You can't get an Englishman 'ardly ever to be satisfied a'mindin' of his own business. Ten to one he'll do that and mind somebody else's at the same time. A kind o' curse that's on 'em, I often thinks. Once when I was doin' a bit—might 'a been at Sing Sing—a guy come along to entertain us. Recited poetry at us. And I recollect he chewed to beat the band over a piece he called, 'The White Man's Burden.' Well, that's what you are, Kid. You're my White Man's Burden. I can't chuck yer, nor nothink. I just got to carry yer till yer can git along without me; and then I'll quit. The old bunch'll be as glad to see me back as I'll be to go. There's just one thing I want yer to remember, Kid, that when yer've got yer eddication there won't be nothink to bind me to you, nor—" he held himself very straight, bringing out his words with a brutal firmness—"nor you to me. Yer'll know I'll be as glad to go the one way as you'll be to go the t'other, so there won't be no 'ard feelin' on both sides."

It was a Sunday night. Tom had taken his troubles to bed with him, because he had nowhere else to take them. In bed you struck a truce with life. You suspended operations, at least for a few hours. You could sleep; you could post-

pone. He slept as a rule so soundly, and so straight through the night, that, hunted as he was by care, he had once in the twenty-four hours a refuge in which the fiendish thing couldn't overtake him.

It had been a trying Sunday because Maisie had tempted him to a wilder than usual extravagance. There was enough snow on the ground for sleighing. She had been used to sleighing in Nashua. The singing of runners and the jingling of bells, as a sleigh slid joyously past her, awakened her longing for the sport. By coaxing, by teasing, by crying a little, and, worst of all, by making game of him, she had induced him to find a place where he could hire a sleigh and take her for a ride.

Snow having turned to rain, and rain to frost, the landscape through which they drove was made of crystal. Every tree was as a tree of glass, sparkling in the sun. A deep blue sky, a keen dry wind, a little horse which enjoyed the outing as briskly as Maisie herself, made the two hours vibrant with the ecstasy of cold. All Tom's nerves were taut with the pleasure of the motion, of the air, of the skill, acquired chiefly at Bere, with which he managed the spirited young nag. The knowledge of what it was costing him he was able to thrust aside. He would enjoy the moment, and face the reckoning afterward. When he did face the reckoning, he found that of his fourth ten dollars he had spent six dollars and fifty-seven cents. Only three days earlier he had had the crisp clean bill unbroken in his hand. . . .

He had been hardly able to eat his supper, and after supper the usual two hours of study to which he gave himself on Sunday nights were as time thrown away. Luckily, Honey's consideration left him the room to himself. Honey was like that. If Tom had to work, Honey effaced himself, in summer by sitting on the doorstep, in winter by going to bed. Much of Tom's wrestling with Virgil was carried on to the tune of Honey's snores.



This being Sunday evening, and Honey less tired than on the days on which he worked, he had gone to "chew the rag," as he phrased it, with a little Jew tailor, who lived next door to Mrs. Danker. Tom was aware that behind this the motive was not love for the Jew tailor, but zeal that he, Tom, should be interfered with as little as possible in his eddication. Tom's eddication was as much an obsession to Honey as it was to Tom himself. It was an overmastering compulsion, like that which sent Peary to find the North Pole, Scott to find the South one, and Livingston and Stanley to cross Africa. What he had to gain by it had no place in his calculation. A machine wound up, and going automatically, could not be more set on its purpose than Lemuel Honeybun on his.

But to-night his absenting of himself was of no help to Tom in giving his mind to the translation from English into Latin on which he was engaged. When he found himself rendering the expression "in the meantime" by the words *in turpe tempore*, he pushed books and paper away from him, with a bitter, emphatic, "Damn!"

Though it was only nine, there was nothing for it but to go to bed. In bed he would sleep and forget. He always did. Putting out the gas, and pulling the bedclothes up around his ears, he mentally waved the white flag to his carking enemy.

But the carking enemy didn't heed the white flag; he came on just the same. For the first time in his life Tom Whitelaw couldn't sleep. Rolling from side to side, he groaned and swore at the refusal of relief to come to him. He was still wide awake when about half past ten Honey came in and re-lit the gas, surprised to see the boy already with his face turned to the wall. Not to disturb him, Honey moved round the room on tiptoe.

Tom lay still, his eyes closed. He loathed this proximity, this sharing of one room. In the two previous years he

hadn't minded it. But he was older now, almost a man, able to take care of himself. Not only was he growing more fastidious, but the self-consciousness we know as modesty was bringing to the over-intimate a new kind of discomfort. Long meaning to propose two small separate rooms as not much dearer than the larger one, he had not yet come to it, partly through unwillingness to add anything to their expenses, and partly through fear of hurting Honey's feelings. But to-night the lack of privacy gave the outlet of exasperation to his less tangible discontents.

He rolled over on his back. One gas jet spluttered in the antiquated chandelier. Under it a small deal table was heaped with his books and strewn with his papers. Beside it stood an old arm-chair stained with the stains of many lodgers' use, the entrails of the seat protruding horribly between the legs. Two small chairs of the kitchen type, a washstand, a chest of drawers with a mirror hung above it, two or three flimsy rugs, and the iron cots on which they slept, made a setting for Honey, who sat beneath the gaslight, sewing a button on his undershirt. Turned in profile toward Tom, and wearing nothing but his drawers and socks, he bent above his work with the patience of a concentrated mind. He was really a fine figure of a man, brawny, hairy, spare, muscled like an athlete, a Rodin's Thinker all but the thought, yet irritating Tom as the embodiment of this penury.

So not from an impulse of confession, but to ease the suffering of his nerves, Tom told something about Maisie Danker. It was only something. He told of the friendship, of the dancing lessons, of the movies, of the sleigh-ride that afternoon, of the forty dollars drawn from the bank. He said nothing of their kisses, nor of the frenzy which he thought might be love. Honey pulled his needle up through the hole, and pushed it back again, neither asking questions nor looking up.

"I guess we'll move," was his only

comment, when the boy had finished the halting tale.

This quietness excited Tom the more. "What do you want to move for?"

"Because there's dangers what the on'y thing you can do to fight 'em is to run away."

"Who said anything about danger? Do you suppose . . . ?"

In sticking in his needle Honey handled the implement as if it were an awl. "Do I suppose she's playin' the dooce with yer? No, Kid. She don't have to. You're playin' the dooce with yerself. It's yer age. Sixteen is a terr'ble imagination age."

"Oh, if you think I'm framing the whole thing . . ."

"No, I don't. Yer believes it all right. On'y it ain't quite so bad as what yer think. It don't do to be too delikit with women. Got to bat 'em away as if they was flies, when they bother yer too much. Once let a woman in on yer game and yer 'and can be queered for good."

"Did I say anything about letting a woman in on my game?"

"No, yer on'y said she'd slipped in. It's too late now to keep her out. She's made the diff'rence."

"What difference?"

Honey threaded his needle laboriously, held up the end of the thread to moisten it with his lips, and tied a knot in it. "The diff'rence in you. Yer ain't the same young feller what yer was six months ago. You and me has been like one," he went on, placidly. "Now we're two. Been two this spell back. Couldn't make it out, no more'n Billy-be-damned; and now I see. The first girl."

Tom lashed about the bed.

"It was bound to come; and that's why—yer've arsked me about it onst or twice, so I may as well tell yer—that's why I never lets meself get fond o' yer. Could 'a did it just as easy as not. When a man gits to my age a young boy what's next o' kin to him—why, he'll seem like as if 'twould be his son. But I wouldn't

be ketched. 'Honey,' I says to meself, 'the first girl and you'll be dishd.'"

"Oh, go to blazes!"

Having finished his button, Honey made it doubly secure by winding the thread around it. "Not that I blame yer, Kiddy. I ain't never led no celebrant life meself, not till I had to take you on, and cut out all low company what wouldn't 'a been good for you. But I figured it out that we might 'a got yer through college before yer fell for it. Well, we ain't. Maybe now we'll not git yer to college at all. But we'll make a shy at it. We'll move."

"If you think that by moving you'll keep me from seeing her again . . ."

"No, son, not no more'n I could keep yer from cuttin' yer throat by lockin' up yer razor. Yer could git another razor. I know that. All the same, it'd be up to me, wouldn't it, not to leave no razors layin' round the room, where yer could put yer 'and on 'em?"

This settling of his destiny over his head angered Tom especially.

"I can save you the trouble of having me on your mind any more. To-morrow I'll be out on my own. I'm going to be a man."

"Sure, you're going to be a man—in time. But yer ain't a man yet."

"I'm sixteen. I can do what any other fellow of sixteen can do."

"No feller of sixteen can do much."

"He can earn a living."

"He can earn part of a livin'. How many boys of sixteen did yer ever know that could swing clear of home and friends and everythink, and feed and clothe and launder theirselves on what they made out'n their job?"

"Well, I can try, can't I?"

"Oh, yes, yer can try, Kid. But if you was me, I wouldn't cut loose from nobody, not till I'd got me 'and in."

Tom raised himself on his elbow, his eyes, beneath their protruding horizontal eyebrows, aglitter with the wrath which puts life and the world out of focus.

"I am going to cut loose. I'm going to be my own master."





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

"HOW OLD ARE YOU?"

"Are you, Kid? How much of yer own master do yer expect to be, on the ten or twelve per yer'll git to begin with—*if* yer gits that?"

"Even if it was only five or six per, I'd be making it myself."

"And what about college?"

"College—hell!"

The boy fell back on his pillow. Feeling he had delivered his ultimatum, he waited for a reply. But Honey only stowed away his sewing materials in a little black box, after which he pulled off the articles of clothing he continued to wear, and set about his toilet for the night. At the sound of his splashing water on his face Tom muttered to himself: "God, another night of this will kill me."

Honey spoke through the muffling of the towel, while he dried his face. "Isn't all this fuss what I'm tellin' yer? The minute a girl gits in on a young feller's life there's hell to pay. That's why I'd like yer to steer clear of 'em as long as yer can hold out."

Tom shut his eyes, buried his face in the pillow, and affected not to hear.

"They don't mean to do no harm; they're just naterally troublesome. Seems as if they was born that way, and couldn't 'elp theirselves. There's a lot of 'em as is never satisfied till they've got a man like a jumpin'-jack, what all they need to do is to pull the string to make him jig. This girl is one o' them kind."

Tom continued to hold his peace.

"I've saw her. Pretty little thing she is all right. But give her two or three years. Lord love you, Kid, she'll be as washed out then as one of her own ribbons after a hard rain. And yet them is the kind that most young fellers'll run after, like a pup'll run after a squirrel."

Tom was startled. The figure of speech had been used to him before. He could hear it drawled in a tired voice, soft and velvety. It was queer what conclusions about women these grown men came to! Quidmore had thought

them as dangerous as Honey, and warned him against them much as Honey was doing now. Mrs. Quidmore had once been what Maisie was at that minute, and yet as he, Tom, remembered her . . . But Honey was going on again, spluttering his words as he brushed his teeth.

"It can be awful easy to git mixed up with a girl, and awful hard to git unmixed. She'll put a man in a hole where he can't help doin' somethink foolish, and then make out as what she've got a claim on him. There's a lot o' talk about women bein' the prey o' men; but for one woman as I've ever saw that way I've saw a hunderd men as was the prey o' women. Now when a girl of eighteen gits a young boy like you to spend the money as he's saved for his eddication . . ."

The boy sprang up in bed, hammering the bedclothes. "Don't you say anything against her. I won't listen to it."

With that supple tread which always made Tom think of one who could easily slip through windows, Honey walked to the closet where he kept his nightshirt. "'Tain't nothink agin her, Kid. Was on'y goin' to say that a girl what'll git a young boy to do that shows what she is. And yer did spend the money a-takin' her about, now didn't yer?"

Tom fell back upon his pillow. Putting out the gas, Honey threw himself on his creaking cot.

"You're a free boy, Kiddy," he went on, while arranging the sheet and blanket as he liked them. "If yer wants to beat it to-morrer, beat it away. Don't stop because yer'll be afraid I'll miss yer. Wasn't never no hand for missin' no one, and don't mean to begin. What I'd 'a liked 'd have been to fill yer up with eddication so that yer could jaw to beat the best of 'em, if yer turned out to be the Whitelaw baby."

Tom had almost forgotten who the Whitelaw baby was. Not since that Sunday afternoon nearly three years ago had Honey ever mentioned him. The memory having come back, he made an



inarticulate sound of impatience, finally snuggling to sleep.

He tried to think of Maisie, to conjure up the rose in her cheeks, the laughter in her eyes; but all he saw, as he drifted into dreams, was the quaint Cambodian face of little Hildred Ansley. Only once did Honey speak again, muttering, as he too fell asleep:

"We'll move."

## XXVII

They did not move for the reason that Maisie did. Not for forty-eight hours did Tom learn of her departure. As Mrs. Danker kept not a boarding but a rooming house, and her guests often went days at a time without seeing their landlady, he had no sources of information when Maisie, as she sometimes did, kept herself out of sight. Watching for her on the Monday and the Tuesday following his Sunday night talk with Honey, he thought it strange that she never appeared in the hallway, though he had no cause to be alarmed. He was going to leave Honey, get a job, and be independent. When he had added a little more to his fund in New York, he would propose to Maisie, and marry her if she would take him. He would be eighteen, perhaps nineteen by the time he was able to do this, an early, but not impossible, age at which to be a husband.

On both these days he had gone to school from force of habit, but on the Wednesday he was surprised by a letter. Though he had never seen Maisie's writing, the postmark said Nashua. Before tearing the envelope he had a premonition of her flight.

A telegram on Monday morning had bidden her come home at once, as her stepmother was dying. She had died. Till her father married again, which she supposed would be soon, she would have to care for the four little brothers and sisters. That was all. On paper Maisie was laconic.

Since his mother's death no revolution in his inner life had upset the boy like

this. The Tollivant experience had only left him a little hard and skeptical; that with the Quidmores had passed like the rain and the snow, scarcely affecting him. With Honey his need for affection had always been unfed, and for reasons he could not fathom. Maisie had made the give and take of life easy, natural. She had her limitations, her crude, and sometimes her cruel, insistences; but she liked him. He loved her. He was ready to say it now, because of the blank her loss had hollowed in his life. For the unformed, growing, hot-blooded human thing to have nothing on which to spend itself is anguish. Sitting down at his deal table, he wrote to her out of a heart fuller and more passionate than poor Maisie could ever have understood.

All he had been planning in rebellion against fate he poured out now as devotion. He had meant to cut loose, to go to work, to live on nothing, to save his money, and be ready to marry her in a year or two. And yet, on second thoughts, if he went through college, their position in the end would be so much better that perhaps the original plan was the best one. He thought only of her, and of what would make her happiest. He loved her—loved her—loved her.

Maisie wrote back that she saw no harm in their being engaged, and she wouldn't press him for a ring till he felt himself able to give her one. For herself she didn't care, but if she told the girls she was engaged to a fellow, and had no ring to corroborate her word, she wouldn't be believed. In case he ever felt equal to the purchase she was sending him the size in the circlet of thread inclosed.

Tom was heroic. He had never thought of a ring, and a ring would mean more money. Be it so! He would spend more money. He would spend more money if he mortgaged his whole future to procure it. Maisie should not be shamed among her friends in Nashua.

Giving all his free hours to wandering about and pricing rings, he found them

less expensive than he feared. Maisie having once confided to him her longing for a diamond, a diamond he meant to make it if it cost him fifty dollars. But he found one for twenty, as big as a small pea, and flashing in the sunshine like a lighthouse. The young Jew who sold it assured him that it would have cost a hundred, except for a tiny flaw which only an expert could detect. On its reception Maisie was delighted. He felt himself almost a married man.

The rest of the winter went by peaceably. With Honey he declared a truce of God. He would go to college, and live up to all that had been planned; but Honey must look on his own self-sacrifice as of the nature of a loan which would be repaid. Honey was ready to promise anything, while, in the hope of getting through college in three years instead of four, Tom worked with increased zeal. Then, one day, when spring had come round, he stumbled on Guy and Hildred Ansley.

It was in Louisburg Square, as usual. Having arrived from the south the night before, they were sailing soon for Europe.

"Rotten luck!" the fat boy complained. "Got to trail a tutor along too, so that I shan't fall down on the Harvard exam when it comes. Wish I was you."

"If you were Mr. Whitelaw, Guy," his sister reminded him, "you'd find something else to worry you. We all have our troubles, haven't we, Mr. Whitelaw?"

"She's got nothing to worry her," the brother protested. "If she was me, with mother scared all the time that I'll be too hot or too cold or too tired or too hungry, or that some damn thing or other'll make me sick . . ."

"All the same," Tom broke in, "it's something to have a mother to make a fuss."

The girl looked sympathetic. "You haven't, have you?"

"Oh, I get along."

"Guy says you live with a guardian."

"You may call him a guardian if you like, but the word is too big. You only have a guardian when you've something to guard, and I haven't anything."

"Yes, but how did you ever . . .?"

Once more Tom said to himself, "It's the way she looks at you." He knew what she was trying to ask him, and in order to be open and aboveboard, he gave her the few main facts of his life. He did it briefly, hurriedly, throwing emphasis only on the point that, to keep him from becoming a State ward the second time, his stevedore friend had brought him to Boston and sent him to school.

"He must be an awfully good man!"

He was going to tell her that he was when the brother gave the talk another twist.

"What are you going to do in your holidays?"

"Work, if I can find a job."

"What kind of job?"

He explained that for the last two summers he had worked round the Quincy and Faneuil Hall markets, but that he had outgrown them. A two-fisted, he-man's job was what he would look for now, and had no doubt that he would get it.

"After you've left Harvard what are you going to be?"

"Banking's what I'd like best, but most likely I'll have to make it barbering. What are you going to be yourself?"

"Oh, I've got to be a corporation lawyer. My luck! Just because dad'll have the business to take me into."

"But what would you like better?"

The piggy face broke into one of its captivating grins. "Hanged if I know, unless it'd be an orphan and an only child."

The meeting was important because of what it led to. A few days later Tom heard the wheezy girlish voice calling behind him in the street: "Tom! Tom!"

He turned and walked back. During the winter the fat boy had expanded, not so much in height as in girth and



jelliness. He came up, puffing from his run.

"Can you drive a car?"

Tom hesitated. "I don't know that you'd call it driving a car. I can drive—after a fashion. Mr. Quidmore used to let me run his Ford, when we were alone in it, and no one was looking. Since then I've sometimes driven the market delivery teams for a block or two, nothing much, just to see what it was like. I know I could pick it up with a few lessons. I'm a natural driver—a horse or anything. Why?"

"Because my old man said that if you could drive, he might help you get your summer's job."

"Where? What kind of job?"

"I don't know. He said that if you wanted to talk it over to come round to our house this evening at nine o'clock."

At nine that evening Tom was shown up into another of those rooms which marked the gulf between his own way of living and that of people like the Ansleys, and at the same time woke the atavistic pang. His impression was only a blurred one of comfort, color, shaded lights, and richness. From the many books he judged that it was what they would call the library, but any judgment was subconscious because the human presences came first. A man-wearing a dinner jacket and scanning an evening paper was sunk into one deep armchair; in another a lady, *demi-décolleté*, was reading a book. It was his first intimation that people ever wore what he called "dress-clothes" when dining only with their families.

He was announced by Pilcher, who had led him upstairs. "This is the young man, sir."

Having reached something like friendly terms with the son and daughter, Tom had expected from the parents the kind of courtesy shown to strangers when you shake hands with them and ask them to sit down. Mr. Ansley only let the paper drop to his knees with an "Oh!" in response to the butler, and looked up.

"You're the young fellow my son has spoken of. He tells me you can drive a car."

Repeating what he had already said to Guy as to his experience with cars, Tom expressed confidence in his ability to obtain a license, if it should become worth his while.

"It wouldn't be difficult driving such as you get in the crowded parts of a city. It would be chiefly station work, over country roads."

He explained himself further. In the New Hampshire summer colony where the Ansleys had their place, the residents were turning a large country house into an inn which would be like a club, or a club which would be like an inn. It would not be open to ordinary travelers, since ordinary travelers would bring in people whom they didn't want. The guests would be their own friends, duly invited or introduced. He, Mr. Ansley, was chairman of the motor-car committee, but as he was going to Europe he was taking up the matter in advance. On general grounds he would have preferred an older man and one with more experience, but the inn-club was a new undertaking and not too well financed. More experienced men would cost more money. For the station work they could afford but eighty dollars a month, with a room in the garage, and board. Moreover, the jobs they could offer being only for the summer, the promoters hoped that a few young men and women working for their own education might take advantage of the scheme.

Eighty dollars a month, with a room to himself, even if it had only been in a stable, and board in addition, glittered before Tom's eyes like Aladdin's treasure house. Having thanked Mr. Ansley for the kind suggestion, he assured him he could give satisfaction if taken on. All the chauffeurs who had let him have a few minutes at the steering-wheel had told him that he possessed the eye, the nerve, and the quickness which make a good driver, in addition to which he knew that he did himself.

"How old are you?"

It was a question Tom always found difficult to answer. He could remember when his birthday had been on the fifth of March; but his mother had told him that that had been Gracie's birthday, and had changed his own to September. Later she had shifted to May, to a day, so she told him, when all the nurses had had their children in the Park, and the lilacs had been in bloom. He had never asked her the year, not having come to reckoning in years before she was taken from him. Though latterly he had been putting his birthday in May, he now shifted back to March, so as to make himself older.

"I'm seventeen, sir."

Mrs. Ansley spoke for the first time. "He looks more than that, doesn't he?"

Tom turned to the lady who filled a large armchair with a person suggesting the quaking, flabby consistency of cornstarch pudding. "I suppose that's because I've knocked about so much."

"The hard school does give you experience, doesn't it, but it's a cruel school."

He remembered his promise to Guy, if ever he got the opportunity. "Boys can stand a good deal of cruelty, ma'am. Nine times out of ten it does them good."

"Still there's always a tenth case."

He smiled. "I think I ought to have made it ten times out of ten. I never saw the boy yet who wasn't all the better for fighting his way along."

Mrs. Ansley's mouth screwed itself up like Guy's when it looked as if he were going to cry. "Fight? Why, I think fighting's something horrid. Why *can't* boys treat each other like gentlemen?"

"I suppose, ma'am, because they're not gentlemen."

The cornstarch pudding stiffened to the firmness of ice-cream. "Excuse me! My boy couldn't be anything but a gentleman."

"He couldn't be anything but a sport. He *is* a fighter, ma'am—when he gets the chance."

"Then I hope he won't often get it."

"But, Sunshine," Mr. Ansley intervened, "you don't make any allowance for differences in standards. You're a woman of forty-five. Guy's a boy of sixteen—he's practically seventeen, like Whitelaw here—your name is Whitelaw, isn't it?—and yet you want him to have the same tastes and ways as yourself."

"I don't want him to have brutal tastes and ways."

"It's a pretty brutal world, ma'am, and if he's going to take his place he'll have to get used to being hammered and hammering back."

"Which is what I object to. If you train boys to be courteous with each other from the start . . ."

"They'll be quite ladylike when they get into the stock exchange or the prize ring. Look here, Sunshine! The country's over feminized as it is. It's run by women, or by men who think as women, or by men who're afraid of women. Congress is full of them; the courts are full of them; the churches—the churches above all!—are full of them; and you'd make it worse. If Guy hadn't the stuff in him that he has . . ."

Mrs. Ansley was more than ever like a cornstarch pudding, quivering and undulating, when she rose. "You make it very hard for me, Philip. I was going to ask Whitelaw, here, if when he's anywhere where Guy is—I know Guy will have to go among young men, of course—he'd keep an eye on him, and protect him."

"He doesn't need protection, ma'am. He can take his own part as easily as I can take mine. If there's a row he likes to be in it; and if he's licked he doesn't mind it. If he only had a chance . . ."

She raised her left hand palm outward, in a gesture of protest. "Thank you! I'm not asking advice as to my own son."

Sailing from the room with the circumambient dignity of ladies when they wore the crinoline, she left Tom with the crestfallen sense of presumption. Half expecting to be ordered from the room, he turned toward his host, who, how-



ever, simply reverted to the subject of the summer. He told Tom where he could have lessons in driving, adding that he would charge them to club expenses, as he would the uniform Tom would have to wear. When Mr. Ansley picked up his paper the young man knew the interview was over. With a half-articulate, "Good-night, sir," to which there was no response, he turned and left the room.

The occasion left him with much to think of, chiefly on his own account. It marked his status more clearly than anything that had happened to him yet. He had not been shaken hands with; he had not been asked to sit down. He had not been greeted on arriving; his "good-night" had not been acknowledged when he went away. Mr. Ansley had called him Whitelaw, which was all very well; but when Mrs. Ansley did it, the use of the name was significant. This must be the way in which rich people treated their servants.

Here he had to reason with himself as to what he had been looking for. It was not for recognition on a footing of equality. Of course not! He had no objection to being a servant, since he needed the money. He objected to . . . and yet it was not quite tangible. He didn't mind standing up; he didn't mind the absence of a greeting; he didn't mind any one thing in itself. He minded the combination of assumptions, all fusing into one big assumption that he was in essence their inferior. Having this assumption so strongly in their minds, they couldn't but betray it when they spoke to him.

With his tendency to think things out, he mulled for the next few days over the question of inferiority. Why was one man inferior to another? What made him so? Did nature send him into the world as an inferior, or did the world turn him into an inferior after he had come into it? Did God have any part in it? Was it God's will that there should be a class system among man-

kind, with class animosities, class warfare?

Of the latter he was hearing a good deal. In Grove Street, with its squirming litters of idealistic Jews and Slavs, class warfare was much talked about. Sometimes Tom heard the talk himself; sometimes Honey brought in reports of it. It was a rare day, especially a rare night, when some wild-eyed apostle was not going up or down the hill with a gospel which would have made old Boston, only a few hundred yards away, shiver in its bed on hearing it. To a sturdy American like Tom, and a sturdy Englishman like Honey, these whispered prophecies and plans were no more than the twitter of sparrows going to roost. But now that the boy was working toward man's estate, and had always, within his recollection, been treated as an inferior, he found himself wondering on what principle the treatment had been based. He would listen more attentively when the Jew tailor next door to Mrs. Danker began again, as he had so often, to set forth his arguments in favor of dragging the upper classes down. He would listen when Honey cursed the lot of propetty. He had long been asking himself if in some obscure depth of Honey's obscure intelligence there might not be a glimmer of a great big thing that was Right.

He had reached the age, which generally comes a little before the twenties, when the Right and Wrong of things puzzled and disturbed him. No longer able to accept Rights and Wrongs on somebody else's verdict, he was without a test or a standard of his own. He began to wander among churches. Here, he had heard, all these questions had been long ago threshed out, and the answers reduced to formulæ.

His range was wide, Hebrew, Catholic, Protestant. For the most part the services bewildered him. He couldn't make out why they were services, or what they were serving. The sermons he found platitudinous. They told him what in the main he knew already, and said

little or nothing of the great fundamental things with which his mind had been intermittently busy ever since the days when he used to talk them over with Bertie Tollivant.

But one new interest he drew from them. The fragments of the gospels he heard read from altar or lectern or pulpit roused his curiosity. Passages were familiar from having learned them at the knee, so to speak, of Mrs. Tollivant. But they had been incoherent, without introduction or sequence. He was surprised to find how little he knew of the most dominant character in history.

On his way home one day he passed a shop given to the sale of Bibles. Deciding to buy a cheap New Testament, he was advised by the salesman to take a modern translation. That night, after he had finished his lessons, and Honey was asleep, he opened it.

It opened at a page of St. Luke. Turning to the beginning of that gospel, he started to read it through. He read avidly, charmed, amazed, appeased, and pacified. When he came to an incident bearing on himself he stopped.

"Now one of the Pharisees repeatedly invited Him to a meal at his house. So He entered the house and reclined at the table. And there was a woman in the town who was a notorious sinner. Having learnt that Jesus was at table in the Pharisee's house she brought a flask of perfume, and standing behind, close to His feet, weeping, began to wet His feet with her tears; and with her hair she wiped the tears away again, while she lovingly kissed His feet, and poured the perfume over them.

"Noticing this the Pharisee, His host, said to himself:

"This man, if He were really a prophet, would know who and what sort of person this is who is touching Him, for she is an immoral woman."

"In answer to his thoughts Jesus said to him: 'Simon, I have a word to say to you.'

"Rabbi, say on,' he replied.

"Do you see this woman? I came

into your house. You gave me no water for my feet; but she has made my feet wet with her tears, and then wiped the tears away with her hair. No kiss did you give me; but she, from the moment I came in, has not left off tenderly kissing my feet. No oil did you pour even on my head; but she has poured perfume on my feet. This is the reason why I tell you that her sins—her *many* sins—are forgiven—because she has loved much."

He shut the book with something of a bang. "So they used to do that sort of thing even then! . . . The water for the feet, and the kiss, and the oil, must have corresponded to our shaking hands and asking people to sit down. . . . And they wouldn't show Him the courtesy. . . . He was their inferior. . . . I wonder if He minded it. . . . It looks as if He did because of the way He had it in His mind, and referred to it. . . . If the woman hadn't turned up He would probably not have referred to it at all. . . . He would have kept it to Himself . . . without resentment. . . . The little disdains of little people were too petty for Him to resent. . . . He could only be hurt by them . . . but on their account."

He sat late into the night, thinking, thinking. Suddenly he thumped the table, and sprang up. "I *won't* resent it. They're good people in their way. They don't mean any unkindness. It's only that they think like everybody else. Honey would call them orthodoxes. They're courteous among themselves; they only don't know how far courtesy can be made to go. They're—they're little. I'll be big—like Him."

## XXVIII

The resolution helped him through the summer. It was a pleasant summer, and yet a trying one. It was the first time he had ever done work of which the essence lay in satisfying individuals. In his market jobs the job had been the thing. Even if done at somebody's order, it was judged by its success, or by



its lack of it. His work at the inn-club brought him hourly into contact with men and women to whom it was his duty to be specially, and outwardly, deferential. He sprang to open the door for them when they entered or left the car; he touched his hat to them whenever they gave him an order. His bearing, his manner of address, formed a part of his equipment only second to his capacity to drive.

To this he had no objection. It only seemed odd that while it was his business to be courteous to others it was nobody's business to be courteous to him. Some people were. They used toward him those little formalities of "Please" and "Thank you" which were a matter of course toward one another. They didn't command; they requested. Others, on the contrary, never requested. If their nerves or their digestions were not in good order, they felt at liberty to call him a damn fool, or if they were ladies, to find fault foolishly. Whatever the injustice, it was his part to keep himself schooled to the apologetic attitude, ready to be held in the wrong when he knew he was in the right. Though he had never heard of the English principle that you may be rude if you choose to your equals, but never rude to those in a position lower than your own, he felt its force instinctively. His humble place in the world's economy entitled him to a courtesy which few people thought it worth their while to show.

Apart from this he had nothing to complain of. He made good money, as the phrase went, his wages augmented by his tips. He took his tips without shame, since he did much to please his clients beyond what he was paid for. His relation with them being personal, he could see well enough that only in tips could they make him any recognition. With the staff in the house he got on very well, especially with the waitresses, all six of them girls working their way through Radcliffe, Wellesley, or Vassar. They chaffed him in an easy-going way, one of them calling him her

Hercules, another her Charlemagne because of his height, while to a third he was her Siegfried. When he had no work in the evenings, and their dining-room duties were over, he took them for drives among the mountains. Writing to Honey, he said that what with the air, the food, the fun, and the outdoor life, he was never before in such splendid shape.

Honey was his one anxiety, though an anxiety which troubled him only now and then.

"Go to it, lad," had been his response when Tom had told him of Mr. Ansley's proposition. "With eighty dollars a month for all summer, and yer keep throwed in, yer ought to save two hundred."

"You're sure you won't be lonesome, Honey?"

Honey made a scornful exclamation. "Lord love yer, Kid, if I was ever goin' to be lonesome I'd 'a begun before now. Lonesome! Me! That's a good 'un!"

And yet on the Sunday of his departure Tom noticed a forced strain in Honey's gayety. It was a Sunday, because Tom was to drive the car up to New Hampshire in the afternoon to begin his first week on the Monday. Honey was in clamorous spirits, right up to an hour before the boy left.

Then he seemed to go flat. Pump up his humor as he would, it had no zest in it. When it came to the last handshake he grinned feebly, but couldn't, or didn't, speak. Tom drove away with a question in his mind as to whether or not, in Honey's professions of a steeled heart, there was not some bravado.

In driving through Nashua he saw Maisie. It had been agreed that she should meet him by the roadside, at the end of the town toward Lowell, and go on with him till he struck the country again. They not only did this, but got out at a druggist's to spend a half hour over ice-cream sodas.

Picking up the dropped threads of intercourse was not so easy as they had expected. It was hard for Tom to make

himself believe that in this pretty little thing, all in white with pink roses in her hat, he was talking to his future wife. Since the fervor of his first love letter there had been a slight shift in his point of view. Without being able to locate the change, he felt that the new interests—the car, the inn-club, the variety of experience—had to some small degree crowded Maisie out. She was not quite so essential as she had seemed on the afternoon when he had learned of her departure. Neither was she quite so pretty. He thought with a pang that Honey's predictions might be coming true. Because they might be coming true, his pity was so great that he told her she was looking lovelier than ever.

"Gee, that's something," Maisie accepted, complacently. "With four brats to look after, and all the cooking and washing, and everything—if my father don't marry again soon I'll pass away." She glanced at his chauffeur's uniform. "You look swell."

He felt swell, and told her so. He told her of his wages, of the economies he hoped to make.

"Gee, and you talk of goin' to college, a fellow that can pull in all that money just by bein' a shofer. Why, if you were to go on bein' a shofer we could get married as soon as I got the family off my hands."

He explained to her that it was not the present, but the future for which he was working. A chauffeur had only a chauffeur's possibilities, whereas a man with an education . . .

"Just my luck to get engaged to a nut," Maisie commented, with forced resignation. "Gee, I got to laff."

Some half dozen times that summer, when errands took him to Boston, they met in the same way. Growing more accustomed to their new relation to each other, he also grew more tender as he realized her limitations and domestic cares. With his first month's wages in his hand, he could bring her little presents on each return from Boston, so helping out her never-failing joy in the

flash of her big diamond. That at least she had, when every other blessing was put off to a vague future.

In August the Ansleys came flying back, driven by the war. It had caught them at Munich, where their French chauffeur, Pierre, had been interned as a prisoner. While taking driving lessons Tom had made Pierre's acquaintance, and that he should now be a prisoner in Germany made the war a reality. For the first few weeks it had been like a battle among giants in the clouds; now it came down to earth, as a convulsion among men.

The Ansleys had come to the inn-club because their own house was closed. With Guy and Hildred Tom found his relations changed by the fact that he was a chauffeur. Guy talked to him freely enough, as one young fellow to another, but Hildred had plainly received a hint to mark the distance between them. If she passed him in the grounds, or if he opened the car door for her, she gave him a faint, self-conscious smile, but never spoke to him. Mrs. Ansley freely used the car and him, always calling him Whitelaw.

Philip Ansley was much preoccupied by the international situation. A small, dry man of slightly Mongolian features, and a skin which looked like a parchment lampshade tinted with a little rose, he had made a specialty of international law as it affected the great corporations. New York and Washington both had need of him. When he couldn't go there, those who wished his opinion came to him. Not a little of Tom's work lay in driving him to Keene, the station for New York, to meet the important men seeking his advice. Thus it happened that Tom brought over from Keene, so late one night that he got no more than a dim glimpse of the visitor, the man who was to leave on him the most disturbing impression of the summer.

Having delivered his charge at the inn-club door, he drove his car to the garage, climbed the stairs to his room, and



turned into bed. Before six next morning he was up for a plunge in the lake, this being the only hour he could count on as his own.

It was one of those windless mornings late in the summer which bring the first hint of fall. The lake was so still that each throw of his arms was like the smashing of a vast metallic mirror. Only a metallic mirror could have had this shining dullness, faintly iridescent, hardly catching the rays of the newly risen sun. Not leaden enough for night, nor silvery enough for day, it kept the aloofness from man, as well as from Nature's smaller blandishments, of its mighty companion, Monadnock. It was an awesome lake, beautiful, withdrawn, because it gave back the mountain's awesomeness, beauty, and remoteness.

Tom's thrust, as he paddled the water behind him, broke for no more than a few seconds that which at once reformed itself. You would have said that the darting of his body, straight as a fish's, clave the water as a bird cleaves the air. After he had gone there was hardly a ripple to tell that he had passed. Built to be a swimmer, loose limbed, loose muscled, and not too bonily spare, he breathed as a swimmer, deeply, gently, without spluttering or loss of his control. In the limpid medium through which another might have sunk like a stone he had that sense of natural support which helps man to his dominion. Now on his right side, now on his left, he could skim like an arrow to its mark for the simple reason that he knew he could.

He turned over on his back and floated. The quiet was that of a world which might never have known the velocity of wind, the ferocity of war. Above him the inviolate sky; around him the mountains nearly as inviolate! And everywhere the living stillness, vibrating, dramatic, with which Nature alone can quicken a dead calm!

Turning over again, he was abandoning the crawl for the forearm stroke, to make his way back to the bathing

cabins, when over the water came a long, "Ahoy!" Nearer the shore, and a little abeam, there was another man swimming toward him. Tom gave back an "Ahoy!" and made in the direction of the stranger. It was perhaps another chauffeur. Even if it were a resident, or some resident's guest, the informality of sport would put them on a level.

The newcomer had the sun behind him; Tom had it on his face. His features were, therefore, the first to become visible. A strong voice called out, in a tone of astonishment:

"Why, Tad! What are *you* doing up here in New Hampshire?"

Tom laughed. "Tad—nothing! I'm Tom!"

The other came nearer. "Tom, are you? Excuse me! Took you for my son."

"Sorry I'm not," Tom laughed again. "Somebody else's."

Coming abreast, they headed toward shore. Each face was turned toward the other. Adopting his companion's stroke, Tom adjusted himself to his pace. Though conversation was not easy, the one found it possible to ask questions, the other to answer them.

"Look like my son. What's your name?"

"Whitelaw."

A light came into the eyes, and went out again. "Where do you live?"

"Boston."

"Lived there all your life?"

"Only for the last three years or so."

"Where'd you live before that?"

"New York some of the time."

"Where were you born?"

"The Bronx."

"What was your father's name?"

"Theodore Whitelaw."

There was again that spark in the eyes, flashing and then dying out. "How did he get that name?"

"Don't know. Just a name. Suppose his mother gave it to him."

"Lots of Theodore Whitelaws. Have come across two or three. Like the Colin Campbells and Howard Smiths

you run into everywhere. What did your father do?"

"Never heard. Died when I was a kid." Tom felt entitled to ask a question on his own side. "What do you want to know for?"

The other seemed on his guard. "Oh, nothing! Was just—was just struck by the resemblance to—to my boy."

The swerve which took them away from each other was as slight as that which a ship gets from her rudder. Tom continued to play round in the water till he saw the older man reach the bathing cabins, dress, and go away.

That afternoon he was told to drive back to Keene both Mr. Ansley and the guest whom he, Tom, had brought over on the previous evening. As the latter came out to enter the car it was easy to recognize the swimmer of the morning.

Tom held the door open, his hand to his cap. The gentleman gave him a swift, keen look.

"Oh, so this is what you do!"

"Yes, sir; this is what I do. Mr. Ansley got me the job."

"Young fellow whom Guy has befriended," Mr. Ansley explained, as he took his place beside his friend.

But in the Pullman, when Tom had carried in the gentleman's valise, there was another minute in which they were alone. The car was nearly empty; there were still some five minutes before the departure of the train. While the colored porter took the suitcase the traveler turned to Tom. He was a tall man,

straight and flexible like Tom himself, but a little heavier.

"How old are you?"

"Seventeen, sir."

A shadow flew across the face. "Tad is seventeen, too. That settles any—" Without stating what was settled by this coincidence of ages, he went on with his quick, peremptory questions. "What do you do when you leave here?"

"I go back for my last year in the Latin School in Boston."

"And then?"

"I go to Harvard."

"Putting yourself through?"

"Only partly, sir."

"Friends?"

"Yes, sir."

The questions ceased. The face, which even a boy like Tom could see to be that of a strong man who must have suffered terribly, grew pensive. When the eyes were bent toward the floor Tom took note of a pair of bushy, outstanding, horizontal eyebrows, oddly like his own.

The reverie ended abruptly. Some thought seemed to be dismissed. It seemed to be dismissed with both decision and relief. But the man held out his hand.

"Good-by."

"Good-by, sir."

It was not the questions, nor the interest, it was the last little act of farewell that gave Tom a glowing feeling in the heart as he went back to his car and Mr. Ansley.

*(To be continued)*



# Revels at Remolino

BY WILLIAM McFEE

FOR those who are passionately sensitive to the first impression a sea-board makes upon the voyager, the approach is indeed forlorn. A low, crumbling bluff of reddish dirt, the last frontiers of a collapsed bulwark against the ever-rushing wind and sea; a square, roofless house on a bleak promontory; a village of huts in between; and away to the eastward, a line of dark earth and bright water which mark the outer ramparts of the Great Delta. So we find Puerto Colombia on, arrival at the long ferro-concrete jetty, a diversified conglomeration of picturesque anomalies.

And looking down upon the dock, to which we are about to descend with our baggage, we perceive the advance guard of Latin-American citizens awaiting us. We see extravagantly uniformed personages waving at us with the emotional abandon of grand opera, for they are hotel porters and obliged to secure our patronage, or the promise of it, at a distance. We see others, negligently uniformed, and smoking cigarettes, awaiting our descent with composure, for they are customs searchers and intend to tax everything we possess. We see soldiers, still less uniformed and with bare brown feet, leaning on their shabby rifles as they await the imaginary enemies of the Republic. And finally, we behold a number of gentlemen without any uniform at all and very little clothing, but with splendid parrots and macaws on their shoulders or wrists, with leopards in cages or on strings, with youthful alligators whose intentions are thwarted by having their mouths tied up, and with pythons, very young and devoid of spirit, draped about their necks like boas.

The inevitable tedium of landing in a new and untried seaport is enlivened by the efforts of the hotel porters to assist us, and so, confusing themselves in our minds with the customs officers, who become morose and suspect us of concealing contraband. And the proceedings are rendered even more involved by the gentlemen bearing splendid birds and beasts upon their persons for sale, crowding in upon us to see what we have in our trunks, and offering a macaw, about two feet high, as a suitable and convenient companion for a journey in the interior. As the baggage is released and locked, generally with a portion of some intimate garment hanging from a corner, it is transferred to a car standing on the track near by, which is the special express destined to take us to Barranquilla.

And quite suddenly, after many piercing whistles from the engine, and as we are meditating upon problems, at once familiar and provocative, the special express starts with a terrific jerk and rolls, reverberating and squealing, into the town of Puerto Colombia.

The change is astonishing. Out there on the wind-swept jetty the air was cool and fresh. One short mile and we are in the tropics. The heat is stifling, the delays maddening. Boys board the train while we are being coupled to the rest of it, and offer chromatic and sticky candies. Fresh passengers enter and occupy all the seats available. The ladies lean back, exhausted and silent, and fan rapidly. Blinds are drawn down. From the other windows you behold the incredible squalor of a native town. A boy goes by with a water donkey, who bears high up on either

flank a small, long barrel, so that from the rear he resembles a pair of ambulatory binoculars. A pig walks into the door of one house, a goat and two fowls emerge from another. The rays of the afternoon sun pour down mercilessly upon the dusty ravine that does duty for the main street. The whitewash of the walls reflects the light in a blinding glare. An elderly man whose face is burned to the color of a worn and wrinkled shoe, goes by on horseback, the animal's unshod feet making no sound in the deep dust. The switching engine, having abandoned us, and condemned forever to the jetty, crashes into a dozen empty flatcars while uttering a frightful and brain-piercing shriek. Our engine, far ahead, accepts the challenge and retaliates with a melancholy wail which echoes against the baked and riven flanks of the bluff. By a species of arithmetical progression transmuted into human discomfort, the train starts, car by car, until our special express car almost leaps into the air. We are off. We are bound for the interior of South America.

Now this is very largely symbolical. The interior we are most ambitious to reach is not the source of some mighty river or the uttermost peak of the Andes, but the inside view of another race. That is a more difficult and more valuable journey if you reflect a moment. The man who has been from China to Peru, from old Cartagena to Archangel, and who has lugged about with him the sundered ligatures of his own provincial prejudices, is a frequent and unwholesome spectacle. He writes books and proclaims loudly that there is but one America and he is its prophet. He announces the existence of a dirty priest at La Guayra and a muleteer who tells lies in Bolivia. He proceeds upon the assumption that he is the fine flower of civilization and that a white-tiled *cafeteria* is more admirable than a *trattoria* in the Ligurian Apennines. He is, in short, a commercial traveler, selling his own brand of progress, while we are

more of the uncommercial kind, open to argument and the instruction that comes to a man in subtle touches, in a turn of the head or a flash of an eye, in a pause or a perplexed silence. To use a word much in vogue down here, we must be *simpatico*, or we shall never get anywhere, though we tread the whole length of the Cordilleras.

The reason for this extension of twenty miles from the River Port is a search for deep water. The Magdalena is unlike the Mississippi, for example, whose channel is scored deeper and deeper the farther we ascend. It is much more like the Nile, whose stream enters the sea distributed over an enormous, desolate and shallow waste of waters. Different from the Orange River, whose floods, the color of strong tea, wash round the hulls of ships fifty miles away. Different from the Niger, whose mighty volume has torn out among the mangroves great channels of deep ship-bearing water.

This talk of the river may appear irrelevant, but it is the king-pin of the argument. Just as our civilization is erected and maintained by roads and wheeled transportation, here it is essentially riparian. The inhabitants would no more think of building a bridge over the river than of driving a tunnel under it. Why go over or under, when you can sail across? This attitude of mind must be remembered all the time. In the same way the roads are designed primarily for the horseman. That you, by virtue of your own *kultur*, import a wheeled vehicle demanding smooth surfaces, is beside the question. The mystery which, down here, seems destined to remain forever unsolved, is why did you leave your own country?

It is necessary to emphasize this or the point will be lost irretrievably. To make it more emphatic, one might imagine the only approach to Chicago, for example, to be by New Orleans and thence by stern-wheel boats up the Mississippi to St. Louis. At St. Louis a mountain railroad of about ninety



miles climbs in twelve hours to the elevation of Chicago, situated upon a lofty tableland and surrounded by ranges of snow-clad mountains. Or let us suppose that Pittsburgh was the objective and that the only way to Pittsburgh from the coast was to start from New Orleans, ascending the Ohio River as far as Parkersburg, and setting out upon another railroad over the mountains of West Virginia, and arriving at last in the Valley of the Monongahela. If you can imagine this, and fill in the states of the southeast and southwest with innumerable ranges of inaccessible mountains, you will begin to visualize the average Latin-American country. The only way in is the river. The only way over, for the most part, is on a mule. Once this is comprehended, we can rumble into Barranquilla, and with an interested glance at the huge river steamers laid up for repairs, and resembling summer hotels surmounted by excessively tall stacks, we can alight in the deep dust of the track.

The last place to be without a friend is a foreign railway station. The confidence and preoccupation of the other passengers go to the heart, the ruthless and callous brigandage of the native hirelings excites racial animosities in an ordinarily calm breast. We are more fortunate. We get—right here amid the piles of baggage wrapped in triple sheets of oiled canvas, the scornful boys offering us newspapers they know we cannot read, the other scornful boys selling perplexing-looking candy, the hotel porters astounding us with their insane clamor—we get a lesson in comparative civilization. We have heard of “the foreign element,” we have even seen, possibly, “a foreign element.” We now belong to it. We are greeted by members of the foreign element as fellow exiles. They are glad to see us and it is not too much to say we are glad to see them. They dispose of the hotel porters and drivers of hackney carriages and waft us into dusty but efficient automobiles. Our troubles are at an end.

Henceforth we have nothing to do but observe, sympathetically, the functioning of an alien life.

To this we proceed by way of a number of polychromatic streets, where the houses stand out red, pink, blue, brown, and yellow in the afternoon sun, where every door has at least one old woman and one young woman—and possibly a middle-aged woman—watching us go by. They are dark, with a sort of ashen grayness over the duskiness, with enormous indignant black eyes, and hair that, let down is like a blood horse’s tail. Yet we shall find, sufficiently often to be disconcerting, a strange blond race among them, descendants of Spain’s old Suevic conquerors, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and the *sangre azul* of the histories showing through their fair freckled skins.

Your attention will be drawn also inevitably to the system whereby smooth tiled sidewalks are carried high up like model viaducts while your vehicle has to negotiate ominous ravines and declivities in the road. So steep and sudden at times that the driver backs and takes another turning, while the native horseman, not deigning to notice your discomfiture, ambles on upon his Rosinante, and remains profoundly satisfied with the *status quo*. You recall, while you are flung from side to side, the stories of prairie schooners careening as they moved westward along old trails. After all, macadamed highways are but the surface finish of our civilization, you reflect philosophically, and our hosts assure us between bumps that things will be changed very soon. There is already talk of trolley cars and tarvia-roads. Progress is in the air. A gramophone blares at us from a doorway. On a wall as we turn a corner show the words of a creed not very appealing to a Latin mind—*Eventually—why not now?*

And so we come to the hotel, standing in gardens and surrounded by the villas of the foreign element. We have come up out of the old town, to broad driveways and trim hedges. The buildings are grouped in a crescent



whose inner curve faces easterly to catch the breeze; and it is to one of these varnished chambers, as bare as an anchorite's cell with its bed, chair and table, that we adjourn. Here is something worthy of note, the abolition of textiles in life, so to speak, the exploiting of the bare boards; the bed a span of taut hide with a single sheet and a mosquito bar; the elaborate gadgets of the northern bathroom giving way to a row of concrete showers. You will find this principle everywhere as you go, and it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that it modifies the character of the people.

It does. One of the salient impressions beginning to emerge soon after your arrival is the profound simplicity of the people. They do not, it is true, parade before you saying "Behold our simplicity." They do not, like some of the more insistent and noisy nations of Europe, employ extravagant propaganda bureaus to broadcast their innumerable superiorities, grievances and demands. They have, perhaps, these Latin-Americans, the worst governments in the world, yet their essential simplicity and goodness of character survive even that.

The evening, after dinner, is consecrated to the foreign element. The air of Latin America is propitious for clubs. Clubs grow everywhere, like tropical verdure. There is the mystical Club A. B. C., the Club Commercial, and each foreign section has its own particular burrow. Ours, it appears, is the Carib Club, a spacious affair with billiard tables and a pianola. And to anyone who has frequented the old-fashioned pre-war English circle in foreign parts there is something notably refreshing in this interweaving social life, where anyone who speaks the language is cheerfully accepted and tolerated. It may be—this is put forward as a timid hypothesis—that the large proportion of North Americans has something to do with this, that the spaciousness and humane interest in diverse temperaments which distinguishes them among the nations may have prevented

the English from freezing solid in their usual manner and regarding the natives and other aliens as—let us say—necessary evils!

All this, of course, is by the way. We have not come down to the Southern Continent to engage in mutual admiration. It transpires that our hosts have arranged a journey adapted to our unaccustomed capacities and we start in the morning at six.

Yet the experiences begin even earlier than that, because with your window unshuttered and facing the east, you are aware, at the very moment of dawn, of an extraordinary illumination of the whole mystery of place. You will understand, for instance, what the sun meant to the Egyptians, who lived in the delta of a wide river, and who saw the great colored curtains of the sky drawn up in solemn vaporous splendor in advance of his coming. You will discover the secret of the palm trees, which have no meaning at all in the daytime, as they lean to each other in majestic and attentive immobility, silhouetted against the green and orange of the sky. There is a theatrical quality about those first few moments of the dawn as you watch them through the screen of the high windows—even when you step out upon the balcony and see against the crystal purity of the heavens a dead palm, shorn of its tuft of fronds and standing stark, like some old Nilotic obelisk. You have an awesome feeling you have intruded into a colossal and empty theater of the gods, where there will be enacted a drama beyond the power of men to perform.

This notion is not so fanciful as the hurrying, scurrying globe-trotter may think. No one ever got at the soul of things with a camera and a superior attitude, and no one ever will. Both the camera and the superior attitude come from the north, and will not reveal the secrets of those great plains and tremendous waterways or of those silent snow-clad sierras and wind-swept plateaus. It may sound extravagant, but some-



thing of the poet's equipment is needed here, his obliviousness to exterior raggedness, his *flair* for the movements of the time spirit. And it is an inarticulate consciousness of the destiny of South America that inspires the smile one often sees on the faces of those who have settled there and become the victims of her thrall. It is the inspiration of their anger when the cheap-jack tourist and write-up man scampers across the country and goes home to describe what he calls "rotten republics" or to glorify his own dominant race and personality. Unless you can work for things you will never live to see, unless you can see beyond the ephemeral fringes of worn-out civilizations that hang like ragged and cobwebbed arras before the doors of destiny, you have no place here at all. Go home!

At six the glamour of the dawn is gone. Our friends arrive in a flivver, and we scuttle away down into the cathedral square. Other flivvers bearing the remainder of the party are presently sighted ahead, and we proceed at full speed through streets whose ruts have developed into trenches and chasms and crevasses, where the car skates at a steep angle over immense protuberances and collapses all its passengers together with a frightful thump at the bottom of an unexpected water-course. These long lines of highly colored, thickly thatched cabins are the suburbs of the city. We are following the course of the river in a southerly direction, and soon we can see the Magdalena half a mile or so to the left, a placid blue strip, like a sword-blade, between the lush green of the banks.

It appears on inquiry, amid much laughter, that we are not merely going for a furious ride on an unusually good road, but that we are to embark at a certain village upon the banks of one of the innumerable arms of the river, and in a canoe into the bargain. We are to sail majestically up the Magdalena and we are to be the guests of a Spanish count.

And it all falls out as we are told. But it must not be imagined that going to the village in question is as easy as it would be, say, in Connecticut. No one seems to know the way. More than once the cars swerve round corners axle-deep in dust, roar past old Spanish churches baking in the sun, and halt as the track fades away into a waste of rock and sand and scrub. No way through. We go back and try again, leaving the church in a memorable blazing silence. And at length, some forty miles from Barranquilla, a shout from the car ahead announces success. We rush into a village, dogs bark, children run to the doors. And very soon we stop, for the last time, as the car runs out upon a little beach where a fifty-foot canoe, fashioned out of one mighty tree trunk, floats upon a vast expanse of water lilies.

It is here, facing these lilies, miles and miles of them, and facing moreover the great wall of the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta rising across the plain, that we abandon modern means of transportation. The scene, for one who habitually permits his imagination to hover around fantastic analogies, is full of human interest and humorous suggestiveness. Our crew, consisting of the pilot and two compatriots, splash into the water and immediately transform themselves into beasts of burden. We climb upon their backs and are transported high and dry to the vessel. The ladies and children are skillfully and respectfully captured in brawny arms and give one a vivid impression of being carried off by a squad of benevolent bandits, and enjoying the experience enormously.

Afloat in this hollowed log, we have taken to an almost primeval method of getting about. It is fifty feet long and about four in beam, and it contains nothing save four thwarts, on which we sit, two or three boards laid along forward for the two polemen, a rudder, and a paddle. Each poleman has an eighteen-foot pole fitted at the end with a sharp pronged hook of mangrove root,

hard as iron and tough as hickory, which he plunges into the mass of growth at the bottom and then walks aft on his little temporary deck. We advance and the canoe heels over. We are assured, however, that she is very difficult to capsize. We pass among islands of tropical vegetation, with here and there a solitary human tending a microscopic plantation of bananas beside a small hut, and pausing in his labor to stare as we go by. Sometimes the way lies through a narrow, winding passage, arched over with trees, so that we have to stoop into the canoe, and our faces are cut by the thin, tough vines. The low forest of the Delta has closed about us, and we wander in a waste of aimless waters, of sudden, quick currents amid stagnant reaches, brooks coursing through lakes, of blind entrances to nowhere ending in thickets and impracticable swamp, so that we pole backward with rudder unshipped and try again in another direction.

The river, however, is not so far off as one might suppose. The idea is to work through the marsh and backwater as high up as practicable to avoid the current of the main stream. This is simple in theory, but in practice we are continually encountering miniature Magdalenas which have darted through openings in the bank of mangroves and are endeavoring to carry us away to the westward. All the morning the two silent, sinewy men with their long-pronged poles are forcing us through their secret pathway among the lilies, triumphing over eddies and wash-outs, mud banks and impenetrable tangles of weeds bearing flowers of extraordinary beauty. And the silent youth behind us has been equally attentive to his job, thus doubling the paradox, that we, the representatives of the grim, taciturn North American Anglo-Saxon race, have been talking with considerable vivacity ever since we started, and without revealing any startling intelligence, either, while they, for all the Latin-American's reputation for volubility,

have not uttered a single word among them.

That is the pity of it. The peasant is the king-pin of these Latin-American countries. If he is against you, with his silent, sullen resistance, you are bound to have trouble. Mexico should have taught us that much at least. Even if he be, as often happens, half Indian, he inherits the vestiges of an ancient civilization and a powerful religion. His mind does not work upon our system at all. It may be doubted if even our host, the Spanish count, knows what they think of him. The trouble with national thought, or opinion, if you prefer to call it that, is its essentially fermenting character. Some of it will not travel, as we say of wines, and much of it cannot be bottled and taken abroad as samples. Especially is this the case with the Latin-Americans; because they do not regard the dissemination of abstract opinions about life as so very valuable after all. Interesting, but not so interesting as life. And even life, you will find yourself reflecting down here, does not derive its interest entirely from one's ability to evoke contradiction.

But by this time we are apprised by openings in the banks—which permit us to see once more the high snow-capped peaks of the Sierras—and by movement of the cooler airs which rise over open water, that we are approaching a main stream. We come out into it through a bunch of reeds, and it is here that our polemen have need of skill and strength and a long experience of this kind of work. We are afloat upon the current of a wide, rushing, yellow flood, in a keelless dugout canoe.

A couple of miles across the swirling waters is Remolino, a patch of white and a few black dots half hidden by a steamer with two tall stacks belching smoke. A long, low bank of tropical growth forms the end of an island in the middle. A river like this, by reason of its shallow bed and the immense amount of soft soil and rotting vegetation brought down continually from the swampy forests of



the interior, is forever modifying its contour. As we move very slowly along the bank, occasionally turning in the eddying side-currents and scraping over local snags, we see the actual inception of such a change. A tree, uprooted bodily many miles above, has at length become entangled and anchored at one end in midstream. And we can see the weed and grass and mud already coagulating about it. In a few months, it will be a bar, in a year, an island awash, in two years, an obstruction, and the current will burst through on the westward in a new place, and the map will be all wrong in yet another detail!

It must be about two in the afternoon, and we are all somewhat jaded by the heat and insects and the cramped quarters of the canoe, when we are finally opposite Remolino. But we have yet another hour of slow, painful poling so that when we do at length put off and hoist a sail, the current will carry us no farther than down to our destination.

The moment arrives. A short mast is stepped, one of the pronged poles is stayed against it as a boom, the sail goes up and the sheet is hurried aft. Immediately the canoe flies. The stream snorts and splashes against the starboard bow as we race through the water, the sail bellied out taut against the stiff breeze from Barranquilla. Our spirits rise at once, our tedious hours among the lilies and beneath the broiling sun are forgotten, and as we rush up to the bank at Remolino, the sail drops, a cannon roars its welcome, the crowd cheers, dogs bark, cocks crow, and the Spanish count, in his shirtsleeves, steps forward and expresses his pleasure in felicitous phrases. We have arrived.

We can see now exactly what Remolino is. It is a typical river town, devoted to cattle and cotton, such a community as in earlier days was to be found on the banks of the Mississippi. Behind the houses and running back to the mountains, are cotton fields and ranches. The whole population of the town is now gathered about its northern

end, where we land, and watches us as we move forward to the new building we had espied from the canoe, a building in front of which floats a flag bearing in Spanish the legend "Ice Factory."

Now this simple, unromantic fact, the opening of an ice factory in a cattletown, may be the unsurmountable stumbling block in the road of those who lack the temperament to appreciate and visualize an alien culture. Yet it would be a pity to turn back now, just when the lightest spark of imagination touches the whole affair with a golden significance. The point is that for these folk of Remolino the affair is so touched, and they are proceeding to invest it in the ceremonial embellishments of a Great Event. The way they do it is a key to their civilization. It is permissible to enjoy it as well as to remember.

For in addition to the cannon which roared its welcome to us, eminent beings from the outer world, there is also a band, not yet attained to uniform, one admits, but charged with irrepressible enthusiasm. The conductor has one short and simple rule—to play upon the slightest provocation, or none at all. And it must be confessed that their fellow townsmen seem to accept the misdirected enthusiasm without comment or condemnation. There is a rather subtle point concealed here. It is that these people, buried as they are in rustic seclusion and agricultural vocation, preserve a dignity and poise, even in their pleasures, which is their racial heritage. It is important to note this, because they are not selected aristocrats, but common folk of the countryside. It is not offered here as an example of superiority, but of difference. It seems to indicate that these people are sufficiently homogeneous in race to be unconsciously accustomed to one another's idiosyncrasies and sufficiently at home in the world to be at ease in the presence of suddenly perceived incongruities.

And indeed it is a beautiful thing to see, this dignity of manners, and worthy of a traveler's profound consideration.



The count, perhaps because he is a cosmopolitan in a way, has less of this austere benignity than the country people, and charms us with a skilfully simulated briskness of demeanor and North American hustle. He knows that to win our respect he must assume that business is the most important thing in the world. He has no difficulty in doing this, since he has a genuine liking for affairs, and an aptitude for the executive side of life. It is his factory and he is very proud of it. We are shown round the scarcely finished machine room; where great blocks of ice are being lifted from the brine-tanks and sprayed with warm water to release them from their molds.

Hitherto, we are given to understand, ice has been the occasional luxury of the well-to-do. It has arrived on the steamer from Barranquilla at exorbitant rates and in a half-melted condition. Now this very modern benefactor of the poor proposes to render the town independent of the down-river profiteers. He has in view a cold storage for beef so that joints will no longer hang in the market covered with a kind of black fur which turns out on inspection to consist of millions of flies. And at the back he has already laid out what he proposes to develop into an open-air theater and café.

Now that we have arrived, the enthusiasm is at its height. A vast number of chairs have been arranged in rows around the future theater, iced beer and sandwiches are being dispensed over a temporary bar, volunteer waiters are moving round, laden with trays of glasses and plates of biscuits, and the valor and beauty of Remolino are consuming the free provender with astonishing rapidity. Through the railings beyond the ice storage, one can see scores of gleaming black eyes belonging to the small boys of the town as they watch with dreadful interest the disposal of the ice. Now and again a fragment is surreptitiously passed out to them and tumult ensues as they break it with a

stone and lick the pieces, or stow them into their mouths with expressions of mingled delight and agony.

All this, however, is a mere preliminary. The factory having been duly inspected by those responsible for its construction and pronounced an indubitable success, the orators of the town claim precedence. The chairs are all occupied, the señoras and señoritas have eaten all the biscuits and drunk all the beer they require, the señors have stared fixedly at the strange contraptions erected for making, in some highly mysterious way, the much-talked-of ice, and they now compose themselves to listen, with dignified approbation, to the speakers. The count takes up a position where all can see him, and a young gentleman, leaping upon the aforesaid bar, and holding in one hand a large sheet of paper covered with small handwriting, plunges into a torrent of eloquence. By means of vigorous gestures, he is apparently taking the periods and superlatives from the page in handfuls and hurling them at the count, who stands in bland modesty, submitting to the bombardment. And when the young man, perspiring freely, ends his peroration, with a magnificent sweep of the arm toward the distant mountains, the rolling plains, the majestic river, and foresees the day when Remolino shall become the Queen City of the Republic, the band bursts into a stentorian blast of music, everyone applauds, and we have the utmost difficulty in discovering that the good-humored count is making a speech himself.

He is brief, however, for well he knows there are others to follow. The next on the list is a young lady, and while she may not be described as a beauty, there are a gravity and austere dignity in her demeanor that are excellent substitutes for prettiness. She has a sheet of paper in her left hand, and as we maneuver to get a glimpse of it, we observe that at intervals along the lines of writing are cabalistic marks. There is an air of subdued fatalism about her. Yet she has



nothing to fear. There are no titters, no nudges, no unseemly whispering, behind backs, no contemptuous glances. She speaks, a clear contralto. And whenever she comes to one of those cabalistic marks on her paper she raises her right arm and points dramatically at the count, who smiles amiably, hat in hand, his sleek black hair and swarthy features looking very handsome in the hot sunshine. It is evident that this speech is a serious matter for the young lady and she has been industriously coached. It is also a success, for upon its termination there is a roar of approbation and the indefatigable band, who have been drinking beer, crash out a military piece.

One realizes, amid these surroundings, that we ourselves in North America should be unable to invest these humble proceedings with the same significance. There is one moment, as an even younger young lady is ending a short and rapidly enunciated speech, when she turns round suddenly upon the count, opens her arms with a splendid wide-sweeping gesture, and makes an obeisance as charming as it is unexpected. There is something about it that touches both the heart and the imagination, possibly because it is from the heart and is inspired by the imagination. Here again it is possible to halt and take a contrasting view of some of the primitive communities we have known. It is the custom to call these countries backward, and it may be that we shall in a few years learn enough about them to comprehend the narrow limits of that definition. The whole question is comprised in what you call progress. It may be we shall understand later that the resistance of the Latin-American peoples to what *we* call progress is not backwardness, so much as an instinctive shrinking from the less lovely aspects of our civilization. We may understand also, that behind the primitive material developments of riparian life, we can discover those graces of mind which are more essential to civilization than even an abundance

of automobiles and very high office buildings.

It may be that the consummation of life is to have both. It may be that our North American culture is destined to sweep over the whole hemisphere in a great wave of mechanism and standardized aspirations. It may be that the evil of material progress must be absorbed with the good, and that those nations who are incapable of inoculation must suffer a sinister modification of their social and national structure. It *may* be. Such speculations are easy to propound and extremely difficult to protect from our own personal prejudices. Our mission here is to see a little of it for ourselves. We hear very often that London is not England and New York is not the United States. This only means that no metropolis can embody the soul of a land. It can be a port, or a market, or a seat of government, and even all three combined; but the secret of the land will always elude it.

That we, who have come this little way beyond the Delta, should have found the secret of the Magdalena is hardly to be expected. Yet who shall say we get no hint of it, as we put off at sunset upon the broad bosom of the stream, as the glow dies on the snow-clad summits of the Sierras, and the sounds of laughter and farewells are stilled behind us? What of the great river then, in the gathering dusk, wide and swift and lonely, bearing us onward, hour after hour, solitary and forgotten upon an uncharted wilderness of sibilant waters? The darkness closes about us and the great stars of a tropic night burn in the heavens. The distant shores are vague smudges, and there is no sound save the paddles at the bow and the rustle of floating vegetation as it touches the canoe. Only once is the quietness broken, when there is a shout to the helmsman and a movement of anxiety among us, and a canoe, racing up stream before the night breeze, passes close without light or hail. Then on we go again, bearing ever toward the west-

ern shore, till at length we catch a faint glow low down on the water, and someone mutters as he yawns, "At last!" Cautiously we crawl in alongside another canoe with a lantern, and with the help of silent and almost invisible beings, we disembark upon a stretch of deep, soft sand.

That is one impression, of more than fugitive value to those seeking the secret of an unawakened land—an impression of being but a forgotten fragment of living matter borne onward in the darkness, an impression of the insignificance of human effort in the face of titanic forces. And behind that again, an impression of the immense fecundity of the future, of the unborn millions who will call this home, whose laughter will be heard upon the waters and whose feet will be seen upon the mountains.

One more impression, and that of immediate moment, since it contrasts with our own modern conception of the night as a place of mechanical illumination and noise, we receive as we come wearily up through the deep dust into the village. We have to wait an hour or two for cars, it appears, and we are the guests of a cottager at the corner. It is a very small house, a very typical house, of one story, with a great, thick roof of thatch and rough-hewn beams. Two rooms and a kitchen, so that we take our chairs upon the little stoop in front and absorb the unutterable peace and quietness of the night. And one by one, the faint yellow lights in the doorways down the streets go out. To steal a lovely phrase from a Beerbohm essay, the "golden drugget" is withdrawn for the night. And round us

there falls a silence like a benediction. It confirms the impression gathered in other so-called "backward" parts of the world, that peace is not merely an absence of strife, any more than warmth is a mere absence of cold, but a condition vital to the growth of the human soul; a condition as essential to the development of a civilization as a cheap motor car.

One wonders if we get enough of it, in the North, whether we are not exhausting our spiritual resources more rapidly than nature can replenish them. One wonders and drowzes in the ineffable quietness of a sleeping village. And then a vagrant and delicate fancy takes possession of the mind midway between sleep and waking, that we in that canoe were only a party of shades who had escaped from the noisy world and had nearly lost our way to the Dark Shore when a friendly ghost had shown a light, and we got in after all, and were now safely in Heaven.

There is something fascinating about this notion, and it revolves with somnolent smoothness in the tired brain until there is some danger of believing it, and that we shall drowse here in untroubled happiness forever. And then, just at that exasperating point where time ends and eternity becomes a possibility, there is a harsh snarl of a motor horn, a glare of headlights, a grind of gears, and we have to get up and climb in, and rush off through the darkness, feeling regretfully that we had not left the world of machinery behind after all, but were in the grip of it and would have to make the best of it, for a few years longer.





# THE LION'S MOUTH

## "PETITES CHOSES"

BY L. S. P.

**T**O begin the tale well—it all occurred some years ago. If the happenings were not so personal to myself, I might think them good material for an opera bouffe.

We—my sisters and I—who had, up to a certain time, led a more or less charmed life, with "money and position," as we say, had suddenly to meet just such reverses and hardships as are dealt out consistently in the fairy tales. Cinderella, and the Princess suddenly turned Goose Girl, had, if I may be pardoned the vulgarity, "nothing on us!" The wheel of fortune turned. We were spun rapidly from a languid life of delightful pleasure and pardonable pride, to a panic of necessity for earning precarious livings in a great city. Joining our forces, and adding to our panic her own, was a cousin of ours whom I shall call Anne. She, too, had been brought up in wealth and ease, and was now in the same amazing goose-girl condition as ourselves.

We were young. The days were difficult; the more so, no doubt, because once in so often we insisted upon adjusting on our young locks that questionable crown of sorrow that is fashioned out of the memory of happier things.

Personally, I think a great deal of maudlin pity is lavished on the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden. Their loss was at least, one may say, their own fault. For our expulsion from our garden of happier days we were in no sense even remotely responsible. We were simply, over night, as it were, ejected. There was no picturesqueness,

no romantic angel with a flaming sword. He who drove us forth from the bowers of beauty and bosquets of ease was no more than a man in a check suit, who had once been my father's partner—a one-eyed man who, it was learned too late, had despite, or because of his great business ability, a former prison record, and an ineradicable tendency to acquisition and abscondence.

Then, too, when our first parents took a sentimental stroll at evening back to Eden, to look through the bars of the gate upon what was now lost to them, they did not see crowds of other people enjoying a state of life that had once been theirs. We did. And what made the sight more sharp was that the "others" were too often our own kith and kin. We had cousins, aunts, relatives by the dozen, who still enjoyed undisturbed ease, wealth, social distinction!

Inevitably, we gave them a great deal of appraising thought. We developed a talent for measuring their fortunes and their hearts. It would never have occurred to me, in earlier days, to reckon what Aunt B's income might be. Now I asserted with acrid certainty that it must be not a dollar less than sixty thousand per annum. I never should have cared formerly whether Greatuncle Timothy had much or little; now I spent an entire twenty minutes arguing with my sister that she underreckoned his wealth, and I even added up probable figures on paper to prove it hypothetically. "He must have, he *must* have, my dear, well over eighty thousand of income!"

As if it mattered! But it did matter, you see! Because it gave us a scale of measurement for their picayune hearts!

How could they go on living undisturbed in such lavish ease, while we toiled and moiled outside the gates? Did not the thought of us, who had once been beside them, trouble their night dreams, render them restless, haunt their green bowers and their ivy pillows? Apparently not! Did those older wealthy aunts, uncles, cousins, forget that ever, ever they were young? To a certainty of circumstantial evidence, they did!

From time to time of an afternoon, middle-aged cousins or aunts would come to pay us a visit, or drink a cup of tea with us. But I could never convince myself that there was anything really social in the performance. I could have sworn that through Cousin Thesbia's amazed lorgnon we were not seen to be gracious and tactful hostesses at all, gracious and tactful though we took pains to be, but rather, extraordinary unlikely exhibits—the P— girls earning their livings! What a spectacle!

It was later, among our three selves, over our meager but delightful supper of rice or potatoes, that we tasted the fine flavor of the experience and became downright gay. Too proud to let any of our former associates know what straits we were in, or the simplicity of our diet, or the gravity and acuteness of the approaching question of spring clothes and a new hat! Oh, yes; we were that! But we laughed over the situation. Downright sports we were, I think. Nevertheless, underneath all this gay pride and flair ran a dark river of desire that some one, some one should know the difficulty and poverty we endured—that some one among these people would divine our needs and give evidence of having a heart; not, you understand for our sakes, so much as for theirs.

How could Cousin Kate enjoy rolling about in unmitigated luxury untroubled by thought of our case? And Anne's Aunt Caroline, who had a "hotel" in Paris and a villa at Nice, and another at Mentone, and who was famed for being the best-dressed American in France! How could she sleep easy on her pillow,

while her own niece— Oh, well! We began to think that we knew life.

Then one day arrived a letter from Aunt Caroline. Aunt Caroline had not, it seems, slept easy on her pillow. Not that she admitted the fact; but at the end of an utterly uninteresting letter stood this: "I have asked Therèse (Therèse was her maid!) to pack and send you *quelques petites choses, ma chère*, that I thought you just might find useful."

"*Quelques petites choses!*" Here was speculation! Here was excitement!

They came at last! I never met with two more thrilling trunks in any fairy tale.

I am not going to give an inventory. I shall tell you only about a few of the *petites choses* that met our eyes.

On top! a gorgeous coral-satin ball gown, heavily embossed in gold; ball-room slippers, stockings and fan to match! An opera cloak of emerald-green satin lined with orchid brocade; a deep squirrel collar and border; heavy rhinestone clasps. More slippers! more stockings! more fans! A dinner gown of royal-purple velvet; pearl trimmings and girdle. Let all the rest be left to a vivid imagination. But no, I must tell you this at least, that the second trunk contained twelve parasols—of every conceivable beauty and brilliancy of color, and fifteen hats of a glory like the Apocalypse.

In front of the trunks on our knees, we sat back on our heels and gazed at one another and then went into hysterical peals of laughter; and I saw Anne after moments of this, wiping her eyes of merriment on the tail of a coral-satin ballgown. *Petites choses! Quelques petites choses!*

Well, I write of *quelques petites choses* and the philosophy of dress! Carlyle made a whole book of the latter. I mean to tell you as much in a few paragraphs.

You may think Aunt Caroline a perfect fool to have supposed we could use such *choses*. She was! *That was her virtue!*



The *choses* flattered us with delight, as nothing else could have done! They placed us in our own eyes in our old station! They remade us, refreshed us, established us as upon a rock. The very fact that these *petites choses* had nothing to do with our present dilemma gave them for us their entire endearment.

Of course, we filched a buckle here (one of the tamer ones); a pair of stockings there; and transferred in our mind's eye the squirrel collar to a more sober companionship. But in the main, none of Aunt Caroline's bestowals could we use.

In time, when we had sufficiently enjoyed the mere glory of possessing them, we began giving them away.

The hats! To have worn anyone of them, in our condition would have scandalized us! We had sense enough to know that. We began giving them to the laundress, the janitress, the scrubwoman, and the scrubwoman's daughter, the unconverted wife of the socialistic elevator boy, the giggling colored sweetheart of the chocolate fireman.

Parasols were dispensed in lieu of fees; and brought us incomparable service. Out of sheer charity and gayety of heart, we bestowed the purple velvet, pearls and all, on the giggling sweetheart of the fireman, just in time for her chocolate-color wedding. The heartburnings and amazement affecting all her guests and her future life must be imagined.

Ah, the power of clothes and their philosophy! Ah, me! how *petites choses* changed the face of the earth—not for us only.

We gave the scrubwoman's daughter the violet hat with orchids. I now believe it to have been her ruin. Her disconsolate mother, wearing one of the peacock's feathers tragically but still proudly over one eye, told us, some weeks later that "Melissa" had been arrested in a cabaret round-up, and she and her young man taken up for disorderly conduct. The laundress I used to see go by with the orange and apple-green silk parasol, with the blue-enamel

handle. Then finally we saw her no more. She came to a bad end, and was landed in jail, not surprisingly at all, but, I still believe, undeservedly for shoplifting. The socialistic elevator boy and his wife have separated, because, it seems likely, her ideas of caste have changed since her possession of the apple-green satin cloak, and she is unwilling to divorce herself from it. The giggling bride of the chocolate wedding soon eloped with a café au-lait vaudeville player, who fell in love with her at the marriage ceremony, when she wore the purple velvet. I understand that soon after she was dancing cancons in it, pearls and all, on the vaudeville stage herself, and bringing the house down! But it is a hard life!

Nor were *petites choses*, despite all their delight, without their cost to us. Lines of action sprang from them. The laundress and all the others, while giving us exuberant thanks for our bounty, raised all their charges consistently. In an unguarded moment, I once hardily carried a beautiful lilac silk parasol to our unpretending grocer's on Third Avenue, and was charged twenty-five cents for a pound of onions. I left it at home the next time, but the prices were not reduced. The astute eye of that grocer saw it still at a distance, in the closet. I am sure of it.

As for our wealthy relatives, *petites choses* settled our relation to them completely. Not that they knew about *petites choses*. That was just it. They simply decided on circumstantial evidence that three girls avowedly poor and struggling as we were, who would spend money on silk stockings of the finest make, rhinestone buckles (mind you!) however beautiful—and who wore delicate embroidered gauntlet gloves out of Paris, were certainly deserving of no better fate than had been meted out to them. They washed their hands of us!

I carried the lilac parasol to a proud editorial office one day, and the haughty editor took me to be by that token, not only a charming, but an eminently successful author. I may say it was the be-

ginning of my success. The parasol still stands in the closet! I could buy one now like it if I chose.

Ah *petites choses*, how little *petites* you are, *enfin*. As to the philosophy of dress, is it not I ask you (*Sartor Resartus à part!*), is it not, *bon Dieu*, of a profundity?

### THE PRESIDENTIAL STYLE

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

THERE is one thing that I wish the excavators would find out for us about our friend King Tut-Ankh-Amen (aside from the little question of how the boys who played round with him pronounced his name). I should like to know what sort of letter he used to write to the Federated Nile Dredgers of Thebes or the National Pyramid Study Institute, declining their very kind invitation to attend their annual banquet and get-together and to say a few words on Egyptian foreign policy. It would be instructive to learn whether the sort of literary style which is employed on similar occasions by our American presidents, cabinet officers, governors, mayors, and other lords temporal is an inherited perquisite of authority, or whether it is a new native growth.

You know the sort of style I mean. Occupants of the White House seem in general to be more completely addicted to it than anyone else. The public correspondence of the President of the United States is always of a peculiarly sonorous and pontifical quality, suitable for large-chested declamation to an accompaniment of brass instruments and kettledrums. His letters and messages are the modern equivalent of the epic; very few Americans would appreciate an allusion to the surge and thunder of the *Odyssey*, but everybody would understand a reference to the surge and thunder of a presidential letter endorsing the annual membership campaign of the Tallahassee Boy Scouts.

It must be an awful strain to have to

write presidentially. If the President is invited to the fiftieth anniversary picnic of the Bridgeport Dancing Masters' Club, he can't just sit down and dash off:

DEAR SIR:

It was perfectly corking of you to invite me to your party, and I know I'd have a swell time if I went, but honestly I can't make it. I'm all tied up, and the Secretary of State says to stay round while we try to think what to do next. Isn't that just rotten?

Regards to the boys.

No, he can't write that way. What he has to turn out is more like this:

DEAR SIR:

It is with profound regret that I find, on consulting my list of engagements, that pressure of important business renders it impossible for me to be absent from the Capital at the time of your fiftieth anniversary picnic. No exercise, no pastime, no sport suited to the polished surface of a ball-room floor is more essential than is dancing to the recreative development and orderly progress of the two sexes upon which, more than upon any other factor, depends in the last analysis the ultimate welfare of the American people. No form of celebration so befits an association of instructors in this historic art as a picnic, combining as it does the dignity of co-operative nourishment with a suitable regard for the need of healthful play. May I take the liberty of expressing to the members of the Club my very sincere wishes for their continued prosperity?

That sort of style, like a silk hat on the Fourth of July, is a mark of high political rank. A President never says "makes it impossible" when he can say "renders it impossible." He likes to announce the results of "the last analysis," whatever that may be. (Presumably, it is related to the "acid test.") To read a presidential document aloud one should stand erect with the weight of the body evenly balanced on the balls of the feet, inhale deeply several times and let the words come booming out one by one from the dia-



phragm with more or less the effect of a large church organ with every stop pulled out and all three keyboards in operation. Even then one can hardly do justice to some of the letters without an amplifier.

A peculiarity of these presidential outpourings is that they seem to be especially valued when incorporated, not in mere messages or letters, but in telegrams. There is a certain flavor of urgency about a telegram which adds to the effect. It is one thing for the chairman of the Amalgamated Felt Hat Salesmen's dinner to rise and say, "I have here, gentlemen, a letter from the President of the United States, whom we had hoped to have with us to-night"; it is quite another thing for him to hold up a real telegram. There is a spasm of excitement all over the room. A telegram! Well now! That shows what the President thinks of the Amalgamated! Not only does the President congratulate the Felt Hat Salesmen on the enterprising and farsighted spirit in which American business men to-day are collectively meeting the problems of the new era which has succeeded the disturbances of war and the perplexities of reconstruction; not only is he aware of the unquestioned public service rendered by any industry which undertakes, in a spirit of devotion to the common interest, to protect the heads of a free people from exposure to the elements, and thus to avert those ailments, bronchial or catarrhal, which might render them unfit for the exercise of their constitutional rights and for the support of their families in accordance with an American standard of living; but he is so worked up over it that he just can't wait for the mails, and pays a dollar and nineteen cents for a telegram! This addiction to telegraphic correspondence on the part of high officials has gone so far that I look shortly for the publication of the "Life and Night-Letters" of some of our public characters.

I am curious to know how many of

these documents the President actually writes himself; all the more so because I once wrote a letter and several telegrams for a corporation president's signature, and they went up to him through official channels, and he finally signed them and sent them off just as if they were his own productions. It was exhilarating, in a way, to hear that my compositions had been signed by the President; but it was disillusioning, too. Ever since then I have wondered, whenever I read a White House document, who actually wrote it. Don't think that you can tell by the style. You ought to have seen my letter. It contained at least one "may I not" and a few sets of nicely balanced parallel phrases with the word "very" in them, and it ended "Cordially and sincerely yours." To write pontifical letters for a White House President would be just as easy.

But I am afraid the wear and tear would begin to tell, after a while, in the official letter-writer's outside life. His manner would be liable to become a little too portentous. The effect on his own private correspondence would be something like the effect of the life-and-letters mania.

The life-and-letters mania, I should explain, is an obsession that strikes people when they first become sufficiently prominent to get the idea that their letters are likely to be preserved for ultimate publication. Sometimes it comes over its victims all of a sudden. One day a man will be writing, "Dear Mr. Jones: We have your order and will buy Utah, Texas and Northern according to your instructions"; and the next day, with a far-away look in his eyes, he will astonish his stenographer by dictating:

DEAR MR. JONES:

We are making ready to buy Utah, Texas and Northern according to your instructions. And what an inspiring business it is, my dear friend, this purchasing of property-rights in the great and growing West! To feel that one has a stake in it: is not that, in



the last analysis, the feeling of the pioneer, the spirit which has made America what she is? And yet fools say that there is no romance in business! I tell you, Jones, the West is the land of the future. There's little enough that any of us can do for the upbuilding of our great nation, but at least we can have the satisfaction of doing our part, as simple, big-hearted business men in bringing about trade expansion and port development and who shall say that we have not thereby served the cause of American prosperity?

You can see by the fellow's expression while he dictates that he's wondering whether some day that letter won't look pretty well in print.

The temptations of the official letter-writer would be similar. After a while it might become difficult for him even to pay his house rent without indulging in a few mighty periods on the patriotic significance (in the last analysis, of course) of the American home, with references to Abraham Lincoln, log cabins, the influence of good mothers, and the flag. Probably, the job would have drawbacks after all, and it is best to discourage an ambitious young man from thinking that he had rather be writer than be President. The President, unfortunately, has to be both.

## TOO MANY HUSBANDS

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

FROM my earliest teens the husbands I have never had have caused a good deal of concern to a good many persons. In those distant days female relatives would from time to time shake their heads over me and groan in unison, "I pity your husband!" Those early insinuations of domestic incapacity were not then painful to me, for at that time I thought little about husbands, and cared less; but now that I have attained to tenderer years, I have suffered—and recently—an acute jab to my self-esteem—this at the hands of a personage no less important than our cook. In the

absence of the housekeeping member of the family, I had assumed authority, but my best efforts elicited merely the comment, "You don't care much for house-keeping, does you, miss? It's a good thing you ain't never had a husband!" Somehow I feel it a little hard on my character, which, without undue conceit, I consider to have been on the whole inoffensive, that people should have pitied my husbands both before and after my *not* taking them!

But this spontaneous commiseration is not the worst trouble I've had with spouses. To go back a decade or so in my history, I had the misfortune in early life to graduate, or in the vernacular, to be graduated, from a worthy female college, and afterward to keep on picking degrees, or parts of them, from several other equally worthy, and equally female, colleges. In short, there are four institutions on whose early rolls an enterprising secretary may discover my name, a name that has remained absolutely unchanged from that remote day to this. Now my bitterest complaint is that every year every one of those colleges writes and asks me how many husbands I have acquired since their last date of asking. Oh, of course, they ask me other questions, too, under various circumstantial headings, with directions in smaller print calculated to keep me veracious to the *n*th detail. These learned ladies wish to know not only how many husbands I have had since last April, but also:

No. of books or articles.

1. a. Published. b. Unpublished.

2. a. Original. b. Plagiarized.

No. of natural teeth still in active employment.

No. of motor cars owned, make, and age limit of each.

Church affiliation of maternal grandfather.

Previous matrimonial affiliation of male parent before marriage to present mother.

Contributions to charities, state whether voluntary or conscripted: if in trillions, write commas plainly; if in cents, ditto decimal point.



I do not mean to say that these questions have appeared in any official inquiry that has yet reached me, but I confidently expect them to appear at any moment. In the mere fact that they occur so readily to my pen, they testify to the reduced condition of my mind after having filled out a questionnaire, a condition like that of a small boy's pocket just after it has been turned inside out by a mother with a switch in her hand. Like the small boy, I am both amazed and depressed by the contents produced by the authoritative investigations of my alma mater. But no one item gives me a bitterer sense of guilt than to disappoint her every spring when she, and the other three colleges, make their annual search in my pocket for husbands. Name, race, birth, weight, death, complexion, of husbands, there the heart-racking words stand on the printed cards that come to haunt me at every springtime. It is bad enough to be single, but to have to confess each year to each of four institutions of learning, that I have never had any husbands and never expect to have, is a little more than female flesh should be called upon to bear. And, by the way, I'd like to know if male flesh is called upon to endure the same sort of inquisition. Is plurality of wives so insistently suggested to every loyal alumnus as is plurality of husbands to every conscientious alumna? Does a man-graduate have to tell his college every year how many wives he's had since last April? And does he have to reply to a question still more personal—does his university ask him every spring how many children he hasn't had? Does a man have to reiterate officially every twelve months the agonizing statement that "the children of Alice call Bartram father"? And if a man doesn't have to make that sort of confession, why should I? Considering the number of years they've been asking the same question, I really marvel at the perennial hopefulness of my four colleges as regards the stork, for each always presents to me the laconic inquiry,

"Children?" and beneath it, annually, stand six blanks to be filled in with babies!

Now to my certain knowledge, the questionnaires that come to me from my colleges are made out by women who have never had any more husbands than I, therefore I can't understand their solicitude about mine. Every year the demand for an immediate and exhaustive report on my marriages becomes more emotional and more lyric in expression. If it seems heartless of these others to remind me so often of my lack, it seems still more heartless of me to withhold any information that is so urgently desired. Besides, of course, a stamped envelope is enclosed, and the effect on the average conscience of an unused two-cent stamp is hypnotic. A man who would steal a million dollars from an endowed orphan can't bring himself to waste another man's stamped envelope. To tear off the stamp, soak it free, and use it as one's own is somehow heinous, while to return the whole envelope intact to the sender needs the expenditure of another envelope and another stamp of one's own, and to be coerced to this outlay makes one vaguely resentful; and so in the end one weakly gives in and uses the disquieting object for the purpose for which it was intended, even though that purpose is a questionnaire and even though the questions are about husbands.

If only any of the senders ever read any of their questionnaires when returned, I'd take a short and simple way to rid myself of these constant reminders of my non-existent consorts. But as it is, my imagination plays about their personalities impotently and with a morbid interest, and I catch myself wondering if the shadowy shapes are democrats or republicans, milk-fed or bootleggers, rich or poor, indifferent or nagging, fundamentalists or modernists, dark or light, cheerful or gloomy. I can't follow my natural instinct just to go ahead and forget all about them so long as inquiries about their existence are so incessant.

But I repeat, I could lay these ghosts if only the persons who make questionnaires ever read the answers. They don't because they couldn't, as everybody knows. People make out questionnaires, people send out questionnaires, people answer questionnaires, but if the investigators ever stopped to read the replies, they'd never have time to send out any more of these inquisitional sheets—nor would they wish to! The questionnaire is the last infirmity of the inquiring mind. It is the dying gesture, like the feeble flapping of a fin which indicates that we still want to know and know and know, but may Heaven help us to assimilate! The questionnaire is symptomatic of an enforced pause in our day's occupation like that of the sanguine child who "could still chew, but couldn't swallow."

But if people only did read the questionnaires that are returned at their request, I would manage to give my four investigating colleges a little information that might induce them to drop Mrs. Bluebeard and all her husbands from the *alumnæ* register once and forever! Thus I could continue my maidenly career without being yearly called to account because no one "ever married me, and I don't know why they should." Under that provocative heading, "Husbands, April 1, 1922-April 1, 1923 (a) Number, (b) Name and date, (c) Occupation, (d) Date and manner of removal, (e) Re-

marks, if any. N.B. Give in chronological order," I'd write:

No. of husbands? Ans. 6.

1. Micah Pint, April 2, 1922 — Cubistic poet—May 3, 1922. Non-support by wife.
2. Mortimer C. Kane, May 3 (P.M.)—Fish, all sorts—May 21, 1922. Caught.
3. Ben Weriwether, June 28, 1922—Gentleman Hobo—Sept. 30, 1922. Recurrent disappearance gradually becoming chronic.
4. Isador Swinky, Oct. 1, 1922—Professional patriot-baiter and bomb-thrower—Jan. 17, 1923. Translated into Russia.
5. John C. Rupp, Feb. 1, 1923—His wife—March 2, 1923. Unintentional arsenic administered by wife.
6. Fred Speedlightly, March 4, 1923—Automobile Orator—March 31, 1923. Intentional arsenic administered by wife.

Remarks.

No remarks either made or called for.

I shudder to picture the reception of my flippancy in some office of those cloistered halls still inhabited by people who believe statistics informative, even statistics on wedding bells. But alas, neither in college offices nor in any other, are returned questionnaires ever opened, so that I have no hope of ridding myself of my annual harvest report on husbands, for if I had had six husbands and they had bored me, I could have divorced them, but I see no way of divorcing myself from the husbands I have never had.





## The World and Its Control

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE protracted dispute in Ireland between the men of the Free State and the Irregular Republicans is a lesson to all observers. It is not accurate to call it a dispute; it is rather a mutiny, being the effort of a fanatic minority to force its will on a majority that has all there is of law and order on its side. But whatever one calls it, it is bad enough, and it has been working these many months for the physical, and considerably for the moral, destruction of Ireland.

And all about what? About a form of words; for the Free State agreement gave Ireland self-government and freedom to live. It opened the gate to her, a gate through which she could go to almost any distance her imagination invited. So it looks to us observers, and so it looked to General Smuts. Ireland has everything to hope for, and no serious hindrance to achieving it, except the fallibility of the Irish mind or the persistence of Irish habits as exhibited by the Irregular Republicans, who would destroy the country rather than agree with an agreement.

And that is the way men do far too much, not the Irish alone, but all men. They dispute about possibilities, to the prejudice of the actual chances they have in hand. There are irreconcilables in every country, reaching for the moon of abstract political perfection, and opposed to anything they can get, and resolute in denying the attainable to their fellows. That is the sort of

opposition which has foiled so far the efforts to bring the United States into the League of Nations. It is very much the same sort of fight that Mr. Bryan leads against the theory of evolution, a fight that does not concern the opportunities of men to better their characters and their position either in this life or the next, a mere fight about the origin of man and how he came to be what he is; a fight about something that no human effort can change, and about which men might disagree with as much impunity and harmlessness as they might disagree about a good many things in the creeds of the Churches. Mr. Bryan is for prohibition, for the World Court, for the League of Nations, and against the theory of our descent from monkeys. It matters not to him that no scientists of standing hold that we are descended from monkeys. What they hold is that man has evolved from a primeval ancestor which was probably a relative of the ancestor from which the various monkeys have descended. But even that would not suit Mr. Bryan, who would think it contrary to Scripture, and must have a ready-made man with no evolutionary process behind him.

All that is amusing, but at the same time it is too bad, since the more background that can be provided for man, the more prospect there is of his continued advancement. If he is a ready-made creature, no more no less, it may be argued that he will remain what he

is to the end of time, which in Mr. Bryan's mind probably coincides with the Judgment Day; whereas if he is an evolutionary creature who came along up developing from some kind of protoplasm, he is on a journey of which no one can see the end, and we are entitled to expect an improvement in him that has no visible limit. The evolutionary theory about man is really just as pious as Mr. Bryan's Scriptural theory, and neither one of them will work without "a shaping and compelling hand" back in the invisible to make it work.

We ought to be more contemplative about theory, and reserve our more positive opinions for matters which our actions can affect. The question of the League of Nations is a matter of the latter sort; so is the question of prohibition. If we have opinions on those matters we can act on them, vote according to them, give support to one side or the other, but on such a matter as evolution we ought to be contemplative, watch the growth of the theory, consider the discoveries that support it, let it win or lose as it can, but not try to crush it out by violence. No great truth can be crushed out in that manner, but any truth can be delayed. Even prohibition, though it is something we can vote about, is a matter proper for some degree of contemplative treatment. A great many of us have reached no final conclusion about it. We have an opinion about the evils of rum, but may not yet have made up our minds how good an agent prohibition is to correct them. So far it has done much good, but also an amount of bad not easy to estimate. Miss Ida Tarbell, who goes about the country a great deal, reported in April for *Collier's Weekly* her impressions about prohibition as she saw it in operation. She had a great deal of good to say for it. She thought that on the whole it was successful, but she wound up her article by saying:

Prohibition looks to me like an episode in our struggle to develop a temperate peo-

ple. Temperance is our goal: conscious control of appetite, not prohibition. Prohibition is a means, not an end. Like all revolutions, it is but an episode in an evolution.

That is the right idea. We want to be a temperate people. We want to cut down the damage from rum, but we do not want to be a people to whom too many things are prohibited. We like freedom of choice, which is part of the endowment our Maker gave us. For whether we were produced by evolution or came ready-made by a single effort of the divine will, we did have a Maker and his mind did work on us, and there is pretty general agreement that he intended that we should have as much free will as we could handle, and probably more. For it is our effort to handle the divine attributes in us that get us into most of our troubles. The trouble in Ireland is a clash between wills. The Irregulars do not recognize the validity of any mandate that they must submit to the government of the Free Staters. They elect to destroy or be destroyed. Consequently, destruction goes on, and government languishes, since government, even the freest of free governments, depends upon a certain amount of submission by the minority to the will of the majority. The Irish, being little practiced in government, are somewhat slow to recognize that, and indeed it is a pretty hard lesson, but they will have to learn it and doubtless they will. The cure for the inconvenience of submitting to the will of the majority is that when that will insists upon too many things that are irksome or impair the joy of living, the majority fades out, losing numbers and power until presently the other side controls the government. That is an automatic cure. When majorities get too fussy, too expensive, too prohibitive and too unreasonable, they lose control.

In matters like acceptance of the theory of evolution, success, when it comes, comes by unconscious persua-



sion. A lot of people get to know more or less about evolution. In a generation or two all the more intelligent people come to have knowledge of the theory. If they do not read the books in which it is set forth, they pick it up from one another and from allusions to it in the books which they do read, and from newspapers and periodicals. Great ideas cannot perish so long as there are enough reasonably good newspapers looking out every day for the chance to print what somebody wants to read, and dependent for their existence on finding it. That is one advantage we have over older times and the one that most offsets the various afflictions which the art of printing has brought upon us. When printing abounds so enormously, of course, we read too much and get far too many circulars in our mails, but it has made it almost impossible to keep even a good thing hidden. Mr. Bryan tries to shut out the teaching of evolution from the colleges that the taxpayers support, but supposing he should succeed, what has he accomplished but to advertise the theory of evolution! Nothing so promotes search as the knowledge that something is hidden.

We look on nowadays at a world trying to find the control that belongs to it, which is only another way of saying—trying to find itself. It will not find itself until it discovers this evasive something that can control it. It may be men, it may be ideas. More likely it is ideas working through men. When somebody who has established a business dies, we see the same process work out. The business, whatever it is, has to find a new control, a new directing mind, a new power to say yes or no. Sometimes important concerns fail to find such a control, but usually if they are sound enough they work along through more or less tribulation and loss of dividends until they discover whom they belong to—who has the brains and the will and the knowledge to make them prosper and do their

work. That same process now is going on all over the world, these States by no means excepted. Responsible travelers come home from Italy and report an improvement so great as to make them think that under Mussolini and his Fascisti, Italy has found itself. Mr. Paul Cravath says the rehabilitation of Italy was not a political revolution but a spiritual revival. Maybe so. Mr. Cravath is a fairly well practiced observer and has seen, first and last, a good deal of the world and of the people in it. We need not tie up to his opinion of Mussolini's achievement, but we shall do well to record it. In efforts to find a new control, men are tried out and usually a good many are found wanting. Some start big and end small, others start small and end big. We shall do better not to rush conclusions about the Fascisti in Italy, but certainly, so far, the results of their operations look good and are admired, and in a world where everybody is looking for a new man, and where the old hands are mostly jaded if not worse, Mussolini is a figure that stands out, and Kemal is another.

Miss Tarbell said, as quoted above, that prohibition looked to her like an episode in a struggle. The struggle of the world is full of episodes and they contribute to the expected results. Kemal and Mussolini are not yet out of the episodic class, but at least they are in it, and in it, so far, with a record of success. Senator Lodge and his associates in the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate were an episode two years ago, one that has been working out ever since and is still unsettled. The invasion of the Ruhr is an episode and one that has not, at this writing, arrived anywhere. So, the fall of Lloyd George, the new government in England, the rise of the Laborites, the British agricultural problem, and divers other things that concern Great Britain. The greatest episode of all and as yet the most incalculable, is the one in Russia that slowly works along to what

conclusion no one can foresee. It is as though mankind were dough in the pan, the yeast working in it and making bubbles. We see the bubbles, we infer the yeast, but the complexion and the quality of the bread that will come out of it is still matter of speculation.

One thing is sure about this world. It is going to have managers. Given the dough and the yeast, there must still be hands to shape the loaves and bake them. But when the demand for bread is active, that need is bound sooner or later to be supplied. The contemplative people, as distinguished from the active partisans, are those who are waiting for their chance. They do not want to make a false start, but wait until some course shall disclose itself which they feel to be worth supporting. There are a great many of them, all of them sensitive to the facts of life, to the cost, the strain and the anxieties of living, watchful of the day's news, watchful of the markets, more or less unsettled in their habits of living and desirous to know where they are coming out. They have children; some of them have grandchildren. They wish the world to continue to be habitable. When they see a chance to contribute to such continuance they are going to take it. What they do not want is unnecessary destruction in the meantime. Unlike the Irish Irregulars, they are willing to take orders from the existing management until they have a chance to replace it with a better one. That is the spirit that makes continuous government possible and minimizes revolution. It is the spirit that the English have above all other people. Their revolutions, as a rule, are not destructive, though they are often searching and potent in their results. The last destructive civil war that England saw was in Cromwell's time and that was nearly three hundred years ago and a lot of reconstruction has gone on there since then.

The amount of change in the habits

of men and in the conditions of human life which this world will see in the next half century stumps the imagination to conceive. The progress in mechanics, in chemistry, in the application of electricity, in medicine and surgery, in transportation, even in agriculture, goes on unabated. We learn every day more about keeping well, getting about, and providing ourselves with food and shelter. If we can make the improvement in conduct keep up with the possibilities of the improvement in other things, some of our grandchildren may hope to have pleasant lives.

That is the great matter: improvement in conduct; more sense, more patience, more courage, more faith, more reasonableness, less violence and heat. We need these things vitally. We need a better understanding of life and what it is about, what is its purpose, what destiny we are heading for, how we may best achieve it. For a great many people nowadays life is very difficult and anxious, especially in this and in some other countries, for the people who have carried the responsibility for keeping its machinery going. Taxes are high. The cost of living is extremely high. There is a dearth of habitations in cities, and the cost of adding to them is preposterous. In the country there is dearth of farm labor and what there is costs so much that farmers and market gardeners, as a rule, cannot afford to pay it.

What we see therefore is an immense capacity for production coexisting with acute difficulty on the part of certain groups of indispensable producers to make both ends meet, and other groups we see getting out of the community more than they are entitled to but quite unaware of it, and concerned mainly to get still more with less work. That is the kind of a situation that calls for control, the control that the world in general is seeking and which it presently will find because it cannot go on without it.





## The Babe and the Youngster

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

I WENT to see the Yankees at the Polo Grounds one day,  
And I got in some time before the game was under way.  
The Yanks were showing up darned well—in truth, the solemn fact is  
The home team always shows up well—provided that it's practice.  
And one Yank hurled the horsehide, as the sporting writers say,  
While other Yankees walloped it in quite a Yankee way.  
But one man in particular—you'll know this is the truth—  
Was walloping so fearfully I knew that he was Ruth.

Now stationed out in right field was a lad of nine or ten,  
Who chased the balls the batters hit, and threw them back again.  
He'd throw 'em back to pitcher's box with all his pounds and ounces,  
And once or twice they got there—though on twenty-seven bounces.  
He had a fielder's glove on, and he certainly was proud  
To be playing on the Polo Grounds before a record crowd.  
He thought the crowd was watching *him*—alas! to tell the truth,  
The crowd had eyes for just one kid: that infant called Babe Ruth.

And Babe was worth the watching: he was pounding that there pill  
As the Yankee troops had pounded those who fought for Kaiser Bill.  
He swatted it to center and to left and to the fence—  
In brief, his batting was the kind the rooters term “immense.”  
And once he hit the ball way up—it went so very high  
I thought for just a moment it had climbed into the sky.  
It went so far up in the air it almost passed from sight,  
But underneath it when it fell was that wee chap in right.

And everybody saw the catch, and cheer rang out on cheer;  
And everybody prophesied about the kid's career.  
And I—well, I threw up my hat and never got it back  
(But though I bought a new one, I did not regret the jack.)  
I went back to my boyhood, and I knew I never had  
A day—an hour—so wonderful as came to that young lad.  
Oh, I had had a merry time through boyhood and through youth,  
But I had never caught a fly from off the bat of Ruth.

I don't know what the kid will do—he may grow up to be  
Another Ruth, a Mathewson, a Wagner, or Magee.  
Or he may be an Edison, a Pershing, or a Grant—  
In fact, there's nothing in this country that a youngster can't.  
But statesman, lawyer, doctor, or business man, or bard,  
He won't forget the catch he made, nor that the catch was hard.  
In years to come he'll bore us—and some may not think it truth—  
Repeating how he caught a fly from off the bat of Ruth.

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One of the Opposition

**I**N a New England town not long ago an Italian applied for naturalization papers. He swore allegiance to the United States Government, and satisfactorily answered various questions.

Finally he was asked if he belonged to any society or organization inimical to the government of the United States. This was a poser, and had to be explained to him. A gleam of intelligence overspread his face, and he replied:

"Yes, I am a Democrat."

Consideration

**W**EE Gwendolyn, who had started on her way home from kindergarten, returned in tears to say that there were some little doggies who wouldn't let her go past them.

"They're only puppies, dear," the teacher said. "You needn't be afraid. They won't hurt you."

"I wasn't frightened," sobbed the little maid. "But they cuddled up so close I was afraid of treading on their toes."



*First come, first served*





"THREE THOUSAND LIRE AND IT IS YOURS"

## The Topaz Necklace

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

"ALICE will have to acknowledge that she has lost her bet," Fergus Stewart soliloquized aloud, after the habit of the mentally concentrated, as he walked slowly along the Arno on his way back to his hotel. "She will have to pay up with the humidor she wagered against a sleeping porch. Just because I have the reputation of being absent-minded and, I will confess, not altogether undeservedly (for Fergus was painfully conscientious and recalled numerous incidents when he had found himself in very awkward situations on account of this failing), is no reason why I shouldn't be able to take a two-months' trip to Europe without a nurse. . . . But she'll be *almost* sorry that I haven't made a mess of things as she predicted. I haven't had my money stolen; I haven't lost my trunk; I haven't missed a train, and I haven't had to call on the American consul to get me out of jail. A fortnight more will see me back in New York, so . . ."

His train of thought was interrupted by a flower vendor seated, surrounded by his many colored blossoms, on the coping of the Lung' Arno, who thrust a bunch of tea roses in his face. It seemed easier to Fergus to buy them than to explain why he didn't

want them, and a few steps farther on he got rid of them by putting them into the hands of an astonished little girl with bright eyes and a string of amber beads. That, at least, was the extent of Fergus's impressionistic portrait of her. The color of the beads reminded him of the topaz and pearl necklace he had been bargaining for for days at the jeweler's on the Ponte Vecchio, from whom he had just come.

He felt that he was quite a match for the wily Italian. Of course, the merchant had put a price on the necklace—predestined to ornament Alice's white throat—far above what he expected to get, Fergus thought. It was the custom, all the tourists told him, citing certain victories of their own when they believed they had despoiled the would-be spoilers. At home Fergus would no more have thought of disputing any price asked him than he would have disputed the statistics his brother-in-law in the insurance business was always hurling at him. But he had come to enjoy the tussle over every expenditure since he had landed at Naples. It was like golf, a good stroke was heart-warming. He wished Alice could see how efficient he had become. It would be hard to convince her, so he had put down in his note-

book the price he paid for the various presents he bought for the various members of the family, with the prices asked in brackets.

There remained only the topaz necklace to buy now. He had collected a number of gifts for Alice, and he knew that she would feel that he had been more than generous even without that. But when he first caught sight of it in the window of the principal shop on the famous bridge of ancient shops he had gone inside and asked the price, and heavens! what a sum they asked for it. Was it five thousand or six thousand lire? He stopped short and put his hand in his pocket to consult his notebook. Yes, it was five thousand the jeweler robber had demanded, "and I'll pay three thousand and not a *soldo* more," said Fergus, quite unaware that passers-by were staring at him in amusement. "I've got him down to four thousand, and I told him to-day that to-morrow was his last chance. He will come down. He doesn't mean to lose a purchaser. I might as well write it down now; it's as good as certain."

It was with the air of a victor that Fergus entered the shop the next morning.

"*Buon giorno*," he said to Signor Scigno, who welcomed him with a smiling "Good day," as he had long ago achieved a fair mastery of the language of the majority of his customers.

"Have you got the necklace ready for me?" asked Fergus. "My train leaves before noon."

The jeweler took the white and yellow masterpiece from a drawer of the safe.

"There's not another like it in Europe or America," he said handling it lovingly. "Madame Stewart can be sure she will never see a duplicate."

"I guess she'll be pleased all right," assented Fergus. "Wrap it up for me well, and here's the twenty-five hundred."

"Twenty-five hundred!" cried the jeweler with a gesture of one who has been stabbed from behind; then wheeling round, he thrust the necklace back into the safe, as if this paltry valuation might somehow diminish the real value of his property. "Four thousand I told you yesterday was the miserable lowest price, and at that I'm losing money."

"Twenty-eight hundred then," conceded Fergus, now thoroughly enjoying the game.

"Impossible, sir!" Signor Scigno looked

as implacable as one of his own Medici. "But," he added after a moment of deep meditation when, as far as appearances went, he might have been meditating a weighty policy of statecraft, "because you will show it to other Americans who will come to Florence and buy of me, I will go the last step—the very last step farther—and say . . . thirty-eight hundred lire."

"Not much!" exclaimed Fergus, starting toward the door with a stride so determined that he felt it would have done justice to the hero of a melodrama: "I'll give you three thousand, and that's my top price."

This was fun, and he only wished that he might have been able to spread his enjoyment over a longer space of time. He turned at the doorway to see what effect this ultimatum had had upon Signor Scigno, and then his eye caught sight of the clock. It was 11.25 and his train left at 11.40! He jerked his watch from his pocket and put it to his ear. Yes, it had stopped at 10.15.

He rushed from the shop and, finding a taxi at the end of the bridge, sprang in and called out "*ferrovia*." Luckily, his tickets had been bought and his baggage looked out for by the hotel porter, so he had only himself to care for. As he drove off he had no eyes or ears for the jeweler who was rushing after him, necklace in hand, and crying:

"Three thousand lire and it is yours, Signor!"

A slight attack of fever at Genoa had kept Fergus's time and thoughts fully occupied during the two days of his stay in the city of Columbus. The voyage was a stormy one, and seasickness gave such importance to the present and to the future when he would once again be able to stand firm-footed on earth, pavements, or asphalt road—anything rather than tilting boards—that Fergus had no time or energy to recall the past. It was almost as if he had consciously decided to put it aside until he could go over it bit by bit, city by city, with his wife. Now-New York harbor was welcoming him home and the U. S. Government was waiting to collect its tribute from the returning holiday-makers.

"Have you made out your declaration yet?" asked one of Fergus's smoking-saloon acquaintances. "Damned nuisance, isn't it, deciding what you think you'd better put down? Now, I got a gold cigar case in Paris that . . ."



"What!" exclaimed the horrified Fergus. Of course, I've put every item down, copied 'em from my notebook where I entered 'em when I bought 'em."

"Didn't even give your memory a chance to forget, did you?" sneered the other. "Quite a little Sunday-school hero!"

"I have never been able to see," answered Fergus, sighing as the steward reminded him that they were now within the three-mile limit, "that there was any difference between cheating the government or an individual. Now I . . ."

The inspector Fergus drew on the dock had met his like before, but in the opposite sex—conscientious to the point of absurdity. Fergus's list enumerated embroidered handkerchief after handkerchief, Venetian beads, stockings, gloves, even postcards.

"All right," the inspector nodded after reading it wearily, "but isn't there anything of value? Where's that topaz and pearl necklace you've got down here? What did you pay for it?"

Fergus rapidly turned the leaves of his notebook and read aloud: "Three thousand lire. He asked more, but I am a good bargainer."

But where was the necklace? Fergus was suddenly conscious of a sensation such as one has in dreams, of a situation without any correlating link with the past. There was the necklace in the Florence shop, and he was here on the New York dock with an inspector asking for it! At last through the blurred

mind, like a light flashed through a fog, came the certainty: *I never bought that necklace!*

He tried to explain, but each word made the official more certain of the traveler's perfidy. A new trick in smuggling this, declaring something which was not to be found.

"Won't you understand," said Fergus piteously, "won't you understand that I haven't it."

"You declared it, didn't you?"

But further search of his baggage and humiliating search of his person failed to reveal the necklace, and Fergus, miserable and dejected, and knowing that Alice was waiting at the Waldorf for him, was growing desperate. The chief inspector was appealed to and after he had listened to all that everyone had to say, he nodded his head noncommittally, took Fergus's New York and home address and agreed to let Mr. Stewart go, of course, after he had paid in full the duties on all the things he had declared—including the necklace.

"*But I didn't buy it,*" Fergus tried once more to explain; then seeing the hopelessness of any explanation and the likelihood of spending the rest of his life on the dock unless he paid, he emptied his wallet.

"My dear," he said as he kissed his wife, "you've won your sleeping porch, but you've lost a topaz necklace. And I shan't be able to pay my debt for some time, I'm afraid."

And Alice Stewart smiled.



"Is your safe deposit vault refrigerated? I've got a few valuables here."

## A Conservative Speech

IN Eatonville there were some doubts as to Deever Spillkins's fitness for a position on the school board, owing to certain lapses in his early education; but his first speech in his official capacity silenced the tongues of all critics.

He listened to several recitations with a grave and interested air, and at the end of the last one he rose to address the school, "by request."

"Some things are in my province as member of the school board, and some are not," he said, with a genial smile.

"It's within my province to say that I never heard scholars answer up more promptly than you children of District Number Four. As to whether your answers are or are not correct, it is not my place to say. Your teacher knows, and in her hands I leave the matter."

## Checking Up

A COLORED man went into a drug store the other day and asked permission to use the telephone.

After getting his number, his end of the conversation ran like this:

"Hello, is dis you, Mrs. Smith?" he began. "I seed youah ad for a good man in de Sunday papah two weeks ago. Is yoh all got a good man yit? Is you all perfectly satisfied wid dat man you is got?"

"I see! Is you contemplatin' a change soon? You is not? All right; thank you ma'am."

Desiring to be friendly, the drug store clerk said: "Too bad some one already has the job."

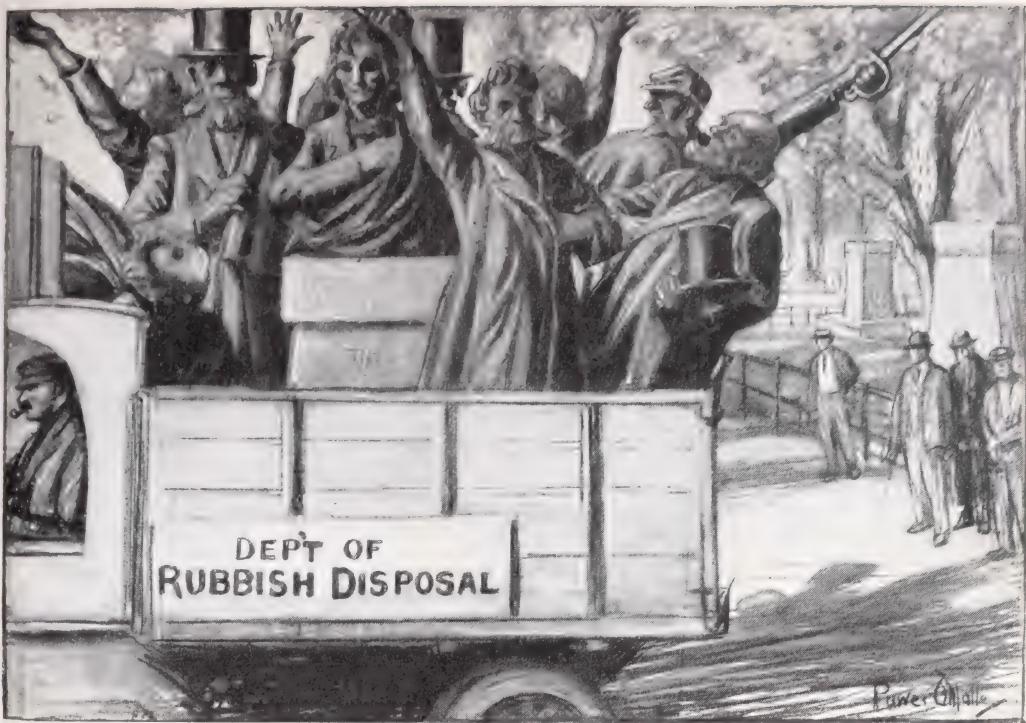
"Dat's all right," replied the colored man. "You see, I'se de man what got de job two weeks ago an' I was jes checking up on myself."



## How It Started

ADAM AND EVE'S SON TO THE WORLD'S FIRST VISITOR: "You can't see papa and mamma now. They're holdin' a conference."





### Improving the Parks

#### The American Abroad

A PARISIAN woman, going to her children's playroom, discovered her little boy and girl absorbed in a remarkable game. The boy stood, motionless and solemn, on a small table in the middle of the room; the girl, arrayed in grown-up hat and coat, walked slowly round him, regarding him thoughtfully, now and then peering abstractedly into a red-covered book in her hand.

"What are you doing, children?" asked the puzzled parent.

"Oh, Pierre is the Column Vendome, mamma," gravely explained his sister, "and I am a tourist from America—with a book, you know."

#### Revised Geography

A COUPLE of young Englishmen were trying to write a southern song to fit a vaudeville act for America.

"Now we mustn't fizzle like Percy," declared one. "He wrote a song entitled 'Away Down South in Oregon,' and Oregon isn't down south at all."

The next day one of them met an American

in the lobby, and asked him what state he hailed from.

"I come from down in Maine."

"Down in Maine?" was asked.

"Down in Maine," the other insisted.

Immediately the Englishman bawled to his partner in the lobby: "Hi, there, I've got it, I've got it. Our location for a southern song."

#### Encouraging the Artist

AS a patroness of struggling and discouraged artists and musicians Mrs. Gilling was not markedly successful, although she had plenty of money and a warm heart, and was interested in art and artists.

"I've brought some of my last year's sketches to show you," said one poor young man whom she had asked to call upon her, "but I do not feel satisfied with them. They are not as good in some ways as the work I did a year ago."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Gilling, with loud cheerfulness, patting him on the shoulder. "You paint just as well as you did last year—as well as you ever have. Your taste's improving, that's all."



*"Oh, John, I started the car beautifully to-day, and I remembered to do everything right."*

*"How is it then you weren't down to meet the train?"*

*"Well . . . I did forget one thing. I didn't open the garage door before I backed."*

#### Too Many Fathers

**L**ITTLE Jane was saying her prayers, and asking God to take care of about every-one she could think of.

"I guess God will take care of us," said her mother. "You know, Jane, God is Father of us all."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Jane, "no, He isn't; George Washington is."

"No, my dear, George Washington was the Father of his Country, but God is the Father of us all."

Jane was thoughtfully silent for a moment, and then exclaimed, "But, mother, if that is so, where does daddy come in?"

#### A Loquacious Ancestor

**L**ITTLE John's newly arrived grandmother talked unintermittently, as grandmothers will, while little John stood by eagerly awaiting his turn. Finally, when hope ceased to function, he thus came to his own rescue:

"Gran'muvver, ev'ysing you sink about, you tell it."

#### The Glad Poet

**C**OMPLACENT and juridical,

He gazes on creation,  
And then in terms bromidical

Intones his approbation.  
"God's in his heaven"—"honest sweat"—  
"Poor but content"—"in no man's debt"—  
I wonder if his thoughts are set

In quite a different bias,  
When rent goes up and coal's to get—  
The Pollyanias.

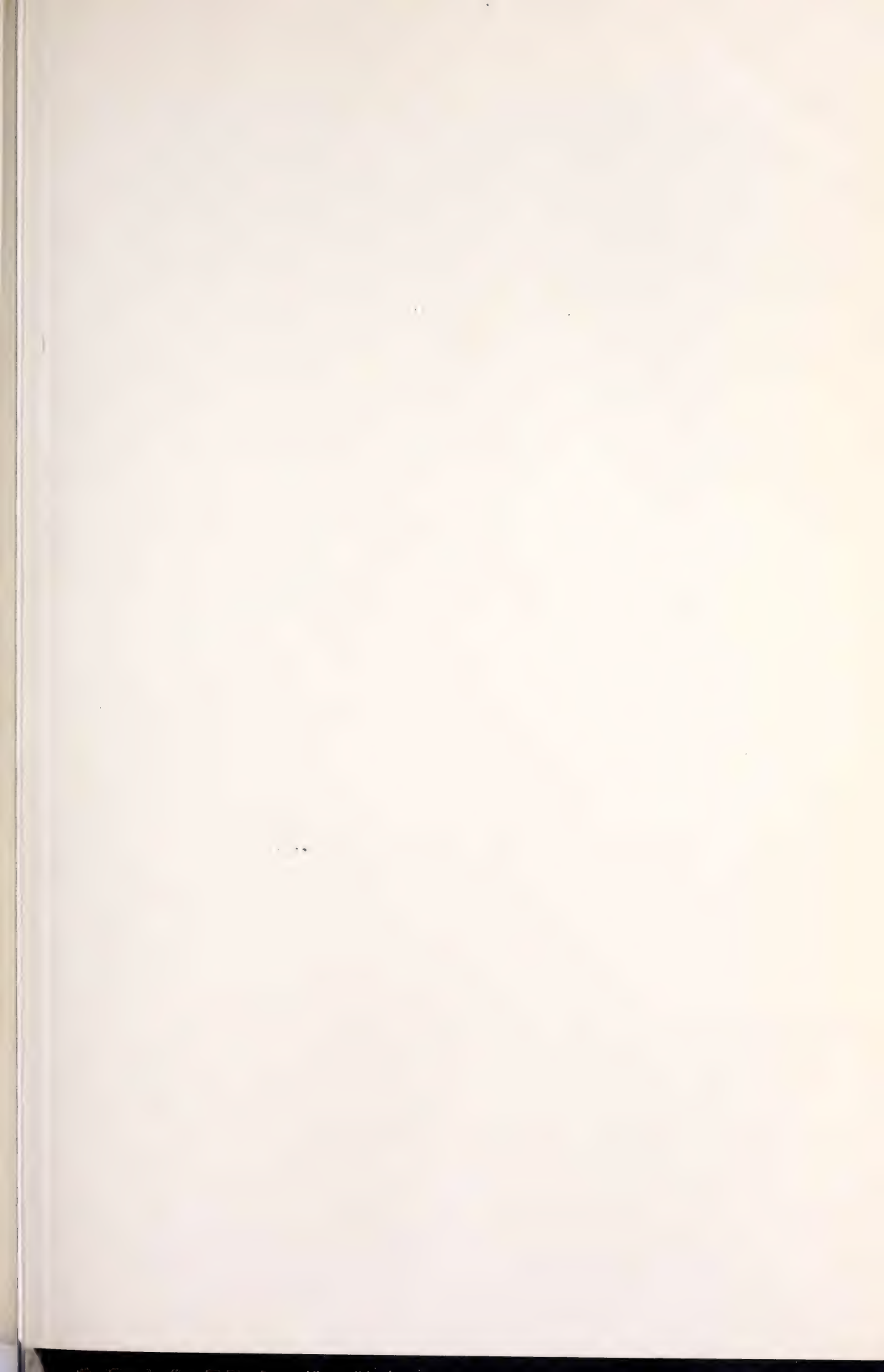
Which is the prophet—he who dares  
To face the wrong and fight it,  
Or he who blindly, blandly swears  
He cannot even sight it?

And though some outrage grim he meet,  
He turns to hear the birdies tweet;  
Should some offense his nostrils greet,

He gives it an alias—  
Calls it a rose, and swears 'tis sweet—  
The Pollyanias.

JEROME B. BARRY







*Painting by C. E. Chambers*

Illustration for "Sally"

SHE HAD NOT NEGLECTED IN HER DISTRESS PARISIAN AIDS TO BEAUTY



# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## Sally

BY ELSA BARKER

ONLY on first and third Wednesdays was the conversation in the *salons* of the Marquise de Melcourt chiefly in English. I have heard old American residents of Paris say that if they wanted an informal chat with their own Ambassador they went to the Hôtel de Melcourt in the Faubourg St. Germain; and, I think, it was the only house in that ancient quarter where one was certain to hear—on first and third Wednesdays—the latest local gossip from Chicago, Omaha, and the cities farther West; where feathered picture-hats from beyond the Mississippi nodded over teacups at wigged and powdered portraits from the reign of Louis XV.

On rare occasions a venerable Duchesse in a black shawl, the Marquis's great-aunt, lent the gracious mildness of her presence, and talked, in a softly cracking voice, with such members of this very modern company as had with her an easy basis of language. Her mourning draperies always seemed to me, not the reminders of some personal loss, but the vestments of some secret brotherhood of grief for an old order vanished and now almost legendary.

Even the old family servants in their soft-toned liveries seemed also, on these "American days," to be relics from bygone centuries.

Margaret Emerson, who had known the Marquis since the boyish days of his military service, said to me once that during the twenty-five years she had lived in Paris she had seen nothing more interesting, in the way of international relations, than that Franco-American *ménage*; but when I asked her to explain she smiled mysteriously and shook her head.

It was late on the first Wednesday in June, and the crowd in the Hôtel de Melcourt was already thinning, when I slipped into the farthest *salon*, the *salon bleu*, for a look at a Fragonard which had a special charm for me. I had been standing there only a moment when I became conscious of two American women, strangers, who were whispering together in the embrasure of a window near me. There was no one else in that corner of the room.

"The last time I saw her she was down and out."

"What! The Marquise?"

"Oh! She wasn't the Marquise then. She was Sally Parsons of Chicago."

"But you say she was down and out?"

"Not down and out financially, of course, but morally."

"Morally? Is it possible?"

"You're stupid, Catharine! I don't mean *immorally*. It was five years ago, when she was getting rid of Billy Mortimer, and when I saw him here to-day you could have knocked me over with a feather."

"Did she divorce him, then?"

"Divorce? Good heavens, no! Do you think the family of the Marquis . . . Look, Catharine, beyond that second archway, the man with the purple tie. That's Billy Mortimer."

They moved away, and I forgot the Fragonard in the picture they had evoked for me of the beautiful Marquise down and out morally—or *was* it immorally? One never knows.

I strolled back through the long rooms, and as there was only one man present who wore a purple tie, it was easy to identify Billy Mortimer; but I should have known him, anyhow, from the fixed and flushed determination of his gaze which followed every movement of the tiny black-haired Madame de Melcourt.

He was standing alone, with his elbow on the edge of a white-marble pedestal, a smooth-shaven, middle-sized, Middle-West sort of man between thirty-five and forty. I remember thinking that his black eyes were too bright for his face, which was dully, not rosily, flushed; and at the corners of his mouth was that peculiar downward twist one sometimes sees on the face of a man who is fighting hard for his own belief in himself, which depends on somebody else's belief in him.

Instinctively I turned to look for the Marquis, and saw him at my elbow—slender, gracious, debonair, a typical Frenchman of the old noblesse. Having no English, he must have found these American Wednesdays rather dull.

I asked him if he had seen Margaret

Emerson, and he said, with a little bow of anticipation,

"I'm going to see her the day after to-morrow, bearing roses."

"Roses?"

"Why, yes, it's the anniversary of the day she introduced me to my wife."

"How delightful! And how French!"

He laughed. "I've done it every year for four years. What a heart she has, our dear Margaret Emerson, so young, so fresh, for all her sixty-one years! And so kind! Fancy—she offered to teach me English—and she so busy with those brilliant newspaper letters."

"But you could learn English at home. The opportunity for daily practice . . ."

"Ah!"—he smiled—"my wife pretends she doesn't want me to learn English. It's her amiability. She knows I have no faculty for languages, and doesn't want me to bother myself."

At that moment I heard a deep voice behind me, saying, "Good afternoon, sir," and a man's brown hand was shaking that of the Marquis. I turned—it was Mr. Billy Mortimer, taking his abrupt departure.

"That gentleman," said the Marquis, "I wanted to ask leave to present him to you, Madame. An old friend of my wife's, from Chicago. I fear he has not had what you call 'a good time' this afternoon."

I was late for an engagement in Passy, so I sought my hostess.

She was standing there, a little figure in an exquisite blue gown, very white faced, very red lipped, very restless to-day, speaking rapidly in French to two women who replied to her in English.

As I passed through the monumental gateway of the Hôtel de Melcourt, I thought, "Why was she speaking French to women who can't speak French? She was obviously rattled. I never saw her like that before. Was she frightened to-day? If so, what about?"

I had always found her interesting,



but especially in her "latest phase," as we called it, her return to the Americans whom she had abandoned on her marriage. Her husband's family and friends had made her one of them, so far as that is possible in a few years; but recently she had made another and a quite separate life for herself, not only with the wealthy members of the American colony in the streets around the *Étoile*, but with that other American colony of artists, writers and their folk around the Montparnasse quarter.

It was in a private art school for women in the Rue Boissonnade that I had met her first, four years before. She was Mrs. Parsons then, and she could not have been less than thirty-five, though her juvenile figure created for her the illusion of youth. She had so little talent that I wondered at her feverish labors.

One day I invited her to *déjeuner* at a little restaurant on the corner of the Boulevard Raspail and the Rue Léopold Robert. She wore a little black stuff dress which might have cost fifty francs at the *Bon Marché*, and a last year's hat trimmed with violets. Her face was not so white then, and her lips were not so red.

We were eating *marrons glacés*, I remember, when I asked her if she was going to be a professional artist.

She looked at me oddly. "You must be joking."

"Joking?"

She seemed puzzled . . . she half smiled, twisting her ringless hands. Finally she said, weakly, "I really don't believe you know."

"Know what?"

"Oh, you *don't*! Nobody has told you that I'm indecently rich?"

"No." I was surprised, and wondered at the adjective.

"Oh," she cried suddenly, "how I hate it! I thought I could forget it here. I might have, if Margaret Emerson, who came from Chicago, hadn't told one of the girls, who told the others, and then they all began to treat

me with *respect*. They had really liked me before, though they know I can't draw."

Her face was so tragic that I could only stare at her.

"What can a woman do when she has ten millions?" she demanded. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle . . ." Then she began to speak rapidly of other things.

The following week she left the art school, just slipped away without saying anything to anybody, and a month later we received the announcement of her marriage to the Marquis de Melcourt.

For three years I saw her only occasionally, and always with French people. But after the death of her mother-in-law, the old Marquise, she waited a respectful interval and then started those American Wednesdays, asking, as Margaret said, "every Tom, Dick and Harry born in the U. S. A. to the historic shell—but not to the inner life—of the Faubourg St. Germain."

As to the romance of her past life, if she had a romance, I had never even wondered until I saw the man with the purple tie standing with his elbow on a marble pedestal and looking at her.

The next day I crossed the river to Margaret Emerson's apartment in the Rue Vavin.

Margaret was a picturesque figure, and I can see her vividly as she looked that afternoon, sitting in the corner of the yellow sofa, the folds of her ungirdled purple velvet gown catching the light from the French window behind my chair, her thick white hair *à la Pompadour* above the strong face, with its Roman nose and blue eyes alight with interest in every detail of the panorama of Parisian life. She was the Paris correspondent of a great American newspaper, and she seemed to know everything and everybody.

"Margaret," I began, "did you ever hear of a man from Chicago named Billy Mortimer?"

She smiled. "How odd that you should ask me that! I first saw Billy Mortimer when he was two hours old, a wailing little bundle in the arms of his grandmother. Later I taught him to say 'This little pig went to market,' on his toes." Then she shook her white head. "Five years ago, when I was in Chicago for a few months, after an absence of twenty years, I saw rather too much of Billy. But he's in Paris now, on his first visit. He's coming here this afternoon at half-past four. However did you hear of him? Surely *she* never told you."

I repeated the conversation between the two American women which I had overheard in the *salon bleu*, the day before, and pictured the man himself as I had seen him.

"So he went there!" She pondered a moment. . . . "I wonder if she really invited him."

"But what is it all about, Margaret? Is it a tragedy, a farce, or what?"

"Well, that depends upon the point of view."

I said nothing, for I could read in her face the instinct of the old journalist to recount a story.

"Humph!" she pondered. "You know so much already, I don't see what harm it can do. They were engaged five years ago, in Chicago."

"Is that all? You're a fraud, Margaret."

"Oh, well . . . she was in love with him, of course."

"Why didn't she marry him, then?"

"Ah, there you have it!"

"Have I?"

She reached for a cigarette, lighted it, and blew out the match before saying, "He's poor as a church mouse, but he was insanely in love with her."

"Was? You forget I saw him looking at her yesterday. Was she afraid they'd starve, on her ten millions?"

"But, you see, she thought he was marrying her for her money."

"No!"

"Yes. She put his affection to every

kind of test. She snubbed him, she insulted him, she banished him, and yet he stuck the harder. When the situation had become utterly impossible, she ran away and came to Paris; but she covered her tracks so well that Billy didn't know where she was until he received her wedding cards. I don't know how he took that blow, for he hasn't written to me since, until yesterday. I suppose he blamed me for the whole business."

"Then did you arrange the marriage between Mrs. Parsons and your friend the Marquis?"

"I did *not*! They met by chance, in this room. After she went, I casually mentioned that she had ten millions. He did the rest, without help from me. 'They order this matter better in France.'"

"Did she think the Marquis was *not* marrying her for her money?"

"She knew quite well that he was."

My memory went back to the tragic face of Sally Parsons that day in the little restaurant.

"Perhaps," I said, "if she had been able to draw—"

But Margaret shook her head. "It wasn't really that. I believe that the daughter of Phineas P. Juggins and 'Wildcat' Parsons' widow was irresistibly impelled to marry a man she couldn't ever, possibly, need to apologize for."

"Phineas P. Juggins!" I repeated the name with delight.

Margaret smoothed the purple folds of her gown, and her eyes grew reminiscent.

"What a man!" she said. "My father used to call him the Cannibal. Phineas P. was one of those early exploiters of the Middle West, and he would buy a board of aldermen or a senate committee as we would buy a mess of whitebait. Anything or anybody that stood in the way of a franchise he wanted was either destroyed or purchased. He seemed to prefer purchase, though, as being quicker and



less complicated. I think he was the only utterly cynical, utterly amoral person I ever knew. He wasn't even half educated; but he knew the worst there was in men, and ruled them on that basis. It's one way. And women! I've heard stories about him I wouldn't care to repeat."

Margaret said that the wife of Phineas P. Juggins was a delicate and highly educated woman. "Of course," she added, "that accounts for Sally."

"But that flawless French of hers? Did she learn that in Chicago?"

Margaret nodded. "A Parisian governorship from the age of three accounts for the French, and the best boarding school west of the Alleghanies from ten to nineteen accounts for the manners. Her mother kept her away from home as much as possible. Old Phineas was not an ideal papa for a nice little girl."

When I asked if the Marquis knew about old Phineas, Margaret smiled.

"Yes, more or less. But from his point of view, I suppose, if you're marrying a savage princess, it doesn't much matter whether her father was a cannibal chief or an eater of roots. It might be different if the Marquis hadn't a healthy son and heir by his first wife. Sally isn't likely to have children. She had no children by her other husband."

"Oh!" I laughed, "I had forgotten 'Wildcat' Parsons. He's really dead, then?"

"Yes—killed by a runaway horse. Of course he married Sally for her money, though she didn't find that out until it was too late. She was young and romantic then, her parents were both dead, and Parsons was the handsomest man I ever saw, of the dashing, dare-devil type, you know, that fascinates a moonstruck girl. He got his nickname from his wildcat schemes, and he lost a million of Sally's money during the first two years. Then she put on the brakes. I've an idea their marriage had become an all-round domestic inferno,

by the time the runaway horse put an end to it."

"And did she love this dare-devil Parsons?" I asked.

"Oh, I suppose so, in the beginning; but not in the way she loved Billy Mortimer. That affair seems to have been the special kind of mature obsession—fever, if you like—that makes young love seem no more serious than a light attack of whooping-cough."

"Then why in the world?" I began.

"But you forget the situation. After Parsons' death she was besieged by every fortune-hunter in Chicago, and her experience had made her gun-shy."

"Then how," I wanted to know, "could she have reconciled herself to marrying a mercenary Frenchman?"

"Why, don't you see," Margaret explained, "in Chicago it's belittling for a woman to be married for her money, but it's not belittling in France, because *other people* see no disgrace in it. As the Marquise de Melcourt, she has found a haven from her two great shames, the vulgarity of her father and the crudity of Chicago fortune-hunters—Wildcat Parsons, Billy, and all the rest of them. As the Marquis is so delicate, and so devoted to her now, she may, for all I know, have persuaded herself that he always loved her. It would be an easy thing for any woman to do, with a man like De Melcourt."

I had to agree with her that it would.

Margaret leaned forward. "Oh! I had forgotten tea . . . or shall we wait for Billy?"

"Yes," I said, "let's wait for Billy."

"If you like him perhaps you'll ask him to call on you. The chances are that he doesn't know a soul in Paris but Madame de Melcourt and myself. And she . . . well, the less she sees of him the better."

"Is he, then, so fascinating?"

She shook her head ruefully. "He's so *naïf*, so incalculable! One thing that set her going five years ago, when they were engaged, was his enthusiastic talk about all the wonderful

things they were going to do, *with her money*. He had <sup>all</sup> everything planned. Yes," she sighed. "Billy is a child, who only knows what he *wants*. The final explosion with Sally began with his wanting to sell her some waste land he had inherited down in Texas. It was worth about a dollar an acre, I suppose, but he insisted that it was valuable, that there was a mine on it, or oil—I forget which. To her it seemed, of course, like another of Wildcat Parsons' schemes."

"He might have waited," I laughed, "till he had her safely married to him."

"Yes, but that's Billy. He simply doesn't *see* any difference between the permissible and the unpermissible. I wonder what he's after now—here in Paris. I hope he isn't going to be guilty of any foolishness that can embarrass her. The American Marquise de Melcourt was becoming a personage; and that means a good deal, in that environment. But this new phase of hers—these crowded American receptions—I'm afraid she's getting homesick."

Margaret gazed into space for a few moments . . . then she lighted another cigarette.

"I wonder who that woman was whom you overheard whispering about Sally. People whispered about her a good deal in Chicago when she suddenly broke her fantastic engagement to Billy Mortimer, shut her door on him, returned his letters unopened, refused to answer the telephone, and went to bed with what they called nervous prostration. They say she wept all the time, and declared she wanted to die. Queer! I knew her very slightly, as I had been away from Chicago so many years, and I absolutely refused to go to her and plead Billy's cause."

"Oh! He wanted you to do that?"

"Yes, he was like a madman. He nearly wore me out with his lamentations. He even raved about abducting her and forcing her to marry him. I used to put my hand to my head, wondering whether I was living in the

Twentieth Century or in the Middle Ages."

I looked at Margaret. "Do you really think . . . ?"

She paused a moment before answering. "I don't know. I've always wondered myself. There's a wild streak in Sally, a streak of old Phineas P. Even now, nothing would really surprise me; but you know I'm very fond of the Marquis."

At that moment we were startled by a loud peal of the bell.

Margaret gasped. "It's Billy! Give me time to get the lie of the land, before you leave me alone with him."

I was expecting that a shadow of disappointment would pass over his face when he saw that she was not alone; but he seemed really pleased to meet me, as he said. And he was wearing the purple tie.

As he remembered having seen me at the Marquise de Melcourt's the day before, he could mention her name at once without seeming to force the note.

Margaret motioned him to the chair at my left, and when the tea came in a moment later, we were sitting in the form of a triangle, with Margaret on her sofa as the apex.

As she handed him his cup, she asked, "Are you staying long in Paris, Billy?"

"I don't know," he said. "That depends . . ."

He did not see the quick glance she threw at me. But his next remark put a different face upon his situation.

"You'll be glad to learn, Miss Emerson, that I've become a very rich man. You remember that Texas land of mine? It's simply gushing oil from all the wells."

She caught her breath. "The same land —"

"Yes, the same land I offered Sally for ten thousand dollars." He spoke with a quiet and rather sweet dignity. "I was offered two millions for the property a month ago, but refused to sell. Sally was surprised when I told her yesterday."





Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"BUT SUPPOSE SHE DOESN'T WRITE."

I knew Margaret was dying to laugh. After a breathless moment, though, I heard her congratulating him with true Western fervor. Then she asked innocently, "So you've seen Sally?"

"Yes, if you can call it seeing her. I wrote, asking when I might call, and she wrote Wednesday. It was very nice of her to introduce me to all her friends, but I wanted to talk to *her*, and there was no chance. She seems to have a right nice set of friends, though; so many Americans. I was surprised."

Then he turned to me and smiled. "You seem just like home folks."

He made it so fine a compliment that I asked him to please consider me one of his home folks as long as he remained in Paris.

Margaret threw me a grateful glance, and suggested that perhaps I would go sight-seeing with him, as she was not very strong.

"I wish you had spoken to me yesterday at the De Melcourts," he said, "for I was feeling horribly homesick." Then he looked at Margaret:

"Do you think Sally is very unhappy?"

"Good heavens, no! What makes you think that?"

He glanced in my direction, and I could feel him wondering if it was chivalrous of him to discuss his old friend's marital affairs before me. I was beginning to like Mr. Billy Mortimer.

"Why," he said hoarsely, "how can a woman not be unhappy with a man when she knows he married her for her money? It was just like swapping horses—the arrangement between her lawyer and his lawyer. I had the whole story from one of her Chicago friends."

"Oh," I said, trying to speak casually, "it often works out very well, over here."

"I think it's awful," he declared. "She ought to be *rescued*."

My heart gave a flop. Was it then as a knight in shining armor that he had crossed the Atlantic?

I asked him if he had enjoyed his sea voyage, and he must have thought I wanted to change the subject, for he answered gently, like a good child who has been reproved,

"I didn't enjoy it very much. I don't believe I could ever be happy away from my own country. How you all stand it . . ."

"Margaret," I said, "tell Mr. Mortimer how *you* stand it."

But she was not in a humorous mood.

"I've been transplanted," was all she would say.

"They could never transplant me," he affirmed, looking at her sadly. "I'm so tired already of this meaningless jabber of French all round me. I couldn't be hired to live here for a million dollars a year."

It was then I decided that Margaret must have got "the lie of the land," and could be left alone with him. So I rose, after making an engagement to show Mr. Billy Mortimer a few Parisian objects the following morning at eleven o'clock. His eyes were grateful when I named an hour which left his afternoon free, for any summons which might come to him from the Hôtel de Melcourt.

"Poor lamb!" I thought, as I walked slowly down Margaret's long stairs. "I have a feeling that he may need us both."

During the next ten days I saw much of him. He seemed to cling to me. The spring weather was perfect, Paris was at its loveliest, and an American man-friend, fresh from home, with the American point of view, is refreshing after years of Paris.

Billy Mortimer was an appreciative sight-seer, with a real feeling for history and for art; but when I tried to make him see the point of view of the modern race of human beings among whom he had strayed, he often surprised me.

One day I told him that, while French people cannot understand the freedom with which American men and women go about together in public,



they do not blame us for it; that we are foreigners, and so privileged to be eccentric.

"But don't they know," he said gravely, "that it's *they* who are foreigners and eccentric?"

I spent an hour one afternoon, sitting with him in the Luxembourg gardens, trying to make him understand that it would be a mistake for him to invite Madame de Melcourt to lunch with him in the *Café de la Paix*. The summons he had been expecting had not come, and he was eager to entertain her on his own ground.

"But *you* lunch with me," he protested.

"I can. I haven't married into it, and she has. I lunch with you because we are compatriots and follow our own customs; the Stars and Stripes wave over us invisibly even as we sit here under these chestnut trees. I don't dine in restaurants alone with young Frenchmen, because it's not the custom of their womenfolk."

"You don't mean," he said, "that a Frenchman would think less of a nice American woman because she dined with him in a restaurant!"

"No," I laughed, "I really don't believe he would; but he might take it as a greater compliment than she intended."

He raised his large, dark, troubled eyes.

"It seems to me," he said, "from what you've told me, that a man in Paris may do almost anything at a woman's expense, but that she mustn't do anything at *his* expense."

My peal of laughter did not even surprise him into a smile. He was too busy with his problem.

"I wish," he said, "that I hadn't written asking her to name the hour when I might call, for a real talk; I wish I had simply called and taken my chances."

"Yes," I admitted, "you have, by that second letter, again given the initiative into her hand."

"But suppose she doesn't write? I've waited several days."

"She may have gone to the country for a time," I soothed him.

"Do you suppose," and he flushed a deep red, "that she doesn't want to see me?"

"Why," I was tentative, "she invited you to call last Wednesday. If she hadn't wanted to see you . . ."

Then he told me, pensively, that Miss Emerson had urged him to go to Switzerland and remain there through the month of June, coming back to Paris in July or August.

I thought, "Oh, the foxy one!" For the De Melcourts were never in Paris during July and August.

When he told me that Margaret had also urged him to make a journey round the world, I saw that she was trying to dispose of him finally—of course in the interest of her friend the Marquis.

If Billy had come to Paris with some hidden purpose, would he leave until he had put it to the test? But what *was* his purpose? I still had no idea.

Though he talked incessantly about himself, he never really gave himself away, never revealed any plan beyond the moment. Sometimes it seemed to me that he was merely drifting with the current, a new-rich man on a holiday, only thoughtlessly causing embarrassment to a woman who had jilted him when he was poor.

He loved the idea of being rich, as a child would love a fairy tale come true. He loved the idea sweetly, kindly, considerably for everybody, just as riches should be loved—for what they will buy in the world's market of all desirable things.

One day I had a *petit bleu* from Margaret Emerson:

"It's all true, what B. M. says. He is rich and will be richer."

I puzzled over that message. Had Margaret cabled to Chicago? Could she have doubted his word?

The next time I saw him—he was

lunching with me in my tiny apartment—he said something which startled me. I might have thought nothing of it if Margaret had not sent me that message.

He was cracking walnuts, I remember, when he suddenly raised his brilliant black eyes. "I hope Sally doesn't invite me to dinner, or even to luncheon," he said.

"But why?"

"Simply that I'd rather not be, technically, that man's guest."

I made no answer. Then he *was* planning something! I felt sure of it from that moment.

It was only after he went, and I was alone in my little study trying to write a letter, that I remembered something Margaret had told me that Thursday afternoon a week ago—that when Sally Parsons had refused to see Billy in Chicago, he had "raved about abducting her and forcing her to marry him." He had been "like a madman." Now was that why Margaret had cabled? Did she think . . .

But that was absurd! The man was quiet as a lamb, and he was also kind and good. If he had crossed the ocean to flutter round a flame which had already scorched him . . .

Then I was caught up by another memory. That day at Margaret's, Billy had said of Madame de Melcourt, "She ought to be rescued," and I had had a whimsical vision of him as a knight in shining armor.

Had he brooded so long over her old accusation of mercenary motives against himself that he was now accusing the Marquis? But the Marquis would not have married Mrs. Parsons if she had been a poor woman; while Billy might easily be imagined toiling for her in an office, and bringing home his poor wages on a Saturday night. He had really been working in an office when he "struck oil."

I had made an engagement to drive with him in the *Bois* the following day, and promptly on the hour he

came into my *salon*, bearing an immense bouquet of orchids. His face was all alight.

"Sally used to love orchids," he said.

In the *Bois* we passed Madame de Melcourt, alone in a great mahogany-brown motor car. I noticed before she saw us that she looked troubled, and her recognition of us a second later began with a start and ended in a forced smile.

Billy had seemed to accept my explanation that she must be in the country because he had not heard from her.

"It'll be all right," he said, "now she's come home."

I had not the heart to look at his face, so I kept my eyes on the landscape. He said nothing more about her, but drew my attention to the race-course, off to the right, and to the *Lac Supérieur*, which reminded him of something or other in Chicago. "He is becoming wary," I told myself.

"What really decided you to come to Paris?" I could not help asking.

"Why," he thought a moment, "it was only when that oil company offered me so much money for my wells, that I suddenly *realized* my freedom—my power."

Yes, he was vague, as always; but if he really had the consciousness of power . . .

Chance plays so great a part in the destiny of all of us that I need not stress the peculiar group of happenings which called me unexpectedly away from Paris the next day. I went down to Esbly, on the Marne, where I remained a week, my mind so occupied with nearer friends that I half forgot Billy Mortimer and his affairs. If I had remained in Paris I might have softened things for him a little, have put a tactful pillow of explanation here and there about him, or advised him to lie more quietly on his bed of thorns.

On my return from Esbly I found an amusing note from Margaret:



You seem to have stolen my old bean. Bring him over to tea on Friday. Thanks awfully for keeping him out of mischief—if you really have.

The letter was three days old, and it was already five o'clock on Saturday. There was no word from Billy, as I had written that I would let him know when I came back to Paris; but there was a *petit bleu*, sent that morning, from the Marquise de Melcourt:

Could you come to see me—any time of day or evening? I am not well enough to go out, and I need your help in a very difficult matter which I will explain. I think you are the only person who can help me, and I feel terribly alone.

Well! Of course I would go, for something lurid must have happened. I put on my hat, hailed a *taxi-voiture*, and started forth to answer that S. O. S. from the Faubourg St. Germain.

The Marquise received me in her boudoir, a luxurious pink nest which I had never seen.

"It was so good of you to come!" The little creature, in a pale-blue tea-gown, flew to me and took both my hands.

She placed me in one of the great soft easy-chairs of pink and gold, and threw herself down in the other. She had not neglected in her distress those distinctly Parisian aids to beauty, the very red mouth and the cream-white cheeks. She seemed as perfectly French as the language she chose to speak.

"You remember," she began, "our meeting in the *Bois*? It was the beginning of a great annoyance for me."

"I feared . . ."

"Then he has talked to you about me!"

"But no—that is, nothing of importance."

"Oh, he would, he would! He talks and talks!"

"Yes," I said, "he talks and talks, but he never says anything. I don't even know why he came to Paris."

She made a despairing gesture.

Then, as she had besought my help, I told her frankly of Margaret Emerson's attempt to arouse Billy's interest in Switzerland.

"And he wouldn't go!" she broke in.

"But, you know, one can't take a man by force and set him down outside the fortifications."

"What right had he to come here, anyway?" she demanded.

"But everybody comes to Paris."

"Yes, yes; but everybody doesn't walk back and forth before my gates, till I'm afraid to go out of doors."

"Then you haven't really talked with him?" I was surprised.

"Oh, yes, I've talked with him! He called one afternoon, early. I was alone, *grâce à Dieu*! He was here an hour or more."

"Here?"

"Oh, I don't mean in this room!"

I had not, either; but her shocked denial was a ray of light.

"Have you seen him often, then—walking back and forth outside your gates?"

"Often? Why . . . no . . . why . . . I only saw him once, from the window . . . but I often *feel* he's there."

This was another ray of light.

"Perhaps it was the only time," I suggested.

"Oh! You're trying to reassure me."

"N-no," I said, slowly, "I don't believe I am. Was he very dreadful, then, the day you had your talk with him?"

"Yes, very dreadful. Oh, I wonder if I ought to tell you!" She had dropped suddenly into English as she voiced the Puritanical, the very American "ought." And I answered her in English, "But why not?" for if I could get her back into the stratum of consciousness where Sally Parsons used to dwell . . .

But she loyally returned to the French tongue.

"I must," she cried, "I must tell some one! Nobody knows anything about it. I'm supposed to be suffering

from neuralgia. I've had to cancel engagements."

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Oh, yes, yes! You see, I don't know what he might do. When a man can entertain such a mad idea, when he can propose such a wicked thing!"

"But," I said, "I've never known just what his idea was. Was it so wicked, then?"

"The very worst."

That was not very explicit.

"Was it almost too bad to tell?" I asked.

She beat her little jeweled hands together, crying: "Oh, he wants me to leave my husband! He wants me to leave France, to divorce my husband, and marry him!"

I could have laughed, or wept—it was so like Billy. As Margaret said, he was incalculable. He knew only what he wanted.

After a long pause I said, very gravely, "Yes, that would be about the worst thing you could do if . . ."

"If . . ." she leaned forward.

"If you don't want to."

She fell backward in her chair, speechless, just staring at me.

"Perhaps," I said, "it will be easier for you if you face it out, just like that."

And still she gazed at me.

Then suddenly recovering herself, she began to abuse Billy Mortimer. He was an utterly immoral person. He had no idea of the sanctity of marriage. He had no delicacy. He had taken for granted that all Frenchmen were untrue to their wives. He had even assured himself that the great mass of her fortune was safe from "foreign interference," as he called it. He wanted her to settle a half-million on the Marquis's heir, the little Philippe André, and another half-million on her husband, and *escape*—that was the word he used—escape back to her own land and her own people. He was building a great house for her in Chicago, this fantastic Billy Mortimer. He had brought the plans to her, blue prints, and a lovely

picture in water colors of what it was going to look like. Oh, there was never such a man since the beginning of the world! His effrontery! His wickedness! His utter disregard of everything high and noble! And he was probably waiting there now, outside her gates, with that awful lawyer's report in his pocket, with the blue prints.

"Lawyer's report?" I queried.

"Oh! Didn't I tell you? He showed me a letter from a lawyer, saying that if I forced the issue in one of the Western States—I forget which—I could secure my freedom to become Mrs. William Smith Mortimer. Isn't he shameless? Wasn't I justified in forbidding him ever to enter these doors again? If he ever, ever . . ."

Words failed her. She buried her face in the arm of the pink and gold easy-chair and sobbed like a homesick child.

I let her cry, for it seemed the kindest thing to do. I could have cried myself, she was so loyal to the man she did *not* love.

"Perhaps," I said, after a while, "you could take a little trip to Chicago—you and the Marquis." My wish now was to keep from her the full light of her own unconscious revelations.

She raised her wet face, and dropped again into English.

"And that insolent man wanted me to *buy off* the noblest, the finest, the most considerate . . ."

"Buy off? Oh, I wouldn't put it in that way!"

"But that's the way *he* put it. Buy! Buy! Since I was ten years old, it has been like that. The girl I loved best at school chose me for a chum because my father was rich. My lovely mother told me on her deathbed that she married my father for his money. My first husband married me for my money. When he died, twenty other men wanted to marry me for my money. And Billy Mortimer, too—oh, I just couldn't stand it! He broke my heart, talking about that awful money, he just b-b-roke my heart!"



"You poor thing!"

Suddenly she leaned forward and clutched my hands.

"He told me you were a friend of his. Will you get him out of Paris? Will you?"

I hesitated.

"Oh," she cried, "I just can't have Billy here! My husband is so good to me! He even made his mother love me, and the old Duchess, too—not just tolerate me. It would have been very hard in the beginning when I had so much to learn, if the whole family hadn't been so kind. And the little boy, Philippe André. Oh, I love to hear him call me *petite maman*! He can marry for love when he's a man—I've attended to that."

A light rap on the door startled us both.

It was the Marquis, in riding clothes, fresh and animated after a canter in the *Bois*. He gracefully apologized for the interruption, and asked with such charming sympathy about his wife's "neuralgia," that my wavering allegiance was with him from that moment. Suddenly I understood Margaret's long affection for him, and Sally's loyalty. In the intimacy of that little pink and gold room his personality seemed to justify an ancient and—to us—alien tradition.

At his entrance Sally had slipped back, instantly, to her role of the French wife. The distracted American woman of the moment before was gone, like a picture in the cinema. "How does she ever do it?" I asked myself. "It's like a dissociation." Yes, a dissociation—that's precisely what it was.

As I was bidding them good-by I inserted four English words: "I'll do my best" into the middle of a French sentence.

She understood, and thanked me with her eyes.

On the way home I thought it out. Billy wouldn't do. The memories were too painful that he stirred up in her. There was a deep matter of pride in-

volved. Women like Sally—and she *was* fine, all through, and terribly sensitive—are compelled to find a way to self-respect. The Marquis increased her personal value, and Billy lessened it. "And anyhow," I defended my point of view, "a marriage is a marriage. But—oh, it must have been awful for her, even in Chicago years ago, to be really in love with Billy!"

At nine o'clock that evening he appeared in my little *salon*, subdued and somewhat bewildered, taciturn and still gently uncomprehending.

Rather breathlessly, perhaps, for I did not like the job and hurried through it, I made him understand that Madame de Melcourt was inexorable in her decision not to see him again. I spoke only truth in saying that she was devoted to her husband, for there is more than one kind of devotion. Respect and admiration may be almost as intense as love, and often—women know it—a much more urgent need.

I suppose it was the idea of her having asked me to get rid of him—for I owed it to our good-fellowship to make no secret of that—which finally convinced him that Sally refused to be "rescued." It would have seemed irrelevant to express the real sympathy I felt for his indestructible love; all I could say was, "I'm awfully sorry, Billy Mortimer."

But, of course, I did not tell him of the great light which had dawned on me in the pink and gold boudoir. That was a secret between women.

"You've been very good to me," Billy said, as he stood by the door, boyishly fingering his hat, and with that peculiar downward twist at the corners of his mouth which I had noticed that first day in the Hôtel de Melcourt. "Yes, I'll take the next steamer for home. I don't belong here, anyway, and I'd only bother Sally by staying. But will you tell her something for me? Will you tell her that if she ever changes her mind, if she ever gets tired of Paris, I'll be right out there in Chicago—and

single. Nobody's going to marry me for my money."

Early in July I was called back to New York—for a few months, as I supposed, but I remained in America eight years. I had exchanged a few letters with Madame de Melcourt, then she drifted out of my life and her image half faded away.

With Margaret Emerson I still carried on an irregular correspondence—long letters with three months, six months, sometimes a year between them. France, with all the memories of my life there, came to seem like pages of an old romance read long ago.

Then suddenly one December day in New York I decided to return to Paris. It was like being young again—that swift impulse to action. A week later I was on the ocean.

Paris, after eight years! The thrill and the wonder of it!

I did not want to see my friends that first night, neither the French nor those Americans who had through long association become insensitive to all those delicate first impressions by which Paris lays her spell upon the stranger. I wanted to recapture the picture, as it had appeared to me in youth—alien, utterly alien, and bearing within itself a race-tradition that never could be shared. I even regretted that I could not hear the language again as the stranger hears it, and that the picture *must* be a little blurred for me by past familiarity.

A young American woman whom I met with her French husband on the steamer had asked me to go to the Opera with her that first night. "The very thing!" I thought. There was no better place for me than the Opera in which to re-live my old discovery of Paris, because the first night I had been in Paris, as a girl, I had stolen away alone and gone to the Opera. So, when the young woman invited me, the readiness of my acceptance must have surprised her. I knew her so slightly,

that going with her was almost like going alone.

"I want to give my husband this evening with his mother," she had said. "He hasn't seen her for three months. I'd be in the way to-night."

As we came to our seats in the second tier of boxes, there it was complete—the picture as I remembered it. The Opera House was filling rapidly. As on that first night years ago, the women seemed to me like birds of many-colored plumage, with their jewels. And everywhere smiles, nods, and low-voiced laughter, with the running accompaniment of that French staccato murmur of many voices that is unlike any other sound in the world.

I caught my breath—then turned to my companion. She felt it, too.

During the first *entr'acte* I said to her, "No wonder they call Paris the paradise of women. One feels of all women here, even the old ones—and perhaps more especially of the old ones—that they are in their right place, their inevitable place, ordained from the beginning of things."

"I'm still a little afraid of those old Frenchwomen," she confided to me. "I just can't get near them, somehow, though they try to be nice to me for Victor's sake. Look at that one down there to the left, the small gray-haired woman in black jet, with the white fan, in the first row of boxes. She's an old French Marquise, a friend of my mother-in-law, and that's her only son with her. I have an idea that she dislikes Americans; but how can a woman who doesn't speak a word of English really know anything about us? Doesn't she look proud? I suppose her great-grandmother's head was cut off in the French Revolution."

And she leaned forward, watching as if fascinated the mother and son.

"Do you see," she breathed, "how he hangs on every word she says—the deference, the beautiful, beautiful deference? Well, she *is* wonderful, in a way we can never quite understand."



There was something to me vaguely familiar in the outline of that iron-gray head, with its confident pose, and I raised my opera glass. . . .

Then I gasped. It was Sally. The young man was of course Philippe André, with his "*petite maman*."

I gazed at her. . . . Still the same cream-white skin. No longer the vivid lips. Something else—a thing I could hardly name. The face had settled into its ultimate lines; there was less beauty now—no prettiness. The face was thinner, the nose surprisingly aquiline. I had not remembered that her nose was aquiline. The *something* which had puzzled me was not quite haughtiness—no, certainly not haughtiness—but strength. The mouth, if it spoke English at all, would speak it with an accent that was French. The black gown, assured and elegant in line, did not proclaim itself distinctly French; you would not see its like in any of the *salons* of those Paris dressmakers famous to the outside world. The old artifices were gone, for she had no need of them. Once the over-red mouth, the deliberately pallid skin, the so obviously Parisian gowns, had been the means of her seeming French. Now she *was* French. Then it had been an illusion. This was reality.

"Why," I said aloud, "it can't be—she can't be more than forty-seven or eight!"

"You know her, then?" asked Madame de Fonteval, in surprise.

"Yes. She's the daughter of Phineas P. Juggins of Chicago. She's not Philippe André's mother, but his step-mother."

My little hostess had grown quite pale, and she did not say a word for several minutes. I could feel the tensivity of her cogitation, as she looked straight before her into nothingness. Finally she whispered, "It makes me afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Yes. Will it change *me* like that?"

I looked at her. How did she know it was change?

"She wasn't always like that . . . was she?"

"No," I said, "she wasn't . . . like that."

"Will I lose *my* self, like that, do you suppose?"

After a long pause, I answered, "No, perhaps not. It was different, with Madame de Melcourt."

She looked at me, and I knew she was about to ask me another question; but just then the curtain went up.

The next morning I went over to the Rue Vavin. Margaret Emerson was sixty-nine years old then, and still writing her brilliant weekly letters for the Chicago newspaper. Wonderful Margaret! When I had partially satisfied her desire for American news, I pictured for her my view of Madame de Melcourt and her stepson in their box the night before, and waited for her comment.

"Yes," she smiled, "they're hoping to marry Philippe André to the second daughter of—well, let's call him the Duc de — De Melcourt told me yesterday. I see him often, of course; but the Marquise calls on me only about twice a year, with her husband—never alone. She's not quite easy with me, and she'd have dropped me long ago, with her other American friends, if I hadn't introduced De Melcourt to her."

"And what do you suppose has become of Billy Mortimer?" I asked.

"Billy Mortimer! Billy Mortimer!" She lost herself for a minute or two. . . . "It seems a thousand years. There *isn't* any Sally to wait for any more. You saw the Marquise de Melcourt last night, didn't you, my dear? Why, do you know, I had almost forgotten Billy Mortimer."

"Margaret," I said, after an interval of silence, "I repeat the question I asked you that first day, you remember, before Billy came in: Is it a tragedy, a farce, or what?"

"And I also repeat," she said: "That depends upon the point of view."

# Golden Cities of Sicily

BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN

CLOSE to the ground like an ant heap—that is how I should depict Palermo, if only an ant heap were beautiful and radiant with color. For Palermo is one of the loveliest cities in the world.

It is no Spotless Town, but it is one of those old-world Mediterranean cities, eternally wise, over which all history and civilization have rolled, eternally primitive, busy, absorbed, swarming with life. The vitality of Palermo is irresistible. It is not so much like a fountain playing as it is like a current leaping, winding, eddying, intent—intent upon what?—upon bread and fish and garlic and trifling small goods.

You meet some one and inquire,

"How do you like Palermo?"

"I hate it," is the answer. "I arrived yesterday and I am leaving to-morrow."

Yet the next person may tell you that he comes there every year, or that he came twenty years ago and has lived there ever since. People hate Palermo or they love it. It is rich man, poor man, beggar man, and all the rest of it rolled into one. Come there in sunshine and you bask; come in rain and you desire to flee. Few of the many who visit Palermo ever really see it.

One of our fellow-passengers, a large, traveled lady known on shipboard as the Duchess of Park Avenue, who allowed it generally to be known that the best was none too good for her, sniffed audibly as we jammed into the customs shed on the docks.

"What a dreadful little place," she loudly informed us, "and how disgusting to have it rain when we arrive!"

She spoke as though the authorities had turned on the rain as a gratuitous insult to her dignity.

The most expensive hotel in Palermo stands well outside the city, and thither promptly moved out the Duchess and her Ditto, another lady of similar tastes, because from a distance you can look with so much more contempt upon the place you have come to visit. But Palermo didn't care.

In all Italy, in all Europe, perhaps, Palermo is the nearest to an oriental city. Wherever the Arabs may have left their greatest, most enduring monuments, here at all events they left behind them some of their vitality, their intense oriental absorption in sheer living, in the very stuff of life itself.

Has there been a war in Europe? Oh, yes—no doubt. There have been many wars. But it is too much to expect Palermo to take count of them. For so long Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Greeks, Arabs, Normans, Germans, French, Italians, have swept, blustered, wrangled, quarreled, fought like dogs over Palermo, that you can hardly blame the city for a fatalistic, oriental indifference by now. Like life itself, Palermo goes perpetually on.

The great number who visit there remain but the one day the ship pauses in the harbor. Feverishly, they dash in the automobile of a tourist agency to the cathedral at Monreale, to the cathedral in town, to the Palatine Chapel, and say afterward,

"Isn't it good to get back to the ship?"

As the ship steams out toward Naples or toward Gibraltar, and they look back upon the colorful, glittering city, half sprawling, half nestling at the foot of Monte Pellegrino, then for the first time they see that it is really beautiful—





*Painting by F. K. Gruger*

*Illustration for "Sicilian Cities"*

PALERMO'S MARKET PLACE IS ALMOST ORIENTAL IN COLOR







SCULPTURED COLUMNS AT MONREALE

that they have missed what is in many respects the most interesting city in Europe.

It is only if you remain there long enough that you learn to shun the broad new thoroughfares and merge again and again into the narrow crowded ones. For there is the life and the vivid chequered soul of Palermo. Your nose is your guide. Where the smells are thickest there is the vitality of Palermo.

At the Quattro Canti, the four corners, where the Corso Vittorio Emanuele cuts the Via Maqueda, I used to stand some-

times for hours, feeling the delicious sense of being immersed in sheer life, as a swimmer is swept by surf. A few steps along the Corso and I could enter the most sumptuous club on the island of Sicily, an old Spanish palace, filled now with the grandees of Palermo who talk foreign affairs, finance, politest of polite letters and the music of *Die Tote Stadt*. In Parisian frocks and London clothes you see there young and old descendants of Phœnicians probably, certainly of Moors, of Normans, of Spaniards, and even of Italians—though

no Sicilian will ever call himself an Italian.

"*Sono Siciliano*," they always answer haughtily.

A few paces to the right in the Via Maqueda and you can step down into fruit and vegetable markets reeking with the smells of centuries, filled with chaffering, dickering, gesticulating women, men, tall, brilliant-eyed Arabs in the shirts and trousers of the occident, fair-haired Nordic strains, a medley of races, obviously, but all Sicilians, fierce, vociferous, kindly, clamorous, intensely vivid.

I do not mean to imply that there is no other sight-seeing to be done here. The island of Sicily has remains so ancient that by comparison the Continent of Europe on the whole is the merest of upstarts. Those long Normans who went about carving out kingdoms with their double-edged long swords, built monuments and churches presumably with especially long trowels and by the aid of oversized hods. For those that remain are masterpieces. And the Normans were among the latest conquerors of Sicily.

Intensely human they must have been, those Normans from Normandy. And though you hate them for their cruelties, you cannot but admire them for their courage, their prowess, and their shrewd statesmanship. In some respects they were almost superhuman. Their leaders had a way of taking forty knights and giving battle to an army of thousands of Arabs, or of conquering an island like Malta with thirteen followers. It was almost like fictions by Dumas made real. They always fought ostensibly for the Church and generally stood well with the popes, who were fond of investing them with the sovereignty of lands yet unconquered. But as the Arabs predominated in the Palermitan population, the Norman Rogers, once they took Palermo, proceeded to live like Emirs in their midst. They kept harems, made the Arabic language legal, and employed Arab bodyguards.

That seemed to interfere in no way with their building of such great churches as those at Cefalù, at Monreale, the Chapel Palatine, the Cathedral at Palermo.

Even the tourist of half a day in Palermo is inevitably whirled to the Palatine Chapel. The palace itself, as you approach it from the Gramercy-Parklike Piazza Vittoria, is unremarkable enough—for the most part a seventeenth-century yellowish building where Spanish viceroys ruled on behalf of Philip V. You would scarcely give it a second glance. Few Palermitans give it even a first glance as they saunter by. But once you enter the gate and make your way by the drab stone-paved courtyard up the stairs to the gallery and to the chapel you enter another world.

In the twelfth century the palace, was magnificent. In those days Arabs used to write books of travel and possibly magazine articles. One of these Spanish Arab globe trotters, Ibn-Giobair, wrote:

"While being conducted to the Presence, we traversed esplanades, courts and gateways of the King, where the eye met so many noble structures, estraded terraces, gardens and pavilions for the gentry of the Court, that our eyes were dazzled and our spirits astounded."

That is how travel was written in Arabic. Those estraded terraces are vanished as are King and gentry. But the chapel is there as dazzling and astounding as in the days of Ibn-Giobair. Its Latin shape, its Byzantine design, its stalactite ceiling "dripping with all the elaborate richness of Saracen art," seem an interior out of the Arabian Nights. It is exactly the kind of tabernacle in which Christian kings, whose vestments were decorated with Arabic inscriptions, who lived surrounded by harems and eunuchs, would desire to worship their cosmopolitan God. Upon the astonished eye suddenly bursts forth the shine and



glimmer of mosaic as a fine art, the mosaic of Byzantium which worked in little blocks of colored, gilded stone and glass as other arts worked in tempera and paints.

Mosaic in general sounds stiff and unexciting, but seen here in the chapel of the Norman Rogers and of the Sicilian Hohenstaufens, it is a ravishing thing full of charm and light. Whole narratives are told in this seemingly unmanageable medium—the lives of the Saviour, of Peter and Paul, all the legends of the Old Testament in life-like glowing, scintillant figures and scenes.

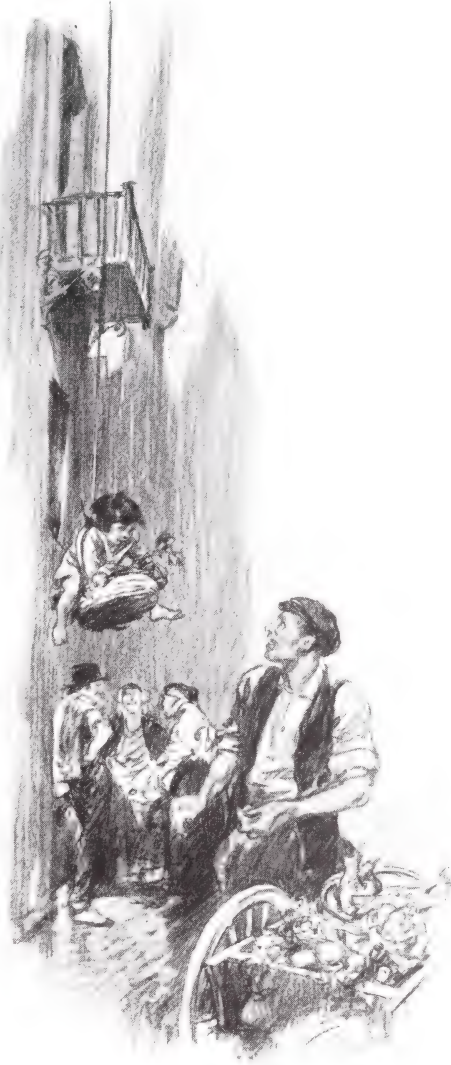
The dark shadows of the dimly lighted chapel seem to recede and the subtle brilliance of the mosaic on every wall, in every corner, emerges with the soft golden glimmer of spiritual things. Christ entering Jerusalem—it seems as if in no other medium, certainly not in mere paints, could that scene be depicted with the appropriate subtle splendor. You are lost in the pictures and you suddenly wake to realize you are seeing a lost art.

The Duchess of Park Avenue, however, whom we chanced to meet at the chapel one morning, did not wholly approve of it.

"Don't you know," she observed, "it is a little out of date. I ought to value it, for it is Byzantine. And on my mother's side we ourselves are descended from a Byzantine emperor. But really this kind of thing to-day—"

We did not ask which Byzantine emperor. Anyway, it wasn't all Byzantine. At least some of the work in this Christian church was done by Mahomedan Arabs, just as Frederick II wore robes with embroidered Arabic invocations to the Christ. If ever there was a melting pot here was one. Yet we consider our American melting pot a new phenomenon. It is because Europe has lost the art of fusing that there is still so much unease and unrest there now. Many of the common people I talked with in Europe see no salvation for the suspicious squabbling continent but a United States of Europe—if only the antiquated statesmen could realize it. Well, those statesmen had better go back for instruction to the Norman Hautevilles and

the clever Frederick II of Hohenstaufen. Indeed, that the living statesmen shall join those past masters in tolerance, and join them soon, seems to be the most ardent wish of the European people. . . .



A SICILIAN ELEVATOR

The Cathedral almost across the way from the palace, though much altered, amended and rebuilt, is another Norman-Byzantine-Moorish monument of a lovely warm coloring, somewhat resembling St. Mark's in Venice, with Arabic inscriptions still visible on certain columns. Time, that great harmonizer, has fused and colored many elements into one exquisite design. But to me the notable things in that cathedral are the six porphyry tombs of the Hauteville-Hohenstaufen dynasty.

In a chapel to the left of the entrance those canopied porphyry mausoleums, some eight centuries old, stand massive and solid, yet giving oddly the effect of old-fashioned cradles rocking their burdens in the eternal sleep. I am no specialist in tombs and I generally avoid them. But these alone seem to exhale so much dignity and peace, that somehow they give you the deep, silent effect of a group of temples. There they lie enshrined, that King Roger of Sicily and his grandson, Frederick II, who kept harems because many of their subjects were Mussulmans, and, presumably because they wanted to. Their harems were euphemistically described as the Royal Silk Embroidery Works, because the young women in the eunuch-guarded halls were thus accustomed to pass their time.

Frederick was always being urged to undertake a new crusade, and how he did dread it! The very idea bored him horribly. It was as though the Prince of Wales were urged to "Enlist in the Navy for Travel." Frederick had not only traveled all he had desired, but he had the Orient right there in Palermo. There were those Embroidery Works, and he had philosophers, astronomers, learned men, Greeks, Arabs, Jews, always about him for high intellectual conversation. Amid the gardens and fountains of his palace life was pleasant indeed!

Constance also lies in one of those porphyry cradles, as well as her husband Henry VI, son of Barbarossa.—the

mother and father of Frederick. His wife, another Constance, is near him. The other two are some nobodies among the later rulers of Sicily.

Yet, when one thinks of it, what were they, any of them, but cruel and lustful tyrants, little better than savage chieftains for all their vestments, pomp, and cathedrals? And it is suddenly revealed to one that all our history and all of our study of history is still on a semi-savage basis. It becomes apparent that Professor Robinson in his golden book *The Mind in the Making* is correct in showing that we are still amazingly near to the savage and all enmeshed in mediævalism; that our teaching of history is grotesquely askew, and that holding up, say, a Richard Cœur-de-Lion as a hero to our school children is little better than making a pattern of Jesse James.

Europe is sprawling in misery to-day and all but helpless because such have been her heroes and, inevitably, such her ideals. And we in America are only now waking up to the taint we have not wholly escaped.

Wake up early any morning in your hotel at Palermo if your hotel is in the town—and you will hear grand opera being sung in the alley or courtyard of the house below, magnificent voices, rich, florid, southern.

"Does a singer live there?" you ask the maid who brings the hot water.

"Oh, no signor!" she assures you. "It is not a singer but a workmanman going to his work, or possibly the baker's boy."

The front of that workman's dwelling may, and often does, resemble a combined cellar and stable—windowless, dark, damp. But its occupant is trilling love songs and arias at six o'clock in the morning. And from those stone hovels issue magnificent fellows, often with Moorish eyes and complexions, shouldering their way into the swarming population. Civilization, so far as they are concerned, has been a matter for





THE BEAUTIFUL CLOISTERS OF SAN GIOVANNI DEGLI EREMITI

the kings, the nobility and the rich. It has passed them by. They are merely populace.

Where the houses have grown vertically, as in a busy city even as ancient as Palermo they must grow, the fish and the garlic and the macaroni are sent up to the top-story windows in a basket.

"*Il bambino!*" cries the housewife from above to the grocer's lad below. He looks round. There behind his legs is a two-year-old child on the pavement. With one movement of his hand he gathers in the *bambino*, plumps him

down in the basket atop of the fish and the garlic, and, overhand, the mother pulls up the groceries and the child to her window ledge. You shudder to think what would happen if that child moved half way up in its ascent. But the child is well trained and does not move.

Besides, in the swarming city of Palermo life is cheap. Life has always been cheap in Sicily, from the time when the original Sicilians were first impressed into subjection by the Phoenicians and the Greeks seven or eight

centuries B.C. Modern civilization is the anachronism here. Modern civilization—what is it but a tramway line that demands the exorbitant price of two cents for a ride in these tax-ridden post-war days, or the annoying honk of an occasional motor car nosing through the Corso? Civilization is little more than that.

Palermo, one imagines, was far more civilized in the time of the Arabs. Ibn Haukal, another of my Arabian predecessors, who visited Palermo just 952 years ago, found it so magnificent and opulent that he was overcome with admiration not only for the great traffic of commerce with Africa, Spain and Italy, but for the three hundred mosques which adorned the city. Every trade, grade, class, and guild of the citizens had its own mosques. No wonder that some of the earliest churches were merely some of these mosques transformed!

San Giovanni degli Eremiti is one such church. With its five red domes or cupolas, with the loveliest of all cloister-gardens surrounding it, it seems to exclude the noise and swarming life of Palermo like some magical palace in a fairy tale. The brief span of a lifetime, all the hurly-burly of to-day are suddenly nullified. A thousand years were veritably but a day, and we suddenly felt a thousand excuses for the foolish humanity of our generation, as one might feel excuses for a schoolboy who has been forced to advance too rapidly. A thousand years—what were they?

Gruger began making sketches with puckers of concentration on his forehead and murmuring that he wished he could spend a month there. It sounded as though he had said a minute. That is one reason why this side of Paradise there seems to be so little comfort in the wise, and why travel of this kind brings to the traveler a new touch of tolerance and patience.

We lingered there in the charming oriental garden with its soft air, its gleaming oranges, lemons, and mandarins set in verdure, among the slender time-

tinted columns of the cloisters—and life was flowing to another rhythm, like a man's pulse when the fever leaves him. We found ourselves speaking softly as though fearing to break the spell, or to disturb the brooding, smiling genius of the place. The old Moslem Allah, so often invoked there in the past, seems to be looking on with laughter-stirred eyes, saying,

"Well, and do you think your thousand years of progress so very superior now?"

In the center of the garden was a well, exquisitely shaped and sculptured. We saw a great bulk bending over it. Behold, it was our Duchess—the Duchess of Park Avenue.

"Can't tell me that water is fit to drink," she muttered sniffing. "Just smell it. I'd like to send a gallon of that to the Lederle laboratories. These Moors couldn't have been very sanitary, could they?"

"Hardly," answered her companion.

"But the place isn't bad," pursued the Duchess speculatively. "Gives me an idea for our place at Rye." Finally, however, even the voice of the Duchess was stilled. The exquisite proportions of the columns, the airy grace of the garden set like a jewel, made an impression even on her. She demanded a chair. She and her "Ditto" were silent. All in the garden were gratefully silent. They were in the presence of a supremely beautiful creation.

The Martorana not far away resembles the Eremiti somewhat, but nothing on the face of the earth is quite like it, either so eloquent or so peaceful—so near to perfection. The Martorana too has domes, also a garden and some bits of mosaic. But beauty does not reign there secure as at the Eremiti—only memory. Once outside these shrines and you are in the swarming city again and a man offers you cheap German shoe-laces at ever so little the pair.

The swarm and the cheapness of modern Palermo drive many to almost



continuous sight-seeing—which is regrettable. But lucky Palermo! To have so many sights to see for those who would escape the population!

Monreale alone is worth coming for. I do not mean merely the Cathedral of Monreale, though that is a wonder, but the whole town of some fifteen or sixteen thousand which has grown up round it and the superb view of the *Conca d' Oro* below, the Golden Shell—and surely no more beautiful name has ever been given to a beautiful valley! It is a valley so enriched by nature that no wonder every conqueror since the Phœnicians has felt that a city must remain forever planted there—there among the verdure and the blossoms and the flaming oranges and the golden lemon trees, against the eternal blue of the sea and sky.

The Arabs took a great delight in this *Panormus* of the Phœnicians and after the Arabs, the Normans from Normandy with the salt rime of icy northern waters still in their blood, with the mists and fogs and snows of the north still in their eyes, beheld the Golden Shell of Palermo and knew that their own peculiar Promised Land was attained. The most ruthless of vandals could not bring themselves to destroy it—as another city some fifty miles distant, Segesta, was destroyed, razed, wiped from off the face of its hillside. Palermo is one of those fortunate cities that, like a great legend, must live forever.

The Cathedral at Monreale is a marvel. Baedeker says it contains over 70,000 square feet of mosaic decorations. No doubt it does. We did not measure them. The Duchess, however, whose motor arrived simultaneously with our tramcar, did square off the walls with



EVEN THE SICILIAN CART HORSES ARE DECORATIVE

her eye unaided into spaces the size of her dining-room walls. She made it less than sixty-five thousand feet.

"But you must allow for slight errors," she conceded.

As she went on, scanning the rods and furlongs of glittering Old and New Testament pictures, she suddenly fixed her eye upon one spot and nudged her companion sharply.

"Look at that," she whispered hoarsely. "There is Noah after the Flood. He is letting the lion out at the front door of the Ark, while his wife is letting the lamb out at the back. Can't tell me those animals are not going to meet soon."

Those thousands of square feet of mosaic are said to be one of the wonders the world. And having done our duty by them, we left them to the Duchess and quickly passed out to another cloister, next door, that remains over from Saracen times. It is said there are two hundred and sixteen columns, no less, in these cloisters. There may be. We only knew that as we gazed at the light graceful arches, at those slender columns, not tall, not in the least overwhelming, but exquisite models of their kind, we forgot the rate of exchange, forgot that it was Tuesday, or that we had any other business upon earth than just to look. Benedictine monks once used to wander about those cloisters. Of the monks there is no





*Drawn by F. R. Gruger*

THE RUINED CATHEDRAL OF MESSINA



memory now. One thinks only of the nameless architects who planted a rare shape of beauty there on the top of Palermo. But when is an architect's name ever recorded! Tchekhov has a tale somewhere to show that fame attends only upon actresses, prize fighters and demagogues, seldom upon builders and makers.

Through a door in the wall of this cloister-garden you pass out upon the ancient foundations of the Benedictine monastery, now also a garden. There another view of the *Conca d' Oro* surprises you. Monte Pellegrino and the other rough-skinned hills form the gray wrinkled background, and the sea, the color of which it is useless to describe in words, makes the dazzling foreground. Between them lies the Golden Shell and the nestling gleaming city. You gaze out over this scene, inhale the orange scent, and you wonder why so many Sicilians come to America. Nothing surely could be more alluring than that sun-drenched valley, and that jewellike city.

The number of "talking-points" for civic publicity here overlooked is simply criminal. In vain I looked everywhere for large signs from either the "Booster's Club" or the Chamber of Commerce urging, "Build Your Factory Here," "A Few More Splendid Sites with Trackage," or "Palermo is growing—Come and Grow With Us." But such is the lack of pep among the Palermitans that they overlook bets right and left and have no idea how to "sell themselves" to up and coming business men. What they need most is a bright young up-to-the-minute go-getter. But except in the matter of your small change and at the hotels they are left at the post.

The only place where I saw any palpable signs of the go-getter spirit was at the Museo Nazionale. That museum, what with the remains of so many civilizations that have passed over Sicily, contains what is virtually a history of civilization from the Stone Age. But the

authorities, on the plea of lack of guards, have so arranged that on the day you are allowed to view the Phœnician pottery or coins or Arabic remains you cannot see the metopes, or mural sculptures from Selinunte.

Now those metopes are among the best known antiquities of their kind in the world. For the city of Selinus was destroyed in 429 B.C. So that in the metopes you get a kind of history of the development of Greek sculpture. You discern what an aptitude they had for it, yet how far they were from perfection in their 'prentice days until they culminated in Praxiteles.

The Duchess was heard to exclaim that she had better sculptures than that over her large fireplace at Rye. All the same, they are exceedingly interesting, those works from the seventh to the fifth centuries B. C., when the Greeks began, so to speak, to lisp in stone.

You have to come another day for the other things—the *Sala Araba*, the coins, the vases, the antique bronzes, some of the rarest in existence. And, of course, you have to pay another admission. Yet herein alone an efficiency engineer, a go-getter might discern the one ray of hope for Palermitan enterprise.

Take it all in all, it is not any one thing or "sight" in Palermo of which one would like to give an impression, but the city as a whole, its brightness, its movement, its endless flow and swarm of street life under the southern sun. It is that which is forever elusive, yet forever exciting. You cannot label it with the fez or turban or bournous of an oriental city. It is European enough in its way, and at the Club impeccable ladies and gentlemen in fashionable clothes are listening to Brahms concertos and drinking tea and cocktails. But it is an oriental city for all that. There is a mysteriousness about the swift vivid life, from the brightly painted little donkey carts, with whole books of the Bible in pre-Raphaelite colors on each cart, to the inscrutable, invisible Mafia

that is supposed to stalk about unseen like a pestilence.

Always you are vaguely aware that the Mafia exists. You read of a stabbing or a murder in the newspapers and involuntarily you murmur "Mafia." In some ways you can hardly see how they could do without the Mafia in Palermo. Frederick Gruger and the writer made a hundred and forty-kilometer journey by motor to Segesta to see a famous Greek temple. Through the savage, lonely countryside, through mountain passes and forgotten townlets, we were driven by a stalwart two-fisted chauffeur said to be a "*Mafiuso*." It seemed a positive safeguard and protection to have that chauffeur. Wherever he paused, mysterious strangers appeared seemingly out of nowhere to greet him and to confer with him. He was constantly nodding and greeting people with rifles slung over their shoulders, carried here as six-shooters used to be carried in the West. We felt comfortably safe with him. And it was he we commissioned to pay the muleteers for our donkeys. Considering that Gruger rode his ass all the way as Napoleon rode his charger, that ride was worth a good deal of money to both of us. But the charges were very moderate, and here at last we found ourselves paying for something in Sicily without meeting protest or argument. That *Mafiuso* was better than a passport for us.

Messina is said to be another stronghold of the Mafia.

"Just what is the Mafia?" I asked a resident Messinese.

"Ah, it is nothing," he answered with a grimace of perplexity—as though he he might have said, boys will be boys. "It is a sort of brotherhood," he went on. "But, no, it is not that—more a sort of fellowship. The law, you see, the Government—it is too slow. Sometimes you want quicker action. The Mafia supplies that."

The same sort of definition has been given of New York's East Side gangs.

So quick is the action of the Mafia at times that a man may enter the train at, say, Messina, and arrive a corpse at Palermo. Something like this actually happened in the case of a certain Italian army officer who had shown hostility to the Mafia. He took his seat in a first-class carriage alone. There is a long tunnel just outside of Messina on the way to Palermo. When the train entered the tunnel that officer was still alone and alive. By the time it had emerged he was dead—murdered.

"But not any of this," my informant explained "has any reference whatever to foreigners." All these "accidents" are based on local domestic feuds. Everywhere in Sicily you hear the same thing. Foreigners have nothing to fear. I traveled in a railway compartment with a priest from Girgenti to a junction called Roccapalumba on the way to Palermo. At the stations there were always a certain number of men with rifles hanging from their shoulders.

"What do they carry those rifles for?" I asked the priest.

"For self-defense," was the laconic reply.

"Do you also have to carry weapons?" I asked. His cure he had told me lay in the region of the sulphur mines through which we were passing.

"Oh, yes, I am armed," he answered simply and his hand unconsciously strayed to the side of his soutane. But he, too, hastened to add that it was all in the family, that strangers had nothing to fear.

The only evidences of attempts upon the foreigner in Messina are on the part of the railway porters. To them you are heaven-sent prey. They think nothing of demanding forty *lire* for transferring a trunk from one train to another. Once I argued the point with a pack of them.

"I am poor!" cried one of them. "Look at my shoes. They cost a hundred *lire*!"

"Look at mine." I told him, "they cost two hundred *lire*—and I am poor, too."



"You can travel!" he countered triumphantly—a standing proof of the foreigner's affluence.

"Come to the *capo stazione*," I invited him. "Let the station master settle our dispute." He laughed, and accepted ten lire—which is ten times the pre-war tip for a similar service.

The truth is, living in Italian cities is now furiously expensive and the poor are almost desperate. The taxes and the living costs are at the top of the curve. A medical student of Palermo University bitterly complained to me:

"Before the war I could get board and lodging for seventy-five *lire* a month. Now at the least I must pay five hundred."

A tourist before the war paid, let us say, ten or twelve *lire* a day in a decent hotel or pension. That was two dollars or two-forty the day. Now he pays for similar accommodation sixty *lire* a day, plus ten to fifteen per cent of his bill for "service," plus about seven per cent for "luxury" tax, plus a "sojourn tax," plus some minor taxes. Even when the dollar is worth twenty *lire*, it brings the expense still to double the pre-war cost. And to know how annoying all those piled up taxes may be you must go to Italy.

So far as Messina is concerned, however, few foreigners experience its difficulties. Like Catania farther down the coast, it is studiously avoided except as a point through which to pass on the way elsewhere. It has just now all the characteristics of a boom town. Since the earthquake it has been in a frenzy of construction. The war halted everything, but now it has resumed. The building trades and unions rule the city.

Everywhere are still masses of ruins, houses, buildings, palaces, churches, collapsed into shapeless chaos, with grass and weeds sprouting from the crazy heaps of ruin. A few yards away perhaps are going up new stone buildings, shops, apartments, houses. It gives you oddly the effect of the frantic work upon the Tower of Babel. You

wonder when the confusion will come again. Everything has to be built afresh in this city with twenty-six centuries of history, for almost literally not one stone was left standing upon another.

The Cathedral of Messina, begun by the Normans in 1098, is a walled-in ruin, and a hastily put together wooden shantylike structure across the way takes its place. The Fountain of Neptune nearby alone remains almost intact. The sea god, with his magnificent chest chiseled by Montorsoli, favorite pupil of Michael Angelo, brandishes his trident stilling the waves. Well, he certainly was unable to still the earthquake—which shows the limitations of those Greek one-job deities.

Down in Catania, less than three hours distant, St. Agatha is always able to check the lava streams from Etna. The lava fields come right down to the city. But once, in 1669, when the lava came too near and doom was certain, the inhabitants held out St. Agatha's veil, and the lava turned away into the sea, filling in part of the harbor. Since then, except for an earthquake now and then, nothing much has happened to Catania, and it rivals for dullness any place one can mention.

But Messina, once it is rebuilt, will be the nearest to a modern city on the island. It will certainly be cleaner and more wholesome. The new concrete one-story houses of the railway employees, remind one of the houses Thomas Edison was going to invent and decided to forget. But no one lingers for minute observation in Messina. There is only one fairly good hotel and no reason for staying in it. The city is like a family the week after a bereavement. All the tragedies are still too vivid in the hearts and in the eyes of so many people. I met an English business man who lost his entire family the day of the earthquake. He still lives in Messina and still deals in the essential oil of mandarin and oranges peel, but at every anniversary of the quake he

leaves Messina for a week, so as not to be reminded of the horror.

Always you find yourself leaving Messina with more alacrity than you arrive there. And when you hear of certain public officials who enriched themselves by their proximity to the funds all the world contributed to the

relief of Messinese sufferers, you take another look at the mountains of ruin and debris dotting the city and you hang your head in shame. Not because, like Mr. W. J. Bryan, you mind being descended from the ape, but because at the moment you could not look an ape in the face with any degree of pride.

## My Mother's House

BY EUNICE TIETJENS

"IT'S strange," my mother said, "to think  
Of the old house where we were born.  
I can remember every chink  
And every board our feet had worn.

"It's gone now. Many years ago  
They tore it down. It was too old,  
And none too grand as houses go,  
Not like a new house, bought or sold.

"And so they tore it down. But we  
Could talk about it still, and say  
'Just so the kitchen used to be,  
And the stairs turned in such a way.'

"But we're gone too now. Everyone  
Who knew the house is dead and buried.  
And I'll not last so long alone  
With all my children grown and married.

"There's not a living soul can tell,  
Except myself, just how the grass  
Grew round the pathway to the well,  
Or where the china-closet was.

"Yet while I live you cannot say  
That the old house is quite, quite dead.  
It still exists in some dim way  
While I remember it," she said.



# Substance of Things Hoped For

BY EDGAR VALENTINE SMITH

*"... the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country."*

—The Prodigal Son.

AND now he was returning. When Jodey left home for the far country his all consisted of the suit of spick-and-span overalls he was wearing, a new cap and shoes, two extra pairs of home-knit socks, a bible—the two last items being gifts from his mother—and a suit case fashioned of cardboard and canvas.

Now he was coming back. Old Mammy's youngest—and, being the child of her later years, her best loved—was returning; not, as did the wanderer of Holy Writ, to a heritage of broad fields and many flocks and herds, but to a two-room cabin on the Westbrook plantation, hard by the little town of Westville, and to the wrinkled little old black woman who had borne him. For a long time after he went away Mammy had no assurance that she would ever see him again, save the promise he had made her when he left, a promise whose freshness had become so dimmed with the passage of years that she had almost begun to doubt its ever having been given. Then, one day she received what she devoutly believed to be a pledge that he would return. Just how this came about might be worthy of record.

To begin with, Mammy, herself, bore the Westbrook name; nor, could she have been more proud of it had her right to it been one of blood kinship instead of that sanctioned by a former relationship of master and slave. Indeed, she boasted frequently that she was the oldest living member of the family—

though, on these occasions she always excepted Colonel Mabry, a cousin of the Westbrooks—since both Miss Virginia and her brother, Judge William Westbrook, were many years her juniors. Reared in an old setting of white-columned, colonial mansions, beautiful in their stately simplicity, Mammy, naturally, was of the old order; she still clung to the old customs. Among these was the habit she had formed more years ago than she could remember of going to the big house on Sundays, taking her own bible, for a scripture lesson. Nearly always it was Miss Virginia who did the reading, though, on occasions, Judge Westbrook would tear himself away from the study of his beloved law books long enough to intone, in a deep, resonant voice, some passage which he esteemed particularly.

Before Jodey went away Mammy's favorite passage had been the Twenty-third Psalm. Closely seconding this, in the appeal which they made to her, were the writings of the Old Testament prophets. One day, though, Miss Virginia chanced to read the parable of the prodigal son. Mammy's interest was intrigued at once; she listened absorbedly until the reading was finished.

"An' he didn't come back, Honey Chile," she asked eagerly, "tell atter he done spen' his sub'tance in ri'torious livin'?"

"No, Mammy," Miss Virginia answered; "he stayed away till his money was all gone."

"But hit do say dat he come back den, don't hit?"

"Yes."

"Right straight back home to his ol' daddy?"

"Just as straight as he could come."

Mammy was silent for a moment, wrestling with a problem that was beyond her mental grasp. And then,

"Had 'a' been his daddy wuz daid, Missy, an' jus' his ol' mammy wuz livin', reckon he would 'a' come back to her?"

The question must have suggested the trend of her thoughts, for Miss Virginia began trying to explain the spiritual lesson contained in the parable. Mammy's mental processes, though, were simple—and inexplicable; for, while she listened in apparent absorption to the exposition, her mind was, in reality, already working toward a definite conclusion. She was busy making comparisons. In the bible story the younger son had left home, while the elder remained with his father. It had been her youngest, Jodey, who had gone adventuring. John, the eldest, had stayed at home, where he still farmed, as a tenant, a portion of the Westbrook plantation.

When Miss Virginia had finished her explanation, the peculiar interpretation that Mammy was placing upon the parable was partially evidenced.

"Yassum, Honey Chile, you sho' is right!" she assented vigorously. And, after a moment's hesitation, "But hit do say, don't hit, dat he did—dat he fin'ly did—come back?"

"Yes, Mammy, the prodigal son finally came home."

The visit ended with this and, taking her bible, Mammy left. But from that day forth she took with her something else: the steadfast belief, arrived at through some incomprehensible freak of reasoning, that the parable was a prophecy foretelling the home-coming of her own wanderer. Simultaneously, she became possessed of the idea that it demanded that a certain form of procedure be carried out in welcoming him upon his return. In order to familiarize herself thoroughly with this, she always asked, upon subsequent Sunday visits, that the parable be read to her. The queer conception of it which had come to her may be explained by the intense

interest she had hitherto displayed in the Old Testament prophecies. They had always charmed her; she had pondered over them for hours, fascinated by the thought that many events had been accurately foretold hundreds of years before their actual happening. Gradually, but positively, the conviction settled upon her that she had received a divine promise of Jodey's return.

This assurance left her in a partially exalted, partially troubled, frame of mind. She was lifted up, spiritually, at the thought that she, a poor, ignorant and infirm old black woman, had been selected, of all the people of earth, to take part in the fulfillment of a scriptural prophecy. It was the material aspect of the case that worried her. The prodigal son, before he came home, had become a wastrel. Jodey had always been quite the opposite. This fact promised an unsurmountable difficulty at first, but Mammy had been taught to believe in the efficacy of prayer; so, one night to her usual petition, she added,

"An' please, Suh, good Lawd, make a projigal outen him, so's he'll come back home to his mammy. Please, Suh! Thankee, Suh!"

That settled for her a very troublesome problem. Thenceforward her mental attitude was one of patient, confident anticipation. One might not hurry the fulfillment of prophecy, she reasoned; in due time it would come to its fruition.

Jodey's letters—written in a sprawling script, with scant regard for Websterian usage and the correct placing of capital letters—were always taken to Miss Virginia to be read. She answered them also. They told, in detail, of his varying fortunes, but always closed with expressions of intense filial regard. In one of them, written from Oklahoma, he admitted having been involved in a general fight in a lumber camp. As a result of this he had spent several weeks in jail.

Mammy interrupted Miss Virginia's reading at this point. "Praise de Lawd!" she ejaculated fervently. "Praise him fo'evuh!"



"Mammy!" Miss Virginia exclaimed. "Surely you aren't glad that Jodey's been in jail?"

"Don't de bible say, Honey," Mammy retorted calmly, "dat de projigal nevu' eben thought 'bout comin' home tell he done tuck up wid ri'torious livin'? Well'm . . . whut is fightin' but dat?"

Writing later from the wheat fields of Kansas, Jodey stated that he was earning fabulous wages. He was saving his money and would soon be rich. Mammy was noticeably depressed after hearing this. Not that her faith ever faltered; it was too deeply founded. It was built on bed rock. But, prosperity for her wanderer meant the indefinite postponement of his return, for the bible said that a prodigal never came home until he was in dire need.

When the next letter came several months later, Miss Virginia noticed that Mammy was limping painfully as she hobbled slowly up the walk leading to the house.

"T wuz dat Betsey cow o' mine, Honey," the old woman explained, in answer to Miss Virginia's solicitous inquiry. "I heared sump'm in de chicken house las' night an' gethered me a stick o' wood to go see whut 't wuz. Hit bein' dahk, an' ol' Betsey bein' so black, I couldn't see she wuz lyin' down in de lane, an' when I stepped on her, she riz wid me."

"Mammy, you *must* be more careful!" Miss Virginia cautioned almost sternly. "You're getting old! You're not as spry as you used to be—remember!—and you're not strong. If you don't take better care of yourself, you may not be here to welcome Jodey when he comes home."

"I gwine be heah, Missy," was Mammy's calm affirmation. "I's done got de promus'."

"Promise or no promise," Miss Virginia ordered testily, "you take care of yourself!"

"Yassum, Honey."

"And stop at young Dr. Snowdown's office as you go home. Tell him I said

for him to examine you and give you some medicine."

Mammy had extended the letter which Miss Virginia read. Jodey wrote that he had returned to Oklahoma. With the money saved in the wheat fields he had made a substantial payment upon a small farm. He had tried working it, but had experienced a disastrous crop year. He was in debt. Then, too late, he had discovered that the soil was unproductive. The letter closed with the blunt statement that the money he had invested in the place was thrown away.

Mammy was jubilant. "Don't he mean, Honey Chile," she asked, "dat he done spen' his sub'tance?"

"Y-e-es . . . Mammy." Having realized the hopelessness of the task, Miss Virginia had long since given up trying to change the old woman's convictions. "It amounts to about that, I suppose. It seems that Jodey has lost all his money."

"Den, praise de Lawd, Missy! Hit mean dat de proph'cy"—invariably, now, Mammy referred to the parable as a prophecy—"is slowly, but sho'ly, bein' fulfill'." She waited a moment before adding pensively, "But, dey's one thing, Honey, whut is troublin' me pow'ful."

"What's that, Mammy?"

"Well . . . hit say dat his daddy done kilt a fattenin' ca'f fo' his vittles when he come home, don't hit?"

"Yes."

"Yassum; I wuz sho' hit did. Reckin he bahbecued hit, too. But I don't b'lieve Jodey would kee much fo' ca'f meat. 'Sides dat . . . I ain't got no ca'f to kill. Ain't got nothin' lak dat . . . less'n I kills ol' Betsey."

Miss Virginia smiled. "It doesn't mean literally that you have to kill a fatted calf, Mammy. In those days people were very fond of meat, and when any kind of feast was given, meat was the principal dish. The father in the parable simply killed a fatted calf because it was the custom. Isn't there something else you could have for

Jodey when he returns? Something he's very fond of?"

Mammy's wrinkled face puckered thoughtfully.

"There must be something," Miss Virginia insisted. "Some delicacy, maybe, that he liked as a child."

"Yassum, dey sho' is!" Mammy had brightened suddenly. "Hit wuz canned peaches, Honey Chile! Jodey wuz de peach-eatin'es' boy you evuh seed. An' he laks 'em yit—yassum! I know he do. He laks 'em yit."

Thus, another problem had been solved. Thereafter, Mammy's thoughts dwelt largely upon the question of getting a supply of canned peaches for her prodigal's home-coming feast. She knew that she would have to have money for this. Her actual needs, even to the feed for old Betsy and the small flock of chickens which she kept, were supplied by her white friends, but she rarely had any ready cash. Over Miss Virginia's vehement protest, she began doing such little odd jobs as her strength would permit, for which she was paid. She saved scrupulously every cent that she received. She had refused, politely, but firmly, Miss Virginia's offer to buy the peaches for her. No one, she reasoned, had given the father in the parable a fattened calf; he had furnished it, himself. So, despite her increasing infirmities, she toiled whenever she could get anything to do. At the end of three months she had accumulated nine dollars and sixty cents. She counted her savings, though, not in terms of dollars and cents, but in cans of peaches and new shoes and best robes. Such a reception as even the prodigal of old might have envied must be in readiness for the return of her own wanderer.

When Jodey wrote again he had become so disgusted with his attempts at farming upon Oklahoma soil, that he had rented his place to another man and had gone in search of work. He had been employed in sawmills and factories of various kinds. Some time had been spent in the not far distant oil fields, but

he had found the work there disagreeable and dirty. Soon tiring of it, he had left; but a business depression held that section of the country in its grasp; most of the mills and factories had closed. Finally, he had obtained employment, at very low wages, on a hog ranch.

Mammy's delight when Miss Virginia read this was outspoken. "Hit's comin' true—eve'y bit—Honey Chile, jus' lak de proph'cy say, ain't hit?" she demanded eagerly.

"You mean . . . about the swine?" Miss Virginia asked.

"Yassum." Mammy extended her bible. She never came to the house without it, now. "Don't hit say, Missy, dat hit wuz jus' befo' he come home dat dey sont him out to feed de swines?"

"Yes, Mammy."

"Read hit, please'm."

Miss Virginia read the parable through slowly to an accompaniment of affirmative nods from her listener.

"Jus' lak de proph'cy say, Missy!" Mammy declared, with the positiveness of faith. "Praise de Lawd! An', yit, dey tells me dey is some folks whut don't b'lieve in de bible."

But her rejoicing over the assurance of Jodey's early return was tempered presently with a tinge of sadness. Colonel Mabry, whose mother had been a Westbrook, died suddenly. Next to Miss Virginia and the judge, Mammy had held the Colonel in closest esteem of any of her white friends. Once she had nursed him through a lingering illness, and he always insisted afterwards that he owed his recovery to her tireless watching at his bedside. No one was surprised, then, when his will was read and it was learned that he had left three hundred dollars, in cash, to Mammy Westbrook. As a sum of money, the bequest had little meaning for her. She knew only that she was suddenly rich. But, as a means of providing for her prodigal—when he should return—the legacy held a distinct significance.

She sought out Mr. Jonas Dukes, who





*Drawn by Walter J. Biggs*

"PRAISE DE LAWD, HONEY! MY BABY'S COMIN' BACK!"

conducted the one general store of which Westville boasted.

"Cap'n, suh," she asked, "three hund'ed dolluhs 'd las' a long time to buy canned peaches . . . an' . . . an' things wid, wouldn't hit?"

"Three hundred dollars?" Mr. Dukes laughed. "Yes, Mammy; it would last a long time."

With Mammy, though, it was no laughing matter. When one had been divinely chosen to take part in the fulfillment of scriptural prophecy it was something to be taken seriously.

"Thankee, suh!" she answered with dignity. "I wants hit to las' a long time."

She was thoroughly assured, now, that the time of Jodey's home-coming was near at hand. Buoyed up by this belief, she entered into preparations for it with vastly more intensity than her age and her increasing infirmities justified. For months her frailty had been a matter for concern among her friends. Miss Virginia, perhaps more actively interested in her condition than any of the others, finally asked young Dr. Snowdown to visit her professionally. He did this several times.

His reports were disquieting. "I can't do a thing with her, Miss Virginia," he said upon one occasion. "She simply won't listen to reason. She has made up her mind that there are certain things to be done before Jodey comes home and she is determined to do them. There is a certain form of procedure which she thinks must be gone through with in receiving him. And she is getting ready for it. Her belief that she's destined to take part in the fulfillment of prophecy is the only thing that's keeping her alive. That, and her hope of seeing Jodey again. I shouldn't be surprised—even at that—for her to pass out at any time. The injury she received from that cow is troubling her, too.

"And there's nothing that we can do?" Miss Virginia asked anxiously.

"Nothing . . . except . . . I believe I'd try to get Jodey here just as soon as possible."

Miss Virginia acted promptly. The circuit court at Clinton, the county seat, had recessed and Judge Westbrook was spending the vacation at home. He glanced up abstractedly from the volume of *Kent's Commentaries* in which he had been engrossed as Miss Virginia entered the room.

"William," she announced without prelude, "we must send for Jodey."

"Yes, Virgie; certainly!" The judge's thoughts were still half chained to his precious *Commentaries*. "Send for Jodey, certainly. Why?"

"On Mammy's account."

"Mammy? Isn't she well?"

"She's so far from well that Dr. Snowdown says she may die at any moment."

"Well, my soul! I'd no idea that she was in bad shape."

"But she is and it's important—very important—William, that Jodey come home at once." Though Miss Virginia had already told the judge of the peculiar construction which Mammy had placed upon the parable, she realized that, in his preoccupation, he had probably forgotten all about it. So she stated the facts again briefly. "You've no idea," she added, "how strongly the thing has seized upon her, nor how positively she believes that she has received a divine message. She actually lives in the thought—"

Suddenly Miss Virginia ceased speaking. Through the open window which looked down the tree-bordered walk that led from the front gate to the white-columned porch she saw Mammy hobbling rapidly toward the house. In one hand she held what appeared to be a letter.

"Wait, William!" Miss Virginia said. "Mammy's coming, I believe, with another letter. It must be from Jodey, though usually he doesn't write oftener than once every two months. And she received one only last week. I'm afraid something's wrong, but . . . just wait here, please."

She hurried out to meet Mammy. As



the old woman limped painfully up the steps, she proffered the letter and sank, panting, upon the stoop.

"Is hit f'm Jodey, Honey?" she asked eagerly.

Miss Virginia tore open the envelope. "Dear Mammy," she began to read—and stopped suddenly. The opening sentence held her attention. She choked the utterance that rose to her lips.

Mammy, watching with anxious eyes, noted her indecision. "He . . . he ain't sick, is he, Missy?" she faltered.

"No-no . . . Mammy." Miss Virginia's eyes were still on the letter. "He . . . he's all right."

"Den, please'm, Honey, whyn't you read me 'bout 'im?"

Still Miss Virginia hesitated. "Jodey writes, Mammy," she said at last—and, with the falsehood, a faint color tinged her cheeks—"he writes that he has lost all his money . . . He's tired of wandering about from place to place, leading a riotous life . . . and getting in jail and things like that. And they've kept him feeding swine so long that he's sick of that, too. So . . . he's coming back home . . . real soon. He wants to know if you can have some canned peaches for him when he gets here. And . . . that's all."

"Praise de Lawd, Honey! Praise de Lawd!" Mammy was rocking herself to and fro in a delirium of joy. "My baby's comin' back! Co'se he kin have canned peaches—anything else he want an' me as rich as I is. Wid dem three hund'ed dolluhs whut de kunnell lef' me, he neentuh nevuh want fo' nothin' else, neethuh, neentuh he?"

"No-no . . . Mammy." Miss Virginia's mind was working feverishly. "He need never want." After a moment, she added, "But . . . since he's apt to come back almost any time, wouldn't you better hurry home so as to be getting everything ready for him?"

Almost brusquely she hustled the old woman off, keeping the letter upon the plea that Judge Westbrook would like to read it. She waited, plainly impatient,

only long enough to see that Mammy hobbled safely down the steps. Then she hurried back to the study, her cheeks flushed, her eyes glowing with suppressed emotion.

"Read that, William!" she exclaimed, as she thrust the letter into the judge's hand. "Read it!"

Judge Westbrook read the opening sentence. "My soul!" he exclaimed. He took off his glasses, wiped them hurriedly, and put them on again. Then he read the letter through carefully.

Dear mammy—it said—the white Fokes is done went an found a oil well on My farm what i rented to that Man mammy an i am going to Sell it for 20 thousand Dolars cash monny mammy im ritch an when i Gett the monny im coming strate back home as fast as the tranes can Run an Gett the Judge to invest it sose i Can take keer of you as long as You is liveing good by mammy till you See

Youre affly Son

JODEY WESTBROOKS.

Judge Westbrook's hand, holding the letter dropped upon his knee. For a moment he gazed at Miss Virginia in speechless amazement.

"My soul!" he ejaculated presently. He glanced at the letter again. "My soul!" he repeated. "Think of that boy getting all that money! Why, Virgie, it sounds almost unbelievable. What did Mammy say?"

"She doesn't know," Miss Virginia answered.

"Doesn't know? Didn't you read her the letter? I thought I heard—"

"Of course, I had to tell her something," Miss Virginia interrupted, "so . . . I told her a falsehood. She has no idea what the letter really contains. She thinks Jodey's coming home, poor and needy and broken in spirit."

"But, Virgie, you'll have to explain some time! How will you manage it?"

"I won't. Mammy must never know the truth.

"But—"

"Listen, William!" Miss Virginia drew up a chair and seated herself beside

her brother. She laid a slender, white hand upon his arm. "You remember how the prodigal son came home?—what his material condition was, I mean?"

"Of course! He was in actual want—"

"And that's just the way that Jodey must come, William!" Miss Virginia's eyes were shining softly. "If you had talked with Mammy as much as I have lately, you would understand. She must see Jodey just as she is expecting to. It will never do for her even to suspect that he is wealthy. He must come to her in apparent need; he must be poorly clothed and seem to be hungry. She must be able to minister to his wants. For months she has been planning to do it. All her faith is founded, now, upon the belief that Jodey has been a prodigal. She must continue to think so as long as she lives. We can't afford—we simply *can't* afford—to let her faith be shaken. William, Mammy *must* have her prodigal!"

"But, granting that you're right about Mammy, Virgie, do you suppose Jodey could keep the secret?"

"I *know* he can—and will! He's been away a long time, but he's absolutely devoted to Mammy. I've read all his letters and I know. Besides, you remember that he was always a good boy. Anyway, he'd do anything in the world that you asked him. He's intelligent enough, too, to understand the situation when you see him and explain it to him."

"Hm-m-m! My soul!" Judge Westbrook debated the matter with himself. "Of course, Virgie," he said slowly, "it would be deception of the rankest sort. We'd probably have to resort to outright falsehood."

"We'd be fully justified, William! What will one falsehood—or a dozen—weigh against keeping an ignorant old woman's faith in God intact to the end?"

"I guess you're right, Virgie." Judge Westbrook smiled affectionately upon his sister. "You're always right, Honey." He turned to his desk and drew up a sheet of paper. "I'll write Jodey."

"Wouldn't it be wiser to telegraph?"

"Come to think of it, it would—undoubtedly. Give me Jodey's address. I'm going over to Clinton in the morning. I'll wire him, then."

Judge Westbrook sent the message. An answer came from Jodey on the following day, giving the exact hour of his intended arrival in Clinton.

When Mammy was advised of this she even outdid her former efforts in getting everything in readiness for the reception of her prodigal. In the main, she refused to accept assistance from anyone. It was her wanderer who was coming home and it was she who must set her house in order against his return.

She scrubbed the floor of her little cabin spotlessly clean at least once every other day, pausing, from necessity, at frequent intervals to rest. Every weed in her front yard was relentlessly hoed down or uprooted. The surface of the yard was then swept clean with a "brush broom." She even raked the chips about the wood-chopping block into a neat little pile. Some of the bricks which lined the violet-bordered walk leading from the front gate to the door of her cabin had become broken. Only when it came to replacing these would she receive help. She instituted a brick-borrowing campaign among her white friends, trudging painfully from place to place in search of what she wanted, and presently she had the walk restored to its original state. A new drinking gourd was fashioned and hung upon a nail on the outside cabin wall.

A spreading umbrella China tree was in full bloom in the front yard. Mammy noted this with satisfaction.

"Sho' is glad de chaney berry tree is bloomin'," she told herself. "Jodey allus did like to smell de blossoms."

There were still other things to be provided though, if the reception of the prodigal were to be carried out strictly in accordance with the scriptures.

"Hit say," Mammy mused, on her way to Mr. Jonas Duke's general store, "dat he comman' de suhvants to fotch out de bes' robe an' put hit on 'im; an'



*Immun by Walter J. Brown*



"SHALL I READ TO YOU, MAMMY?" SHE ASKED

a paiuh o' brand new shoes an' a solid gol' finguh ring."

Mr. Duker was appreciably surprised when Mammy appeared in the store and asked to be shown what he had in the way of a "best robe." She finally made her meaning clear and, after much searching, Mr. Duker managed to find, among a hodgepodge of odds and ends, an old gaudily-flowered bathrobe. Mammy bought it without haggling over the price. She also purchased a pair of patent leather shoes. It was not necessary to buy a ring, since she already had one—a present from her former master upon the occasion of her marriage. Being satisfied now that all things were in readiness, she settled down to wait, in a state of supreme spiritual exaltation, the consummation of scriptural prophecy.

Upon the day set for Jodey's return, Judge Westbrook drove to Clinton in his car. He met the train which brought the wanderer home; for half an hour he engaged Jodey in earnest conversation. Then he left in his car, alone.

Three hours after Judge Westbrook had driven up to his home—an hour longer than it would have taken a man ordinarily to make the six-mile walk—Jodey came, afoot, into Westville. Pausing only long enough for the briefest of greetings to those who had known him, he hurried through the little town, past the cedar-bordered walk that led to the Westbrook mansion, down the long, dusty mile that led to his mother's cabin.

Mammy, standing in the doorway, saw him coming, as did the father in the parable, while he was yet afar off. As he drew nearer, even her weak old eyes could see that the overalls which he was wearing were patched in places—even soiled. He was plainly in need of new shoes, too. A disreputable-looking cap, with the visor half torn off, perched dispiritedly upon one side of his head. The suit case which he carried was sadly battered, as though it had seen much rough usage. But Mammy, seeing these

things, rejoiced in her heart. With faltering footsteps she tottered down the little brick- and flower-bordered walk to meet him. Then she fell upon his neck and wept.

She dried her tears presently and, turning about, faced the cabin.

"Fotch out de bes' robe an' de new shoes," she commanded with quiet dignity, "an' put 'em on 'im!"

With the words, two little negro girls, wide-eyed and awe-stricken, appeared from the interior of the cabin. One of them bore a gayly colored bathrobe; the other carried a pair of new patent leather shoes.

It was on the third day after Jodey's return that Miss Virginia received a brief note from Dr. Snowdown. She hurried at once to Mammy's cabin. As she entered the sleeping room, still spotless from its many scrubblings, the doctor, standing near Mammy's bedside, bowed gravely. The old woman appeared to be asleep. Jodey sat near an open window and, although the day was warm, he was enveloped in a flowing, multicolored bath robe. A can of peaches, opened, with a fork laid across the top, rested upon the window sill.

Miss Virginia crossed the room softly and took the familiar bible from the mantel. As she seated herself near the head of Mammy's bed, the old woman stirred slightly. With the movement, Jodey seized the can of peaches. Spear- ing the luscious half of one of them upon the fork, he paused with it halfway to his mouth. Miss Virginia saw a gold ring gleaming dully from between the first and second joints of one little finger. But there was nothing ludicrous, not the slightest suggestion of the bizarre, in his dress or pose. Both Dr. Snowdown and Miss Virginia understood.

Presently Mammy opened her eyes. Her glance sought out Jodey. He ate the half of the peach gravely. Mammy smiled happily. Then she saw Miss Virginia. Again she smiled.

Miss Virginia held up the bible.



"Shall I read to you, Mammy?" she asked gently.

Mammy's answer was scarcely audible. "Please'm, Honey."

It seemed that, of its own accord, the book opened at the fifteenth chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke. Miss Virginia began to read:

"And he said, A certain man had two sons—"

"Not dat'n . . . please'm," Mammy whispered weakly. "Hit's done come . . . true. De yuthuh one . . . 'bout de valley an' . . . de shadduh . . ." Her voice trailed away into nothingness.

Miss Virginia's slender white hands fluttered the pages softly. Then, as she read the beautiful Shepherd Psalm,

Mammy's eyes closed like those of a tired child. Once she sighed faintly. Her breathing became inaudible. Presently the reading was finished. Miss Virginia closed the book. Mammy lay still, a smile on her wrinkled face. Dr. Snowdown, interpreting the question in Miss Virginia's eyes, bowed his head slowly.

Through the open window came the odor, faintly sweet, of China blossoms. Once more Miss Virginia's hands turned the leaves of the book. And then, as though in justification of her thoughts, she read aloud, softly:

"'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen'."

## Things Enough

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

**T**HAT man can thank his lucky stars  
Whose things to keep are few,  
To which the moth and rain and rust  
Find little harm to do;

A faith that makes his handshake warm  
And simple things most wise;  
A wife to make each morning sweet  
With morning-glory eyes;

A love to make him foot green roads  
Which others motor on;  
A garden small and kind enough  
To let him watch the dawn;

A pity for the hungry ones,  
The ragged and ill-shod;  
A tree that's tall and straight enough  
To make him think of God.

# Romantic Newport

BY WEYMER MILLS

THE queen of American summer resorts has a dual personality. For two months of the year she is a triumphant goddess, crowned by sun, garmented in the azures of sky and sea, and worshiped by a world which courts her and the numerous underworlds that follow the newspaper reports of the Newport season. For the remainder of the time the famous summer resort resembles an ancient spinster whose days are spent with dreams of lost lovers. To know the Janus-faced creature one must study her both in summer and winter. Bailey's Beach at twelve o'clock of a bright Sabbath morning, a Casino box during tennis week, a jazz riot in some beautiful modern palace, or one of those less pretentious residences which look as if they might have sailed up the Atlantic from Long Branch, Hoboken, or any water front, are far cries to a walk in quaint Mary Street when lilacs are opening and the windows of old houses whisper tales of a hundred springs; a Christmas service in Trinity Church—the ghosts of Newport's eighteenth-century quality lurking in the shadows of the high colonial pews and quite at home there but for the desecration of modern stained-glass windows and a few other ornamentations decidedly out of keeping with the spirit of the past—an evening, at cards, in some old-town Georgian or Victorian parlor, where there are portraits of rummy sea captains, much Chinese lacquer, and an air of faded rose leaves exceptionally charming.

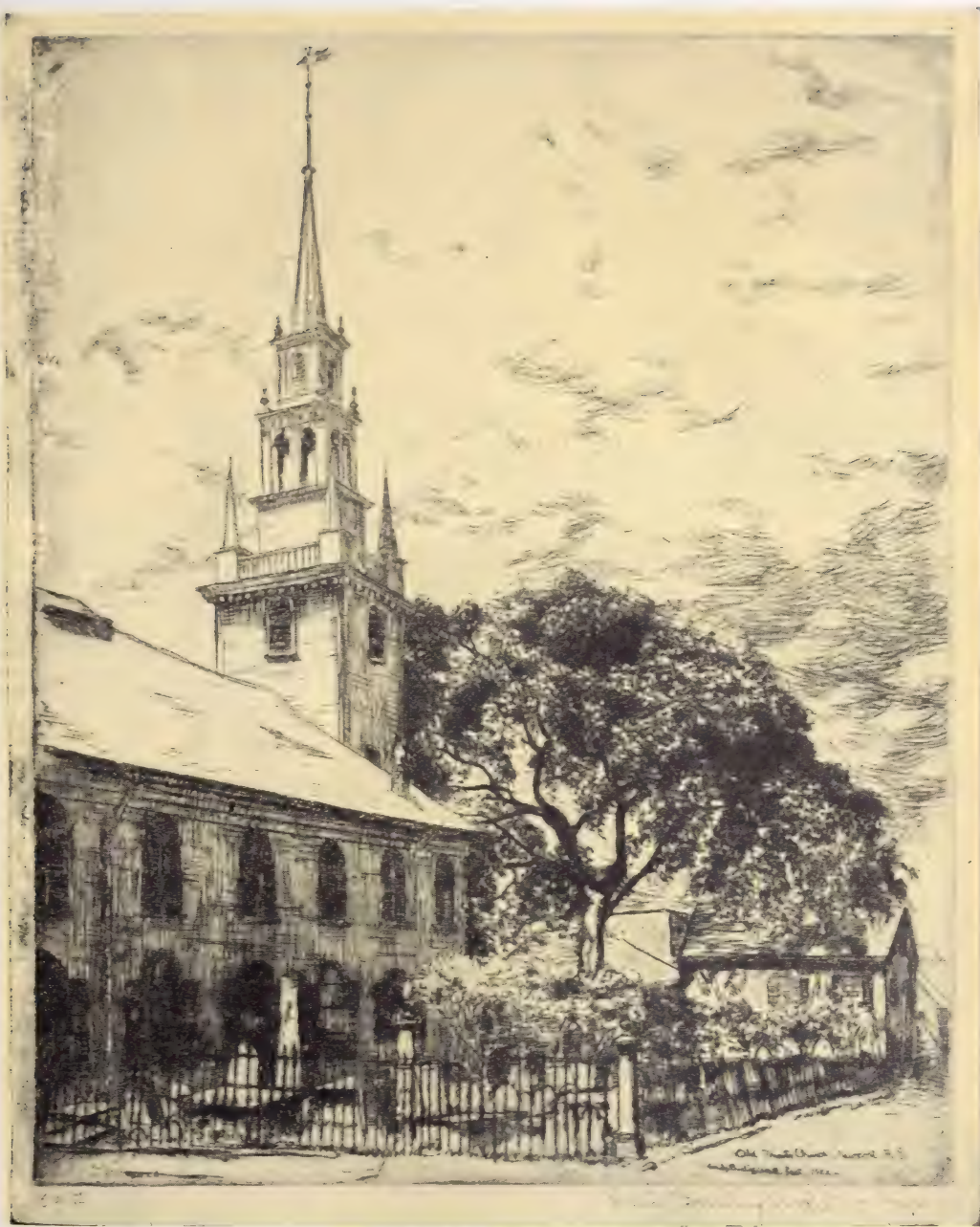
The dwellers inland who visualize Newport as a place of white-marble palaces and wide streets crowded with a multicolored feminine life—ladies who

rival the Poiret-garbed ladies of Monte—are shocked when they journey there and slide down the rickety gang plank of the old *General*. The Long Wharf—once Queen Hithe—and the line of weatherbeaten sea-hovels, the statue of Perry, hero of Lake Erie, in its little green enclosure, the very New England State House, and then the drab beginning of Bellevue Avenue. After the Casino and the decaying domicile of the now historic Mrs. Paran Stevens, the homes of the summer colony begin to blossom, Victorian, Gothic, Colonial, a dream of Versailles, a horror of 1880, something of Riverside Drive, New York, and then the half-captured wonders of another age and country. "What do you think of it?" smiled the beneficent Cræsus to a prince of pre-war vintage. "Very Renaissancy!" was the laconic answer.

As one views the great villas in a hurried spin to the Ocean Drive on one of Newport's perfect August days, many of them do satisfy the æsthetic sense. Passing a million-dollar architectural pile and then glimpsing a second with scarcely a lordly acre between, makes the chance visitor wonder why their owners did not acquire more land. From the highway one mourns the lack of vast lawns, parks, plantations, and avenues of old trees; but viewing the same structures from the Cliff Walk with miles of white-foamed waves paying them homage, they become veritable dream castles of Neptune.

It is whispered that Southampton is eager for Newport's crown. The pessimists sigh—the wiseacres smile. A strong and glittering social fabric, woven as a garment by generation after





#### OLD TRINITY CHURCH

Built in 1725, it has looked down upon British governors and clergy, portly Colonial merchants and be-pannied dames, has withstood the storms of the Revolution, and now speaks to the present of a romantic past

generation of summer life for one of the most lovely sea-spots in the world, cannot be destroyed unless the Atlantic retreats from her shores and leaves the place like one of those dry Cinque Ports. The average seventeenth-century American town is apt to forget its past under the spell of fresh banners and the lusty voices of the present, but Newport, born in 1623, clings to her traditions. There are always some men of parts and ladies of quality off Touro Square who remember what their grandparents and great-grandparents remembered. Sometimes the memories have a slightly impish and mocking flavor. "The X family has just invaded Newport and built their gigantic barn of a place . . . millions and millions from this or that

. . . but what will they do in Newport—nobody knows them!" This is the speech of a proud Mrs. Grundy's lackey aping his mistress, and yet one or two of Mrs. Grundy's intimates say the same question was asked once of that much-written-of Newport fashionable. A well-born wag whose ancestors were on Mrs. John Jay's famous dinner list—the Who's Who of about 1790—says one can say it of almost every house in Newport. The Smiths came to Newport in fear and trembling. Now the newspapers have made their name synonymous with the place. The Browns came five years later, and the Smiths were able to say that they had never heard of the Browns. A decade passed and the fabulously wealthy Jones family

arrived. Both the Smiths and Browns were supposed to raise supercilious eyebrows—but they didn't. Enough dollars can command attention anywhere on earth! Besides, there are many open doors to any Republican Court wherever it may pitch its tent. The fiction of a four hundred leading lime-lighted Americans has been dead a long time—longer than the aged patrons of Ward McAllister's Newport picnics at ten dollars per guest care to remember. The best American society nowadays models itself after the Court of St. James. In London, beauty, brains and breeding can obtain entrance anywhere. Even in America those familiar terms "exclusive"—"well born"—"smart set" have been pitched out of the snob-dictionary. Only very dull nobodies posing as somebodies lisp, "Who is she?"—"Who are they?"



THE GATEWAY TO THE BREAKERS





BONNIE CREST—THE HOME OF STUART DUNCAN

Queen Victoria may have asked the questions by divine right, but it is recorded that she was cajoled into forgetting them—sometimes.

There is Newport and "Oldport" as Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote of it years ago. Perhaps it is this merging of an enthroned modernity and the surety of a vast treasure-house of memories that made the place such a *grande dame* among American seaside resorts. Brighton across the water with its tales of a grown-up Florizel, his exotic Pavilion and the crowds of mad-cap bird of paradise-béplumed charmers who followed him there, in garments that might have pleased the Giaour or Lalla Rookh, must look to her laurels when Newport opens her *fourgons* of yesterdays. Newport has had several periods as a summer resort. There was the Southern invasion in Colonial days and in the years following the war.

Izards, Alstons, Rutledges, and Marions from Charleston, Randolphs, Myers, and Lathams from Virginia. The packet ships from Charleston did a roaring June trade. The exquisite brush of Edward Malbone, the natural son of a Newport worthy, has given permanence to the fair faces of some of these Southern belles. From the thirties to the fifties, Boston patronized the place, and it wasn't until after the Civil War that fashionable Gotham decided that there could be any important summer resort besides Long Branch and Saratoga. The Mrs. August Belmont, born a Perry, is said to have greatly influenced the metropolitan world in its favor. The names of the first New Yorkers who went there, to board or build, are all to be met with in the pages of Philip Hone. For the last fifty years almost everybody has had a dash of a Newport Season. For the foreign visitor not to

know the delights of Newport was not to know America. "What is the lure of Newport?" some one once asked the amusing daughter of Gilbert Stuart, a name in Newport's annals. "Well, the good society is no better than anywhere else, but the bad society is capital!" came the retort.

The crooked streets of the old town are full of houses with stories. An hour or two with Mason's delightful *Reminiscences of Newport* is a boon to the itinerant wanderer in search of the little half-closed chambers of history. Dusty chambers perhaps—but faintly fragrant. Here the great man, the patriot, the general, came and lingered. Here the fair charmer dwelt who tripped so lightly over a score of hearts. Some of their names make features in the face of a period. High courage, valorous deeds, and dreams as high as hope—all dust—who remembers them? The ones who went away and never came back, and those who were content to

atrophy and let their laurels wither before their eyes. Each year one or two of these historic edifices disappear, for civic pride is a brew that must be kept at boiling point for the average citizen to take any great interest in his city's past. The Historical Society and the Art Association are doing much to preserve what remains of old Newport. "If you were born in Newport wherever fate may make you wander you usually come back to die in Newport" is a Newport adage. The place has a sensuous beatitude, a siren call to the worldweary. Perhaps that is why one meets so many elderly Cranfordesque figures in the crooked streets and alleys—but the old of the old town seem to smile more than the old of most places. At a time when dreams are supposed to be buried deep under the heavy years, the aged here seem to creep past with an air of expectancy—sure that their ships are homeward-bound.

And as for realities in ships—the



THE COW-BARN ON THE ESTATE OF ARTHUR CURTISS JAMES





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rapidly dying race of white-winged merchantmen—if one wanders in Thames Street, so crowded with sailors in the summer, and looks down gray tumble-down stretches to the wharves, one is sometimes rewarded by the sight of a proud three-master making for a port she knew well when the world was less progressive. Most of the time those rotting and deserted wharves have a strange sense of loneliness—they sigh out the *Weltschmerz*—the heavy sorrows of the sea. In the half-tints of dawn, or powdered with moonlight, they grow virginal again. Silence—no motors or footsteps—then the imagination can grasp Aladdin-like hoards of wonder from the shadows. Cargoes from the Indies and China rise bale on bale. Foreign fruits pyramid beside the gewgaws of the Orient. The owners of a

*Saucy Sally*, or a *Bonny Prince Charlie* amble through their scented gardens to sedans waiting with attendant black Cæsars and Pompeys. Gruff sea-dogs bark out orders . . . a case of rum breaks and its fumes mingle with the scent of lemons and spices . . . Jack Tar's lass comes running to greet him and voices like shrill flutes rise higher and higher above the drum of the growling bass. Some fair one has been given an emerald parrot, another a scarlet finery from Lisbon. Night will see the town illuminated and there will be flowing punch and rigadoons.

For the man in the street with a strong sense of history who lets one foot, as it were, lag in another age, Rochambeau's Revolutionary. Headquarters (known as the Vernon Mansion) offers a ghostly drama second to

none in the story of our country. Built in 1758 by the Newport merchant Metcalf Bowler and purchased about a decade ago by The Charity Organization of Newport, largely through the efforts of its brilliant secretary, Miss Harriet Thomas, it rests heedless of the passing crowd like a blind, but full-witted Colonial dame who long ago learned all she cared to know of life and retreated from the stage of large events content with her proud period of brocade. The green mantle of the garden is gone and the ballroom which the General Count de Rochambeau built for his officers pining for Court has vanished. The multitudinous Newport Fords and their betters whirl past her from Mary Street into Clarke, almost brushing her face. The clang of trolley cars, the horseplay of youth on its way to the Young Men's Christian Association, the drone of a near-by school, the drums of the Salvation Army, these are her portion now. At night the great street

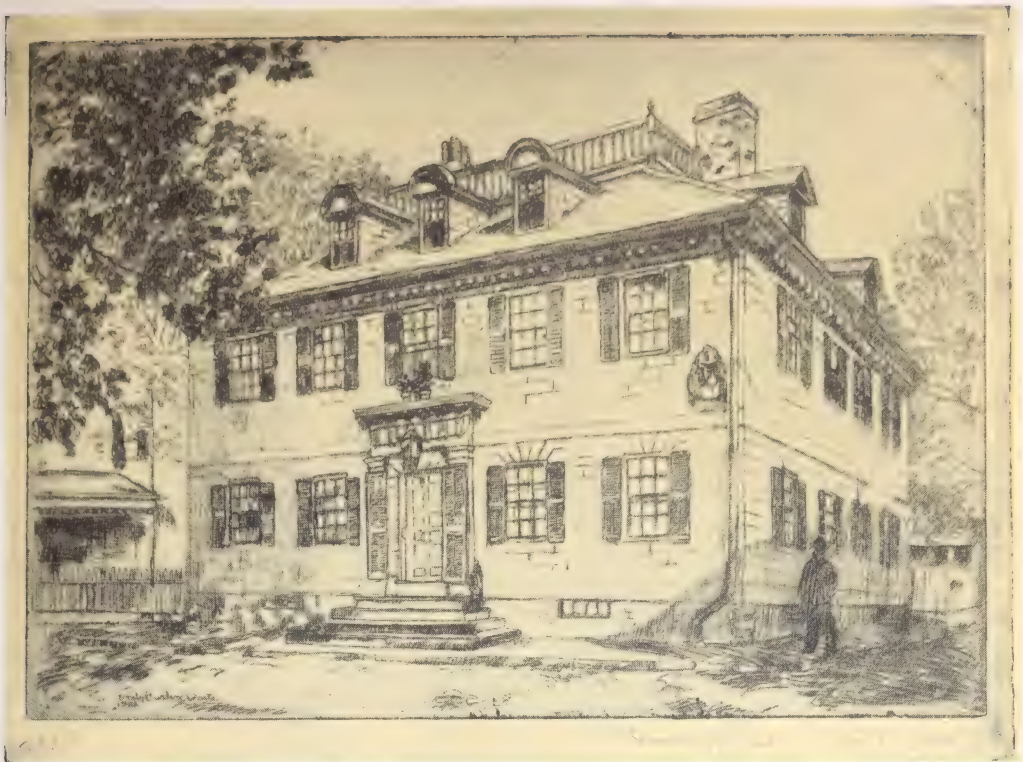
lamps sputter before her window, mocking heaven's chief luminary. She does not heed them. Behind her door, in wide-paneled rooms lie the secrets of her heart. Rochambeau, Washington, Lafayette, and many of the heroic figures in the struggle for Independence knew her welcome and her cossetting—cheering fires on the delft-tiled hearths, bowls of steaming Sangaree and huge four-posters. The men who were to become as gods to a new nation were her children. A house that mothered Destiny—and yet few Newport sightseers on their way to the Breakers, or the Curtis James' Swiss village ever pause and contemplate her.

Ah! gates of deathless romance swing back . . . the hush before dawn has come—the stars are fading—nothing breaks the silence but the faint call of some restless bird. This is the hour of the revenants. In that faintly white second hall of the Vernon House, where the bust of Marie Antionette gazes to-



WHITE HALL—BISHOP BERKELEY'S HOUSE—AT MIDDLETOWN





THE OLD VERNON HOUSE IS HAUNTED BY FRENCH GHOSTS

ward the staircase, the starlight spills ethereal petals before her. Here in this place the one perfect rose of her life—the devotion of Axel de Fersen—was carried to bloom for a season hidden away from the eyes of all men. The ghost of the Vernon staircase is that of Comte John Axel de Fersen, aide-de-camp to Rochambeau, who fled from France to protect the fair name of the Queen.

In that fascinating volume, *A Friend of the Queen*, by Paul Gaulot, we read that the Count Crutz addressed the following secret dispatch to the King of Sweden: "I must confess to your Majesty that the young Count Fersen has been so well received by the Queen, that several persons have taken umbrage. I own that I cannot help thinking that she has a liking for him—I have seen indications of this too certain to be doubted. The young Count has behaved under these circumstances with admirable modesty and reserve, and his going to

America is especially to be commended. By absenting himself he avoids danger of all kinds; but it evidently required firmness beyond his years to resist such an attraction. During the last days of his stay the Queen could not take her eyes off him and as she looked they were full of tears—"

If the strong emotions of the one-time inmates of old buildings linger on as part of the soul of the places, it is fitting that the shade of De Fersen should be said to haunt the passages of the Vernon domicile when the mystery of night shrouds them. Here was chivalry, renunciation, and the exquisite torture of a hopeless devotion that colored all his youth and stayed with him through life until the end of his resplendent but tragic career, when, as Grand Marshal of Sweden, he met death at the hands of a mob in the courtyard of the Hotel de Ville. As he sat by a Newport taper, writing to his father of his American life and the foibles of his companions-in-





THE OLD COLONY HOUSE—WASHINGTON SQUARE

arms, one wonders if he wrote to her. Who knows but what he read some precious lines from her own hand in the very spot where that mute likeness of her now stands? The love tale is buried deep from a prying posterity but the open pages of history tell us that he went back to her court and in her

triumphant years was often near her. Later, when the storm of the Revolution burst, he remained her most constant friend and planned the royal flight from France that ended so disastrously at Varennes. Until they took her from the Conciergerie to her death he spent his days working for her freedom.



In the possession of a branch of a Newport family, whose ancestors had welcomed him almost as a member of the household during his Rhode Island stay, there is a miniature of him painted a few years after Marie Antoinette's death. He who was called once "the god of Sweden," is old and saddened. As a member of Rochambeau's military family, we think of him as he looks in a drawing credited to Hall—a being of radiant youth, chiseled features, fair hair lightly powdered and eyes of Norse blue. As a fitting lover for a Marie Antoinette immortalized by Pajou, his Newport ghost must be the ghost of young manhood. About her Vernon-house bust, looking out to the little courtyard garden some of his aura seems to linger—They are dreaming things . . . the still marble . . . the throb of wind through shrunken panels—the light touch of starbeam and shadow . . . that haunting something which comes near for a moment and then vanishes. These tales and legends of a dying Newport are part of the charm of the new Newport. Magnificent French chateaux born in the twentieth century do not seem so many leagues from the

country which inspired them when one enters into Newport's long-dead French period and finds that many sprigs of the greatest families of France once made part of the old town's life. The elegant spirit of Versailles arrived probably very dampened and bedraggled, but long after Rochambeau's fleet sailed away the memory of it remained. "It's her past that makes Newport so endearing," said one of her distinguished old inhabitants. "Just think of the thousands of beautiful women who have come here in the last hundred years."

The "Eden of America," Jedediah Morse called it, and scarcely a port in the world has welcomed so many of the daughters of Eve and their mammas—kings and presidents, painters, poets, novelists, statesmen, generals, and admirals follow in their train. "You say that you have a girl's name scratched on one of your window panes with a diamond?—Polly Lawton!—Ah, you can read of her in the memoirs of the Comte de Segur. But think of the fair names that were never written . . ."

We must sense that pageant of lost loveliness to know Newport. It is part of the soul stuff of the place—her breath.

## Requiem

BY HARRY KEMP

**I**T seems so strange men walk about the street  
Moving as if with automatic will,  
While you lie without motion, hushed and still,  
Somehow, though dead, so perfect and complete.

We hurry on, stooped to our small affairs,  
Doing what matters not with serious face,  
Slandering, loving, lying, 'changing wares—  
But you abide forever in one place.

Pity us, from your calm, majestic sleep,  
Pity us, if we laugh or if we weep:  
'Tis you who live . . . death is for such as we  
Who move within the shadow of his wrath  
While earth goes onward down its thundering path  
Hurling us all across eternity!

# The Alabaster Box

BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

A PROCESSION passed along the main street slowly. Not because our homage often lies in being deliberate with the dead; the solemnly measured pace but marked a stubborn trait of old Southern life which would have disapproved of hurry in such a rite. Even at the burial of the plainest people horses must not trot; if they began to trot with the plain, they would some day trot with the proud.

A livery of the stiff-necked old town kept a pair of fat black horses and a pair of fat white horses to render more poignant to the eye events of this drab kind—and a hearse distantly descended from the one that furnished pomp for Napoleon. To-day it felt small concern to make public display of its high regard for matched animals as roadsters of the dead: a black horse and a white horse would do—they happened to be in the stable. As they were led out of their stalls and harnessed, no one thereabouts, certainly, thought of them side by side as constituting a symbol of every human being's life: black and white jogging along together and accomplishing the one same journey through mutual help. But beyond a doubt when the driver slipped off his workaday garments to dress for his own ceremonial part, he chose his second-best suit and second-best hat as proclaiming the degree of his respect or disrespect for the deceased. Incited perhaps by the same impulse to don suitable apparel for the event, he decided to wear once more his white summer waistcoat which the advancing autumn had often of late admonished him to have washed and laid away; its contradictory colors brought it now into harmony with the horses.

The hat he reached for and smoothed with strokes of an elbow sleeve had been given him by a friendly family in return for attentions shown them when he had buried the head of the house. It did not fit and to ease the pressure upon an artery he wore it tilted to a side. Whenever, thus topped, he occupied his mourning seat, he must have enlivened an indifferent looker-on with the feeling that if he could not take the sting out of death, he pretty nearly took it out of melancholy; he seemed a solemn rake bent on skylarking.

Should he be driving his two black horses or be driving his two white horses, dressed from end to end in black—his better black—and finished off with the hat that conformed to the shape of his skull, he usually felt constrained to forego indulgence in tobacco. No such suffering from self-denial was exacted of him this afternoon: the companionable quid bulged in a red cheek of his plump, leathery, good-natured face.

When the procession reached the cemetery edge of the town, an autumn flock of English sparrows had alighted in the middle of the pike, feeding. Reluctantly they rose upon the approach of the hearse, dividing and flying to the ragged, dust-white maples along the curb. He snapped the cracker of his whip accurately first at one bevy, then at the other, as while hunting when a boy he would discharge his gun barrels in quick succession at flaring quail or scattering wild duck.

He wished he were off somewhere hunting now! A large vacant lot choked with grasses and weeds yellow and brown offered an engaging spot to his roving eye as he drove past. Something else to divert him he saw there.



A crow, started by the instinct of twilight, flew over the lot on its way to an ancient roost beyond the southern horizon. It moulted a feather from a wing. The quill rolled over and over and over in the air like a rapidly whirled paddle, then, pointed downward, dropped, a shot bird, into some gray and scarlet bramble.

He entertained himself at this passing of a man, watching the falling feather of a crow.

A wiry clergyman, somber in garb, solemnized in features, filled the carriage behind the hearse.

He had lately settled in the town, called to one of its pulpits. He had not known the dead man of the day. A request from the family to take charge of the services had astonished him, startled him—this easy entrance of theirs into a relation so personal, so sacred, as that he, a stranger, should come and formally clip the thread of release of a companion soul gone wandering away from its mortal feet and hands, from its whatsoever earthly faults and failures.

Like a bolt, like a barrier, the question had shot between himself and this somewhat too friendly family: why, rather than any resident minister, had he been chosen to enact the usual honors of the dead? Lay the reason in the fact that he knew nothing, that the resident clergyman knew too much? Upon occasion ignorance of a man's life better avails at his obsequies than does familiarity. Misgivings found lodgment in his thoughts. He sought at once an interview with the family, resolute to become enlightened lest he officiate to his own hurt in this new community where he wished to make no mistakes, professional or other.

But when his ancillary talk with the wife and daughters took place, instead of inviting him to share memories which would have served as his guideposts of direction, they assumed a reserve, a reticence, an unmovedness,

which baffled understanding. His belief had been—he often so had boasted—that he knew all the ways of human nature, stood proof against surprise; but he must here admit having waded into weeds of it not found growing hitherto upon the fields of experience.

This man now departed from the world had not been a brutal husband to his wife, an unkind father to his children—that, without a word, both wife and children made most plain. They were not concealing any crookedness of character in him—so much also could be divined. Too often had he read the cautions of the human eye not to recognize the protective shadow lurking in it when behind the shadow lies a darkness of things which must not be explored. Nor out of the eyes of these women issued some recognizable story of lifelong resentments, grudges, wrongs, which now would cease. Nor yet another story, that death had been the most merciful way out of bodily suffering worse than death.

The novel, trivial, droll aspect of human nature which he had encountered bore this character: that the family had not expected any such procedure from the master of the premises as that he should die at this particular time; he had always been serviceable to them—now had failed them and left them incommoded with a situation. They appeared, a bereaved group, huddled together upon a rock of inarticulate resentment, finding some common bond of sympathy in the knowledge that what had happened to each of them had happened to them all.

He, the beholding, the suddenly incensed, man of God, silently prayed to be saved from pitiless judgment upon their pitilessness; even more he would have liked to be delivered from thoughts wearing comic faces. Yet the affliction of the wife would depict itself to him as no other than if she had found herself on the floor of her bedroom by the breakdown of a long-used couch; the loss of their father distressed the

daughters much as if they had, as usual, come downstairs to enjoy the front porch and had found the front porch gone. Mother and children looked upon mortality in this instance as a sweeping miscarriage of the reliable: they would cheerfully wear mourning as a tribute to themselves.

Yet they seemed not ill-natured, unfeeling women; they were gentle, they were refined, they were attractive, their hands were soft and white, their voices were musical and modulated to fine distinctions. So that while his anger upon these very grounds all the more rose against them, he could not meantime put aside the balancing question: what excess or what lack of character in this husband could have driven such a wife to esteem him in the category of a lounge? What must have been the traits or the want of traits of this father that his daughters had held him at the low level of a porch?

Doors leading to these privacies they did not open to his swiftest scrutiny nor any doors; rather they impressed him with the reminder that, if his visit meant a family investigation, he lacked the discretion they had relied upon. He left them, angry, indeed, that being so humane, they could be so inhuman.

Resentment doubtless colored and shaped his choice of a sermon. He would pitch it where often a funeral sermon best is pitched: he would begin with the scene in the house, then move imperceptibly out of the house and take up his position in some nearby moral field where all the living are concerned but where none of the living can be offended. From that unassailable footing he would level an arraignment finger at what had so affronted him, at what caused human nature itself to look shabby and divested of its immemorial decency. He meant to stand at all hazards for the unwept dead, this brother though a stranger, this man of unknown ways, this unpraised husband and father.

When the hour arrived and he scanned

the closely massed faces in the shadowy rooms, he announced that the theme of his sermon was—praise. He would tell them a story, one of the most beautiful.

Behold the land of Palestine two thousand years ago. A sun-scorched, dust-blown day. A village. A street. A doorway. A man, tired and soiled with travel, seated there—Christ. Having heard that he was passing through the town, a woman of the town, one of those who are too little able to resist their desires, made her way to him, bringing water, and on the ground before him began to wash his feet. She had no towel or would use no towel, and when his feet were bathed, bending lower, she wrapped them round and round with the treasure of her long hair, weeping sorrowfully. On the ground beside her she had set an alabaster box, and when his feet were dried she opened the box and spread the ointment on them. Some of the villagers had gathered about the man and the woman, looking coldly on, for in their eyes a new sin of hers was this extravagance. Reading their thoughts, he reminded them that if the appointed person had prepared and anointed his body for burial, none would have found fault with such a service. But her love could not abide that he should even pass anywhere near unnoticed; and she had poured out what was in the alabaster box and what was in her heart for him while he yet remained alive. Turning to his disciples who stood by, he charged them to make her deed part of their preaching of the Gospel to the world: that we are not to withhold the expression of our love from the living.

This afternoon, two thousand years later, on the other side of the globe, he, a minister of the same Gospel, felt the duty laid upon him to reaffirm the commandment given then. He hoped that this stranger to him whose life was now ended had not gone out of the world—unappreciated. Each of us carries the alabaster box; near each



weary, footsore travelers endlessly pass. The most barren of lives is the life that breaks its box upon no one; the saddest of deaths that of those who perceive that no box will be broken for them while they linger or when they are gone. He trusted that this man, fallen asleep, had seen, bending over him, figures of love and sorrow.

Such his sermon. Seed, so far as he discerned, cast upon soil that would not receive the seed. He might if he chose stand for the dead. They, people of the town there gathered, did not stand for, they did not stand against, they took no stand: they did not care.

As he rode in slow procession through the town at leisure to reflect upon what he had witnessed, nothing seemed clear but one thing and that clear thing was much clearer than he wished—he had made the mistake he had striven to avoid: his sermon had been a professional and social blunder. No sooner had he begun to speak than he became aware that something like a mass disturbance—a mass wave of surprise, regret, embarrassment, amazement—passed over his hearers. He was not a man to put his hand to the plow, then quit and leave it standing in the furrow, and he had plowed on to the end of the furrow, though conscious that he knew neither the field nor the grain.

Reviewing his experience now, for the time at least he must stand where he stood: at the sharp edge of a mystery—a mystery at which he had blindly, foolishly, preached the Gospel. Before him was the case of a man long living in an old-established society who by his character and his deeds had made himself the object neither of love nor hate to his fellow beings, but the hero of their indifference.

Four ladies, friends of the family, rode together and with countenances decorously composed, spoke in undertones though not without vivacity.

"The reason the family wanted *him*

to conduct the services was their fear that any one of the resident ministers might be indiscreet. They so wished everything to pass off without one painful word."

"Then for him to blunder into the very heart of the whole trouble as none of the resident ministers would have done!"

"What a sermon in the house of the very man who had become a jest, a byword, in the town as the Alabaster Box, whom people pointed at and smiled at when they saw him on the street, saying, 'Here comes or there goes the Alabaster Box!'"

"A house where the Alabaster Box as head of it demoralized the servants; where as father he spoiled the children; where as husband he lost the affection and respect of his wife."

"But what an amazing coincidence—choosing that text!"

"It might not have been a coincidence: some one may have enlightened the new minister."

"Coincidence or not coincidence, enlightened or not enlightened, he spoke as though charged with a religious duty, he passed harsh sentence upon the wife and the daughters."

"Upon all other women who might be like them!"

"Well, I for one am exactly like them, like his wife. I should have been as unhappy with him as she. A husband is to blame if he fails to satisfy something that possibly is wild in the nature of the woman bound to him. Many a young girl even runs off with the wildest of her lovers solely on account of this wildness. Wildness in her that seeks wildness in him, fears it but longs for it, mates with it, takes the risk, stands the suffering, knows the joy. I love a kind of wildness in my own husband. I believe he loves a kind of wildness in me. It is not exactly peace for us—perhaps love is never peace—but it is the best there is in our marriage. This in my opinion caused the trouble: she was wild and he was tame. Oh, so

tame that it made you drowsy to look at him!"

"More than wildness entered into her unhappiness," objected a second of the ladies. "Between husband and wife trials of strength are bound to occur. Let her once discover that her strength is greater and their marriage as a balanced arrangement topples over. My husband said to me when a struggle first threatened us, 'My dear, the buck has no trouble with the doe, so long as he wears his antlers. When he sheds them the doe attacks him, hoof and head and teeth. As soon as his antlers grow back the doe behaves beautifully again. If the buck that is a man, that is a husband, loses his antlers once, he never gets any more; the doe has him for the rest of life. You might as well understand now at the outset that I am never going to lose *mine*, they are on my head tight and to stay, and as long as I *have* antlers, I never expect to *need* antlers.' That was the tragedy in this family: the buck lost his antlers—when he became that kind of Box!"

"There was more between them than the question of strength," argued a third one of the ladies. "At bottom it was love of torture. We women have our little torturing ways—we might as well admit the truth. We'll just say we are our father's daughters and inherit men's love of great torture! If he had turned on her she'd have stopped soon enough. She despised him for letting her. Once when I was a little girl I saw a turkey hen in the yard whip a big gobbler unmercifully, thrust her beak into his wattles and tear them till the blood came—she discovered that he was above fighting her. With one flap of his wing he could have all but broken her neck. To this day it causes me to think of certain families I know—of certain husbands who will not fight their wives: that brings out their wives' cruelty. I excuse such wives, but I do not forgive any such husbands, because marriage to me is a lifelong agreement by each of two persons not

to be run over by the other. Man or woman, if you will not fight, do not marry. In this instance it was turkey hen and turkey gobbler as I saw them when a little girl."

"The situation there," decided the fourth of the ladies, "always impressed me as growing out of other things yet. It must be an endless trial to any family to have a member who is overly good. I relish a taste of honey now and then for breakfast. But I do not want honey in my hair. I do not want honey in my shoes. He was gormed with goodness and he gormed everyone else. Then again we all dislike a person who is moral by exact calculation; who has memorized, as he believes, all the rules of the virtues and applies the proper rule for every least little thing he does. Why, to me such a person is a moral cash register. Think of having to sit in the house all day and hear him ring his little cash register whenever he deposited fifteen cents' worth of righteousness or eighty-five cents' worth or fifteen dollars' worth—his small sales in the business of salvation, to be collected into a final total as the purchase money of eternity. Think of sitting in the house for years and hearing him name over the virtues and collect from them!"

A cynical citizen—what town has not one, its disappointed man?—once had broken over the town, not his alabaster box, but his witticism.

"The only benevolent institution fostered by this rich old town," he cried in abusive jubilation, "is the funeral. No one incurs expense, and in the course of time every one receives from it a disbursement of many figures in return for his investment of his one figure—what more from a bargain could a thrifty individual ask?"

The deceased and he had trod their separate ways as repellant pilgrims of character, cynic and Alabaster Box. But the dead, though little prized when in the flesh, are at times a good enough bone with which to take a crack at the



skulls of the living; and the funeral of to-day brought him extraordinary opportunity to brandish one such bone. He wielded it lustily as he rode along, glancing betimes at his mother, sitting dully beside him and grown too accustomed to his invectives longer to heed them.

"Here they all are at his funeral! Could they not have shown the decency to stay away and let him be borne through the town as neglected as he lived?"

"A more appropriate text for the sermon would have been the parable of the Prodigal Son. Not on the worthless prodigal himself but that worthy brother of his whom the world has always overlooked, the family drudge, the lonely unloved toiler of the fields. Ox of his own patience, ass of his own humility, whose daily bread was the harsh provender of self-denial and whose only cup was the cup of forgetfulness of his passions!"

"One day he hears a great commotion at the house and, dropping his work, drags himself thither with sore limbs, in his dirt and sweat, to find out what it all means. Beholds there his brother who long before, taking with him all they could bestow, had departed into the world to squander it how he would. Now they were shouting their joy that, destitute, with none to turn to, nowhere else to go, he had slunk back to be taken care of again. Give him a bath! Bring him a robe! Invite his friends! Prepare a feast to honor him!"

"Stunned by the injustice, stung into speech at last, the family drudge in a few faltering words said to his father, 'You have never done anything like this for me'; and his old father wheeled on him: 'Have you ever *asked* for any of these things? When I am dead you will get your share of my money.' Never asked for these things—there's the rub! Are, then, our virtues not virtues to you until we pin our prices on them? Is gratitude not to be your gratitude unless it is throttled out of you?"

"That is what the minister should have thrown into the faces of the family: the selfish, self-indulgent, members get the ring, the robe, the bath, the banquet; the unselfish, self-denying member receives the thorn of thanklessness.

"Had I been standing in the minister's shoes, I should have cited to the dry-eyed throng the example of another citizen, a hoarder of wealth which poured from his business into his pockets, into his brain, into his soul, till it filled all the hollows of his greed, till it cracked the crevices of avarice. When at last it suited him to do the thing he planned, doing it.

"Opening his bursting bags of gold, he took a little gold here, a little gold there, nowhere enough to be missed from the vast golden hoard, but a splendid sum nevertheless; and with a pompous flourish of words made of it a gift to the town for the most conspicuous purpose that money can be spent upon—invested in the town's human nature at the highest rate of interest to himself; then sat back, smiled to himself, and waited for what he foresaw would follow.

"It did follow. The mayor and the city fathers gathered themselves together, bowingly to receive the gift, and gave an unheard-of dinner to such a paragon or octagon of civic virtue. The following Sunday, one of the ministers hunted up passages which would liken the event to the complimentary dealings of Jehovah with the ancient children of Israel. A religious paper cited such a deposit of money in bank as fresh proof of the progress of Christianity. A secular paper pronounced it an advance of the democratic spirit of America and connected it with the ascendancy of the Anglo-Saxon race in the Southern States. And the meaning of it all? Do a kind act for a person *once*, and he will ever afterward kindly remember you and kindly speak of you. Be kind to him constantly, on and on, year after year, and he may come to

look upon you as but doing your duty and perhaps doing it none too well.

"There a citizen, who by the single bestowal of gold for which he had no need, changed whispered curses into bellowed blessings; here another whose noiseless kindness flowed as a brook runs through a forest. The town drank the kindness as a forest drinks the brook—without thanks."

He glanced at his mother for her approval. Whenever he talked, she let her mind wander at will. Her gray glove now brushed particles of gray pike-dust from his black coat sleeve. She had early cherished the hope that her son would turn out to be a genius; she later cherished toward him a slight malevolence that, though far from being a genius, he was so much nearer being one than his mother.

A resident minister of the town, whose consolatory services the stricken family had not bespoken lest he discourse unguardedly of family relations, rode beside an eminent lawyer who was preponderantly given to foster and fan his own eminence. Facing them sat two ladies with countenances marked by life's sobering, softening lessons—chastened women, kind souls. The lawyer broke the prolonged silence of the carriage:

"I was struck the other day with the views of a new writer concerning the woman in the story of the alabaster box. He thought her an actress, hair and towel and tears and all, a sham. She had become bored with her kind of life as many such women are, saw a chance to play a part in a great dramatic scene, and played it."

The ladies exchanged glances of repulsion.

"I mention the subject merely because it brings up the question probably uppermost in a good many of our minds this afternoon: whether our fellow townsman who got himself called the Alabaster Box was not all *his* life an actor, a sham."

"Oh!" exclaimed one of the ladies, "that is going too far!"

"Oh, it is brutal, it is shocking!" exclaimed the other.

"Any reference to sincerity usually *does* go too far," replied the lawyer, laughing slightly. "It usually *is* brutal, shocking. Nevertheless, I feel bound to declare *that* in my judgment to have been the whole trouble: the town thought him a hypocrite, with his smile and his affability and studied benevolences."

Unfavorable silence followed. It did not rebuff the lawyer. He continued, "Now the smile is the most beautiful thing on the face of humankind; millions of years passed before it appeared there. The affable is one of the most lovable of human traits; ages upon ages went by before it was born. Why, then, in Heaven's name, has the world so turned against both when seen on our countenances? Certainly, the whole world distrusts the smiling, the affable, stranger—why? Of the two sexes the one that smiles more, that seems the more affable, is thought the insincerer sex—why? Throughout the male sex the men who smile most, appear most affable, are thought the least sincere, the least virile, the most subservient characters—why? The greatest individuals of the race have never been smiling men; the most accomplished servants always *are* smiling men; the most accomplished hypocrites always *are* smiling men. The world which has seen so much has never seen one honest monster: a cross-grained, sour-tempered, snarling, rip-roaring hypocrite."

The speaker had an audience which, though plainly hostile, was of needs attentive.

"To explain our fellow townsman, we shall have to go back to an ancient time when our few good traits and our many evil traits both dwelt out in the open, naked and unashamed. One day, a very terrible day, a bad trait, being worsted during an encounter, in its



dire extremity ran across the idea that it must look round for a hiding place; and it made the discovery that its safest place of concealment would be in resemblance to a good trait: it would disappear as itself and reappear in the likeness of a virtue. That day the hypocrite entered human affairs—the animal with a mental mask.

"Henceforward life no longer developed as the drama of realities, but likewise as the drama of disguises; with no steady power in man to distinguish reality from disguise. This went on until every evil trait had its covert of good and the world became a masked world. But the most beautiful of its masks remained the smile and the look of the affable. Therefore, these became the most popular; therefore, they became the commonest devices of deception; and thus we arrive at the reason why they are now the most distrusted.

"I have always believed our fellow-townsmen the most heavily masked man in the community. To what extremes his passions ran, what weaknesses foiled him, what temptations tore him, I make no guess; but nothing can alter my belief that he guarded the secret of these in terror of being found out. This terror drove him, as it has many another, toward the shelter of the New Testament. He disappeared in one of the commandments—behind the cross of Christ, the most famous of the world's hiding places for conscious and half-conscious and barely conscious criminals."

"Oh, that is going too far!" protested one of the ladies, appealing to the minister.

"It is brutal, it is shocking!" protested the other, appealing no less.

The lawyer turned his face toward the minister. "You had something to say?"

"A little," remarked the minister quietly, "but enough perhaps."

After a short pause he spoke as one who knew his mind.

"We do wear our masks—yes. You have described one, the mask which evil wears in order that it may be taken for good. There is another which you seem to have overlooked—the mask which good wears lest it be taken for evil. Each of us masks his best."

"Oh, I am sure of that!" said one of the ladies, much relieved.

"It is so true!" testified the other. The minister continued,

"There is the tragedy of human life. Not one of us dare unmask his full worth to others; not even to his closest friend; his friend could not stand it. No human being dare practice with any other human being the entire best that is in him. For every ideal virtue we turn to religion; we crave a supernatural being whose perfection we can tolerate. God we agree not to envy—nor to kick.

"You believe the man we follow out of the world to-day masked the great evil that was in him. I believe his mistake lay in this: he failed to mask the great good. That Christ did: he went about among men unmasked of good and practicing the whole virtue that was in Him. We know what the prosecuting attorneys of his day thought of *Him*."

The ladies fixed their eyes upon the prosecuting attorney in the carriage, not displeased to see him, as they thought, placed in the low evil company in which he belonged. The lawyer smiled, not discomfited.

"He was the town's hypocrite," he insisted, curtly dismissing the subject.

The minister remarked, gently dismissing the subject,

"No man dare practice with his fellow men the whole of the virtue that is in him."

In the final carriage side by side sat two men of fulfilled years, comrade characters, interlocked old trees. One spoke sunnily out from under his falling autumn leaves,

"So this is the last of Robert!"

"The last for a time at least. For a time only, I hope."

The colloquy lengthened out in tranquil guise.

"I have had him much in mind since his death."

"I have had him much in mind a good many years."

"If the things said about him from first to last, even the things said to-day—if they were put together! A curious motley of opinions it would make!"

"If the things said of any one of us at death, if *they* were put together, every man would be a riddle to other men."

"Why, yes! Who could discover what character of person any one of us was, if the things said were put together?"

"Yet that is the coat of many colors which every man dies wrapped in, without eyes to see the strange garment he wears as he takes his departure, with no sense of humor left to smile at it and at those who made it."

"Even among the friends who sounded us most deeply, no two would contribute the same cloth to the patchwork coat; any two would disagree as to which of their cloths was the truer in weave and hue and pattern."

"It is that way. It is life."

After an interval one spoke up more vigorously,

"I wonder whether other acquaintance formed of Robert anything like the same opinion that I had."

"We'll compare opinions. As nearly as any we should agree, you and I. How did you understand him?"

The rejoinder did not come at once. What brief tracery of words would bound and then brighten the enigma of a character? Finally the pondering chronicler spoke his mind.

"I saw him as born too late in the South for the kind of man he was. When we older ones look back upon what the people of this country have been and what they have done, a few figures stand out here and there in the earlier history: types of character not seen in any other country, not seen any

longer in this. Great humane American figures, new once to the world never to grow old in the world. The one I have before my eyes at the moment is the white man of the South as developed now and then into an American type by the black man of the South. Nothing else developed him. The civilization of the old South, the old peculiar Southern kindness, the old peculiar Southern courtesy, the manners, the customs—all originated in duties to the slave. When the negro changed under the law, the white man changed above the law. When the bondage of the lower race ended, the exaggerated virtues which it had forced out of the higher race ended. The institution of slavery ceased with the stroke of a pen; and, of course, you cannot abolish the traits of a people by a proclamation. Southern masters and mistresses who saw their slaves set free lived out their lives such as their slaves had made them. They molded their children into some resemblance to themselves; and thus, lingering on and on, dying slowly as this trait or as that trait, in some village, on some plantation or farm, in this solitary person, in that solitary person, the greater spirit of the old South gasps out its last even in our day. That is what I thought of Robert: he was the last of the finer spirit of the old South in this town.

"Understand him—how could the town understand him? A handful of people may have—you and I. But the hearse driver—did you notice him? What fellowship had he with so extinct a gentleman? Yet the hearse driver of fifty years ago would have been filled with respect if but for beholding the whole town filled with respect—had Robert been buried then. Or take one little thing—virtually everything: he demoralized, they said, their servants. No doubt. Hired domestics could not stand his extreme consideration for their feelings and comforts. But for just that consideration the slaves of an old-



time Southern master gave their best service and their devotion and would have given their lives. Well, that is how I looked upon him! And you?"

The reply, following upon a silence, was returned with conviction as deep,

"You saw lingering in him the kindness and other traits of the old South; I saw surviving in him the kindness and other traits of the older America. You and I know that once there did exist such a virtue in the American people. American kindness! Spoken of the world over as American kindness! But the Southern negro did not furnish the American people with that trait. It was developed in the American white man by the American white man. We are the only modern nation that ever took possession of a vast continent by a long advancing line of fighters and settlers, to me the greatest moving human line in the ages of man. That far-stretched traveling frontier, struggling and straggling forward for hundreds of years, *that* is what made the American people one people and developed their fundamental characteristics! *There* is where American kindness began: the whole nation broke at the frontier the alabaster box! It may have violated every other commandment; that one it kept—not to withhold the expression of love from the living. It did *not* withhold! Sharing roof and fire, cup and crust, blanket and powder and ball, wounds, death. Not from the slavery of the Southern negro, but the freedom of the early American white man came forth our national virtues. That is what I thought of Robert! Part of the moving American frontier once swept through this part of the continent. It reached the site of this town. All along this main street, then the green wilderness, as the national frontier, was broken the alabaster box. When the fighting frontiersmen swept on, they carried the kindness with them; those who settled here practiced it among them, handing it down, though lessened, to their

children; these in turn to theirs. A little of it lasts yet. Robert had more of it than any man I know."

Nothing was said for a while. Then, "So we do not agree after all! To me he was an oldtime Southerner, nothing of the Northerner in him, nothing of the Westerner in him. He belonged to the best in the old South; and the best in the old South was never in the North, never in the West. It was Southern and Southern only."

"I stripped him of what made him Southern only and when so stripped, I found him the same man as the Northerner when so stripped and as the Westerner when so stripped; the three of them one man—the American, new in the world."

"We agree at least that he came too late to be understood. The Southerners are not the people they were."

"Yes, too late; the Americans are not the people they were."

The physician in the case fell into line at the end of the moving train as it crossed the town. He affectionately desired not to miss being there and he angrily desired that the whole onlooking town should see him there—a mourner.

He was a young doctor in the sense of being within the first several years of his practice. The town was his native town and his family—passed away now—had been one of its old distinguished families. But his education had been in the North, whither his parents had gone to live. He had, not long since, returned to his greatly loved birthplace, now a commercial center of the new South, to become in time, as he hoped, its leading physician, with a specialty.

The specialty may have been the reason why some weeks previous a request had reached him from the family for his services. As in response he hurried toward the house, he naturally bethought himself of what he remembered or knew about the head of the house and discovered little: small-

boy recollections which did not distinguish him from small-boy recollections of other; near or distant glimpses of him on the streets now and then since coming back. So that he approached his patient without preconceptions or prejudice save a warm bias of his own nature toward him as an aristocrat—some such man as had been his own father.

He found his patient—a long, slender tranquil figure—reclining on his bed in his clothes, with no intention of taking them off until he must, with not the slightest notion of capitulating upon such a field of battle as human life.

His room was unselfishly a meaner room of the house, meaner except for one wall on which, chosen with clear taste, ranged a small library from the world's books. Through which, no doubt, he long had been used to wander and to fall in here and there with some one of the widely scattered company of the world's gentlemen: never many of them in any one place, but whether many or few and howsoever separated capable always of understanding and enjoying one another—gentlemen.

As the doctor softly opened the door and caught sight of his patient reclining there, evidently waiting for him and evidently wracked by suffering though self-sufficient in his pain, a feeling of respect stayed his entrance; since it became an intrusion to walk without the warrant of acquaintanceship into the room and brush aside the barriers of fine reserve with such a person; handle him without regard, question him without regard, tell him to do this or to do that, perhaps tell him to prepare to give up.

An instant only; for within the next the patient had himself taken over the whole fastidious question of what their relations were to be. He greeted the doctor much as if he were accepting a son whom through ill chance he had never had the pleasure to know. Was not this the son of an old friend and fellow townsman, entitled to social con-

fidence, personal confidence, affection? As to professional confidence, he placed his mortal case in the youngster's hands with such unspoken simple trust, that the youngster somehow felt himself lifted to a new plane of practice and breathing the breath of a new power. Emotion, something like passion, surged within him to save his patient, and if need be to slave for him in the attempt—so moving a thing had happened these brief moments, he hardly knew what, except that this was the highest plane on which as yet he had anywhere found the sick.

The very first thing during the following days to which his patient invited his attention was a whole new beautiful early life of his own father, nourished there, flourishing there, in his patient's memories of their youth together. While he listened, thrilled, touched, the twin fact of the matter did not escape his notice either: the gallant ardor with which a dying gentleman paid his tribute to a dead gentleman, forgetting his own impending fate in the joy of transferring from his vanishing mind to the mind of the son this glowing picture of the sire—quite as though he were hurriedly rescuing some piece of treasure which was in danger of being finally lost. The doctor again experienced the sensation of being called toward the heights of character.

As the case progressed the patient's consideration of the doctor quite equaled the doctor's consideration of the patient. If on one table always sat the doctor's medicine for the patient, always on another waited the patient's beverage—some momentary grateful drink—for the physician, when he arrived or as he left. Then the surveillance regarding lesser comforts: was the light in the room agreeable? Would not another chair be more comfortable? What a sultry day—the doctor must feel the humidity. Did he prefer other soap for his hands? Had he at last unpacked and arranged his library as he desired? Would he run his eye along



his own shelves and see whether there were anything he would like to take home?

Unconsciously lavishing what vitality remained upon the amenity, the grace, of rendering the doctor's visits as pleasant as might be, to the end that he be not unduly disturbed in the practice of his profession nor in the general enjoyment of his life. With yet other sympathies flowing toward the town: the flowers there—would the doctor leave them with some one of his patients who might not happen to have fresh ones—to-day? He had had them especially cut. The patient not so hopeful of recovery yesterday morning? Getting well!—that *was* cheering news! Getting well, getting well—how hollow, bottomless a sound the words had to one who was not!

During this interval there had reached the doctor's amazed, shocked, indignant ear the story of the relation of the town to his patient. Keenly thenceforward he watched for evidences which might betray the resentment of his patient toward his fellow townsmen. No evidences appeared—only those overflowing solitudes which had already attracted his wonder. Either his patient had lived unaware of how he was regarded or his patient had not cared how he was regarded. A solitary sign there may have been—great words to bear him witness. The doctor one day sat down at a table to write a prescription, and his eye fell upon a volume of those world-wide shelves lying open near his hand. A pencil had drawn a line beneath a sentence—a bitter sentence of Cato when in his old age arraigned before the senate:

"It is hard to have lived among one generation and to be tried by another."

On the margin, his patient had written:

"It is *not* hard."

They had conversations on the older generations in the South. The countenance of his patient began to glow as though he were looking back upon a

beloved age. He turned his eyes regretfully to the younger man.

"I cannot impart to you, even describe to you the best there was in old Southern life and character. It kindled for the time a light in the toil and trouble of the nation, but it left no light to history. It shone in the virtues, the manners and customs, of only a few, and the few took their flame with them. Already no one can even write of the best—no one any longer knows what it was. The worst—that will be recorded."

The doctor, sitting at the bedside and watching his patient, felt as though he were beholding the best—a distant, far-spread brightness growing dim in this gentleman.

They had other conversations upon the older America. The countenance of the patient again began to be suffused with emotion as though he were looking back upon an epoch of heroes. He turned his eyes to the doctor confidently.

"The early making of the nation was its light, is still its light, a fixed light in history. If it should ever cease to shine in this country, it will shine in other countries. It *will* cease to shine in this country unless the old American stock which kindled it tends and guards it. *You* are one of those who must help to guard, remember—the nation's early light—you of the early stock."

The doctor, sitting at the bedside and watching his patient, as sometimes he must, had a vision of the long American frontier moving across the land and, as it moved, creating the nation and the nation's virtues. Straight down from that frontier had walked through the American generations this simplest, kindest man.

One day his patient lay contemplating the wall of the room before him as though *there*—there on the very wall!—were outstretched a vast picture which for those eyes held everything. The doctor studied his face in a mood of reverent envy. No such tableaux of reality ever so ennobled his vision—none with such power to lift him to his

highest. All the pictures he could form of his own country, or of any other country, or of human life in the whole world these last few years, were troubled, confused, darkened pictures.

"What is it you are looking at?" he asked, bending impulsively nearer. "What is the great scene? Tell me, for I wish to know!"

His patient turned his eyes to him.

"I was looking at the things I have believed in."

He glanced at his shelves of books on another wall to include them.

The doctor had examined these books most curiously and found them blindingly chosen.

There through them, coming down from the oldest lands and crossing once the ancient land of Palestine, wound the

long human road of the human best; the road of the worst was not on the shelves. As man had strangely wandered down this road, laughter had been his at all times; humor for his follies; wit at his mistakes; merriment amid his failures; a will above his disappointments; virtue beyond his vices, forgiveness after his sins. If footsore, breaking upon his feet the alabaster box of his own best as their wayside salve; seeing another footsore, breaking the box upon him. All along the changing highway the sunlight of the changeless law: Your best for yourself and for your fellow traveler.

His patient, his old-time Southerner, his old-stock American, had found and had finished his journey on the ancient ascending road.

## On the Beach

BY SEABURY LAWRENCE

THE south wind sings along,  
The bright waves shine;  
And laughing, with the morning,  
Goes a brave child—  
Mine.

Above the reefs the gulls flash—  
They tireless fly;  
Summer lingers on the sea—  
Ah, summer, must you  
Die?

And, child, a-laughing in the morn,  
With little boats at play,  
Pray linger with the summer,  
And be a child  
Always!



# Time and Chance

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

**F**IGHTING is on between the English sparrows and my bluebirds for the box on the corner of the barn; down in the orchard there is more fighting, sparrows, the same pair possibly, against white-bellied swallows for an apple-tree hole, the sparrows in both fights losing apparently, for the nests of the bluebirds and swallows go forward. This turn of affairs is due, I think, to the presence of a new fighter, the English starling, rival colonizer to his countryman sparrow, a bigger and better fighter. A pair of starlings have driven the flickers out of their ancestral home in the Baldwin tree, and now are on the Hill, hanging around the hickory where the flickers are building a new nest hole, in order to dispossess them here.

These are local skirmishes in a great world war, not between bluebird and sparrow or starling and flicker, but between man and nature. It started long before man was big enough to fight, but he is now the real storm center. Interloper, disturber, usurper, he seems to have had a very different place assigned him in the planet's original life-plan, so different as to make him look now in the scheme like an afterthought, a mistake made here by the messenger whose orders were for Mars. For he has grossly mishandled life, "broken Nature's social union," let the sparrow and the starling into the land of the bluebird and the flicker and the swallow to possess it.

The starling is a recent plague. Though not strong yet in numbers, it spreads like a plague, and already master of the English sparrow, attacks every other rival for his house and lands. The native birds have lived together happily until now, under an immemorial com-

pact of nice adjustments and balances which the newcomer neither knows nor honors. The English sparrow has been in Hingham for seventy years, but still he is alien and has caused only strife in my bird world since he arrived. This starling is a stronger bird, more pugnacious, more domestic, too, in his instincts, and threatens greater damage. If unchecked, he will chase a thousand and put ten thousand native birds to flight. Hingham shall never fail doubtless of bird life, but she may know some day only starling life. These aliens, however fair, are a scourge, a false weight in the balance, brought from their native haunts and natural enemies to find neither let nor hindrance here.

It is interesting to see the adaptations of our native birds to meet the man-made exigencies of their lives: the swift from the caves and hollow trees taking to our chimney flues; the phoebe from the overhanging rocks to the bridge stringers and the coving of the house roofs, to say nothing of the pair that built for fourteen summers under my pigpen; the wild shy nighthawk, eerie spirit of the woodland dusks, making shift to nest on Boston's tarry house tops; and more astonishing, the sight of a pair of small hawks swooping over the St. Louis Public Library this spring in the very heart of the city, and lighting familiarly as pigeons up under the cornice of a lofty building across the street from the Library! I am sure from their actions that they had a nest close to that jutting cornice. These are man-caused shifts, the direct result of his ruthless management of life, which must either bend or break short in his hand.

There is abundant proof that birds and

men for the most part can dwell together if the birds are invited; and more and more as their part in human existence is understood, are they being invited, even a scant tithe of our stores being set aside for them, and for those that travel far aërial highways are provided, states-patrolled and paved by joint action of Canada and our own country. Yet this is a small step compared with the advance the birds themselves have made to meet their man-adjusted world.

We little realize how life is beset in its natural habitat; what a narrow foothold life often has; so much more are we impressed with the apparent margin to spare, the actual waste of life in Nature's hand. But this prodigality is her tragic effort to overcome Death's lead. All living forms compete in the great elimination races forever being run off; but when man enters as a contestant he breaks every rule of the game and "spikes" every dangerous rival. There is no umpire in Nature to rule him off the field.

The fight for life is closer than it appears. I have seen the August sky painted like a Turner sunset with colors mixed of evening light and floating pollen clouds. Life had given the azure heaven a wash of pure gold, had sown the whole horizon with pollen, each particle pulsating with life, a storm of vital dust drifting like fog across the sky for fear some floweret might go unfertilized, some tiny ovule die untouched, and the coarse race of ragweeds perish from the earth! (Would this particular race of weeds might perish from Hingham!)

What if Nature thought so? What if she grew indifferent, careless, and withheld her hand? She knows neither coarse nor fine. This very ragweed, dweller in waste places, fills the air with pollen only because I have made so much waste space in Hingham. This weed under natural conditions found life small and mean enough; but let Aaron wave his devastating rod over forest and prairie, and comes the ragweed, tramp

of the waste lands, as out of Egypt, clothing the naked fields with tatters, and leaving Aaron with hay fever for his pains.

Sheer prodigality of seed has sometimes stayed both time and chance till these inexorable forces have been slowed to a standstill. Older than the hills is the sturgeon, coming down to our day out of primordial seas. Clad in armor plate, it has stood off Death since the Devonian Age, since before the reptiles wallowed in the Mesozoic marsh, or even the rank ferns of the coal beds flourished back in the Carboniferous swamps. But time and chance are on its trail.

This is a new spring; the waters stir; and into the Delaware out of its immemorial sea, stems the elder sturgeon to spawn along the shallows of the river and bay. Some years ago I saw a sturgeon towed into the fishery at Bayside, on the Delaware, whose roe alone weighed ninety pounds. Taking an ounce of this by the scales and counting, I found the whole roe contained about three million one hundred and sixty-eight thousand eggs—a measure of the enormous odds against this left-over life from the Devonian seas. Gambling with these three millions of chances against equal millions of hazards, Life has won for the sturgeon for millions of years. But so narrowly! Of these three million eggs (all of these went into caviar), not more than three, probably, would have escaped destruction and developed into mature fish. The sturgeon hardly holds his own; is steadily failing as a race; rivers once alive with them at spawning time now rarely visited; fisheries where caviar-curing since I can remember thrived as a business, now abandoned because the spring run of sturgeon has diminished or has altogether ceased.

A million deaths for a single life, and the sacrifice too small! It makes one think of human war. And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns. This is the creature John saw off Patmos. The beast one



sees along this New England coast has a million heads, and more mouths than heads, and in every mouth a writhing sturgeon. Yet out of the mouth of the beast some have always escaped; but out of the hand of man not a sturgeon shall escape, nor a condor, nor a man.

From the sands of the sea, now climb the high Sierras; out of the swarming waters where the sturgeon spawn, scale the clear cold heights where the condor breeds. The condor, too, is doomed.

The American condor is the largest bird that flies. Instead of three millions of eggs, it lays but one at a nesting time, and nests only every alternate spring. This single shell cradles the race. One helpless chick, wrapped for months after hatching in natal down, is life's single strand. But it has held, and still holds the glorious wings, suspending them above the Sierras as from a star. Over snowy Hood to San Jacinto south swung the sky course of the condor—until the white man came to California.

Now the creature is close cabined on the remotest Sierras and is seldom seen. He still lives, no doubt, but I am watching to see him wind slowly skyward from his last lonely perch, and coasting westward, disappear.

Prodigal to meet the lust and savagery of the sea, Nature is as parsimonious where she can be as the sterile peaks in their passionless sun and air. Three million eggs for as many enemies in the sea, and a single egg here in the heights, and that two years apart; for here no enemy can approach, and even Old Age must climb for a century out of the canyon to reach the condors' crag. How thin and cold burns the flame of desire in this mated pair of the peaks!

Wings like the condor's need time to grow and strength to meet the gales that share the heights, and room, vast room, above the mountain tops and through the courses of the clouds. More than one young at a time might crowd the starry spaces, while innumerable sturgeon fry leave empty the hungry maw of the sea.

For weal or woe, the hand of man is upon the world of all flesh. Many a cataclysm has overtaken it before, volcanic ash, and polar snows, but never a force so destructive, possibly, since time was, as the puny hand of man. And this is so because the delicate balance in Nature seems to have been struck without weighing him. I have seen pandemonium break loose and utter destruction at the mere presence of a man in a sea-fowl rookery on the Pacific. Birds like the herring gull and the cormorant, natural enemies, living side by side in safety, so nicely hung the great rocks in Nature's even hand! But when I stood among the nesting multitudes instant confusion reigned and death, the devouring gulls swooping among the unprotected eggs and young of the frightened cormorants with terrible destruction. My presence alone in the rookery, my mere being there, would have meant the end of the cormorants.

How ragged the edge by which life wins I saw last summer in my garden. For years I had tried to time the hatching of the turtle's eggs, but either I did not catch the turtles laying, or some keener student, like the fox, would spoil the secret before I arrived. Last June, the fifth, I came just at dusk upon a painted turtle at the lower end of the garden, hollowing out a nest for her eggs. The ground had not been plowed for over a year, it was caked and stony, but the creature reckoned neither time nor effort, digging away unhurriedly with deliberate geologic action, reaching into the little hole with one hind foot after another in regular alternate turns, ten seconds apart by the watch. She worked with her hind legs only, resting on one, her shell canted sharply as the hole deepened, reaching in with the other leg for a footful of earth. This she gathered and kneaded into a damp little wad at the bottom of the hole; then rising from her canted position on the supporting leg till she could clear her loaded foot, she drew it forth, thrust it back of her, out straight its full length, and dropped

the wad; pulled this leg back under her; lifted the other leg, pushed it down into the hole and repeated the operation—time after time until the nest was done.

I came upon her about seven in the evening. I lay down behind her and watched until nine, when one of my sons, along with the whippoorwills, joined me. By this time the hole was as deep as her leg would stretch, and soon through the dusk we saw a white egg drop into the nest. Then two minutes later a second egg, a third, until seven were laid, an egg every two minutes with clocklike regularity. Then without stirring from her position, not even enough to dislodge a straw which had fallen across her slanting back, she began to cover the eggs, first one leg reaching back for sand, then the other, as if time were nothing, where the sun must mother, and the months must midwife, the hatching. She neither moved nor looked around to see the nest, or to see what sticks and stones she might be scratching in upon her eggs. A little tuft of wiry grass grew on the edge of her nest hole and this she reached for with both feet at once, catching it over and over, only to have it slip between her toes. It kept her covering a full half hour when, had she warped a point to one side or the other, she would have found her own little piles of soft sand.

At nine-thirty the mechanical creature was ready to crawl off, her nest covered even with the ground. I hurried to the barn, got a strong wire cage, sunk it well over the nest and weighted it with a stone. The foxes did not get this clutch.

That was June fifth. September twentieth I made this entry in my diary: "The turtle's eggs hatched to-day—one hatched. I have visited the nest almost daily since June fifth, and to-day one turtle lay feebly kicking on his back under the wire cage. I dug out the nest. One egg was infertile, one diseased, the young dying half developed; four eggs were fully incubated, but the young had died inside the split shells; one young

one got out to the surface to tell the date of his hatching."

His eyes were shut; a long sharp horn still tipped his snout, by which he had ripped open the leathery shell of the egg; and he was utterly helpless. When tail and head were extended he measured one and one-quarter inches from tip to tip. After a week of nursing at the house he could paddle his own canoe, and I took him down to the stream. Of the turtle nests in my garden last year the foxes and skunks destroyed all but this one under the wire; and of the seven eggs one had hatched; and he was too weak to crawl to water without my help. Some do escape every September or the race of painted turtles would have gone from my ponds. Let me lift my hand against them, and their end has come.

I know possibly the last wild pitcher plant in Hingham. There is many a swampy spot in Hingham which I hardly know, and many a pitcher plant in hiding, I hope, that I have overlooked; but this strange flower, once common in Hingham, will shortly disappear. One might even see it go, might with a single stroke, cause it to vanish and be known no more forever as wild and native here.

Fortunately, this particular plant is in no possible danger of extermination. Its range is wide and its swampy home a great protection. It is a hardy abundant plant elsewhere, but its struggle here is prophetic of so many fading forms that I can scarcely look upon this last lingering clump. A fearsome sight it is to see the passing of a race, the thwarting of a divine plan, the end of what had been intended for eternal years. Death we are used to, but not extinction. Here in the swamp is more than death; here is a race reduced to an individual, immortality putting on the mortal; the return unto the shapeless void of a form; the last spent pulse of a procreative power that started fresh from God when the world was young, as if God were dying in the swamp.

I drained the swamp, and that hurt.



It also helped another plant, a common colorless sedge, which, pushing in from everywhere pushed the pitcher plant out—into the nowhere whence there is no return. Something that was, is not. One of earth's patterns has been lost. A pitcher has been broken at the fountain; a wheel broken at the cistern. We in Hingham shall never drink beauty from this well again.

Recently I stood looking into the asphalt pits at Rancho La Brea, California. I had held in my hand that morning an eight-inch tooth from this pit, the great curved fang of *Smilodon*, the saber-tooth tiger. The terrible weapon might have been torn from the tiger's jaw only yesterday, so perfectly had the impregnating oil preserved it. Thin, bladelike, its inner serrate edge pricked the skin and clung to the finger drawn through its scimitar curve. It was a perfect tooth. The beast possessing it had perished in his mighty pride. And here with him in the treacherous tar had perished two thousand of his kind. Skeletal parts of two thousand saber-tooth tigers have been taken from this California tar pool at La Brea.

As I stood by the pit I looked about me. Two small ground squirrels watched me from behind a eucalyptus tree; a forest of derricks rose over against me, pumping oil; a stream of automobiles whizzed past me on the paved road; but in the pool below me the oily ooze bubbled thickly; and below the ooze lay heaped the bituminized ends of all the years. Geology here had scrapped her later ages. This was Time's dump, the rendering vat, where into nothingness and night each lighted day is melted, each perfect form and life.

What strange and mighty forms have vanished here: tigers more dreadful than those of the Amazon or Bengal, mastodons of monstrous size, elephants, camels, tapirs, sloths, horses, dire wolves, cave bears and bear dogs bigger than the Kadiak bear, birds and reptiles without like or kind among the living now—forever gone except that their buried bones

are found, and on those rude and partial frames rough guesses hung for what were once unique and breathing forms.

But new forms have taken their places? No, not since the Pleistocene years. The panther has taken the saber-tooth tiger's place, but the panther, a coward cat, was lurking in his den for fear of *Smilodon*. Not a new form has developed upon the earth since the fatal tar pools caught the last saber-tooth and smothered his terrible race. The earth had no more life then than now, but it had more shapes and races, more and greater!

We have seen some of those races vanish. We know the day and place when the last passenger pigeon died, when his kind whose seed was in himself, ceased to be. So with the Labrador duck, the Pallas cormorant, the Great Auk, the Eskimo curlew, the Carolina parakeet and at least five other American birds. These were here since we can remember; but they will never come again. Perhaps few if any of us in the East will ever see the California condor alive in his mountain home, or the band-tailed pigeon, or the white-tailed kite. Fate still pursues the wild life of California. In Massachusetts have disappeared within the last fifty years the Canada lynx, the gray wolf, the black bear, the moose, the elk, the wild turkey, the whooping crane, the sandhill crane, and the black-throated bunting. In a reservation on Martha's Vineyard, protected by a special warden, are the last two hundred living heath hen, a beautiful specimen of the grouse once common all over the Eastern states. Here they can barely hold on. The drift is too strong against them. They are too fair. Fate has marked them, and every other bird as large as the quail, for her own. Cats are now the chief enemy of these heath hen, but the hunter has been. Say the best you can for the true sportsman, he and the hunter are out to kill. Lurking about the edge of the reservation is also the thief who bags a specimen quietly to sell to the museum

makers. There is a price on the heath hen's head—a growing price as the two hundred dwindle toward the vanishing point.

It is dismaying to count the causes making for the destruction of wild life, and how inevitable many of them seem to be. Since 1835 from the near vicinity of St. Louis, Missouri, forty-four species of native plants have utterly disappeared. A few new forms have come in to take their places, but the causes operating for the destruction in St. Louis are not operating for the spread of those extinguished forms elsewhere. What works for destruction in St. Louis, works everywhere the same.

The wild leek, turtle head, innocence, ragged orchis, creeping St. John's-wort, marsh St. John's-wort, fen orchid, bunch flower, mock bishop-weed, long-leaved stitchwort and stout stenanthium have been exterminated by cultivation; cultivation and pasturing combined have killed out the moonwort, yellow adder's-tongue, meadow fescue, small pale-green orchis, and the large twayblade; cultivation and vandalism combined have done for the closed gentian, showy orchis, royal fern and the grass-leaved stenanthium; cultivation and drainage have together killed out the spike rush, prairie white-fringed orchis and Clayton's fern; pasturage alone has killed the fibrous-rooted sedge, the blue cohosh, hairy-lip fern, black cohosh, large corral-root, *evolvulus*, white gentian, stiff gentian, Michaux's leavenworthia, false beech drops, nodding pogonia, Engelmann's sorrel, lyre-leaved sage, rock salaginella and spiderwort; pasturage and vandalism have eliminated the large yellow lady's slipper and the crested coral-root; vandalism alone has exterminated the wood lily; the Missouri River has washed away the bearded day flower; the removal of sand on which the plants were growing has killed out the green adder's mouth and the gray polypody; the expansion of the city has destroyed the hawthorn and the American feather foil. Specimens of all

these plants are to be found in the herbarium of the Missouri Botanical Gardens as members once of the local flora.

I cite this long list of the dead and how they died, to show that the battle still goes on, and that it is fierce and fatal. From the tar pools of the Pleiocene times to my own small day in Hingham, the race has not been to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Time and Chance happen to them all, with all the odds in favor of the alliance. Beaten back by Time, outwitted by Chance, Life hurls one line of shock troops after another into the fight, holding her unconquered front behind the deep-piled dead.

This is a warm April day, and down in the village of East Weymouth the stream called Herring Run is writhing with a new birth. Thousands of alewives are flapping up the shallow water to lay their eggs in Whitman's Pond. The purpose, the excitement of the creatures are almost terrible to behold, their fight to reach the birth stool, to spread their spawn thicker than the stars of the Milky Way around the margins of the pond. Nature groans in perpetual travail. Annually the herrings come in from the safety of the deep sea up this shallow path to the dam, where human hands lift them over—a few of them, but take a staggering toll. None of them had got beyond the dam, and the race had perished here a century ago, except that the town had provided for this remnant in giving the iron mill the right to build the dam. What does an iron mill reckon of a run of bony herring?

Where once the saber-tooth tiger and the mastodon roamed, the cave man now bravely runs at large and is wise to escape the tiger and the tar pools! But he is himself a tar pool. And for wild life he is the most treacherous and deadly of all deep pits. What has he done since yesterday about St. Louis? Here in Hingham the last big holly tree was hacked down a little while ago for a few green leaves and glowing berries high in its scanty top. The pitcher plant will go,



as the Weymouth herring would have gone, had not the town provided a fish way into Whitmans Pond.

What has been going on at the dam in Herring Run must needs go on in Hingham and in St. Louis and in every valley and mountain in California, even out to the islands of the sea. The sole help of many a struggling wild form from now on will be my help and your help. For a long time now man has been, and for all the ages to come will be, on the side of Time and Chance, against wild life. But the better man must prevail over the worse, the lover of life and beauty over the destroyer, the wise economist over the greedy, short-sighted waster; and this finer, wiser man will give to the polar bear, to the pitcher plant, to the mighty condor, his Arctic Circle, his Hingham meadow, his Sierra range for a perpetual home. He will go farther: he will plant and propagate, as well as protect, and bring back to the bluffs and bottom lands about St. Louis the forty-four that have folded their beautiful tents and silently stolen away—unless they have crept to the edge of the Pit and into that primordial pitch whence there is no return.

"Still glides the stream and shall forever glide,

The Form remains, the Function never died."

The poet should have taken a longer look backward—up the ancient river beds of geologic time. No ripple of water for ages here, the forms of the rivers gone, the functions also passed away. This very hilltop where I live on Liberty Plain, the high portion of Hingham, was once a vast glacial lake. A tiny trout stream that the fisherman steps across is all that now remains. I have seen a river disappear, the Owens River, into the mouth of an aqueduct to be carried in the concrete walls across the laps of valleys, on the knees of mountains, hundreds of miles to a multitude of meters in Los Angeles, a river no more, the form blotted out, the function utterly changed. This the puny hand of man has done, this and more, for this hand

makes rivers where there were none, and inland seas. Some day the weak hand will blast a highway for the sea winds through the high Sierras, letting their rainy wings overshadow Owens River Valley and Deep Springs Valley and Eureka Valley, even hover Death Valley, as the east winds from the Atlantic these April days will hover hill and valley here in Hingham until the parched winter land becomes a pool and the thirsty land springs of water. Such are human hands. "We can destroy this temple and in three days build it again," they say, laying hold on mountain, and isthmus and plain. But the hands of Nature more: they rock the ocean out of its little cradle, they stay the sun, and toss to and fro the fixed stars. The whole history of the earth is but a series of cataclysms, tearing down and building up—leveling the great races both of crag, and boll, and bone. Like the worn-down hills, Life has been worn down, pushed back and back again to the edge of the pit from which each time escaping, she crawls back bereft of megatherium, or archeopteryx, or mastodon, or smilodon, or dire wolf or dodo, or passenger pigeon. The greatest of the earth lie buried there, and some of the loveliest, too.

Let man and nature join hands in common destruction of life, and with our own eyes we may see take place what heretofore only the eyes of ages ever saw. Recently in the Missouri Botanical Gardens at St. Louis I was shown a pair of cycads, a species of palm, male and female, *Macrozamia Moorei*, from Australia. Because the fronds of *Macrozamia* contain a poison which causes paralysis in cattle feeding upon it, the ranchers of Australia have warred upon it to exterminate it, and so nearly have they succeeded that the four specimens in Missouri Gardens may now be the only plants of the species left on the earth. These were snatched from the burning—or the poisoning, for the plant is killed by chopping a notch in the trunk, then boring a hole to the center

and filling it with arsenic. The director of the gardens told me he had heard of the approaching end of this old form, and sending to Australia, was so fortunate as to get what may prove to be the last four survivors of the race. This may be too late to save them for the future. How under glass and in a strange land can these venerable obsolete forms be multiplied and longer preserved? And to add to the tragedy of another vanished race, this particular cycad is thought to be "the only living link between the cycads of to-day and the Bennettiales, a group of fossil cycad-like plants existing in the Mesozoic Era," ages before the tigers were tangled in the tar of the La Brea pools. This hoary palm, somewhat like a giant pineapple, is two feet through the stem, with waving fronds twenty feet in the air!

How long and alone its stand against slow outflanking Time! But how swift and sure its fall before the ax, the auger and the arsenic!

The human race is old but less ancient by ages than this ancient cycad. Still we men have held out long enough

against Time and Chance to prove that we are a vital and a valiant race and that we can prevail. But our fight is also against principalities and powers. Our own hands are against us. The last great war was not between nations but between Man and Nature. It struck hard at human life; the ax hacked through the human rind; the auger bored into the human core; and now in the foolish hands of men is the poison, quick and deadly, to do for the wounded race what the cattlemen have done to the wounded *Macrozamia* whose royal fronds had so long crowned the wide Australian plains! Arm for another war? Tigers! The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. We cannot arm nation against nation any more, but only human life against itself. The saber-tooth tiger was armed—but not against the tar pool. Our men on the war front were more terribly armed than the tiger, but not against the gas, germ, and hate. Oh, the pits, the asphalt pits of the last war! How full of arms! War is the tar pool of human life, out of which, however armed, the human race shall not escape in the end.

## Exit

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

WHEN I go home, leaving the world behind—  
 This transitory place that sheltered me;  
 When I fare down Death's roadway, suddenly  
 No more a prisoner long strangely blind,  
 What new delights and vistas shall I find;  
 What wistful presences shall I then see,  
 Waiting like shadows in eternity,  
 With outstretched hands unutterably kind?

All the old love shall rush upon my heart,  
 All the lost friendships of the world shall come  
 To whisper to me. Ghosts, you say, are dumb;  
 Yet these shall speak in the old beautiful way,  
 And take me very secretly apart,  
 To say what only those in heaven may say.



# Seed

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

I HAD arrived at the little village of Isman Cesme, in the north of the Dobrudja, after unspeakable hardships on the road. Halfway through the forest of Babadag my little mare, after sniffing the air, took the bit in her teeth and galloped wildly until she fell over a tree stump and broke a hind leg. I had to put her out of misery and continued my journey on foot, twenty miles of forest through a blinding rain. Covered with mud, ragged, my bleeding feet bare, I knocked at the door of Ismael Al Talaal's hut at sunrise of a September day. The black-bearded Tcherkess peasant, fully costumed, in large yellow pantaloons and velvet burnoose, a heavy green turban covering the top of the cone of his red fez, appeared in the dark opening and caught my unsteady body in his powerful arms.

When I awoke, many hours later, for I had slept the whole day and far into the night, the hut was loud with the voices of men, women, and children. They were all seated on the floor round a very low white-pine table on which were steaming dishes of hot pilaf, broiled quarters of young lamb, and bowls of honey, still in the comb, oozing a liquid as golden as freshly pressed oil. The odor of the food brought tears to my eyes. I was hungry.

"Place for the stranger," called out Ishmael when he had seen me. They all rose to their feet.

"*Hosh geldi*," everyone welcomed me, bowing low.

"*Hosh boordum*," I answered and sat down near my host. He threw his coat over my bare shoulders, bade me wash my hands, and would not touch food until I had partaken of the honey he offered in a large wooden spoon.

"It is the custom of my people to offer honey as the first food to strangers, that there be no bitterness between us."

"That there be no bitterness," the others repeated after him.

After I had stilled my first hunger my host told me it was the feast of the Ramadan, the ninth month of the year, during which Mohammedans the world over fast from sunrise to sundown and eat at night. That was the last night of the Ramadan. There were songs, and even dances; but I was too tired to partake of their joys after I had stilled my hunger. Closing my eyes, I leaned against the thickly tapestried mud wall and fell asleep again while rhythms were being beaten on the hide-covered drum, and bronzed bayaderes swayed their marvelously muscled torsos.

In the morning, after oiling my body and dressing my wounds, Ishmael Al Talaal excused the mediocre food he offered by telling me the story of the singer his grandfather had fed some forty years before.

"One morning, a weary, ragged, homeless singer, coming from the Black Sea, reached our village. We opened our doors and fed him lamb meat and honey at our own tables.

"Because the spring floods and rains had washed away bridges and roads, he remained with us, telling tales and singing the songs of the many villages and peoples he had met. To help him while away his loneliness, our men taught him to sing our songs, our bayaderes danced, our youngsters raced the young colts, and our women showed him the silks in the dye vats and the weaves of our looms. For we were proud of our horses—the best Arab blood flowed in them—

and proud, also, of the craft of our women at the loom.

"One day, after the river had withdrawn to its bed and the marshes had dried and the roads had hardened again, the singer prepared to leave us. What our book tells us to do we did. We filled the stranger's bag with dried meat and bread and honey, so that the meat and the bread and the honey in our houses should be blessed every time he stilled his hunger on the road. And the gray-bearded wanderer's face was tear-stained when he took leave of us. 'Never have brothers been more brotherly. To the people living on the roads that lead from sea to sea I shall sing of your village; of the sweetness of your meat and the flavor of your honey; of the swiftness of your horses and the softness of the wool of your lambs; of your strong men and beautiful women. And above all, I shall sing of your doors as wide open to strangers as your hearts are. And may Allah always be with you.'

"The coming of that singer to our village happened long ago—when I was young. And the customs of our people were like our seed for the fields, the mother bees of the hives, the rams of the corrals, and the stallions of the stables—young but not new. To-day all we have is new—yet is old, not aged, old, old. . . . Why? Because we have housed and fed that stranger. He sang of the flavor of our honey in the hostelries and *kanaks* where men assemble, so they came from afar and bought our new swarms to hive in their villages.

"And they exchanged two and three swarms of theirs against our one. We became richer in hives than we ever were. But was our new honey as sweet?

"And they exchanged two and three of their rams and ewes against our one. It made us richer in lambs than we ever were. But was our new wool as soft?

"And of our own stables and fields they took seed.

"And when they had given and we had taken we were really poorer by what we were apparently richer. And

too frequent intercourse with strangers made our men richer by barter instead of work. Our old customs left on the backs of our horses and the wings of our bees. What replaced them was new—not young; raw—like new wine before the dregs have settled to the bottom. For even the oldest wine becomes troubled when carried from one place to another.

"The will of Allah is the will of Allah. But have we sinned because we have fed a homeless singer? It is written 'Allah will repay seven times hospitality to a stranger.' We have received of all more than seven times of what we have given. The numbers are there but not the quality. Why? Because the honey of the bee that feeds on honey is poor and of unpleasant flavor. Our grain multiplied not on our fields but through barter. Our men wrenched on the mart what Allah had promised, instead of waiting until he had fulfilled his promise.

"In the same manner also our horses, lambs, and swarms multiplied. In the market place our granaries overflowed with wealth we had not grown. The untilled fields hardened. Our stables resounded with neighings of horses unaccustomed to our plains, strangers to one another, strangers to our men, unloved by them, bartered, exchanged. To-day in one stable object of barter, to-morrow in another.

"And because of the coarse wool of our lambs the children wriggled in their clothing but danced no longer.

"Illness creeps upon the heavy feet of idleness. To-day we are the poorest of the poor. . . .

"Because we fed a homeless singer. If another one passes our village we shall feed him and then I shall say to him, 'Go, sing our praises, if thou must, but sing them to other homeless singers, not to *zapciis*, to merchants, in hostelries and *kanaks*.'

"My name is Ishmael Al Talaal. I descend from the hundred thousand Tcherkeszes driven hither by a cruel Tsar less than a hundred years ago to



populate the swamps of the Dobrudja. We have populated them. The bodies of my forefathers are under the paths that lead in and out of the swamps from the shores of the Danube, from Chernavoda to the plains of Silistria. There have been many wars since. We have heard the cannon shots. But we, we have battled with the fevers of the Dobrudja, and we have won; only a handful of us, true, but we have won. We have won the battles with the long black winters to which we were strangers; and, hillmen, we have learned to live on plains of yellow clay. Allah was with us in all our struggles until we heeded the '*Zapciis*' and enriched ourselves with grain we had not grown and cattle we had not raised."

On the fourth day, rested and clothed, I told Ishmael I desired to leave. He would not hear of it.

"You must stay to the end of the feast," he argued, "and then another day until the two weddings of the year are celebrated. It would be insult to leave before."

I had to agree. Besides, he wanted me to see the races that day. He also wanted to show me the wheat growing from seed his grandfather had left.

"It was only a handful when he died. But I have sown it with care and gleaned every stalk by hand, so as not to lose one single grain. The following year I had twenty-eight times as much. Not a grain of this was lost or eaten. It was sowed again. And so every year." Another year and he would have enough seed to distribute to all the inhabitants

and thus repair the great loss incurred years ago when all was sold to *Zapciis*. His grandfather had been the only one who had thought of keeping seed of the old before taking the new. Now it was Ishmael's life ambition to give back the old glory to the village. And it was, indeed, good heavy grain that he showed me, heavy and hard; grain grown on thick, short stalks. Grain grown for good bread and not for sale.

An hour before noon, barefooted, red-fezed youngsters, coming from all directions of the village, singing at the top of their nasal shrill voices, were leading well-groomed beribboned horses to a freshly mown field at the bottom of the hill. I had seldom seen such a mixture of breeds in one place. Short-legged Moldavian ponies with hoofs much too large for their slender limbs. Hungry-



HE CAUGHT MY UNSTEADY BODY IN HIS ARMS



looking Dobrudjan beasts, the camels of the Dobrudja, all ribs and legs, who thrive and work on a handful of straw and the smell of an oat. Large "Mus-cals," Russian horses, high, thin-jointed giants with small heads and furtive eyes, and a mongrel mixture of young colts of all bloods struggling to adapt themselves to the rigorous conditions of the country.

And they came from all sides, beribboned, oiled, combed; with tails and manes in twists, and heads held high, sniffing and neighing, prancing, rearing, and kicking impatiently while the lively boys called to one another and the villagers were arriving singly, and in groups, to the racing field.

When all were assembled, a deafening noise rose from the Tartar settlement. Soon afterward, passing through the Bulgarian part of the village, the Tartars, astride, galloped their horses to the racing field. They were received with loud huzzas by the youngsters and low salaams by the older people; for the Tartars, being Mohammedans, were also celebrating the Bairam. It was the one week of peace between Tartars and Tcherkeszes. Lots were drawn. Each Tartar horse was paired with a horse belonging to a Tcherkesze. When that had been arranged the betting began. The noise was deafening. Odds were offered and refused. Loud laughter . . . quarrels. . . .

I was standing near my host, Ishmael Al Talaal. He was very quiet and thoughtful. His two wives were behind him, silent and thoughtful as he was. But his daughter, Teptath, was impatient for the race to begin. Her face was uncovered. She was fifteen, tall, stout limbed, full throated, coarse haired. Her face was long and oval shaped. Her well-shaped lips were red; her eyes, set deep and black. Ishmael Al Talaal's family seemed to be the only pure-blooded Tcherkesze one. The others, the youngsters especially, were of a mixture of bloods. There were women as blond as the blondest Lipovan

with children in their arms as black as Africans. And fathers as black as deep-desert Bedouins with blue-eyed, blond-haired sons.

The bickering for odds and handicaps lasted for hours. For the Tartars, being the guests, were served with strong *boze*, and sour *bragga* made of fermented millet flour and bran. And the drink was rising to their heads.

Finally the first race was started. It was of one lap, of about a mile. The winner of each race was to receive one silver *medjidie* from the hands of Teptath. The Tartars with their bullet-headed squat wives and half-naked children assembled on one side, the Tcherkeszes on the other side of the field. A deafening noise and the soft thud of unshod hoofs began to grow fainter and fainter. The excitement increased after the first half of the lap had been run. The Tartar horse was gaining ground. The Tcherkeszes were shouting encouragement. But it was of no avail. The winners were taunting the losers. The half-naked Tartar boy received his silver *medjidie* from Teptath's hand. The second race was already under way. The Tartars won again. And they won the third race and the fourth. Ishmael Al Talaal's face grew paler and paler as the races were run. Not one was won by his people. The Tartars mocked and taunted the Tcherkeszes. "What sort of a people are you to make 'Tchera-packahs,' turtles, out of horses?" And there was nothing the Tcherkeszes could answer. For they lost each race. They were shamed, dishonored, humiliated. Echmet Kondir, the chief of the Tartar settlement, came to sit near Ishmael. It was the last race.

"What is the matter with your horses?" he asked, with seeming compassion. The irony was not lost on Ishmael.

"Was the grain so weak this summer? Or are your riders afraid to be unseated should their horses go at full speed?"

Ishmael did not answer.

"If I were you I should buy a few of





"ONE" CALLED OUT ECHMET, THROWING THE FIRST PIECE

our horses to improve the blood," Echmet advised.

The last race disposed of, Ishmael rose to his feet. "Best against best, Echmet. I shall race my best horse, one of our own breed, of the breed we raised before we had crowded our stables with mongrels and corrupted our soil with grain from the corners of the earth. I shall race one of mine against the best of yours. And if you care to put five hundred *medjidies* on your horse I am willing."

"Six hundred," offered Echmet, his hand ready on his purse.

People of both sides surrounded the chiefs.

"Six hundred and fifty," called Ishmael. And turning to Teptath, he ordered, "Bring out Pasha."

The Tcherkesze were heartened again. "Huzzah, huzzah!" they yelled.

"Go fetch my Trepoy," Echmet ordered to one of his men. Then, turning

to Ishmael again, he said, "Two hundred ducats in gold that my horse beats yours in four laps around this field."

They shook hands on that and immediately began counting the gold pieces, throwing them together on a coat spread before them.

"*Bir* — One" — called out Echmet, throwing the first piece.

"*Iki*," called out Ishmael, throwing his piece. The Tartars and Tcherkeszes surrounded the two squatting chiefs and counted aloud with them.

"*Itch. Dort. Besh. Alti . . .*" The pieces of gold rang, and clinked on the heap of the ducats and were counted aloud, one by one, as the two contestants threw them down from their leathern purses.

"Ishmael Al Talaal shall be four hundred gold ducats the richer in an hour from now," taunted the Tcherkeszes.

"He will be poorer of two hundred ducats!" the Tartars laughed.

"I bet you ten ducats, Pasha, Ishmael's horse, wins," yelled a Tcherkesze.

"The bet is covered," answered a Tartar and threw two gold pieces down.

By the time the two horses were led to the post there were hundreds of bets in gold and silver and copper. For the women and children were also betting. To the eye there was little choice between the two horses. Ishmael's horse was a trifle lighter than the other, and its beautiful black head was a little smaller than that of the chestnut horse belonging to Echmet. They were both Arabs, glossy-coated, nervous, deer-legged, with veins showing like networks on breast and hindquarters.

Ishmael Al Talaal approached his horse, patted, kissed it, and pulled gently at its ears. Pasha scratched the ground with his flexible right fore leg as if he wanted to assure that he understood what was expected of him; to redeem the whole race of Tcherkeszes in the eyes of the world.

Echmet was meanwhile inspecting the saddle belt of his Trepoy. When he passed near Pasha, the Tcherkesze horse became very nervous, rose on its hind legs, and neighed wildly. It made Echmet angry. "What is it you have taught your horse? To hate us?" he queried, turning furiously to Ishmael.

Yet, even as he saddled his own horse, he looked appraisingly at Pasha. Echmet passed his tawny clawlike fingers through his coarse scant black beard and smacked his thick lips.

"A beautiful horse, Effendi Ishmael. It will be a pleasure to win from him."

"Win, if you can," the Tcherkesze chief answered. "Your horse is also a very fine one."

"Abdul yonder, my son, will ride my Trepoy. Come here, Abdul," Echmet ordered.

Abdul, a bow-legged youngster of about sixteen, hopped agilely onto the saddle and smilingly answered to his assembled friends who shouted advice and encouragement. Ishmael called to his

daughter, "Teptath . . . Teptath . . . come here. You'll ride Pasha."

The Tcherkeszes wondered whether their chief was not putting himself at a disadvantage. Echmet Kondir was angry again.

"Is it insult or trickery?" he asked, while his hand gripped the dagger at the belt. "Do you intend to insult our men by putting a girl on the saddle of your horse?"

"By Allah," Ishmael answered calmly, "she is my daughter. I have no sons, as you well know. In her alone I have confidence, the horse being a stranger even to my men."

Then the two men sat down one near the other, the coat with the heap of golden ducats between them. Again there was some trouble at the post. Pasha reared, shook, neighed, and sniffed the air as if a disagreeable odor had come to his nostrils when he was veered near the other horse on which sat the Tartar boy. He quieted down only after he had drawn apart a dozen feet from them. Echmet looked furiously at Ishmael, who met his eye squarely, neutralizing it, as a fighter does when he catches the blow of the other on his fists.

"Ready?" shouted an old Chazar who had appointed himself master of ceremonies.

"Ready," answered Teptath and Abdul at the same time.

"*Toptan — Go!*" — shouted the old Chazar, flashing his cowhide whip in the air. The race was on. As if shot by a powerful catapult, the two horses jumped forward. At first Pasha lost some ground by swerving aside when the Tartar rider approached him, but soon he caught up with the other one. Gripped by an older instinct than the one of hate, he ran neck to neck with Trepoy. There was not a nose of difference when they passed by Ishmael and Echmet on the first lap of the race. The two horses running close together were like one eight-legged two-headed monster that skimmed the ground. An al-



most religious silence had seized the on-lookers. They followed with their eyes the swift moving dark form but made no sound. Pasha and Trepoy passed just as close together on the second lap.

"A marvelous horse you have," Echmet congratulated Ishmael.

"So is yours, Echmet Kondir."

Enmity between the two men had disappeared in their admiration for horse flesh. As a matter of fact, the Tartar's eyes were more on the other horse than on his. Before the third lap was over the Tcherkeszes began to shout. Pasha was drawing ahead slowly, slowly; cleaving himself apart from the other one. A nose at first. Then a full head. The Tartars were shouting advice to Abdul. But Echmet was as engrossed in Pasha's performance as if it were his own horse. Pasha was gaining ground, foot by foot. A deafening noise arose when the last lap was started with Pasha his full length ahead of the other horse.

"A good horse, by Allah! And a brave daughter. One worthy of a dozen sons," Echmet said, and his hand gripped the hand of Ishmael. When Pasha had won four lengths ahead of the other the opposing camps were dumfounded to see their chiefs shaking hands. So they all shook hands. The score was evened. The winning of one race had wiped out the former humiliations.

"There is no shame losing to such a horse, Abdul," Echmet shouted to his son, who dismounted, shamefaced, humiliated.

Ishmael Al Talaal gathered his daughter in his arms, and gave her the coat on which the

heap of gold was lying. "To your mother, now!" he ordered.

Then there was more rejoicing. The Tartars left in groups for their camp. The Tcherkeszes, holding their winnings in their fists, approached to kiss Pasha before he was led to his stable. It adjoined Ishmael's hut, separated only by a thin wall.

Echmet remained standing near Ishmael. He followed the horse with his eyes, as a man follows the woman he covets.

"Four hundred ducats for your stallion," he offered laconically to Ishmael.

"Pasha is not for sale," the Tcherkesze answered.

"Five hundred?"

"No."

"Six hundred?"

"He is not for sale. Good-night,



THE TWO HORSES JUMPED FORWARD

friend. I am ready for my evening prayers." And upon this Ishmael turned toward his hut.

"It is horses like Pasha we have given away for ten times as many and one-tenth the real worth," my host explained. "For all our horses were like Pasha and not like the scrubs you have seen to-day. And you shall eat with us to-day the first bread from flour of my wheat, that you may taste what will be our daily fare from next year on."

My sleeping quarters were in the hut leaning on the back wall of the stable in which were Ishmael's four horses, including Pasha.

The drink of fermented rice, of which I had partaken with the others rather liberally, was much too much for me. I fell asleep in my clothes. It had just begun to grow blue on the mountains when I was awakened by the restless neighing and kicking of one of the horses. I listened attentively and decided to go and see. But when I reached the door of the stable Ishmael was already there.

"A Tartar is in the neighborhood. That is the cause of Pasha's uneasiness, my friend," he told me as he inspected the adjoining field of corn.

While we were talking Teptath came out in her bare feet to inquire the reason of the commotion. The conversation between us, although carried on in low tones, seemed to animate the mountains and the valley; doors squeaked, roosters crowed, cows bellowed and men and women came out and looked about; after which they began to look after their cattle. A few minutes later the clang of iron was heard in the smithy. Thick black smoke rose in billows from the low stack and the hammer intoned its morning song on the steel of the anvil.

Ishmael looked about once more, sniffing the air, then he entered the hut to perform his ablutions.

Teptath lingered near the stable, eagerly peering in all directions.

"He is a wonderful rider," she suddenly exclaimed, a bit too loudly.

"Who?" I asked, veering around. She was looking away as she answered.

"Abdul . . . Abdul . . . Abdul . . ." she repeated, each time a little louder.

From between the golden corn stalks rose a curly black head. Teptath made believe she had not seen anything.

"How long are you yet going to remain with us?" she asked, leaning familiarly on my shoulder and leading me away to the other end of the hut.

"Four more days," I answered.

"Then this morning you shall have roast corn for breakfast, stranger," she answered, and darted away into the corn field. A half hour later as I bit into the browned tender kernels she had served to her father and me, I looked into the girl's dancing eyes while she served the black coffee from the long-handled copper pot into the small cup.

"It's fine corn. I picked the best ears," she remarked, blushing.

"I shall have to watch Pasha closely," Ishmael mentioned casually after taking a spoonful of honey.

The Bairam feast being still on, only light work was done by the people.

I was helping my host with the stretching of some old nets when we were disturbed by the arrival of Echmet Kondir. He was in his best clothes. His broad leather belt, studded with stones of all shades, was heavy with weapons. The turban over his brown fez was as white as foam.

"*Kte Khabar*—What's new?" he inquired by way of greeting.

"*Khabar jock*—Nothing new," Ishmael answered, and continued his work.

"It is about the horse that I have come," Echmet explained.

"Well, the horse is mine, Effendi. What more is there to know? And he is not for sale."

"Everything has its price," grinned Echmet. "It all depends how much the buyer is willing to pay."





TEPTATH MADE BELIEVE SHE HAD NOT SEEN ANYTHING

"Also whether the seller is willing to sell," replied Ishmael.

"Everything has its price," argued Echmet stubbornly. "Six hundred golden ducats, eh?"

"No."

"Six hundred and fifty?"

"No."

A long silence followed. Ishmael worked peacefully at the nets. Echmet's eyes, grim, terrible, were on him. An imperceptible movement of Echmet's hand toward his belt straightened Ishmael's shoulders. The two men looked at each other for a few seconds.

"Seven hundred golden ducats?" inquired Echmet politely as if nothing untoward had happened.

"That horse is not for sale," Ishmael answered.

Echmet bowed low and left slowly with Ishmael walking silently by his side.

When the Tartar was gone my host returned to his work patiently. Suddenly he rushed into the stable. I heard him talk to his favorite horse. A moment later he led Pasha out to graze.

"I shall have to watch him closely now," Ishmael told me. It seemed to me his voice was unsteady and that he was a trifle paler as he resumed his work. "I shall have to watch him, for I know what Echmet is capable of when aroused." While we were thus occupied Teptath approached Pasha and talked to him in low tones. The horse was uneasy when she first approached him, as if she too carried a disagreeable odor.

"Weren't you proud yesterday of my daughter?" Ishmael questioned me.

"She is a magnificent rider," I answered.

"Oh! she is of the old stock. She is of the old seed. Like my grain and my stallion. And they are not for sale. They belong to the Tcherkeszes of Isman Cesme."

We worked till noon. After the mid-day meal folks strolled around—visiting, laughing, playing games, and teasing the youngsters that were to be married a few days later.

I had never seen Teptath so much about as that day. Her winning the

race had won for her a special place among the people. She was made much of by everybody. She was full of gayety and sprinted all over the place. Her voice rose above the voices of the others when she spoke and laughed.

Toward the evening they all sat down in front of one of the brides' huts and intoned the bridal song. It was composed of four verses. Each verse was sung first by one of the crowd, then repeated in a lower key by all. Teptath was chosen as soloist. The group moved on to repeat the same performance at the hut of the second, third, and fourth bride; and every time Teptath was the soloist, although there were prettier voices in the crowd.

But, when the men were at prayer, at sundown, she darted away to the corn field.

That night I heard two voices whispering low back of the stable. The neighing of Pasha had awakened me. An instant later a pistol shot echoed through the valley. I put my head out of the window. Ishmael was inspecting the barn and peering through the darkness with the help of a wax candle that burned within a lantern.

"Have you heard anything?" he asked me.

"Only the neighing of the horse."

"I shall have to watch closely," he muttered as he returned to his hut.

It was early morning when I heard Teptath's soft tread on the path as she was returning to the women's quarters.

Toward noon of that day Echmet Kondir appeared again in front of Ishmael's hut.

"*Kte Khabar?*" he inquired.

"*Khabar jock*—nothing new. I am sorry to have disturbed your sleep by discharging my pistol last night," Ishmael apologized, looking his visitor in the eyes.

"I was not disturbed, my neighbor. I slept soundly. But what has occasioned that? Robbers?"

"I thought I heard some one prowling about the stable, Echmet Kondir."

"That would be a calamity!" the Tartar cried out in anguish. "Ishmael, sell me that horse." He brought his two hands together in prayer. "I can neither eat nor sleep. I want to own that horse. My peace, my pride, my life, depend on it. Sell me that horse, Ishmael Al Talaal."

"He is not for sale, Echmet Kondir."

"But if a man comes to you, as I have come, and says to you, as I have, that his happiness, nay, his life, depends on the possession of that horse, and he offers, as I have, all he has; seven hundred, eight hundred—eight hundred—Ishmael Al Talaal, a thousand ducats of gold, what then?" cried Echmet, wringing his hands.

"I shall answer him, he is not for sale. I shall never sell him."

"And if I offered my horse in the bargain? He is as good—almost as good—as your Pasha, what then, Ishmael Al Talaal?"

"Why then do you desire my stallion, yours being almost as good as mine?"

"Because I love him. Must I tell you more? You are a horseman, even as I am, and you understand."

"I also love him. He is mine. Seed for the pride of my people."

"Then," hissed Echmet between his teeth, "it's war between us, Ishmael. And when I possess Pasha I shall wean him of the cursed habit of kicking and neighing when he smells the approach of my blood."

"No one of your blood shall ever ride him," thundered Ishmael after the departing Tartar. "You and the Zapciis have bartered us out of everything of value; of grain and seed, and cattle and women, and given us chaff in exchange."

That day, and the following, Teptath played with Pasha more than usual. And on the last night of the Bairam feast she rode him in the torchlight procession around the seven fires burning



near each of the huts of the four brides. Some young Tartars had come into the Tcherkesz quarters to witness the celebration, and I noted that Pasha shied less and was less nervous at their approach. After some of the fires had been extinguished she returned the horse to the stable.

When I entered my sleeping quarters I heard low whisperings in the stable.

Abdul spoke.

"You see . . . he is getting accustomed to me. In another few days he shall be as friendly as my own horse."

"You must leave the stable, Abdul," insisted Teptath.

"It's raining outside. It's so pleasant in the hay," whined the boy.

"But I must go into the hut! Oh! if my father were to discover us! It would mean death, Abdul, death."

"How you tremble for your life! Teptath! I thought you were braver than that."

"Fool . . . it's for your life that I tremble."

After that I heard low laughter min-

gled with soft weeping. When the last of the revelers had put out the last fire and wished one another a good night's rest, Abdul disappeared from the stable through the opening on the roof. Teptath followed him through the door.

A little later Ishmael Al Talaal with four other men, evidently taken into his confidence, came to sleep in the stable.

I shall never forget the great wedding night! The silver-studded deep blue curved above our heads. The watchful pale moon, the lone eye of the invisible one, tinted the top of the brown-green trees and the yellow mountains. Heavy black smoke rose in billows, spat out from the hundred and one twig fires burning around an immense circle. The white-clad Hogeas were standing in the center and blessed the newly married couples. The young husbands were garbed in green and red, and their wives were dressed in pale blues and yellows. The men were singing monotonous songs and the women were beating muffled drums. Odors of broiled meats and



"THEN IT'S WAR BETWEEN US, ISHMAEL"

burning honey permeated the air. And outside the fire circle an incessant procession of beribboned horses on which riders performed with swords and knives and jumped through circles of fire.

In the midst of all the joy a lone bent figure appeared suddenly near Ishmael, who was engaged in conversation with the Hogeia.

It was Echmet Kondir. All voices were silenced. The procession stopped still. The drums ceased beating. The Tartar bowed low before the man of God, then he sat down near Ishmael. He talked earnestly for a few minutes, but, as Ishmael shook his head negatively, he implored with head low and arms raised above his head. The Hogeia interrupted the conversation. Ishmael listened respectfully to the end, still he shook his head negatively and repeated one word to all entreaties, "*Jock, Jock, Jock*—No, no, no!" Teptath, holding Pasha's bridle strap, was standing close

by me while the conversation was going on. The three men rose to their feet. Echmet accompanied by Ishmael was leaving the circle. He had aged years in the few days. A great sorrow had gnawed and consumed him. He stopped and looked longingly at the horse. Then his moist eyes turned pleadingly to the eyes of Ishmael who was himself in tears.

For a long time the two men looked at each other without saying a word. Then, Ishmael approached his horse. Fondling it, he covered its eyes with the shawl that hung on his left arm. A flash, a muffled detonation, and Pasha crumbled dead to the ground.

And while the two men wept with their arms wound around the dead horse's neck, Teptath was crying in the arms of Abdul, "Have pity on me, father, for I love him so!"

And there was one more wedding that night.

## On the Hills

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

**T**O-DAY I walked on lion-colored hills  
With only cypresses for company  
Until the sunset caught me, turned the brush  
To copper, set the clouds  
To one great roof of flame above the earth  
So that I walked through fire  
Beneath fire  
And all in beauty.  
Being alone  
I could not be alone, but felt  
Closer than flesh the presence of those  
Who once had burned in such transfigurations.  
My happiness ran through the centuries  
And linked itself to other happiness  
In one continual brightness.  
Looking down  
I saw the earth beneath me like a rose  
Petalled with mountains  
Fragrant with deep peace.



# With the I. W. W. in the Wheat Lands

BY D. D. LESCOHIER

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THE turtle was unlucky. Throughout the early summer he had sunned himself in peace at the bend in the river. But now the harvest hoboes had come. A straggling "stiff" transferred him from the river side to the "jungle stew." The old wash boiler was filled with steaming carrots, onions, corn, and potatoes (involuntarily contributed by neighboring farmers), thirty cents' worth of beef, and the turtle.

Meanwhile, seventy-five hoboes, members of the Industrial Workers of the World, lounged about the jungle waiting for their suppers. A half dozen were playing cards. Several went to the river to wash clothes. Others smoked and talked. Some sat quietly looking at the river where bending branches were reflected in the golden water lights of a perfect August evening. And through the grove at the back of the jungle, and into the open space where the "wobblies" were scattered, came two young strangers who asked for the delegate in charge of the camp. A messenger was sent up the track after him. He had gone to meet a freight coming into Valley City and welcome its "passengers" to the jungle.

The strangers were two of the writer's assistants in a study of harvest labor conditions in the Big Wheat Belt. Starting at Fort Worth, Texas, we swung northward during June and July across the wheat fields of Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, and South Dakota, and in early August were working in North Dakota and the Red River Valley of Minnesota. We were gathering data on labor conditions in the wheat harvest for the United States Department of Agriculture.

Throughout the wheat area, and during both seasons that the field party had been at work, the I. W. W.'s had been constantly mentioned as a menace, real or potential, to the successful completion of the harvest. The farmers, the federal, state, and country agricultural and employment officials, business men, and trainmen interviewed, regarded them as dangerous or merely irritating—wolves or cooties—according to their own temperaments and individual experiences. But the hostility of the great majority of the population of the wheat belt to the organization was beyond question. The favor or at least tolerance with which trade unions are viewed in most sections of the country was missing in the attitude of the wheat farmers and wheat towns toward the I. W. W.'s. A North Dakota county attorney who declared that he was in favor of "an open season on I. W. W.'s from June until October" expressed the sentiments of a good many people of his own and neighboring states.

Why has this bitter hostility grown, up toward an organization which claims to be "only a labor union" and which considers its teachings "a gospel of hope to the poor"? Endeavoring to answer this question, the writer and his assistants made a careful study of the organization's activities especially in the Dakotas. Members of the staff visited the headquarters of the I. W. W.'s at Fargo, talked with them on the streets and round the railroad yards of many towns, ate with them in their jungles, rode with them on freights, and finally were arrested as organizers in company with an I. W. W. delegate at Jamestown, North Dakota.

Subterfuge and deceit were not utilized to obtain information from them. A frank approach and a cigarette elicited both courtesy and an eager effort to prove the justice of their cause. Whatever their faults, they were pleasant fellows to meet; not at all the ogres the press has so frequently pictured. A few dangerous individuals can be found among them—a revolutionary organization can hardly stop for character tests—but the great majority are simply ordinary workingmen, jobless, moneyless, homeless; more to be pitied than feared.

At times, dressed as harvest hands, we mingled with the men congregated on the streets of wheat towns and listened incognito to the arguments of I. W. W.'s seeking to win new members. We were frequently and earnestly solicited to join. At Aberdeen six organizers worked desperately to win one of the party because they said that they "needed educated men to carry on their work." At New Rockford, Jamestown, and other points similar incidents occurred. Much of the I. W. W. literature obtained during the harvest was donated by delegates urging members of the party to join the organization. But even under such circumstances, inquiries concerning the identity of members of the staff were always met with truth.

The visit to the Valley City jungle was one of many. In the jungles we met the rank and file "at home." There they sleep, almost to a man. The jungles are located by a river side, in clumps of woods along the railroad, or at the stockyards used for loading cattle.

The personnel of a jungle changes materially from day to day. The men are continually coming and going. But an I. W. W. jungle is not open to every hobo that drops off a train. It is the members' country club. It is for them and their friends only. During the harvest each important jungle is in charge of a delegate, and there are usually several organizers with him as assistants. Every man of the seventy-five in the Valley City jungle was an

I. W. W. A delegate and three organizers constituted the permanent nucleus of the camp and its leadership. Probably one-half of the seventy-five had been in the camp a couple of days.

The jungle has its permanent camp equipment and its jungle laws. The dishes are old kettles, coffee pots, and tin cans picked up around the nearby towns. Pocketknives and "jungle paddles" whittled from flat boards make silverware unnecessary. These are all left in the jungle for the next comers. Police when breaking up a jungle always make it a point to shoot the cooking utensils full of holes so that newcomers will not be able to cook in the jungle and will therefore desert it.

Members who have any money are expected to spend it for the common meal, each sharing the prosperity and adversity of his fellows. Frequently "the stake" of one man supports several until it is used up, none of them working until all are "broke."

Drinking and gambling in the jungle are forbidden. It is the duty of the members when they see a delegate or organizer intoxicated or gambling *anywhere* to take away his credentials and supplies and reduce him to the ranks. These rules are enforced in the jungles with surprising effectiveness. Most of the I. W. W.'s interviewed were strong for prohibition, because they realize that drink has been the particular curse of the migratory worker and that only sober men can carry their organization forward to practical accomplishment.

All of the seventy-five men in the Valley City jungle were single; all had been born in the homes of the poor; nearly two-thirds were of rural origin. Only three were foreign born. Three-fourths of them had not completed the eighth grade, the deficiency in education being especially noticeable among those born in the country. None of them had learned a skilled trade; all were practically homeless. A few claimed that they were contributing to the support of their mothers or sisters and that they



occasionally visited their homes. Practically speaking, none of them had financial responsibilities which forced them to work more than was necessary for their own support. And when men sleep outdoors, cook their meals over a camp fire in the utensils lying about the camp, obtain much of their food supply by helping themselves from farms and gardens, and when "broke," are able to be "staked for a meal" by comrades, necessity does not produce enough pressure to compel more than intermittent work.

The tendency to work irregularly which naturally develops under such circumstances is reinforced by the I. W. W. philosophy. The organization is committed to revolutionary socialism. The strength of capitalism, they declare, is profits. The most effective way to overcome capitalism is by undermining profits. By abstaining from working, thereby preventing work from being done and forcing capitalists to suffer losses, they can destroy profits. Thus is natural inclination reinforced by logic!

The characteristics of the Valley City group were essentially those of the wheat-belt I. W. W.'s as a whole. They are characteristically womanless, childless, homeless. Less than five per cent of the members of the agricultural workers' branch of the I. W. W. organization are married, according to its secretary. Asked why they have remained single, the typical reply was, "What in hell would I do with a woman? I have to travel all the time in order to make a living." When the point was pressed farther, many admitted that they preferred homelessness to the restraints of marriage. "It is hard at times," one said, "and I have gone to bed hungry many a night. It's hell when the brakemen throw you off the trains, and the bulls arrest you for nothing, but we see the whole country and know more about life as it is than those fellows that always stick in one place. Travel is a great education."

Officers of the organization in their

propaganda of discontent play up the homeless, outcast status of the hobo as an evil the Industrial Workers of the World will eventually abolish. But they also see in it one of their elements of strength. "It doesn't take much to support a single man on a strike. Our members can 'jungle up' and live for almost nothing during a strike, or can ride the freights to some other locality. Consequently, we can remain on strike when married men would be forced to give in." On the other hand, childless, homeless men do not fight with the stubbornness of men with families and when the strikers "pull out" the employers fill their places with new men and virtually win the strike.

The rank and file are mostly common laborers of the migratory type. Some have been broken by circumstance, vice, or lack of ability, and have dropped out of the better educated and more successful classes into irregular common labor, but the majority came from poor homes, started life under distinct disadvantages, and appear to have but very limited mental capacity. Many admitted that they had never worked steadily in their lives, having always become restless after a short period on any job. Others had worked more steadily during their earlier years, but later developed a habit of moving on after working a few days or weeks. "I have never worked more than three weeks on any job in the last sixteen years," said a man of fifty, interviewed at Aberdeen. And many others gave similar testimony. Few of the I. W. W.'s claimed to have any record of steady work. Instead they boasted of irregularity. For, to work steadily is to promote the success of the employer, and it is the retardation of production, not its increase, to which the I. W. W. looks to bring about the collapse of capitalism. The spirit of the organization is directly opposed to efficient national production under capitalism.

Very few of the common laborers who constitute the mass of the rank and file

of the organization seemed to understand its theories. Its economic philosophy and its ultimate objectives were either beyond their comprehension or had not commanded their interest. They joined because they thought the organization would get them better wages, or because they were discontented with their economic lot and would have joined any organization that promised improvement. Some joined because they were afraid that I. W. W.'s might beat them up when riding the freights if they did not carry cards.

There is a widespread impression among the harvesters in the Dakotas that it is not safe for a man to ride on freight trains unless he is a member of the I. W. W. The impression appears to have considerable basis in fact. More than a score of men were interviewed who said they had been forced from trains by "the wobbles," and a number of I. W. W.'s admitted that they made every one on a train "sign up or get off" whenever they were strong enough to do it. *The Industrial Worker* of Seattle published a letter in August 1921, from an I. W. W. organizer in North Dakota, which reads in part: "Hoople, N. D., Aug. 8th.

A number of fellow workers left Grand Forks on a Great Northern freight bound for Grafton and Walhalla. When we left the Forks there were about thirty-five fellow workers and about the same number of scissor bills (non members) on the train, whom we requested to take out a card or get out and walk. We had no trouble with them; they got out willingly.

Many of the rank and file said that they had been jailed because they were wobbles; some of them several times. Persecution has but intensified their loyalty. Many of them have a record for steadfastness and courage of which the devotees of any cause might be proud. Not uncommonly they have an exaggerated idea of the power and importance of the organization. Standing in the midst of a grove, they mistake it for a

primeval forest. They credit to the "Industrial Workers" improvement in labor conditions in any industry.

Mingling with the rank and file, who are for the most part neither more nor less than migratory laborers and whose principal fault is their refusal to work steadily, was a sprinkling of "rough-necks," gamblers, thieves, and hijackers (highwaymen), who carried red cards in order to appear to be workingmen. Some of these pose as organizers and extort money from harvest hands upon every opportunity. Others used I. W. W. membership as an excuse for robbing men who are not members of the organization. Most of the crimes of violence that occur during the harvest are committed by men whose harvest clothes and "red card" (if they have one) are but sheep's clothing. But the hijacker is not a true I. W. W. He is a criminal who preys on whatever victims he can. The I. W. W.'s hate him.

The leadership consisted of two principal types of personalities, intellectuals and leaders who have come up from the ranks. The intellectuals encountered were all of working-class origin, but had attained considerable education. Well read in socialistic theory, and often well read in other branches of knowledge, they found their principal interest in the spreading of Marxian socialism among the harvesters. Only one of these seemed deeply devoted to the I. W. W. organization, as such. The others found in it a medium for the exposition of the fundamental doctrines of revolutionary socialism among the migratory workers. The genuine I. W. W. was a young Jew, trained in an eastern university, who earned his living as a laborer but considered his vocation to be recruiting for the I. W. W. Clever, fairly well read, argumentative, his mind was keen and active but lacked power of consistent reasoning and balanced thinking.

A more unusual personality was met in a jungle in North Dakota. Forty-five years of age, of medium build, blue of eye, an Irishman of Ireland, but for



twenty-six years a resident of the United States, he was by occupation a migratory harvest worker. Through twenty-one seasons he had made the wheat harvest, generally from Texas to Canada. During other seasons he had work at haying, or in the sugar beets of Colorado, the fruit harvests of California, or corn picking in Iowa and Nebraska. Occasionally he had gone to the lumber woods or into a factory during the winter, but generally turned his steps toward a warmer climate when the northern winter approached. Though he professed little schooling, he was familiar with the writings of such standard economists as Ely, Seager, Commons, Hobson, Marshall, Carver, Ricardo, and Adam Smith, and quoted their works in support of his arguments. He could recite from memory the Communist Manifesto, many passages from Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels, and the I. W. W. preamble. He was intimately informed regarding the writings and doctrines of Bolshevism and the Soviet form of government. The works of Carlyle, Ruskin, and other essayists were equally familiar to him, while his knowledge of history was remarkable. For two hours he met with rare ability the economic and political arguments against socialism, the class struggle, and the social revolution.

Closely associated with the intellectuals in the work of increasing the organization's membership, are a group of secretaries, delegates, and organizers who belong essentially to the working class. They are men from the ranks, capable men; and, for the most part, devoted to *The Cause*. They believe deeply, often passionately, in the I. W. W. organization as the means to social redemption. The "solidarity of labor" is to them the golden road to political economic and social redemption. Arrest for the sake of the I. W. W. is a glorious martyrdom. It is a mark of merit. When a certain man was mentioned, one of them, a secretary, exclaimed: "Swannie is certainly a fine fellow to be in jail with. And that's the best test of a man I know.

Most fellows get ugly after a month or so, but Swannie is always good-natured. I served sixty days with him in Portland for organizing." The literature of the organization likewise glorifies such martyrdom at the hands of "the capitalist state" and members' dues are credited as paid when they are in jail for their loyalty to the One Big Union. These men believe in the I. W. W. with the same fervor that the Salvation Army worker believes in his version of the gospel, and the fierce efforts of opponents to crush the organization but deepen their loyalty and determination.

Their conversation teems with the phraseology of class conflict and the Revolution. "Industrial barons," "big business," "master class," "wage slaves" flow from their lips continuously. And they are not mere cant phrases, glibly uttered! They are passionate convictions, in which their own adversities, often magnified and intensified by brooding or retelling, express themselves in hostility to a social order which has made them outcasts. For instance, one of the organizers working out of the Fargo office had been a huckster in Illinois. For fifteen years he had intermittently sold fruit, vegetables, and groceries from a peddler's wagon. A law was finally enacted, at the instance of town merchants, to license and regulate such peddlers, which law he is still bitterly denouncing as an effort of "big business" to crush the poor.

On a July afternoon in the summer of 1921 an organizer was working in Colby, Kansas. Hundreds of harvest hands were in town, including a large number of I. W. W.'s, and a wage war was on; *i.e.*, the harvesters were refusing the wages offered by the farmers. This is *always* the situation when I. W. W.'s are present in a community in any numbers. It is a part of the standard tactics of the I. W. W.'s to force up the wages of labor by cutting down the supply. This they do by refusing to work at the current rate, no matter what it is. The farmers, unable to get men at the wage they are

offering, must either do without labor for the time being or pay what the men demand. Commonly a deadlock ensues, which is finally broken by one party or the other yielding under pressure of necessity. The weather often plays an important part in deciding the issue. Cool or rainy weather will enable the farmers to delay their work until the men are starved into yielding; hot, dry weather will make the grain ripen so rapidly that the farmer will have either to hire men at high wages or lose their grain through "shattering." The genuine I. W. W.'s figure that they have won if they cause either the loss of the crop or the raising of the wages. Either result constitutes a blow at the profits of capitalism.

The organizer was speaking to a crowd of harvesters. (Note the appeal to desire rather than reason.)

The I. W. W. is an organization that is going to reduce starvation, give steady work, clothe starving babies, free the slaves of capitalism, and make men out of them. When the I. W. W.'s control society, every man will go to school until he is eighteen years old, and be educated in any line he desires. Every man will receive a home and a little ground from the government when he marries, but no man will be permitted to have a home unless he works. Everyone will work for the government, and each will be paid according to the service he performs.

A question concerning unemployment seemed to enrage him, and he bitterly cursed the lack of work under the capitalistic regime. At the same time, he and his fellows were refusing harvest work at four dollars a day and board. "We don't want an honest day's work for an honest day's pay," he shouted, "we want the abolition of the wage system." "If I go down the street and kill a man, or if one of you fellows did, we would go to the electric chair. But if John D. Rockefeller went down the street and killed a man, his attorney would prove he was in Africa." He expected "the revolution" at any time,

perhaps before the harvest was over. "It will be bloodier," he said, "than any war in history. It won't last as long as the Russian revolution, but it will be bloodier while it lasts. I know that there are secret service men in our ranks, but we know who they are, and they are not getting the dope they think they are."

The agricultural section of the I. W. W. is only eight years old. It was chartered on April 21, 1915, amid dire predictions of failure. The opening drive for members is described by one of the participants:

With pockets lined with supplies and literature we left Kansas City on every available freight train, some going into the fruit belts of Missouri and Arkansas, while others spread themselves over the states of Kansas and Oklahoma, and everywhere they went, with every slave they met on the job, in the jungles, or on freight trains, they talked I. W. W., distributed their literature, and pointed out the advantage of being organized into a real labor union. Day in and day out the topic of conversation was the I. W. W., and the new Agricultural Union No. 400 (now No. 110).

After a most successful drive through Oklahoma and Kansas, the delegates came right up into Nebraska and South Dakota, and even into Canada, while others went into Montana and Washington and also Idaho. . . .

Small town marshals became a little more respectful in their bearing toward any group who carried the little red card, and the bullying and bo-ditching shack (railroad brakemen) had a wonderful change of heart after coming in contact with the No. 400 boys once or twice. As for the hijacks and boot-leggers, one or two examples of "direct action" from an organized bunch of harvest workers served to show them that the good old days, at least for them, was now over, and that there was a vast difference between a helpless and unorganized harvest stiff and an organized harvest worker. But best of all, the farmer, after one or two salutary examples of solidarity, invariably gave in to the modest request of the organized workers, with the result that wages were raised, grub was improved and hours shortened. . . .



The campaign to organize the migratory workers of the wheat harvest was stalemated during the war by government opposition, but the organization has redoubled its efforts since 1919, and from Oklahoma to Canada the hand of the I. W. W. has been felt in the harvest. "If it wasn't for the damned I. W. W.'s we wouldn't have any labor problem" is a frequent remark of wheat farmers.

The Industrial Workers take a position in the matter of contracts that is exactly opposite to that of trade unionism. The trade unions want agreements that will bind employers to specified working conditions for a period of time. The I. W. W.'s oppose labor contracts. "No part of the organization is allowed to enter into time contracts with employers," says Vincent St. John. "No terms made with an employer are final. All peace, so long as the wage system lasts, is only a truce. At any favorable opportunity the struggle for more control of industry will be resumed." During the harvest, the I. W. W.'s carry out this principle. If they engage to work for a farmer at sixty cents an hour, they do not consider themselves bound to adhere to that agreement for more than a day. It was vigorously insisted by their leaders that a true I. W. W. should make only verbal agreements which can be abrogated by the workers whenever they see an opportunity to wrest better terms from their employers. "Agreements with employers should be kept only so long as it is to the advantage of laborers to keep them." To workers who oppose this attitude, as unethical the I. W. W.'s have a practical answer—that the farmers themselves do not abide by their agreements. "If a farmer hires you for sixty cents and then, because slaves become plentiful, his neighbor gets men for fifty cents your boss will fire you all and go to town for a new crew at fifty cents. When we are dissatisfied we demand more money; when he is dissatisfied he fires you and goes out to hire a cheaper man."

Roosevelt threw his hat in the ring;

the I. W. W.'s throw in the harvest wage rate. The harvest situation is one in which it is peculiarly easy for wage controversies to develop. The harvesters come from all over the country; in particularly large numbers from the eastern Mississippi Valley. Every man of the hundred thousand "transients" hopes for high wages and "a good piece of money." When the harvest opens in Oklahoma the wages paid are invariably lower than thousands of harvesters had expected. Then, when central and western Kansas begin to cut their grain, the rate rapidly jumps to the maximum of the year; only to be followed three weeks later by a sharp decline as the harvest passes into Nebraska. The Nebraska and South Dakota harvest wages are generally twenty per cent to forty per cent below those of Kansas. As the North Dakota harvest develops the wage again rises but seldom reaches the Kansas figure. Within each state wages vary, often sharply, from one section of the state to another; and it is not uncommon, to find several different rates paid within a single county.

The harvest extends over an area that is roughly one thousand miles long (not including Canada) and from one hundred to three hundred miles wide. It lasts but a few weeks in any state, and lures thousands of men from distant points with hopes of large earnings. The wage rates actually paid are unstable, various and fluctuating. Over much of the wheat belt, especially in the Dakotas there is much uncertainty as to what the going rate of wage is or should be. Naturally, the bargaining sense of both employers and employees is stimulated, and the situation furnishes an ideal setting for the I. W. W. program of holding out for better wages regardless of what wages are offered by the farmers. Many wheat farmers and other citizens of the wheat belt do not believe it possible for the farmers to meet the I. W. W. demands because "the organization would instantly use each concession as a starting point for new demands." In other

words, it is their belief that the real objective of the I. W. W.'s is not wages but obstruction of the harvest. The wage demands constitute the device through which they cause harvest hands to abstain from working. In this opinion the writer concurs *in-so-far as the I. W. W. leadership is concerned*. They are interested in the social revolution rather than amelioration of the economic situation of individuals. But the bulk of the membership are primarily interested in "a winter stake." To them high wages and short hours are more important than the revolution.

The farmers of course declare that they cannot afford to pay such wages. This gives the I. W. W.'s double opportunity. Skillfully they force the farmer to admit that he is a mere cat's paw of "big business," which fixes the price of his wheat on the one hand and of the manufactured goods he buys on the other; then drive home the suggestion that his only hope, like labor's, is to organize against "big business." The friendliness of the Industrial Workers to the Nonpartisan League of North Dakota is partly due to their opinion that the league represents the first organized rebellion of the wheat farmers against "the master class."

With the workers they used a different argument. It was clearly stated in a little circular distributed by thousands among the harvesters:

Listen, friend Reader, you have absolutely no business to concern yourself with the affairs and welfare of your master. If you and thousands like you are starving in some soup line next winter, nothing will be said about it, and your present boss won't care.

The farmer's principal complaint against the I. W. W.'s is not, however, with respect to wages. It is that "they won't work or let anyone else work." A man with a couple of hundred acres of wheat that must be cut and shocked at once or be lost by "shattering" can hardly fail to be exasperated when he sees a hundred men in overalls loafing on

the streets of a town five miles from his farm and not one who will go to work. I was in Lakota, N. D., during the harvest of 1920 when, with about 150 men in town, farmers offering \$7.00 a day were refused with scorn. In Aberdeen, a month earlier 60 cents an hour could not hire a man, though at least 400 were on the streets. Similar incidents occur annually in scores of communities. In most cases the cause of the deadlock is the presence of a large number of I. W. W.'s who fix the wage to be demanded and persuade or intimidate the other harvesters to insist upon that wage. One does not meet many harvesters who claim to have actually suffered violence, but one meets hundreds who admit that they fear the I. W. W.'s too much to "break the scale" they set.

The outcome of such situations is various. At Colby in 1921 the I. W. W.'s were in control of the situation for about a week. Approximately 1100 harvesters were in town, a majority of whom were farmer boys from Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, and eastern Kansas. The farmers were offering \$4.00 a day, with no takers. An impression was current in the streets that the I. W. W.'s would "get" anybody who accepted the farmers' offer. Though it was generally believed that the syndicalism law of Kansas made the activities of the I. W. W. illegal in Kansas and an injunction had been issued against them on June 24 by the district court of Butler county, no serious effort was made by the local police to break up the I. W. W. control of the local labor supply. Into this situation came three special railroad police. Guns in hand, they went into the jungles, lined up the men there, and brought them up to the government employment offices, where they were told to get to work or get out—on a passenger train. Then began the sorting. The southern farmer boys, factory workers and others who were "making the harvest" to work, stepped up immediately and took work. The others were



marched to the Rock Island depot and over \$250.00 worth of tickets sold them—probably the first tickets that many of them had bought during extended travels. The men on the streets now began to come into the employment office and get work. Those who did not disappeared. Within forty-eight hours not more than fifty men were left in Colby. At Aberdeen, a similar situation was cleared up by rain, which starved the hundreds of men in town into either getting work when the weather cleared or going on into North Dakota. In other communities the farmers, facing loss of their crops, acceded to the I. W. W. demands. Some communities such as Casselton and Jamestown, N. D., endeavor to prevent the I. W. W.'s from congregating in numbers in them. At Casselton, twenty miles west of Fargo, the police do not permit a harvester to remain in town more than a day or two if he will not accept work at the local wage rates. When the midnight freights come in a party of police are present to look over the newcomers and to sort out the men they want. Migrants are not permitted to "jungle up" near Casselton. Their camps were forcibly broken up by the police several years ago. Surrounded, and suddenly awakened by pistol shots, the men sleeping in the jungle rushed pell mell into the darkness. The police shot their cooking utensils full of holes, and have vigilantly prevented any reopening of the jungle.

Occasionally the conflict between the police and the wobblies takes a turn which furnishes the press with interesting copy and the bystanders with laughter. At Langdon, N. D., in August 1921, an organizer named Johnson was arrested for interfering with and intimidating harvest hands. This man and seven other I. W. W.'s were working on a farm near Callio, and had obtained the discharge of five other men on the threshing crew who refused to join their organization. The five men obtained employment on a nearby farm, and Johnson went over there and demanded

their discharge. His arrest followed. About the same time, four other wobblies were arrested as being part of a gang who were alleged to have attacked four American Legion boys riding on a freight train because they would not join the organization.

A large number of I. W. W.'s were congregated at Larimore, and threatened to march over to Langdon and force the authorities to free the five men. The people of Langdon armed to defend their town. All transients in the town were rounded up and those carrying red cards held under surveillance. And there the matter ended—as most of the scares in the wheat belt concerning the I. W. W.'s do—with much talk and bluster and little performance. At Jamestown, during the same season, seventy-five wobblies loudly proclaimed that they would storm the jail and release a comrade under arrest and ended their vociferations by returning to the jungle for supper.

A body of men whose life habits are characterized by irregularity in employment, in place of residence, in kinds of work performed, in personal relations; who are homeless, jobless, and without status, lack the qualities which make a group dangerous in conflict. They are demoralized by our existing social institutions—especially irregular seasonal labor—and are themselves a demoralizing factor in society. But they are a social tragedy rather than a social menace. They will never be the basis upon which social revolution will rest.

Some North Dakota farmers do not manifest the common hostility of their class toward the I. W. W.'s. One, operating a six hundred and forty acre farm in central North Dakota, said that he had had no trouble with the I. W. W.'s, and did not consider them as necessarily an evil. "The principles of the I. W. W. are all right," he said, "but the trouble is that they cater to the rowdy element who would make trouble anyway. They (the rowdies) do not really understand the organization and its aims. Do not

think because a man is a wobbly that he is no good." This man went up to a group of harvesters on the streets of Devils Lake during the thrashing season and said, "I want seven red-card men" and named the wages he would pay. In fifteen minutes he had a crew. His only requirement was that they must work ten hours at the machine. For the rest, they could start work when they pleased, take whatever time they wished at noon, and run the details of the work. "But," he said, "you can't mix wobblies and non-wobblies. You must have a full crew of one or the other. If not, you will have trouble."

One of the men in the crew "soldiered" and the farmer spoke to their leader about it. The crew talked it over and all decided to quit. But they went to town with the farmer and helped him make up a new I. W. W. crew, which stayed with him through his thrashing.

The Industrial Workers of the World look upon their organization as "the hope of the proletariat." While the writer cannot see that such extensive claims are justified, he believes the organization has been of some value to society in awakening the homeless, migratory laborers of the Northwest to a desire for a higher economic and social status. The "Red" is on a higher social level than the unorganized hobo. He respects himself, he makes claims for himself, he fights for social justice. However erroneous his theories, he plays a man's part. At the end of the World War, tramps had almost disappeared, and the hobo, with steadier work and better wages, was leaving the brake beams for "the cushions" when traveling and the jungle for the hotel. The last couple of years have again witnessed an increase in the number of men "on the road" and the resumption of large-scale I. W. W. organization work among the harvesters. The country has been drifting back toward the pre-war situation. The writer is hoping that an increasing volume of steady work in the

country, combined with restraint upon labor supply through continuation of the country's present immigration policy, will enable many migratory workers especially the youths, to escape from the status of the hobo and become men of established occupations and places of residence. This was what was occurring in 1918 and 1919. When work is plentiful and wages are good the migratory laborer has a chance to become an employe and a citizen instead of a homeless migrant. The Industrial Workers of the World represent, to most of their members, but the expression of a well-founded discontent. The nation cannot avoid what the I. W. W. stands for by forcible suppression of the organization, and should not try. It can avoid revolutionary organizations among the workers only by removing the economic and social disadvantages that are the source of revolutionary discontent. A plentitude of steady work which will enable many of the men now on the road to settle down in some community, will do more than any amount of counter agitation to check the growth of such organizations as the I. W. W. It will cause the disappearance of many of our hobo laborers into steady employment.

The reader may ask, "How will the farmer ever harvest his crops if the migratory laborers disappear or are materially reduced in numbers?" We reply, "The farmer is not dependent on them for his harvest labor supply." The writer obtained data upon the occupations of 31,900 harvesters in the 1919, 1920, and 1921 harvests. More than 80 per cent of the entire number were men of definite occupations and places of residence. They were farmers, farm hands, factory workers, mechanics, city laborers of various kinds, and students. The farmer's principal dependence for harvest labor to-day is the industrial labor supply of the cities, not the foot-loose migratory laborers. The disappearance of the hobo laborer would not complicate the farmers' problems.



# The Happy Isles

A NOVEL—PART VI

BY BASIL KING

Author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Wild Olive*, etc.

## XXIX

IT was late that evening before Tom found an opportunity to ask Miss Padley, who kept what the inn-club knew as the office, the name of the guest who had questioned him so closely. Miss Padley was a red-haired, freckled girl, putting herself through Radcliffe. Unused to clerical work, she was tired. When Tom put his query she gazed up at him vacantly, before she could collect her wits.

"The name of the gentleman who left this afternoon?" She called to Ella, one of the waitresses, in her second year at Wellesley. "What was it, Ella? I forget."

As the house was closing for the night some informality was possible. Ella sauntered up.

"What was what?"

Tom's question was repeated.

"Oh, that was the great Henry T. Whitelaw. Big banker. Partner in Meek and Brokenshire's. They say that he and a few other bankers could stop the war if they liked, by holding back the cash. Don't believe it. War's too big. And, say! He was the father of that Whitelaw baby there used to be all the talk about."

Miss Padley looked up, her cheek resting on her hand. "You don't say! Gee, I wish I'd known that. I'd 'a looked at him a little closer." She turned her tired greenish eyes toward Tom. "Your name is Whitelaw, too, isn't it?"

He grinned nervously. "My name is

Whitelaw, too, only, like the lady's maid whose name was Shakespeare but was no relation to the play-actor of that name, I don't belong to the banking branch of the family."

Ella exclaimed, as one who makes a discovery. "But, Siegfried, you look as if you did. Doesn't he, Blanche? Look at his eyebrows. They're just like the banker man's."

"Oh, I've looked at them often enough," Miss Padley returned wearily. "Got his mustaches stuck on in the wrong place. I'm off."

Yawning, she shut her ledger, closed an open drawer, and rose. But Ella, a dark little thing, kept her snappy black eyes on Tom.

"You do look like him, Siegfried. I'd put in a claim if I were you. I'm single, you know, and I've always admired you. Think of the romance it would make if the Whitelaw baby took home as his bride a poor but honest working girl!"

Dodging Ella's chaff, Tom escaped to the garage. It was queer how the Whitelaw baby haunted him. Honey!—Ella!—and the Whitelaw baby's own father!

But the haunting stopped. Neither Ella nor Miss Padley took it as more than a passing pleasantry, forgotten with the morning. The tall man who had asked him questions never came back again. The rest of the summer went by with but one little incident to remain in his memory.

It was a very little incident. Walking one day in the road that ran round the lake, he came face to face with Hildred

Ansley. She had grown since the previous winter, a little in height, and more in an indefinable development. She was fifteen now; but, always older than her age, she was more like seventeen or eighteen. Her formed manner, her decided mind, her "grown-up" choice of words, made her already something of that finished entity for which we have only the word lady. Ella had said of her that at twenty she would look like forty, and at forty continue to look like twenty. Tom thought that this might be true—an early fullness of womanhood, but a long one.

She had been playing tennis, and swung her racket as she came along. He was sorry for this direct encounter, since she might find it awkward; but when she waved her racket to him, it was clear that she did not. She felt perhaps the more independent, released from her mother's supervision and the inn. Her smile, something in her way of pausing in the road, an ease of manner beyond analysis, put them both on the plane on which their acquaintance had begun. The slanting yellowish-brown eyes together with the faint glimmer of a smile heightened that air of mystery which had always made her different from other girls.

"How have you been getting along?"

He said he had been doing very well.

"How have you liked the job?"

"Fine! Everybody's been nice to me."

"Everybody likes you. All the same, I hope, if they ask you to come back next year, that—you won't."

"Why not?"

"Oh, just—because!"

Slipping away, she left him with the summer's second memory. She hoped he wouldn't take the place again—*because!* Because—what? Could she have meant what he thought she must have meant? Was it possible that she didn't like to see him in a situation something like a servant's? Though he never again, during all the rest of the summer, had so much speech with her

alone, it gave him a hint to turn over in his mind.

Driving the car back to Boston, after the inn-club had closed, he saw Maisie for the last time that year. Uncertain of his hours, he had been unable to arrange to have her meet him, and so looked her up in her home. A small wooden house, once stained a dark red, weather-worn now to a reddish-dun, it stood on the outskirts of the town. In a weedy back-yard, redeemed from ugliness by the flaming of a maple tree, Maisie was pinning newly washed clothes to a clothes-line stretched between the back door and a post. Two children, a boy of six and a girl of eight, were tumbling about with a pup. At sound of the stopping of the car in the roadway in front of the house Maisie turned, a clothes-pin held lengthwise in her mouth. Even with her sleeves rolled up and her hair in wisps, she couldn't be anything but pretty.

She came and sat beside him in the car, the children and the pup staring up at them in wonder.

"Gee, I wish he'd get married; but I daresay he won't for ever so long. Married to the bottle, that's what he is. It was six years after my mother died before he took on the last one. That's what makes me so much older than the four kids. All the same I'd beat it if you'd take a shofer's job and settle down. I'm not bound to stay here and make myself a slave."

It was the burden of all Maisie's reasoning, and he had to admit its justice. He was asking her to wait a long four years before he could give her a home. It would have been more preposterous than it was if among poor people, among poor young people especially, a long courtship, with marriage as a vague fulfillment, were not general. Any such man as she was likely to get would have to toil and save, and save and toil, before he could pay for the few sticks of furniture they would need to set up housekeeping. Never having thought of anything else, she was the more pa-



tient now; but patient with a strain of rebellion against Tom's whim for education.

She cried when he left her; he almost cried himself, from a sense of his impotence to take her at once from a life of drudgery. The degree to which he loved her seemed to be secondary now to her helpless need of him. True, he could get a job as chauffeur and make a hundred dollars a month to begin with. To Maisie that would be riches; but a hundred and fifty a month would then become his lifelong limit and ambition. Even to save Maisie now he couldn't bring himself to sacrifice not merely his future but her own. Once he was "through college," it seemed to him that the treasures of the world would lie open.

Arrived in Grove Street, he found one new condition which made his return easier. Honey, who, for the sake of economy, had occupied a hall-bedroom through the summer, had reserved another, on the floor above, for Tom. The relief from the sharing of one big room amounted to a sense of luxury.

On the other hand, Honey, for the first time since Tom had known him, was moody and tired. He was not ill; he was only less cast-iron than he used to be. He found it harder to go to work in the morning; he was more spent when he came back at night, as if some inner impulse of virility was wearing itself out. The war worried him. The fact that old England had met a foe whom she couldn't walk over at once disturbed his ideas as to the way in which the foundations of the world had been laid.

"Anything can happen now, kid," he declared, in discussing the English retreat from Mons. "Haven't felt so bad since the bloody cop give me the whack with his club what put out me eye. If Englishmen has to turn tail before Germans, well, what next?"

But to Tom's suggestions that he should go to Canada and enlist in the British army Honey was as stone.

"You're too young. Y'ain't got yer growth. I don't care what no one says. War is for men. Yer first business, and yer last business, and yer only business, is yer eddication."

It must be admitted that Tom agreed with him. He had no longing to go to war. Europe was far away while life was near. Education, Maisie, the future, had the first claim on him. It began to occur to him that even Honey had a claim on him, now that he was not so vigorous as he used to be.

There were other interests to make war remote. On returning to town, after a summer amid the spaciousness, beauty, and comfort which the few could give themselves, he was oppressed by the privations of the many. Never before had he thought of them. He had taken Grove Street for granted. He had taken it for granted that life was hard and crowded and bitter and cold and ugly, and couldn't be anything else. Now he had seen for himself that it could be easy and beautiful and healthy. True, he had always known that there were rich people as well as poor people; but never before had he been close enough to the rich to see their luxuries in detail. The contrasts in the human scheme of things having thus come home to him, he was moved to a distressed wondering.

What brought these differences about? If all the rich were industrious and good, while all the poor were idle and extravagant, he could have understood it better. But it wasn't so. The rich were often idle and extravagant, and didn't suffer. The poor were nearly always industrious—they couldn't be anything else—and were as good as they had leisure to be, but suffered from something all the time. How could this injustice be endured? What was to be done about it? Wasn't it everybody's duty to try to right such a wrong?

Because he had only now become aware of it, he supposed that nobody but the Slav and Jewish agitators had been aware of it before. Louisburg Square,



and all that element in the world which Louisburg Square represented, could never have thought of it. If it had, it couldn't have slept at night in its bed. That it should lie snug and soft and warm while all the rest of the world—at least a good three-fourths—lay cold and hard and hungry, must be out of the question. If the rich people only knew! It was strange that someone hadn't told them. What were the newspapers and the governments and the churches doing that they weren't ringing with protests against this fundamental evil?

More than ever Honey's rebellion against the law of propriety seemed to him based on some principle he couldn't trace. Honey was doubtless all wrong; and yet the other thing was just as wrong as Honey. He started him talking on the subject as they strolled to their dinner that evening.

"Seems as if this 'ere old human race didn't have no spunk. Yer can put anything over on them, and they'll 'ardly lift a kick. It's like as if they was hypnotized. Them as has got everything is hypnotized into thinkin' they've a right to it; and them as have got nothink 'll let themselves believe as nothink is all that belongs to 'em. Comes o' most o' the world bein' orthodoxes. Lord love yer, I'd rather think for meself if it landed me ten months out'n every twelve in jail, than have two thousand a year and yet be an old tabby-orthodox what never had a mind."

They were seated at the table in Mrs. Turtle's basement dining-room, when, looking up and down the double row of guests, Honey whispered, "Tabby-orthodoxes—all of 'em."

At his sixteen or eighteen fellow-mealers Tom looked with a new vision. With the aid of Honey's epithet he could class them. Mostly men, they sat bowed, silent, futile, gulping down their coarse food with no pretense at softening the animal processes of eating. These, too, he had hitherto taken for granted. In all the months they had "mealed" at Mrs. Turtle's—in the years

they had "mealed" at similar establishments in Grove Street—he had looked on them, and on others of their kind, as the norm of humanity. Now he saw something wrong in them, without knowing what it was.

"What's the matter with them?" he asked of Honey, as they went back across Grove Street to Mrs. Danker's.

Honey's reply was standardized. "Bein' orthodoxes. Not thinkin' for theirselves. Not usin' the mind as Gord give 'em. Believin' what other blokes told 'em, and stoppin' at that. I say, Kiddy! Don't yer never go for to forget that yer'll get farther in the world by bein' wrong the way yer thinks yerself than by bein' right the way some other feller tells yer."

Having reached their own house, they stood, each with a foot on the doorstep, while Tom smoked a cigarette and Honey enlarged on his philosophy.

"I don't believe as Gord put us into this world to be right not 'arf so much as what He done it so as we'd find out for ourselves what's right and what's wrong. One right thing as yer've found out for yerself 'll make yer more of a man than fifty as yer've took on trust. Look at 'em in there!" He nodded backward toward Mrs. Turtle's. "They've all took everythink on trust, and see what it's made of 'em. Whoever says, 'I'm an orthodox, and I'm goin' to live and die an orthodox,' is like the guy in the Bible as was bound 'and and foot with grave-clothes. My genius was always for thinkin' things out for meself; and look at me to-day!"

It was another discovery to Tom that Honey felt proud and happy in his accomplishment. Honey to Tom was a machine for doing heavy work. He was a drudge, and a dray-horse. He was shut out from the higher, the more spiritual, activities. But here was Honey himself content, and in a measure exultant.

"Been wrong in a lot o' things I have; but I've found it out for meself. I ain't sorry for what I've did. It's learned me.





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

**"I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOME MISTAKE, MA'AM"**

There ain't a old jug I've been in, in England or the State o' New York, that didn't learn me somethink. I see now that I was wrong. But I see, too, that them as tried and sentenced me wasn't right. When they repents of the sins what their lors and gover'ments and churches has committed against this old world, I'll repent o' the sins I've committed against them."

This ability to stand alone, mentally at least, against all religion and society, was, as Tom saw it, the secret of Honey's independence. He might have been a rogue, a burglar, a convict; and yet he was a man, as the orthodoxes at Mrs. Turtle's were not, and never had been, men. Having allowed themselves to be hammered into subjection by what Honey called lors, gover'ments, and churches, in subjection they had been trapped, and never could get out again. There was something about Honey that was strong and free.

### XXX

To make himself strong and free was Tom Whitelaw's ruling motive through the winter which preceded his going to Harvard. He must be a man, not merely in physical vigor, but in mental independence. Convinced that he was in what he called a rotten world, a world of rotten customs built on a rotten foundation, he saw it as a task to learn to pick his way amid the rottenness. To rebel, but keep his rebellion as steam with which to drive his engine, not as something to let off in futile raging against established convictions, was a hint of Honey's by which he profited.

"It don't do yer no good to kick so as they can ketch and jump on you. I've tried that. And it ain't no good to jaw. Tried that too. If the uninherited was anythink but a bunch o' simps you might be able to rouse 'em. But they ain't. All yer can do is to shut yer mouth and live. Yer'll live harder and surer with yer mouth shut. Yer'll live truer too, just as yer'll shoot straighter

when yer ain't talkin' and fidgitin' about. Don't believe what no judge or gov'nor or bishop says to yer just because he says it; but don't let 'em know as yer don't believe it, because they'll hoodoo you with their whim-whams. Awful glad they'll be, both Church and State, to ruin the man what don't believe the way they tell him to."

On the eve of manhood Tom thought more highly of Honey than he had when a few years younger. Having judged him drugged by work, he found that he had ideas of his own, however mistaken they might be. However mistaken they might be, they had at least produced one guiding principle: to keep your mouth shut and live! Taking his notes about life, as he did through the following winter, he made them according to this counsel.

The outstanding feature of the season was the development of something like a real friendship with Guy Ansley. Hitherto the two young men had backed and filled; but in proportion as Tom grew more sure of himself the weaker fellow clung to him. He clung in his own way; but he clung. He was the patron. Tom was the fine young chap he had taken a fancy to and was helping along.

"I'm awful democratic that way. Whole lot of fellows 'll think they've just got to go with their own gang. Doolittle and Pray's is full of that sort of bunk. The Doolittle and Pray spirit they call it. I call it fluff. If I like a fellow I stick by him, no matter what he is. I'd just as soon go round with you as with the stylishest fellow on the Back Bay. Social position don't mean anything to me. Of course I know it's very nice to have it; but if a fellow hasn't got it, why, I don't care, not so long as he's a sport."

"Keep your mouth shut and live," Tom reminded himself. He liked Guy Ansley well enough. He was at least a fellow of his own age, with whom he could be franker than had been possible with Maisie, and who would understand him in ways in which Honey never



could. With the difference made by ten years in his point of view, he discussed with Guy the same sort of subjects, sex, religion, profession, vices, politics, that he had talked over with Bertie Tollivant. Merely to hear their own voices on these themes eased the adolescent turmoil in their brains.

Hildred Ansley, having entered Miss Winslow's school as a boarder, was immured as in a convent. Her absence made it the easier for Tom to run in and out of the Ansley house on the missions, secret and important, which boys create among themselves. Guy had a set of maps by which you could follow the ebb and flow on the battlefield. Guy had a wireless installation with which you could listen in on messages not meant for you. Guy had skis, and bought another pair for Tom so that they could tramp together on the Fenway. Guy had a runabout which Tom taught him to drive. Guy had tickets for any play or concert he chose to attend, and invited Tom to go along with him.

Doubtful at first, Mrs. Ansley came round to view the acquaintance almost without misgiving.

"I think you're a steady boy, aren't you?" she asked of Tom one day, when finding him alone.

Tom smiled. "I don't get much chance, ma'am, to be anything else."

Lacking a sense of humor, Mrs. Ansley was literal.

"I don't like you to say that. It sounds as if when you do get the chance—But perhaps you'll know better by that time. It's something I hope Guy will help you to see in return for all the—well, the physical protection you give him."

"Oh, but, ma'am, I—"

"That'll do. I know my boy is brave. But I know too that he's not very strong, and to have a great fellow like you, used to roughing it—It reminds me of the big Cossack who always goes round with the little Tsarevitch. Not that Guy is as young as that, but he's been tenderly brought up."

"Oh, mother, give us a rest!" Guy had rushed into his flowered room from whatever errand had taken him away. "If I *have* been tenderly brought up, I'm as tough to-day as any mucker down where Tom lives."

"The dear boy!"

She smiled at Tom, as at one who like herself understood this extravagance, moving away with the stately lilt that made her skirts flounce up and down.

"It's Hildred that's sickening the old lady on to her little song and dance in your favor," Guy declared, when they had the room to themselves again. "Hildred likes you. Always has. She's democratic too, just like me. Once let a fellow be a sport and Hildred wouldn't care what he was socially."

"Keep your mouth shut and live," became Tom's daily self-adjuration. That Guy sincerely liked him he was sure, and this in itself meant much to him. The patronage could be smiled away. If he and his mother failed in tact they gave him much in compensation. In their house he was getting accustomed to certain small usages which at first had overawed him. Space didn't dwarf him any more, nor beauty strike him spellbound. He was so courteous to Pilcher that Pilcher, returning deference for deference, had once or twice called him "sir." The plays to which Guy took him were a long step in his education; the music they heard together released a whole new range in his emotions.

He discovered that Guy was what is commonly called musical. He played the piano not badly; he knew something of the classics, of the great romanticists, of the moderns. Back of the library was a music room, and when other occupations palled, there Guy would play and explain, while Tom sat listening and enjoying. Guy liked explaining; it showed his superiority. Tom liked to learn. To know the difference between Mozart and Beethoven was a stage in progress. To have the cabalistic names of Wagner and Debussy, which he had often seen in

newspapers, spring to significance was an initiation into mysteries.

So with work, with sports, with amusements, the winter sped by, bringing a sense of an expanding life. He had one main care: Maisie was more unhappy. Her appeals to him to throw up college, to become a chauffeur and marry her, increased in urgency.

He had come to the point of seeing that his engagement to Maisie was a bit of folly. If Honey were to learn of it, or the Ansleys . . . but he hoped to keep it secret till he won a position in which he could be free of censure. Once with an income to support a wife, his mistakes and sufferings would be his own business. In proportion as life opened up it was easy for him to face trouble cheerfully.

May had come round, and by keeping his birthday on the fifth of March, he was now more than eighteen. On a Saturday morning when there was no school to attend he and Guy had lingered on the roof of the Ansley house after their task with the wireless apparatus was over. Looking across the river toward Cambridge, where one big tower marked the site of Harvard, they were speculating on the new step in manhood they would take in the following October.

Pilcher's old head appeared through the skylight to inform Mr. Guy that lunch was waiting. Madam wished him to come down.

"Where is she?"

"She's in the dining room, Mr. Guy."

"Get along, Tom. I'll be ready with the runabout at two. You won't be late, will you?"

Tom said he would not be late, following Pilcher through the skylight and down the several flights of stairs. He was eager to slip out the front door without encountering Mrs. Ansley. Mrs. Ansley was eager not to encounter him. With lunch on the table, it would be awkward not to ask him to sit down; and to ask him to sit down would be out of the question. It would be just like Guy . . .

And then Guy did what was just like him. "Mother," he called out, puffing down the last of the staircases, "why can't Tom have lunch with us? He's got to be back here at two anyway. He's coming out with me in the runabout."

Tom was doing his best to turn the knob of the front door. "Couldn't, Guy," he whispered back, shaking his head violently. "Got to beat it."

In reality he was running away. To sit at the table with Mrs. Ansley, and be served by Pilcher, required a knowledge of etiquette he did not possess.

"Mother, grab him," Guy insisted. "He might as well stay, mightn't he?"

Reluctantly Mrs. Ansley appeared in the doorway. In so far as she could ever be vexed with Guy, she was vexed. "If Whitelaw's got to go, dear—"

"He hasn't got to go, have you, Tom? He don't have a home to toe the line at. He just picks up his grub wherever he can get it."

To such an appeal it was impossible to be wholly deaf. "Oh, then, if Whitelaw chooses to stay with us—"

"Oh, I couldn't, ma'am," Tom cried, hurriedly. "I've got to—"

But Guy, who had now reached the floor of the hall, caught him by the arm. "Oh, come along in. It can't hurt us. The old lady's just as democratic as Hildred and me."

Mrs. Ansley was overborne; she couldn't help herself. Tom also was overborne, finding it easier to yield than to rebel. There being but three places laid at the table, one of which was reserved for Mr. Ansley in case he came home for luncheon, Pilcher set a fourth.

"Will you sit there, Whitelaw?"

"Oh, mother, call him Tom. He isn't a chauffeur, not when he's in town here."

If anyone but Guy had put her in this situation Mrs. Ansley would have deemed it due to herself to sail from the room. As it was, she endeavored to humor the boy, to keep Tom in his place, and to rescue the dignity which had never yet sat down at table with a servant.



"I'm sure there's no harm in being a chauffeur. I'm the last person in the world to say so, dependent on chauffeurs as I am. Besides, we knew, of course, that some of the young people helping us at the inn-club were studying in colleges, and that they didn't mean to stay in those positions permanently." She grew arch. "But I'm not democratic, Mr. Whitelaw. Guy knows I'm not. It's his way of teasing me. He's perfectly aware that I consider democracy a failure. There never was a greater fallacy than that all men were born free and equal. As to freedom I'm indifferent; but I've never pretended that any Tom, Dick, or Harry was my equal, and I never shall."

"You don't mean this Tom, do you, old lady?"

"Now, Guy! Isn't he a tease, Mr. Whitelaw? But I do believe in equality of opportunity. That seems to me one of the glories of our country. So many of our great men have come from the very humblest origin. And if we can do anything to help them along—with Guy that's an obsession. If it's a fault I say it's a good fault. Better to err on that side, I always think, than to see some one achieve the big thing, and know that you had no share in it when you might have had. That's shepherd's pie, Mr. Whitelaw. We have very simple lunches because Mr. Ansley doesn't always come home, and in any case his meal is his dinner."

She rambled on because Guy was too busy with his food to help her, and Tom too terrified. He was sorry not merely for himself, but for her. Compelled to admit him to breaking bread with her, she must feel as if he had been forced on her in her dressing room. As a matter of fact, he admired the way in which she was carrying it off. Long ago, having divined her as taking her inherited position in Boston as a kind of sanctifying aura, shrinking from unauthorized approach like a sensitive plant from a touch, she reminded him of an anecdote he had somewhere read of Queen

Victoria. The Queen was holding a council. Present at it among others was a statesman sitting for the first time as a member of the cabinet. Obligated at a given moment to carry a paper from one side of the table to the other, this gentleman passed back of the Queen's chair, accidentally grazing it with his hand. The Queen shuddered and shrank away. The touching merely of the chair was a violation of majesty. "He won't do," she whispered to the prime minister. He didn't do. He passed not only into political but into social oblivion. Tom recalled the incident as he tried to choke down his shepherd's pie. He was the unhappy statesman. He wouldn't do. Amiable as Mrs. Ansley tried to make herself, he knew how she was suffering. He was suffering himself.

And in on his suffering, to make it worse, bustled Mr. Ansley. Throwing his hat and gloves on a settle in the hall, he shot into the dining room at once. He was a man who shot, sharply, directly, rather than one who walked. Tom stood up.

"Sorry I'm so late, Sunshine—" His eye fell on Tom. "Oh, how-d'ye-do? Seen you before, haven't I? Oh! Oh!" The exclamations were of surprise and a little pain. "Why, you're the young fellow who ran the station car for us."

Mrs. Ansley intervened as one who pacifies. "He's going out with Guy at two o'clock, to help him run the run-about."

"*Help* me run it! Why, mother, you talk as if—"

"And Guy couldn't let him go off without anything to eat."

"Quite so! quite so!" Mr. Ansley agreed. "Glad to see you. Sit down." He helped himself to the shepherd's pie which Pilcher passed again. "Let me see! What was it your name was?"

Tom sat down again. "Whitelaw, sir."

"Oh, yes; so it was. You're the same Whitelaw who's been running about this winter and spring with Guy. Quite so!

quite so! Oh, and by the way, Sunshine, speaking of Whitelaw, Henry looked in on me this morning. Ran over from New York about some business cropped up since the sinking of the *Lusitania*."

"How is he?"

"Seems rather worried. Lost several intimate friends on the ship, besides which the old question seems to be popping up again."

Mrs. Ansley sighed. "Oh, dear! I hope they'll not be dragged through all that with another of their foolish clues. I thought it was over."

"It's over for Eleonora. But you know how Henry feels about it. Got it on the brain. Pity, I call it, after—how many years is it?"

Mrs. Ansley computed. "It was while we were on our honeymoon. Don't you remember? We read it in the paper at Montreal, after we'd come from Niagara Falls. That was the fifteenth of May, and Harry had been stolen on the tenth."

Tom felt a queer sick sinking of the heart. The tenth of May was the last of the three dates his mother had fixed as his birthday. She had told him, too, that the day when he was born was one on which the nursemaids were in the Park, and the lilacs had been in bloom. Why this specification? If, as she had informed him at other times, he was born in The Bronx, where Gracie also had been born, why the reference to the Park and nursemaids, five miles away? He listened avidly.

"How old would that make him if he were living now?"

Again Mrs. Ansley reckoned. "Something over nineteen. I've forgotten just how many months he was when he disappeared."

Tom was reassured. He was only eighteen; he was positive of that. He couldn't have been nineteen without ever suspecting it. Mr. Ansley continued.

"Seems to me a great mistake to bring him back now, even if they found him. A lumbering fellow of nineteen, practi-

cally a man, with probably the lowest associations."

"That's what Onora feels. She's told me so. She couldn't go through it. Even if he isn't dead in fact, he's dead to them."

"Henry feels that, of course. He doesn't deny it. He doesn't want him back—not now. At the same time when any new will o' the wisp starts up he can't help feeling—"

Tom was back in his little hall bedroom, after the run in the car with Guy, before he had time to think these scraps of conversation over. The details for which he had to render an account were, first, his sickening sense of dread on learning that the Whitelaw baby had been stolen on the tenth of May, and, then, his relief that the child, if now alive, would be nineteen years of age. These sensations or emotions, whatever they might be called, had been independent of his will. What did they portend? Why was he frightened in the one case, and in the other comforted?

He didn't know. That he didn't know was the only decision he could reach. Were the impossible ever to come true, were the parents of the Whitelaw baby ever, no matter how unwillingly, to claim him as their son, the advantages to him would be obvious. Why then did he hate the idea? What was it in him that cried out, and pleaded not to be forsaken?

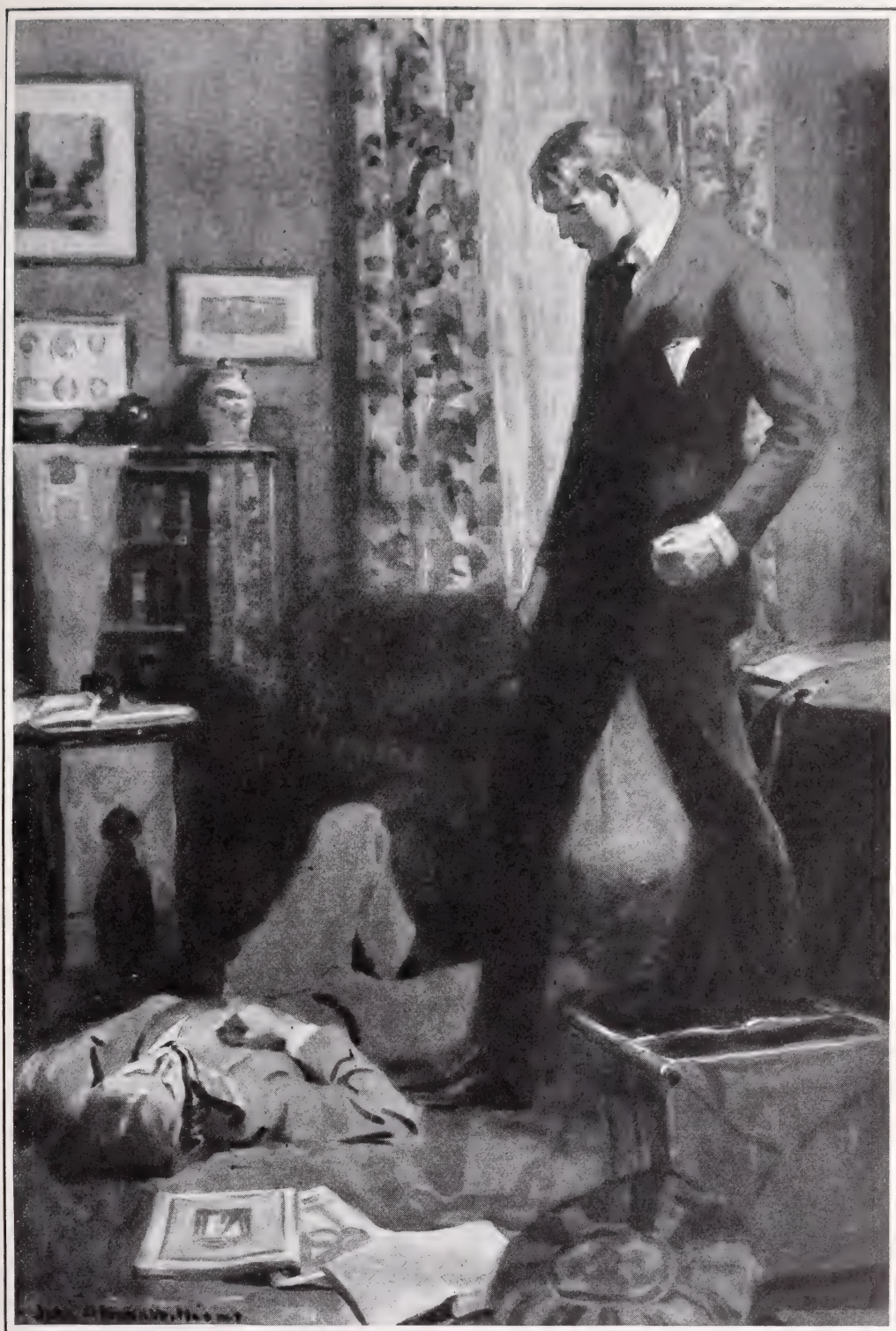
He didn't know.

### XXXI

Luckily the questions raised that day died out like a false alarm. With no further mention of the Whitelaw baby, he graduated from the Latin School, passed his exams at Harvard, and spent the summer as second in command of a boys' camp in a part of New Hampshire remote from the inn-club and the Ansleys. October found him a freshman. The new life was beginning.

He had slept his first night in his bed-





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

"GET UP, I TELL YOU"



room in Gore Hall, where his quarters had been appointed. He had met the three fellow-freshmen with whom he was to share a sitting room. The sitting room was on the ground floor in a corner, looking out on the Embankment and the Charles. Never having had, since he left the Quidmores, a place in which to work better than the narrow squalid room at the end of a narrow squalid hall, his joy in this new decency of living was naïve to the point of childishness. He spent in that retreat, during the first twenty-four hours, every minute not occupied with duties. Because he was glad of the task, his colleagues had left to him as much of the job of arranging the furniture as he would assume.

On the second day of his residence he was on his knees, behind his desk, pulling at a rug that had been wrinkled up. His zeal could bear nothing not neat, straight, adjusted. The desk was heavy, the rug stubborn. When a rap sounded on the door he called out, "Come in!" looking up above the edge of the desk only when the door had been opened and closed.

A lady, dignified, a little portly, was stepping into the room, with the brisk air of one who had a right there. As she had been motoring, she was wreathed in a dark green veil, which partially hid her features. Peeling off a gauntlet, she glanced round the room, after a first glance at Tom.

"I'm so sorry to be late, Tad. That stupid Patterson lost his way. He's a very good driver, but he's no sense of direction. Why, where's the picture? You said you had had it hung."

Her tone was crisp and staccato. In her breath there was the syncopated halt which he afterward came to associate with the actress, Mrs. Fiske. She might be nervous; or she might suffer from the heart.

For the first few seconds he was too agitated to know exactly what to do. He had been looked at and called Tad again, this time probably by Tad's mother. He rose to his height of six feet two. The lady started back.

"Why, what have you been doing to yourself? What are you standing on? What makes you so tall?"

"I'm afraid there's some mistake, ma'am."

She broke in with a kind of petulance. "Oh, Tad, no nonsense! I'm tired. I'm not in the mood for it."

Both gauntlets peeled off, she flung them on the desk. With a motion as rapid as her speech she stepped toward a window and looked out over the Embankment.

"It's going to be noisy and dusty for you here. The stream of cars is incessant."

Being now beyond the desk, she caught the fullness of his stature. Her left hand went up with a startled movement. She gave a little gasp.

"Oh! You frightened me. You're not standing on anything."

"No, ma'am, I . . ."

"I asked for Mr. Whitelaw's room. They told me to come to number twenty-eight."

Making her way out, she kept looking back at him in terror. When he hurried to open the door for her, she waved him away. Everything she did and said was rapid, staccato, and peremptory.

"You've forgotten your gloves, ma'am."

He reached them with a stretch of his arm. Taking them from him, she still kept her eyes on his face.

"No! You don't look like him. I thought you did. I was wrong. It's only the—the eyes—and the eyebrows."

She was gone. He closed the door upon her. Dropping into an armchair by the window, he stared out on a wide low landscape, with a double procession of motor cars in the foreground, and a river in the middle distance.

So this was the woman who had lived through the agony of a stolen child! He tried to recall what Honey had told him of the tragedy. He remembered the house which five years earlier Honey had taken him to see; he remembered the dell with the benches and the lilacs.



This woman's child had been wheeled out there one morning—and had vanished. She had had to bear being told of the fact. She had gone through the minutes when the mind couldn't credit it. She had known fear, frenzy, hope, suspense, disappointment, discouragement, despair, and lassitude. In self-defense, in sheer inability of the human spirit to endure more than it has endured, she had thrown round her a hard little shell of refusal to hear of it again. She resented the reminder. She was pricked to a frantic excitement by a mere chance resemblance to the image of what the lost little boy might have become.

A chance resemblance! He underscored the words. It was all there was. He himself was the son of Theodore and Lucy Whitelaw. At least he thought her name was Lucy. Not till he had been required to give the names of his parents for some school record did it occur to him that he didn't positively know. She had always been "Mudda." He hadn't needed another name. After she had gone there had been no one to supply him with the facts he had not learned before. Even the Theodore would have escaped him had it not been for that last poignant scene, when she stood before the officer and gave a name—Mrs. Theodore Whitelaw! Why not? There were more Whitelaws than one. There was no monopoly of the name in the family that had lost the child.

He didn't often consciously think of her nowadays. The memory was not merely too painful; it was too destructive of the things he was trying to cherish. He had impulses rather than ideals, in that impulses form themselves more spontaneously; and all his impulses were toward rectitude. It was not a chosen standard; neither was it imposed upon him from without, unless it was in some vague general direction of the spirit received while at the Tollivants. He didn't really think of it. He took it as a matter of course. He couldn't be anything but what he was, and there was an end of it. But all his

attempts to get a working concept of himself led him back to this beginning, where the fountain of life was befouled.

So he rarely went back that far. He would go back to the Quidmores, to the Tollivants, to Mrs. Crewdson; but he stopped there. There he hung up a great curtain, soft and dim and pitiful, the veil of an immense tenderness. Rarely, very rarely, did he go behind it. He would not have done it on this afternoon had not the woman who had just gone out—dressed, as anyone could see, with the expensive easy-going roughness which only rich women can afford—neurotic, imperious, unhappy—had not this woman sent him there. She was a great lady whose tragic story haunted him; but she turned his mind backward, as it hardly ever turned, to the foolish and misguided soul who had loved him. No one since that time, no one whatever in the life he could remember, had loved him at all, unless it were Honey, and Honey denied that he did. How could he forsake . . ? And then it came to him what it was that pleaded within him not to be forsaken.

The lecture was over. It was one of the first Tom had attended. The men, some hundred odd in number, were shuffling their papers, preparatory to getting up. Seated in an amphitheater, they filled the first seven or eight semicircles outward from the stage. The arrangement being alphabetical, Tom, as a W, was in the most distant row.

The lecturer, who was also putting his papers together as they lay on a table beside him, looked up casually to call out,

"If Mr. Whitelaw is here I should like to speak to him."

Tom shot from his seat and stood up. The man on his left did the same. Occupied with taking notes on the little table attached to the right arm—the only arm—of his chair, Tom had not turned to the left at all. He was surprised now at the ripple of laughter that ran among the men beginning to get up

from their seats or to file out into the corridor. The professor smiled too.

"You're brothers?"

Tom looked at his neighbor; his neighbor looked at Tom. Except for the difference in height the resemblance was startling or amusing, as you chose to take it. To the men going by it was amusing.

It was the neighbor, however, who called out, in a shocked voice: "Oh, no, no! No connection."

"Then it's to Mr. Theodore Whitelaw that I wish to speak."

Mr. Theodore Whitelaw made his way toward the platform, taking no further notice of Tom.

For this lack of the friendly freemasonry general among young men, general among freshmen especially, Tom thought he saw a reason. The outward appearance which enabled him to "place" Tad would enable Tad to "place" him. On the one there was the stamp of wealth; on the other there must be that of poverty. He might have met Tad Whitelaw anywhere in the world, and he would have known him at a glance as a fellow nursed on money since he first lay in a cradle. It wasn't merely a matter of dress, though dress counted for something. It was a matter of the personality. It was in the eyes, in the skin, in the look, in the carriage, in the voice. It was not in refinement, or cultivation, or cleverness, or use of opportunity; it was in something subtler than these, a cast of mind, a habit of thought, an acceptance, a self-confidence, which seeped through every outlet of expression. Tad Whitelaw embodied wealth, position, the easy use of whatever was best in whatever was material. You couldn't help seeing it.

On the other hand, he, Tom Whitelaw, probably bore the other kind of stamp. He had not thought of that before. In as far as he had thought of it, it was to suppose that the stamp could be rubbed off, or covered up. Clothes would do something toward that, and in clothes he had been extravagant. He

had come to Harvard with two new suits, made to his order by the Jew tailor next door to Mrs. Danker's. But in contrast with the young New Yorker his extravagance had been futile. He found for himself the most opprobrious word in all the American language—cheap.

Very well! He probably couldn't help looking cheap. But if cheap, he would be big. He wouldn't resent. He would keep his mouth shut and live. Things would right themselves by and by.

They righted themselves soon. The three men with whom he shared the sitting room, having passed him as "a good scout," admitted him to full and easy comradeship. In the common-room, in the classroom, he held his own, and made a few friends. Guy Ansley, urged in part by a real liking, and in part by the glory of having this big handsome fellow in tow, was generous of recognition. He was standing one day with a group of his peers from Doolittle and Pray's when Tom chanced to pass at a distance. Guy called out to him.

"Hello, you old sinner! Where you been this ever so long?" With a word to his friends, he puffed after Tom, and dragged him toward the group. "This is the guy they call the Whitelaw Baby. See how much he looks like Tad?"

"Tad'll give you Whitelaw Baby," came from one of the group. "Hates the name of it. Don't blame him, do you, when he's heard everyone gassing about the kid all through his life?"

But that he was going in Harvard by this nickname disturbed Tom not a little. Considering the legend in the Whitelaw family, and the resemblance between himself and Tad, it was natural enough. But should Tad hear of it . . .

With Tad he had no acquaintance. As the weeks passed by he came to understand that with certain freshmen acquaintance would be difficult. They themselves didn't want it. It was a discovery to Tom that it didn't follow that you knew a man, or that a man knew you, because you had been introduced to



him. Guy Ansley had introduced him that day to the little group from Doolittle and Pray's; but when he ran into them again none of them remembered him.

So Tad Whitelaw did not remember him after having met him accidentally at Guy's. The meeting had been casual, hurried, but it was a meeting. The two had been named to each other. Each had made an inarticulate grunt. But when later that same afternoon they passed in a corridor Tad went by as if he had never seen him.

He continued to live and keep his mouth shut. If he was hurt there was nothing to be gained by saying so. Then an incident occurred which threw them together in a manner which couldn't be ignored inwardly, even if outward conditions remained the same.

Little by little the Harvard student, following the general sobering down which makes it harder for people in the twentieth century to laugh than it was to those who lived fifty years ago, was becoming less frolicsome. Pranks were still played, especially by freshmen, but neither so many nor so wild. The humor had gone out of them.

But in every large company of young men there are a few whose high spirits carry them away. Where they have money to spend and no cares to the future on their minds, the new sense of freedom naturally runs to roistering. In passing Tad Whitelaw's rooms, which were also in Gore Hall, Tom often heard the banging of the piano, and those shouts of song and laughter which are likely to disturb the proctor. Guy, who was often the one at the piano, now and then gave him a report of a party, telling him who was at it, and what they had had to drink.

In the course of the winter his relations with Guy took on a somewhat different tinge. In Guy's circle, commonly called a gang or a bunch, he was Guy's eccentricity. The Doolittle and Pray spirit allowed of an eccentricity, if it weren't paraded too much. Guy knew,

too, that it helped to make him popular, which was not an easy task, to be known as loyal to a boyhood's chum, when he might be expected to desert him.

But behind this patronage the fat boy found in Tom what he had always found, a source of strength. Not much more than at school did he escape at Harvard his destiny as a butt.

"Same old spiel, damn it," he lamented to Tom, "just because I'm fat. What difference does that make, when you're a sport all right? Doesn't keep me from going with the gang, not any more than Tad Whitelaw's big eyebrows, or Spit Castle's long nose."

On occasions when he was left out of "good things" which he would gladly have been in he made Tom come round to his room in the evening for confidence and comfort. Tom never made game of him. There was no one else to whom he could turn with the certainty of being understood. Having an apartment to himself, he could be free in his complaints without fear of interruption.

It was late at night. The two young men had been "yarning," as they called it, and smoking for the past two hours. Tom was getting up to go back to his room, when a sound of running along the corridor caught their attention.

"What in blazes is that?"

By the time the footsteps reached Guy's door smothered explosions of laughter could be heard outside. With a first preliminary pound on the panels the door was flung open, Spit Castle and Tad Whitelaw hurling themselves in. Though they would have passed as sober, some of their excess of merriment might have been due to a few drinks.

Tad carried a big iron door-key which he threw with a rattle on the table. His hat had been knocked to the back of his head; his necktie was an inch off-center; his person in general disordered by flight. Spit Castle, a weedy youth with a nose like a tapir's, was in much the same state. Neither could tell what the joke was, because the joke choked them. Guy, flattered that they should come

first of all to him, stood in the middle of the floor, grinning expectantly. Tom, quietly smoking, kept in the background, sitting on the arm of the chair from which he had just been getting up. As each of the newcomers tried to tell the tale he was broken in on by the other.

"Came out from town by subway . . ."

"Walking through Brattle Square . . ."

"Not so much as a damn cat about . . ."

"Saw little old johnny come abreast of little old bootstore . . ."

"Took out a key—opened the door—went into the shop in the dark—left the key in the keyhole to lock up when he comes outside again—just in for something he'd forgot."

"And damned if Tad didn't turn the key—quick as that!—and lock the old beggar in."

"Last we heard of him he was poundin' and squealin' to beat all blazes."

"Yellin', 'Pull-ice! — pull-ice!' — " whacking his leg, Spit gave an imitation of the prisoner—"and he's in there yet."

To Guy the situation was as droll as it was to his two friends. An old fellow trapped in his own shop! He was a Dago, Spit thought, which made the situation funnier. They laughed till, wearied with laughter, they threw themselves into armchairs, and lit their cigarettes.

Tom, who had laughed a little not at their joke but at them, felt obliged, in his own phrase, to butt in. He waited till a few puffs of tobacco had soothed them.

"Say, boys, don't you think the fun's gone far enough?"

The two guests turned and stared as if he had been a talking piece of furniture. Tad took his cigarette from his lips.

"What the hell business is it of yours?"

Tom kept his seat on the arm of the chair, speaking peaceably. "I suppose it isn't my business—except for the old man."

"What have you got to do with him? Is he your father?"

"He's probably somebody's father, and somebody's husband. You can't leave him there all night."

Spit challenged this. "Why can't we?"

"Because you can't. Fellows like you don't do that sort of thing."

It looked as if Tad Whitelaw had some special animosity against him, when he sprang from his chair to say insolently, "And fellows like you don't hang round where they're not wanted."

"Oh, Tom didn't mean anything—" Guy began to interpose.

"Then let him keep his mouth shut, or—" he nodded toward the door—"or get out."

Tom kept his temper, waiting till Tad dropped back into his chair again. "You see, it's this way. The old chap has a home, and if he doesn't come back to it in the course of, let us say, half an hour his family'll get scared. If they hunt him up at the shop, and find he's been locked in, they'll make a row at the police station just across the street. If the police get in on the business they're sure to find out who did it."

"Well, it won't be you, will it?" Tad sneered again.

"No, it won't be me, but even you don't want to be . . ."

Tad turned languidly to Guy. "Say, Guy! Awful pity isn't it about little Jennie Halligan! Cutest little dancer in the show, and she's fallen and broken her leg."

Tom got up, walked quietly to the table, picked up the key, and at the same even pace was making for the door, when Tad sprang in front of him.

"Damn you! Where do you think you're going?"

"I'm going to let the old fellow out."

"Drop that key."

"Get out of my way."

"Like hell I'll get out of your way."

"Don't let us make a row here."

"Drop that key. Do you hear me?"

The rage in Tad's face was at being



disobeyed. He was not afraid of this fellow two inches taller than himself. He hated him. Ever since coming to Harvard the swine had had the impertinence to be called by the same name, and to look like him. He knew as well as anyone else the nickname by which the bounder was going, and knew that he, the bounder, encouraged it. It advertised him. It made him feel big. He, the brother of the Whitelaw Baby, had been longing to get at the fellow and give him a whack on the jaw. He would never have a better opportunity.

The lift of his hand and the grasp with which Tom caught the wrist were simultaneous. Slipping the key into his pocket, Tom brought his other hand into play, throwing the lighter-built fellow out of his path with a toss which sent him back against the desk. Maddened by this insult to his person, Tad picked up the inkstand on the desk, hurling it at Tom's head. The inkstand grazed his ear, but went smash against the wall, spattering the new wallpaper with a great blob of ink. Guy groaned, with some wild objurgation. To escape from the room Tom had turned his back, when a blow from an uplifted chair caught him between the shoulders. Wheeling, he wrenched the chair from the hands of Spit Castle, chucked it aside and dealt the young man a stinger that brought the blood from the tapir nose. All blind rage by this time, he caught the weedy youth's head under his right arm, pounding the face with his left fist till he felt the body sagging from his hold. He let it go. Spit fell on the sofa, which was spattered with blood, as the wallpaper with ink. Startled at the sight of the limp form, he stood for a second looking down at it, when his skull seemed crashed from behind. Staggering back, he thought he was going to faint, but the sight of Tad aiming another thump at him, straight between the eyes, revived him to berserker fury. He sprang like a lion on an antelope.

Strong and agile on his side, Tad was stiff to resistance. Before the sheer

weight of Tom's body he yielded an inch or two, but not more. Freeing his left hand, as he bent backward, he dealt Tom a bruising blow on the temple. Tom disregarded it, pinning Tad's left arm as he had already pinned the right. His object now was to get the boy down, to force him to his knees. It was a contest of brutal strength. When it came to brutal strength the advantage was with the bigger frame, the muscles toughened by work. The fight was silent now, nearly motionless. Slowly, slowly, as iron gives way to the man with the force to bend it, Tad was coming down. His feet were twisted under him, with no power to right themselves. Two pairs of eyes, strangely alike, glared at each other, like the eyes of frenzied wild animals. Tad gave a quick little groan.

"O God, my leg's breaking."

Tom was not touched. "Damn you, let it break!"

Pressed, pressed, pressed downward, Tad was sinking by a fraction of an inch each minute. The strength above him was pitiless. Except for the running of water in the bathroom, where Guy had dragged Spit Castle to wash his nose, there was no sound in the room but the long hard pantings, now from Tad's side, now from Tom's. In the intervals neither seemed to breathe.

Suddenly Tad collapsed, and went down. Tom came on top of him. The heavier having the lighter fastened by arms and legs, the two lay like two stones. The faces were so near together that they could have kissed. Their long protruding eyebrows brushed each other's forehead. The weight of Tom's bulk squeezed the breath from his foe, as a bear squeezes it with a hug. Nothing was left to Tad but resistance of the will. Of that, too, Tom meant to get the better.

The words were whispered from one mouth into the other, "Do you know what I'm going to do with you?"

There was no answer.

"I'm going to take you back with me to let that old man out of his shop."

There was still no answer. Tom sprang suddenly off Tad's body, but with his fingers under the collar.

"Get up!"

He pulled with all his might. The collar gave way. Tad fell back. "Damned if I will," was all he could say by way of defiance.

Tom gave him a kick. "Get up, I tell you. If you don't I'll kick the stuffing out of you."

The kick hurt nothing but Tad's pride; but it hurt that badly. It hurt it so badly that he got up, with no further show of opposition. He dusted his clothes mechanically with his hands; he tried to adjust his torn collar. His tone was almost commonplace.

"This has got to be settled some other time. What do you want me to do?"

Tom pointed to the door. "What I want you to do is to march. Keep ahead of me. And mind you if you try to bolt I'll wring your neck as if you were a cur. You—you—" He sought a word which would hit where blows had not carried—"you—coward!"

The flash of Tad's eyes was like that of Tom's own. "We'll see."

He went out the door, Tom close behind him.

It was a March night, with snow on the ground, but thawing. They were without overcoats, and bareheaded. A few motor cars were passing, but not many pedestrians.

"Run," Tom commanded.

He ran. They both ran. The distance being short, they were soon in Brattle Square. Tad stopped at a little shop, showing a faint light. There was too much in the way of window display to allow of the passer-by, who didn't give himself some trouble, to see anything within.

At first they heard nothing. Then came a whimpering, like that of a little dog, shut in and lonely, tired out with yelping. Putting his ear to the door, Tom heard a desolate, "Tam! Tam!" It was the only utterance.

"Here's the key! Unlock the door."

Tad did as he was bidden. Inside, the "Tam! Tam!" ceased.

"Now go in, and say you're sorry."

As Tad hesitated Tom gave him a push. The door being now ajar the culprit went sprawling into the presence of his victim.

There was a spring like that of a cat. There was also a snarl like a cat's snarl. "You tam Harvard student!"

Feeling he had done and said enough, Tom took to his heels; but as someone else was taking to his heels, and running close behind him, he judged that Tad had escaped.

Back in his room, Tom felt spent. In his bed he was in emotional revolt against his victory. He loathed it. He loathed everything that had led up to it. The eyes that had stared into his, when the two had lain together on the floor, were like those of something he had murdered. What was it? What was the thing that deep down within him, rooted in the primal impulses that must have been there before there was a world—what was the thing that had been devastated, outraged? Once more, he didn't know.

## XXXII

Life resumed itself next day as if there had been no dramatic interlude. Proud of the scrap, as he named it, which had taken place in his room, Guy made the best of it for all concerned. His version was tactful, hurting nobody's feelings. The trick on the old man was a merry one, and after a fight about its humor Tad Whitelaw and the Whitelaw Baby had run off together to let the old fellow out. Spit Castle's tapir nose had got badly hurt in the scrimmage, and bled all over the sofa. The splash of ink on the wall was further evidence that Guy's room was a rendezvous of sports. But sports being sports, the honors had been even on the whole, and no hard feeling left behind. Tad and the Whitelaw Baby would now, Guy predicted, be better friends.



But of that there was no sign. There was no sign of anything at all. When the Whitelaw Baby met the Whitelaw Baby's brother they passed in exactly the same way as heretofore. You would not have said that the one was any more conscious of the other than two strangers who pass in Piccadilly or Fifth Avenue. In Tad there was no show of resentment; in Tom there was none of pride. As far as Tom was concerned, there was only a humiliated sense of regret.

And then, in April, life again took another turn. Coming back one day to his rooms, Tom found a message requesting him to call a number which he knew to be Mrs. Danker's. His first thought was of Maisie, with whom his letters had begun to be infrequent. Mrs. Danker told him, however, that Honey had had an accident. It was a bad accident, how bad she didn't know. Giving him the name of the hospital to which he had been taken, she begged him to go to him at once. After all the years they had lived with Mrs. Danker she considered them almost as relatives.

The hospital, near the foot of Grove Street, preserved the air of the sedate old Boston of the middle nineteenth century. Its low dome, its pillared façade, its grounds, its fine old trees, had been familiar to Tom ever since he had lived on Beacon Hill. In less than an hour after ringing up Mrs. Danker he was in the office asking for news.

News was scanty. Expecting everyone to understand what he meant to Honey and Honey meant to him, he had looked for the reception which friends in trouble and excitement give to the friend who brings his anxiety to mix with theirs. It would be, "Oh, come in. Poor fellow, he's suffering terribly. It happened thus and so." But to the interne in the office, a young man wearing a white jacket, Honey was not so much as a name. His case was but one among other cases. A good many came in a day. In a week, or a month, or a year, there was no keeping account of them, except as they were registered. Individual suffering was lost

sight of in the immense amount of it. But the interne was polite, and said that if Tom would sit down he would find out.

Among the hardest minutes Tom had ever gone through were those in the little reception room. Not only was there suspense; there was remorse. He had treated Honey like a cad. He had never been decent to him. He had never really been grateful. There had never been a minute, in the whole of the nearly six years they had lived together, in which he had not been sorry, either consciously or subconsciously, at being mixed up with an ex-convict. It was the ex-convict he had always seen before he had seen the friend.

A second interne wearing a white jacket came to question him, to ask him who he was, and the nature of his business with the patient. If he was only a friend he could hardly expect to see him. The man was under opiates, he needed to be kept quiet.

"What's happened? What's the matter with him? I can't find out."

The interne didn't know exactly. He had been crushed. He was injured internally. The cause of the accident he hadn't heard.

"Could I see his nurse?"

There was more difficulty about that, but in the end he was taken upstairs, where the nurse came out to the corridor to speak to him. She was a competent, businesslike woman, with none of the emotion at contact with pain which Tom thought must be part of a nurse's equipment. But she could tell him nothing definite. Not having been on duty when the case had been brought in, she had heard no more than the facts essential to what she had to do.

"Do you think he'll die?"

"You'd have to ask the doctor that. He's not dead now. That's about as much as I can say." At sight of the big handsome fellow's distress she partly relented. "You may come in and look at him. You mustn't try to speak to him."

He followed her into a long ward, with an odor of disinfectant. White beds,

mostly occupied, lined each wall. Here and there was one surrounded by a set of screens, partially secluding a sufferer. At one such set they stopped. Through an opening between two screens Tom was allowed to look at Honey who lay with face upturned, and no sign of pain on the features. He slept as Tom had seen him sleep hundreds of times when he expected to get up again next morning. The difference was in the expectation of getting up. Blinded by tears, Tom tiptoed away.

When he came next day the effect of the opiate had worn off, and yet not wholly. Honey turned his head at his approach and smiled. Sitting beside the bed, Tom took the big, calloused hand lying beside the coverlet, and held it in his own relatively tender one. More than ever it was borne in on him at whose cost that tenderness had been maintained. Honey liked to have his hand held. A part of the wall of aloofness with which he had kept himself surrounded seemed to have broken down.

A little incoherently he told what had happened. He had been stowing packing-cases in the hold of a big ship. The packing-cases were lowered by a crane. The crane as a rule was a good old thing, slow paced, gentle, safe. But this time something seemed to have gone wrong with her. Though his back was turned, Honey knew by the shadow above him that she was at her work. When he had got into its niche the case with which he was busy he would swing round and seize the new one. And then he heard a shout. It was a shout from the dock, and didn't disturb him. He was about to turn when something fell. It struck him in the back. It was all he knew. He thought he remembered the blow, but was not certain whether he did or not. When he "came to" he had already been moved to the shed, and was waiting for the ambulance. He seemed not to have a body any more. He was only a head, like one of them there angels in a picture, with wings beneath their chins.

He laughed at that, and with the laugh the nurse took Tom away; but when he came back on the following day Honey's mind was clearer.

"I've made me will long ago," he said, when Tom had given him such bits of news as he asked for. "It's all legal and reg'lar. Had a lawyer fix it up. Never told yer nothink about it. Everythink left to you."

"Oh, Honey, don't let us talk about that. You'll be up and around in a week or so."

"Sure I'll be up and around. Yer don't think a little thing like this is goin' to bust me. Why, I don't feel 'ardly nothink, not below the neck. All the same, it can't do no harm for you to know what's likely to be what. If I was to croak, which I don't intend to, yer'd have about sixteen hunderd dollars what I've saved to finish yer eddication on. The will is in the bottom of me trunk at Danker's."

On another day he said, "If anyone was to pop up and say I owed 'em that money, because I took it from 'em . . ."

He held the sentence there, leaving Tom to wonder if he had thoughts of restitution, or possibly of repentance.

"I don't owe 'em nothink," he ended. "Belonged to me just as much as it belonged to them. Nothink don't belong to nobody. I never was able to figger it out just the way I wanted to, because I ain't never had no eddication; but Gord's lor I believes it is. Never could get the 'ang o' the lor o' man, not nohow."

To comfort him, Tom suggested that perhaps when he got through college he might be able to take the subject up.

"I wouldn't bind yer to it, Kiddy. Tough job! Why, when I give up socializin' to try and win over some o' them orthodoxes I thought as they'd jump to 'ear me. Not a bit of it! The more I told 'em that nothink didn't belong to nobody the more they said I was a nut."

Having lain silent for a minute, he continued, with that light in his face which



corresponded to a wink of the blind eye: "I don't bind yer to nothink, Kiddy. That's what I've always wanted yer to feel. You're a free boy. When I'm up and around again, and yer've got yer eddication, and have gone out on yer own, yer won't have me a-'angin' on yer 'ands. No, sir! I'll be off—free as a bird—back with the old gang again—and yer needn't be worried a-thinkin' I'll miss you—nor nothink!"

It was a few days after this that the businesslike nurse who had first admitted him hinted that, if she were Tom, Honey would have a clergyman come to visit him. A few days more and it might be too late.

Honey with a clergyman! It was something Tom had never thought of. The incongruous combination made him smile. Nevertheless, it was what people who were dying had—a clergyman come to visit them. If a clergyman could do Honey any good . . .

"Honey," he suggested, artfully, next day, "now that you're pinned to bed for awhile, and have got the time, wouldn't you like to see a clergyman sometimes, and talk things over?"

There was again that light in the face which took the place of a wink. "What things?"

Tom was nonplussed. "Well, I suppose, things about your soul."

"What'd a clergyman know about *my* soul? He might know about his own, but I know all about mine that I've got to know. 'Tain't much—but it's enough."

Tom was relieved. He didn't want to disturb Honey by bringing in a stranger nor was he more sure than Honey that any good could be done by it. He was more relieved still when Honey explained himself further.

"Do yer suppose I've come to where I am now without thinkin' them things out, when Gord give me a genius for doin' it? I don't say I've did it as well as them as has had more eddication; but Gord takes us with the eddication what we've got. Eddication's a fine thing; I

don't say contrairy; but I don't believe as it makes no diff'rence to Gord. If you and me was before Him—me not knowin' 'ardly nothink, and you stuffed as you are with learnin' till you're bustin' out with it—I don't believe as Gord'd say as there was a pinch o' snuff between us—not to him there wouldn't be." A little wearily he made his confession of faith. "Gord made me; Gord knows me; Gord'll take me just the way I am and make the best o' me, without no one else buttin' in."

It was the middle of an afternoon. If anything, Honey was better. All spring was blowing in at the windows, while the trees were in April green, and the birds jubilant with the ecstasy of mating.

"Beats everythink the way I dream," Honey confided, in a puzzled tone. "Always dreamin' o' my mother. Haven't 'ardly thought of her these years and years. Didn't 'ardly know her. Died when I was a little kid; and yet . . ."

He lay still, smiling into the air. Tom was glad to find him cheerful, reminiscent. Never in all the years he had known him had Honey talked so much of his early life as within the last few days.

"Used to take us childern into the country to see a sister she had livin' there . . . Little village in Cheshire called King's Clavering. . . . See that little cottage now . . . Thatched it was . . . Set a few yards back from the lane. . . . Had flowers in the garden . . . musk . . . and poppies . . . and London pride . . . and Canterbury bells . . . and old man's love . . . and cherry pie . . . and raggedy Jack . . . and sailor's sweetheart . . . funny how all them names comes back to me. . . ."

Again he lay smiling. Tom also smiled. It was the first day he had had any hope. It was difficult not to have hope when Honey was so free from pain, and so easy in his mind. As to pain he had not had much since the accident had benumbed him; but there had always been something he seemed to want to

say. To-day he had apparently said everything, and so could spend the half-hour of Tom's visit on memories of no importance.

"Always had custard for tea, my mother's sister had. Lord, how us young ones'd . . ."

The recollection brought a happy look. Tom was glad. With pleasant thoughts, Honey would not have the wistful yearning in his eyes which he had turned on him lately whenever he went away.

"There was a hunt in Cheshire. Onst I saw a lord—a dook, I think he was—ridin' to 'ounds. Sat his 'orse as if he was part of him, he did . . ."

This too died away without sequence, though the happy look remained. The smile grew rapt, distant perhaps, as memory took him back to long-forgotten trifles. Just outside the window a robin fluted in a tree.

Honey turned his head slightly to say: "Have I been asleep, Kid?"

"No; you haven't had your eyes shut."

"Oh, but I must have. Couldn't dream if I was wide awake. I saw ma—just as plain as—" He recovered himself with a light laugh—"Wouldn't it bust yer braces to 'ear me sayin' ma? But that's what us childern used to call . . ."

Once more he turned in profile, lying still, silent, radiant, occupied. The robin sang on. Tom looked at his watch. It was time for him to be stealing away. Now that Honey was better, he didn't mind going without a farewell, because he could explain himself next time. He was glancing about for the nurse when Honey said, softly, casually, as if greeting an acquaintance,

"Hello—ma!"

He lifted both hands, but they dropped back, heavily. Tom who had half risen fell on his knees by the bedside, seizing the hand nearest him in both his own.

"Honey! Honey! Speak to me!"

But Honey's good eye closed gently, while the head sagged a little to one side. The robin was still singing.

Two letters received within a few days gave Tom the feeling of not being quite left alone.

*Dear Mr. Whitelaw*

In telling you how deeply we feel for you in your great bereavement I wish I could make you understand how sincerely we are all your friends. I want to say this specially, as I know you have no family. Family counts for much; but friends count for something too. It is George Sand who says: "Our relations are the friends given us by nature; our friends are the relations given us by God." Will you not think of us in this way?—especially of Guy and me. Whenever you are lonely I wish you would turn to us, in thought at least, when it can't be in any other way. When it can be—our hearts will always be open.

Very sincerely yours,

HILDRED ANSLEY.

The other letter ran:

*Dear Tom*

Now that you have got this great big incubous off your hands I should think you would try to do your duty by me and what you owe me. It seems to me I've been patient long enough. It is not as if you were the only peanut in the bag. There are others. I do not say this purposely. It is rung from me. I have done all I mean to do here, and will beat it whenever I get a good chance. I should think you would be educated by now. I graduated from high school at sixteen, and I guess I know as much as the next one. I've got a gentleman friend here, a swell fellow too, a traveling salesman, and he makes big money, and he says that if a fellow isn't hitting the world by fifteen he'll always be a quitter. Think this over and let me know. With passionate love.

MAISIE.

(To be continued)



# Trails to Tiny Towns

## 3.—“*Rimini Route*”

BY GERTRUDE A. ZERR

THERE'S this about being wonderful: You don't have to do more than one truly wonderful thing in your life; you don't have to live up to any precedents that you have formerly established, and nothing that happens to you afterward bothers you very much. It's different from success: success involves long and ardent thought and struggle and watchfulness; and after you have it you must keep right on struggling to retain it.

But you don't have to plan on being wonderful; you don't say with a start late in the afternoon,

“Mercy me, four o'clock already, and not a wonderful thing done to-day; I must certainly get to work!”

You have gone along in your heedless way, attending to everybody's business but your own, prying into their affairs, giving them advice that they haven't asked for, and making a nuisance of yourself generally—and then somebody makes a chance remark that penetrates your consciousness, which up to that time has been totally wrapped in your breakfast potatoes and eggs, and you are startled with a great realization, that you, in your headlong career, have been wonderful! You live on the memory of it the rest of your days—on the memory and on the belief that sometime when you least expect it, and do not deserve it at all, maybe you will be wonderful again!

I don't say that the world rings with the splendor of my achievement, because I think not even Angela Coliani knows what she listened to that still December night; certainly, old Pete

Larson doesn't know; I was too wise to let him discover who raised the disturbance in his quiet hotel.

But I know.

You can't burst through the kitchen door of a lonely cabin from the frozen trail of a steep mountain slope and catapult headlong across the table almost into the sourdough, as your skis come to an abrupt halt on the bare floor, without forming an immediate bond of union between yourself and the inhabitants of the cabin. It doesn't matter what the international relationships are between your country and theirs; you are, quite in the nature of things, at home.

And I'd seen people like these before—dear, yes! Once when I was visiting in a city far to the east, I was taken on an errand, whose nature I have forgotten, into a street where lovely dark children danced about a hand organ, and spoke in liquid syllables, and laughed with dazzling teeth, flinging heavy braids of black hair back from oval faces. Lovely! And often passing section houses, I saw men with shy dog-eyes looking wistfully at me as if they would speak but could not, and women standing in the doorways holding babies all swathed from shoulders to feet like little Jesuses. I have loved them! So here was Angela Coliani, clasping her hands and peering forward eagerly to try speech with me—with another woman.

It was by the merest accident that I rolled into the house of Angela that night. Rimini Route divides itself into several stage stations for the convenience of exchanging wagons for saddle horses and then for skis as you get

higher up into the deeper snow. Well, we got along all right till we came to the last station. It was mid-April, and, of course, fresh snowstorms were in order; but was I to be balked of my journey, just because the snow was deep? The mail carrier was taking first-class mail on horseback, and not having a particularly easy time of it at that; he looked at me wearily when I proffered my request for passage.

"You just go in and look at the register," he said. "They's ten people ahead of you wanting to go. I'll take you all right when I can get the sled out, but they ain't no hope of that for two weeks yet."

Now, the station wasn't a bad place to stop; the kitchen was full of women, and they were glad to see me. We sat by the stove and talked pleasantly for a day. But you know how it is about your travels—it isn't so much that the place you are going to is so intriguing as that you can't overcome the yearning to be up and getting there.

I began to pester the stage driver about it—you can get them to make concessions sometimes; but when he got just so tired he took me out to the stage barn and showed me a long pine box that he'd had there ever since the first heavy snow of the autumn before.

"Now see here," he said, "I already told you I can't take a single passenger up there till the snow packs a little, and when I do, it's dead ones first. When it gets so's I can take the sled I'll give you a chance to ride along on this here box and that's all I kin do fer you."

I didn't believe it about the "dead one" until I went back to the kitchen and asked the women, but they said it was true: a man who had lived "outside" couldn't bear to be dead anywhere but in Rimini Route. Well, that was all right if he felt that way, but I wasn't going to ride with him. So I told the women I would walk—it was only twenty miles farther on. They begged me not to; they told me it wouldn't cost me anything to stay on with them and

I shouldn't need to go on the first trip with the dead man; but once my mind starts on a given trail, it is difficult of restraint. I was obdurate.

The stage driver looked at me with dumb misery in his eyes and the women in the kitchen cried. A certain young man looked thoughtful; he had thirty miles to go, but if I could make twenty . . . I became very important, and so exhilarated I could scarcely sleep. Well, morning came, and I started out. The snow was crusted and the storekeeper came running out with a pair of skis—I could leave them, he said, when the snow got soft and the stage driver would pick them up. He'd never seen me before, of course, but that didn't matter. One of the women in the kitchen gave me a pair of heavy shoes, and I was ready. The young man came along. He had a bride from a far eastern city, an enchanting little girl to whom the adventure was an immense frolic. They had a homestead off in the deepest hills, and all the wide sky and earth between them.

She made just one serious remark: it was when we had left the stage station ten miles behind us, and hadn't seen a house for some hours,

"Gosh, Earl, a woman sure has to be in love with a man to come to a God-forsaken place like this with him!"

And I have wondered since if it is because we love so much that we come, or whether the exigencies of the case excite more love.

Well, the day wore on and we came presently to the outlet of a canyon, where our ways parted.

"If you go right over the hill here," said the young man, "you can cut off about five miles. There's a house right at the bottom, and there's most always a good ski-trail, because the folks get wood up there."

We said good-by regretfully.

She was a dear little girl, and she was very happy.

It was almost dark when I reached the top of the hill, but after I had slid down



a little way on the other side I found a trail, and wound up triumphantly at the foot of the incline, guided by the light that streamed from the open door. The trail led directly into the kitchen, and I should certainly have mowed down the family in my onrush were I not accustomed to squeal wildly at the least excitement. This warned them; and I flew screeching against Angela Coliani, who first wrung her hands in terror and then clasped them in happy welcome.

Rimini Route! If you are thinking of the purple Apennines with the shadows wrapping the trees in tenuous mist, and the sky breathing a soft warmth, in the fragrance and melody of dusky tranquil woods—and if maybe you hear in its dear quietness the shrill treble of a flute, liquid as the fall of water over cliffs, piercing as the cry of a hurt thing in desolation, crooning as a lullaby—and if you are thinking of a herdboyc with his flocks of goats, and a girl with eyes like black pearls, then you are thinking of Tony and Angela. But you are not thinking of Rimini Route.

The cabin was a ramshackle old affair of moldy logs, without carpets or rugs, and walls bare except for the banks of guns and hats and saddles and chaps and bridles and quirts and old newspapers stuck in racks, and little girls' dresses and little boys' overalls.

Tony ate rapidly, with his eyes glued to his plate, lifting them ever so slightly sometimes, to look at us dumbly and a little beseechingly. I can see his eyes in the dark sometimes, great soft warm liquid eyes, full of the sweetness of a summer night, when the stars have not yet come out and the shadows lie breathless between the hills.

The children stood looking at me from between black lashes—adorable children, but shy beyond the shyness of ordinary little girls and boys. There were four of them; the oldest was about ten; he took an interest in me, because he was going to go to school later. His somber face lighted suddenly when I slid a bone under the table for his dog, and pres-

ently he turned his back to me and occupied himself putting the dog through its tricks, glancing back out of the corner of his eye to see if I was observing.

It was not an unhappy house. Little Giuseppe could play the fiddle, and he got it down at my earnest entreaty and played some pretty melodies, and Tony sat close up against the logs between a couple of saddles and let his dark eyes rest unblinkingly on the face of his wife. Angela was glad to talk. Women are when they haven't seen one another for a long time; and all through the summer when I knew her she never got enough of the rapture of talking to one who understood. There were other Italians of the Route—it had been established for them, and I shall tell you how this was. It is a charming tale, blending as it does a long far past in an ancient land with a very near and dear present.

There was a boy, oh long ago—eighty years, I think, because when I saw him a little while ago, he was very bent and gray, and his speech was weak—who loved a girl, all in the purple shadows of the Apennines; some one did her great harm, and she died. At first the boy was mad with rage and would have killed every man he touched, but after many months he went to Rome to pray for her soul, and when he prayed there came to him a vision from the Mater Dolorosa, and he determined to go into far places where perhaps there would be need of him among poor and helpless ones. They made him a missionary to Indians, in a distant country, and he lived with them and loved them, and defended them against the rapacity of encroaching whites, and was marvelously beloved. He never went back to his own country, but he always remembered, and his heart was tender to young lovers. In reward for his great service, he was given the long stretch of road called Rimini Route, and he parceled it out to those of his countrymen who asked for it. They took it with reverence, and would no sooner have forsaken the homes that he made them than they

would have forsaken the shrine of the Blessed Bambino, nad some one given it to them to care for.

A thousand feet below us the Route was lovely; gardens grew in the summer time, and cherry-blossoms snowed in the breeze; but up at the edge of the world the winter was long and the world was gray.

"But Tony, he is good to me," said Angela, with a note that I surely thought was defiance, "when the cherries are ripe below he always brings me some. If I had not cherries in the summer I should not know how to be; but always when cherries are ripe he brings them home to me."

I don't think I had any foreshadowing of tragedy—it was only the way the words rang in my ears—"always when cherries are ripe he brings them home to me." I began to say it to myself, and later as the spring bounded into summer I began to fancy what would happen if once Tony failed to "bring them home to me." For Tony, the husband, was not the person that Tony the herdboy must have been. Alluring in his shadowy, warm, picturesque beauty, Tony undeniably was, even at thirty-one; he must have been enchanting at seventeen when he roamed the hills, his flute at his lips, and his heart full of melody. Poor Tony wasn't, to say the least, efficient. I suppose it's too much to expect of people with voices of liquid velvet and eyes full of purple shadows. But oh, dear, we love them! And what would the world come to if women lost patience with men for shiftlessness and incompetence and the absolute helplessness that made Tony so unable to cope with the complications of a barbarous existence?

For the saving of the world, women like men that way. And I'm sure I myself would rather put up with a clinging, childlike thing with pathetic, trusting dog-eyes than with a self-important piece of efficiency, who'd be wrong nine times out of ten anyway; and most other women would, too. Well, Tony would

have satisfied the most exacting woman in the world on that score.

He never did anything right. She made a painful garden to help out the food supply, carrying water in little buckets to irrigate it, and watching the traps for the destructive gophers and woodchucks. Yet she did not kill Tony when he imported quantities of rabbits to raise for meat. The more successful he was with his rabbit raising, the more cause she had for violence, but she put up with him. And when she had succeeded in wresting a hay meadow from the entanglements of willows, he conceived a sudden longing for the goats of Capri, or Capricorn, or wherever it is that goats come from, and bought himself a little herd, which ate up every blade of grass and then wandered off into the hills and were never heard of again. Everything he did was wrong. When he tried to raise money by selling game and fish and was arrested, she paid his fine and brought him home again with gentle and patient chidings; and when he and his partner drew knives on each other she came to the pacification of the quarrel with ready payment.

Tony adored his family, especially that oldest boy, who had a head many times too old for his frail little body. It was poor little Giuseppe who mended fences when any were mended, and herded the sheep when the coyotes came down from the hills. He went out and got jobs for his father from the ranchmen, and persuaded his inefficient parent to go to work at them.

Oh, and the cabin was so squalid, so dirty and crowded and little! The door always stood open for light and air, even in the wintertime, and the dogs and pet goats and sheep wandered in and out, and Tony and the children dragged in all the mud and snow there was. If you went in alone you were depressed, but somehow when Angela was there you didn't see the squalor—she sat before you with her shawl over her head and her pure face upturned with its innocent eyes fastened adoringly upon



your face, and you thought only of madonnas and Neapolitan skies and deep blue bays and the twanging of guitars in gondolas.

And so it was summer and I knew the family very well indeed. Angela was happy in the summertime, for the great bench-land bloomed through all the warm season with flowers of a million colors. You can't imagine how lovely it was when the ranchmen turned the water on in spring from the irrigation ditches; the wild flax burst into flower, and the carpet was green and blue; and the hills around the bench glowed with yellow and pink and purple; and when the grass was cut in late summer, everything turned orange and crimson and brown, great patches of every color, following one another day by day till the earth fairly sang in beauty. By the middle of June the snow had gone off and the ground was dry enough to take out the little jitney and go to town for supplies.

Nobody in the barren places is really poor because there are always the great ranches where the homesteaders can get work, but when the winter has been long, and a man's loving heart brings him home from his job too often, there isn't a great deal of money to be spent. Angela instructed Tony very carefully just how the little hoard was to be apportioned if there should not be enough. Most important of all the things he was to buy was the case of cherries, I have told you that she waited all the long winter for the trip to town for this, and I shall tell you now, that it was the only thing she ever asked for herself.

They made only two trips in a year because Tony wasn't exactly to be trusted. He was quite likely to get into fights and spend all the money in dice or drink if he went too often. So she allowed him to go only in spring and fall and the purchasing of supplies took him so long and occupied his time so fully that he was fairly safe on these occasions. Giuseppe always went with him, and had a worn look when he returned.

I was at the house when the little jitney rolled home. Angela and I went out to get the mail. She didn't ask questions but quietly helped to carry in the boxes. Then she looked them over.

"There wasn't enough money for the cherries," said Tony.

She looked up at him, startled.

"No cherries?" she repeated dazed.

"No money," repeated Tony.

I felt a dreadful emptiness as if a stunning blow had fallen and deadened all consciousness.

That had to happen sometime—it couldn't help happening—but oh, dear, that I should have been there to see it!

My eyes darted to the eyes of Angela. They had been dark as buried pools before, but now they were like whirling smoke from deep old chimneys. I was afraid. I tried to break the stillness, but no words came. I struggled wildly. If she spoke first what might not happen!

"I guess it's time for me to go!" I said inanely, and gathered up my quirt and gloves.

"You will come again," she said courteously, and I replied with inarticulate words that had no meaning.

We were not surprised that Angela should finally leave her husband—she had put up with an awful lot from him—and that when she did leave, she should leave *all*, house and farm and children and everything. Angela was not one to do things by halves. Lots of women kill their husbands for things like that—though I suppose after they think it over they are sorry.

I don't know whether we expected violence on the part of Tony or not, but we discussed the matter very thoroughly. We were too busy to go down to the house to look the matter over, and as the children continued to come to school properly dressed and with the required complement of lunch-buckets and pencils, we put off investigation until a more convenient season.

We were disturbed, though. Women almost never leave their husbands in the summertime, and discussion and dis-

agreement were lively as to what had been the final outrage that had driven Angela to this step. All the supposed cruelties and real incapacities of poor Tony were gone over again and again, but I didn't say anything. I had before me always the picture of the woman's eyes when the cherries had not come. But no one would have understood, and because so pitifully Tony did not know, it seemed like stabbing in the dark to tell about it. We had heard that all foreigners beat their wives, so the problem settled itself on that basis, and I let it go at that. But within a few weeks Tony began coming to dances. Sometimes he and Giuseppe came alone, and sometimes they brought all the little children; and oh, dear, you can't imagine what a change had come over him! He had been almost handsome when we saw him last, with his bright black eyes, and bandit mustache and cheeks like autumn leaves; but now, after weeks of roving the hills, he was gaunt, haggard, and wretched. He stood leaning against the wall all night, looking so woebegone and miserable that we could not bear it. We always turned our faces away when we danced near him. The little girls played contentedly on the outskirts of the crowd, and we looked at them and sighed, thinking how fortunate it is that children do not understand.

We talked about it at breakfast the next morning. The men didn't say much but Mrs. Malloy and I were full of pity and sympathy for poor Tony. Public opinion veered swiftly once we had seen him; he was manifestly incapable of beating anybody's wife, much less his own whom he had loved so much, as was apparent to all of us.

"And I saw him behind the stove, sitting in the wood box," she mourned; "he just couldn't stand the sight of all of us having such a good time."

"No, that wasn't it," explained her young son. "Tony, he'd stolen a sandwich, and he went there to eat it 'cause he didn't want anybody to see him."

And that was how we learned that the

Colianis didn't have much cooked food at home. He used to bring a sack of coffee, or a bag of dried fruit, as his contribution to the feasts, and we took particular pains to see that he got some of the best of everything we had. He'd look up at us with the pathetic doggishness that women can never resist, and we were very good to him in our unobtrusive way. After the tragedy of the wood box had been explained, his presence didn't depress us any more, because being hungry isn't nearly as distressing as being mentally miserable. So we fed him and his children at our parties, and went happily about our affairs.

I adored the children. Giuseppe was white as moonflowers, but the others were all dark and somber, with a gloom in their eyes as alluring as the sheen of starless nights. They played as readily as the others did, but seldom laughed, and Giuseppe never smiled. We did a great deal more singing that summer than we did arithmetic, because the weather was hot, and I hate to torture my brain in hot weather with problems the significance of which I only partly understand; take hay measurements, for instance. No matter how many times I measure the same haystack, I always get a different answer, and I have had to learn to smile deprecatingly and say to seekers after information, "Oh, well, you know how teachers are"; and people have learned to accept our ignorance as a matter of course. And why should I measure hay, or instruct anyone in its measurement when children can sing with voices like larks, and I can feel all the raptures of trees and flowers in listening to them?

When Giuseppe had learned to use his paint box he painted from memory pictures of cherry trees which did not look in the least like cherry trees; but he thought they did, and once when I rode down that way on a pretended errand, I found his pictures all pinned up against the wall between the dirty overalls and saddles and bridles.



"Mamma will like it when she comes back," he said, shyly. "She likes cherry trees."

Sometimes he rode with his father in the hills, but he always came back to the cabin at night to see that the littler ones got something to eat and got to bed all right. And then if his father went out again, Giuseppe went with him, never saying anything but riding along beside him, his face always turned to him. The men spoke about it; they said it was impossible ever to see Tony alone except when Giuseppe was in school. And it was said that Tony sat in the cabin all day long on those five days of each school week, watching the clock until he could set out to meet his children. We were all sorry for Tony. Italians never seem to assimilate with the rest of us under any circumstances. They stay off by themselves at the section houses, and play their violins and drink and fight, and you can see the women standing in the doors of their box cars when you go by on the train; they always have many lovely children with mournful black eyes, and cheeks like autumn leaves, and I don't know why we don't adore them, but we don't seem to. It makes them shy to be so ignored.

Tony never went down town now. It was very far away and he could not leave Giuseppe for so long a time. Giuseppe could not go with him because he would not leave the children all alone. The poor little boy was under a terrible strain. He had to coax his father to eat now. He would sit beside him at the dances and talk to him in a low tone, looking at us out of the corner of his eye to be sure that he was not observed.

"Now, Tony, it's awful good to-night. Now, take only a bite."

I could hear him, because I loved his voice, and had learned to single it out at school among all the others on the playground.

And he would sit with Tony all evening, talking to him. The rest of us tried to, but we couldn't. As soon as he turned his eyes on us, a great leaden

weight oppressed us and we grew dumb and miserable.

So you see, there was nothing for us to do. Such a thing had never happened to us before.

Usually if a woman left her husband, he'd say,

"Oh well, this is a helluva place to bring a woman to," and let it go at that.

Probably he hadn't had her long enough to be used to her anyway; and when a man lives alone in his cabin just about so long it is rather bothersome than otherwise to have a woman puttering about.

But Tony was dying before our eyes. There was nothing I could do. I played with his children, and tried not to think of him, hoping that by a sudden flash of genius the right solution would occur to me, and I would go to him with noble and queenly words and place his hand in the hand of his wife, and my name would be spoken with reverence and respect ever after.

But that isn't the way things happen. And maybe after all it's just as well it isn't; for if I went about the world untangling all its confusions, I should never have that rapture of surprise that comes to me when, right in my sight, the tangles straighten themselves out, all of themselves, without the least need of my help.

The children did not like to talk of their mother, and I am shy with children, because they live in a world of powerful emotions and noble impulses in which I have no part; and bold as I am in my own plane, I dare not intrude in the places they have shut away from me.

I had a dress that winter trimmed in fur, and they could not resist standing quietly by me sometimes to stroke its softness. I pretended I did not notice them, but sometimes, in putting in a hairpin, I would let my hand rest a minute on the little brown claw that lay unobtrusively on my collar.

But even with the white face and the mournful black eyes of Giuseppe ever be-

fore me, and the dread of what the long winter would bring to the forsaken family, I couldn't be very unhappy, much as I wanted to; for if Rimini Route was full of poetry and romance during the summertime, it was a dream of music and charm in winter. The snow covered the mountains all around us, shining in the sunlight like looking-glasses, and when the weather got down to forty-two below zero, the sky in the mornings was full of sun dogs, lovely things that stretched halfway across the sky parallel with the horizon, brilliant as rainbows. And there was endless harmony. The snow was hard as quartz; the lightest step gave out a pleasant screeching, and the wind had a thousand melodies. I learned them all by heart. At night when I couldn't sleep for the noise, I'd lie in bed covered up to the eyebrows, and practice moaning and roaring and whistling in unison. I became wonderfully skillful and got lots of practice, because the children at school loved it and we gave up other forms of music in its favor. I learned a little from them, too. The little boys taught me how to put my fingers in the corners of my mouth, and how to rattle my tongue against my teeth, and get enchanting effects.

The Coliani children still came to school, dark and mournful and alluring in their somber beauty. Giuseppe took care of all of them, and they were well wrapped up against the winter storms, but they didn't look very well nourished. Their mother wrote to them sometimes, and told them in passionate words that she loved them. They brought the letters to me, because they couldn't read Italian very well, and when I'd read the words to them, they told me the meaning. I could see she still thought of them; but she said nothing about coming back.

And now it was December, and as we'd had school for eight months, it was time to close. I packed my trunk and dressed myself in all my wool things, with a pair of hot bricks to keep my feet

warm, and started home. I missed most of the scenery because my breath gathered up around my hair and collected on my eyelashes so that I couldn't see much for the ice, and the frost gathered in the folds of my scarf until my chin rested in a deep drift, but otherwise I wasn't cold and we pursued our way merrily. The little Colianis were at the window to see us go by, and I waved at them with a great deal of regret. They were lovely children, all forlorn. Rolling along with screeching runners over the frozen snow, we passed house after house, as many as four the first day, and more than twelve the second.

It was warmer in the lower country, and by the time we got to the station, I could pick the ice out of my eyes and look about intelligently.

We are always sorry to come to the end of the stage route. We have become friendly on the way, and the parting is nearly always forever. Of course, such of the men as are in no particular hurry stay over to take you to dinner or to a show, or even go on to the main line with you, and thus stretch the hours a little, but even so, the journey comes to an end presently, and you must pursue your way alone. So here we were. I crawled out of the confusion of blankets and went into the hotel. And there of all people in the world was Angela! I don't know when I was so glad to see anybody! She had got this splendid position of cooking at the hotel, and had everything all warm and lovely with roses on the wall paper, and cans and cans of cherries, all in lovely colors on the outside and celestial flavors on the insides, and she could have as many as she wanted. I was so glad to see how comfortable she was that I forgot about the children at home, and poor Tony, who had only himself to blame anyway.

I waited only long enough to go upstairs and exchange my tons of clothing for several ounces, and then returned to the kitchen where I sat all happily with a plateful of stewed chicken and dumplings, in advance of the regular guests.



Angela listened to me hungrily as I talked—I told her of the lovely summer we had had, with all its carpeted splendor, and of how dear her children were, and how well they were learning. I didn't tell her anything about Tony because I thought she might be sensitive.

Well, in the evening the stage driver wanted me to go to a dance with him, so I did because I remembered how kind he had been not to let me go riding on the "dead one" the spring before, and also because he had often brought me fruit from town during summer. But after the dance I found Angela waiting for me in my room. She wanted to talk some more. I went back over the whole adventure from the time she had left us in July to the present day, and she listened again, smiling and clapping her hands and sometimes uttering little clucks of deprecation at our wickedness and of sympathy at our misfortunes. I didn't tell her about poor little Giuseppe trying to adorn the house with his paintings, because I thought the contrast between her past squalor and her present comfort would agitate her.

So I talked mostly of the girls and their love affairs, and the dances and quarrels, and who was working and who wasn't and where everybody was living, until there wasn't anything more to say. But still she didn't want to go.

I'd told everything twice over, and she couldn't ask about them again; there was no topic left except the weather.

"Has it been cold?" she asked.

"Cold!" I woke up instantly. I love weather, and there is no subject on which I can expatiate so endlessly. I described the weather from the first early snowfall in October, up through the blizzards and white ice of November, to the very last days when the mercury had dropped out of the thermometer. She listened, thrilled and breathless.

"And wind!" I went on, inspired to greater heights by her eloquent attention. "You should have heard the wind! You know how it howls when it

comes out of the canyon just below your place? Like this!"

It seemed a pity that all the skill I had acquired by long practice that fall should be wasted, and I knew no one else so capable of appreciating my cleverness as this child of music and color, so I sat up in bed and pushed back my hair to be as ready as possible.

"Like this," I repeated, effectively.

And then I whistled and moaned the winds that had been blowing about the cabins of Rimini Route. I almost forgot about my audience in my enthusiasm. I could hear them again as I sat there in the still, still morning. I moaned along in low dreary monotone, rising and falling in irregular rhythm, mounting steadily in long quivering minor cadenzas, most lovely to listen to; shrill, eerie, piercing notes, blood chilling in the stillness; slow-dying decrescendos ending with a sob—a silence, then a wild sweep as around sharp corners, a bitter struggle with the cemented logs of tight little cabins, a wild cry as of a thousand bitter pains—*Oh, my!*

Men say I am clever because without their help I can write compositions like this, "We have your letter of the second instant and are giving it careful attention," and because I can look into their eyes when they've said something original, and murmur, "I never thought of it that way, but how true it is!" And I suppose these things are clever, but oh, my! I love to tell you how I sat up in bed that December morning and whistled the winds of Rimini Route.

"Like that!" I said, when I had finished.

Then I noticed her. She was rocking back and forth moaning softly to herself, and the tears were standing in her eyes.

I was sorry. I'd only been showing off, as I dearly love to do.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, poor Tony!" she cried, wringing her hands. "Poor Tony! He can't stand the wind! He never could stand it! Poor Tony, all alone! All alone with the wind!"

She went crying from the room.

I wished I hadn't done it. People do feel that way about wind and snow and things. I went to sleep presently and didn't waken until a knock on the door brought me back with the information that I had but an hour before train time. I got up and came down to breakfast.

"Stage go?" I asked conversationally.

The proprietor grunted crossly.

"Here's your breakfast," he said, sliding a plate before me. "Had to cook it myself, so if you can't eat it do the best you can."

"Where's your cook?" I asked, guiltily.

"Damn dago—" he started, "beg your pardon, mam—you can't depend on them dagoes: got up for the stage this morning and beat it."

"Didn't she *say* anything?" I inquired breathlessly.

"Can't understand 'em when they talk fast—all she said was, 'Poor Tony, can't stanna win', poor Tony, can't stanna win'. What the devil—beg pardon, mam—what does it matter if Tony can't stand the wind? Is that any reason for a dago to go hoppin' up the mountains on a morning like this?"

"It sounds funny," I murmured.

"She quit her old man last summer 'cause he beat her up fierce (a man can forget almost any grievance in the re-

counting of a tale) and she came along down to Bantry's to work for them. Good worker. I was glad to get her; thought I'd have a cook all winter; gave her good wages, too, plenty to eat, warm room; what more did she want? Can't depend on a dago; here we had a little wind last night, and she got scared and beat it up to the mountains to her old man—you been up to Rimini, ain't you? Don't they have a lot o' wind up there?"

"Wind? Did we have wind last night?" I asked wondering.

"Yes, mam, quite a lot o' wind, more than usual. I'm glad it didn't wake you up; it bothers some folks." I looked at him, suddenly, but he was knocking the ashes out of his pipe against the chimney of the stove, and his stolidity was incapable of sarcasm.

"Most folks sleep right through it," he went on, "but them as knows what it is, they usually wake up. This here dago probably heard wind like that before, just like I did; that's why she was so bothered. Well, I'm glad it didn't wake you up, anyway, sorry you didn't get a better breakfast. She was a good cook."

"I had a lovely breakfast," I assured him. But I did not know whether I had eaten eggs or feathers. When you have achieved a great work of art you feel all full of wings, you know.

## Lonely

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

WHO sits within the house, and spins and spins  
 A web of silence, louder than a sound,  
 And spinning, stares? The rainy sunset thins  
 Along the rooms; a bluster of wind pants round  
 The yard and back again. Its leaves all shed,  
 Sags the wet lilac hedge, in half-lit airs,  
 Like strip of long-drenched leather, worn to thread;  
 Who sits within this house and stares and stares?  
 Some secret's here. Softly I pace the floor,  
 For fear that of a sudden it may be known;  
 That footsteps may fleet out each hoarded place,  
 Some strange dark hand come fumbling at the door,  
 That agèd thing, who spins and spins alone,  
 Rush out upon me, with a pale, drowned face!





## THE QUESTION OF INCENTIVE

BY FRED C. KELLY

FOR years I had wasted precious hours lying in bed mornings, even when wide awake, solely because of my reluctance to go in and face the ordeal of a cold bath. One morning at nine o'clock I bluntly asked myself,

"Just *why* do you take these cold baths when you hate them so?"

Right offhand I couldn't think of the true answer. My first impulse was to say, "Because it's good for my health." But I reflected that my health had been just as good when I didn't take them. Cold baths didn't seem to affect my health one way or the other. Was it then a hangover of an old Puritanical notion that anything pleasant is wicked while anything unpleasant—whether vile-tasting medicine or cold baths—is just naturally bound to be morally and physically beneficial?

That may have explained it partly, but not entirely. I recalled the number of times when, in talking with the neighbors, I had proudly referred to my daily cold bath. That appeared to be the real answer. I took cold baths that I might mention them and my own hardihood, when talking to the neighbors. But, I further asked myself, "While I undergo this daily ordeal for the benefit of the neighbors, what have the neighbors ever done for *me*?" True, they sometimes bring me cookies or a plate of quivering quince jelly; but what sacrifice have they ever made for me comparable with my cold baths?

I decided that the neighbors didn't half appreciate what I had been doing, and I then and there quit the cold-bath

program forever. Since then I have been a changed man. I began to view life, from the moment I awaken each morning, not with dread but composure and even pleasure. At times I laugh right gayly. I shout, I sing! You would scarcely know me.

Well, anyhow, having settled the cold-bath question, I began to wonder about various other daily chores and pursuits that take people's time and attention without their knowing exactly why.

Take golf, for instance—the game that my old friend Pete Witt once declared had needlessly prolonged the lives of a great many of our most useless citizens. I asked myself and others: Why do people play golf? The usual answer is: For the exercise. But, of course, that isn't the real reason, but only the excuse. One may get far more exercise in any of a dozen convenient ways than is afforded by golf. Let's analyze a golf game and see how much exercise one gets. The average eighteen-hole golf course is, I believe, about three miles long, and it takes something like two and a half hours to play a round. In that time a mediocre player takes more than one hundred strokes, but a good player considerably less than one hundred. Now, to get full benefit from walking three miles, one must proceed rather briskly. Four miles an hour is a good average walking gait. Poking along at the rate of only one mile an hour is not much exercise. Add to this, one hundred strokes with a golf stick, and you still have far less exercise than if you had substituted for it an hour of energetic walking, free from the annoyance of keeping tab on a little ball, and then added one hundred quick strokes with

an ax. The condensed exercise of a few minutes in a swimming pool greatly exceeds that of a round of golf. However, I do not mean to imply that golf is foolish or that one shouldn't play it. What if it *doesn't* provide as much exercise as one has been led to assume? Exercise, I repeat, isn't the real reason for most people's golf, anyhow.

Well, you ask, then what *is* the true reason? How in the name of the Old Harry do I know? No two persons' reasons are quite the same. Each one must answer the question according to the facts and the dictates of his own conscience. Maybe you play golf solely because you're bored with everything else and chasing a ball gives you an opportunity to be a boy again, puttering about over hill and dale without having to admit truthfully to yourself that you're just loafing. Most of us have inhibitions which make us shrink from the thought of futility, or purposeless idleness. We must first fool ourselves into believing that whatever we're doing is wise or necessary—for our health, or for the sake of important information one gets from contact with other business men similarly loafing, while likewise gravely concealing the truth from themselves.

Surely, a few persons who play golf in the belief that they do it for exercise are in truth chiefly concerned about the glory of having achieved a status where they *dare* to undertake the game. Golf may be their symbol of business or social prestige—a means of letting folks know that they have arrived. It must be remembered that it would be the height of folly for a man to be conspicuously a golfer before he has established himself as a success in whatever his chief occupation happens to be. If a merchant, plumber, or portrait painter not yet successful, goes forth to the links on a pleasant afternoon, everybody says, "No wonder he doesn't amount to anything. Look at the time he wastes!" But when a man recognized as having achieved is seen with a kit bag headed

for the country club, his acquaintances are a unit in declaring, "You see, his success is due to the fact that he takes plenty of exercise and gets his mind off his work for two or three hours every day."

Suppose, on the other hand, that the successful tired business man craving exercise were to put on not natty golf togs every afternoon but a suit of overalls and should go to a vacant lot with an ax—the swing of which is not altogether unlike the swing of a golf stick—to chop his own wood. The neighbors would come to several conclusions, not the least of which would be that, regardless of his business achievements, the man is clearly a common person of crass instincts. He would have to combat a suspicion among his friends that he is thrifty to the point of stinginess, and chops wood not so much for the exercise as because he dislikes to pay a trifling sum to a poor colored man who needs the job.

Everyone would like to feel that even in his moments of recreation he is being useful, doing something that *ought* to be done, such as improving his health by golf or improving the landscape by the sowing of garden seeds. I long ago discovered that I can delude myself most completely as to my true motives by going fishing. Golf worried me, not only because of its seeming futility, but also because the temptations to blaspheme and tell lies were too great for one of only moderately strong will power.

With fishing the situation is altogether different. I not only am able to maintain my usual lofty moral plane, but can satisfy the demands of my thrifty Scotch ancestors who must have said to me, "Fred, old boy, *be useful* even at your play." I have no difficulty in fooling myself into the firm conviction, when seated in a boat, casting a fly wherever I see a likely ripple, that I am turning my recreation to profit. One *has* to have food, doesn't he? If I can catch a fish and eat it, thus playing a joke on the man at the meat market,



my day hasn't been in vain. My conscience freely admits that I haven't been wasting my time, the way mere golfers do. And I frequently do succeed in catching a fish. Of course, I can't count on this every day. It isn't my fault if they're too silly to snap up the pretty flies I offer them. But by sticking at it, employing my simple little \$80 rod and \$15 reel to best advantage, eventually, before the season is over, I am almost sure to land a toothsome little trout easily worth 10 or 15 cents at any good fish market. I frequently go to a place on Madison Avenue and order brook trout at \$1.60 each, just to assist myself in reaffirming the conviction that my fishing is by no means time wasted. Yes, indeed, by exercising a little thought and care, I have no difficulty in making myself believe that I am performing a great work when I go fishing. I not only get just as much ozone into my dear old system, as if quietly seated on a veranda, but I'm doing my part toward filling the gay, glad cornucopia of plenty and adding to the world's supply of food. Of course, if one's mind weren't painstakingly trained to self-deception, I might perceive the truth that my real motives are a combination of laziness and vanity. I dote on being totally idle, but one dislikes to admit such shiftlessness. It is natural to prefer mulling about in a boat, pretending to be occupied with something essential. When fishing one enjoys a kind of social immunity.

Whenever I do finally succeed in drawing a little trout, of more than the six-inch legal length into the boat, I feel flattered and elated to realize that with only a few crude contrivances, such as a split bamboo rod, automatic reel, tapered oiled silk line and three bright-colored flies, I have cleverly been able to outwit a fish. It makes one feel like a mental giant. Moreover, there is a certain old retired harness maker who goes every year to the same place I do for the fishing, and I keep hoping that some day I may bring in a larger fish than he does, thus proving to all inter-

ested onlookers that I am practically as smart as he is. Total strangers will then approach me and deferentially inquire what flies I recommend in those waters, and oh, how important I shall feel!

Men often tell me that they are piscatorially inclined, not because of vanity or to hide their inborn disrelish for toil, but because of their appetite for the fish themselves. They desire to *eat* some of their little finny friends. But let these same men go to a fishing camp where everybody says: "Oh, yes, there *are* a few fish here, but *we* never bother with them. Nobody ever goes fishing around here." Just let them alight in such an atmosphere as that, I say, and see how much fishing they do. Where nobody else seems to care anything about catching fish, so that there is no chance to excite admiration or envy, fishing would be scant fun—even for a lazy man.

What is true of fishing may be said also of hunting. Nearly everybody who sets forth after deer has fooled himself, or at least tries to fool others, into the belief that he wants to *eat* the deer. It is a well-known fact,—though this statement will be hotly disputed—that venison is a poor makeshift for food, if one can get anything else, whereas if cows and pigs ran wild there might be some valid reason for hunting *them*. The real charm of deer hunting lies in the excuse to feel formidable and strutting in the natty clothes such as are displayed in the windows of sporting-goods stores; and also there's the hope of having a head to mount over the fireplace to show to the boys as proof that a man armed with a gun is occasionally more than a match for an unarmed deer. The men who appear really to seek venison as food are usually north-woods guides, whose clothes are seldom more romantic than a suit of overalls—and *they rarely have the heads mounted*. Of course, there is no gainsaying that one *does* feel a somewhat exhilarating sense of importance when stalking through the woods, or for that matter along the streets, with a gun in his possession. Naturally, he

is stronger than if he had no gun. The gun helps him to extend his personality. But why say that he carries the gun because he's hungry?

When Stefansson, the explorer, came back from the Arctic and declared that there is no serious difficulty about going to the north polar region, he was the object of a storm of abuse from amateur explorers who had heretofore been regarded by their friends as heroes in consequence of their having made a trip to the interior of Alaska or north of Hudson Bay. I have seen some of the private letters he received, and they indicated that the writers thought an explorer should play according to union rules and make the job look just as difficult as possible. Carl Akeley, the African explorer, has had a similar experience. Others who had penetrated the jungle resented his saying that lions and elephants are not as serious a menace to life as Broadway taxicabs. I notice that several explorers who have recently set out for the Arctic or the jungle, go with an array of equipment far more cumbersome than Stefansson or Akeley says is necessary.

While the wild animals may exceed us in cunning of a certain sort, there is no denying that man is the only animal who has ever succeeded in fooling himself.

## APARTMENT HUNTING IN NEW YORK

BY NEWMAN LEVY

A MAJOR GENERAL in full uniform opened the door for us. My hand raised instinctively for a snappy salute, but I remembered in time that the war was over and that I was no longer in uniform. My wife, who always has remarkable presence of mind, said, "We are looking for a six-room apartment."

"Never mind the guard," I murmured.

"We have one on the third floor, rear," said the major general. "Four rooms and kitchenette. Forty-five hundred dollars."

"We'll look at it," said Cynthia, my wife, wearily. We had been hunting

apartments for a week and this was the fourteenth place we had visited that morning.

"Mr. Hansen, the superintendent, will be here presently," said the general. He returned to the door and continued to "walk his post in a military manner keeping constantly on the alert." Considering his rank, he was awfully democratic about it. Cynthia sat down on the genuine Louis-the-something-or-other chair. I wandered about the marble-floored foyer, and admired the scenery. The walls were a delicately tinted onyx. Soft oriental rugs covered the floor. About the foyer stood bronze silk-shaded floor lamps and a "dim religious light" trickled in through the stained-glass windows. I had once attended the funeral of a lodge brother at one of New York's famous funeral parlors, and I now felt conscious of the same feeling of solemnity and reverence that I had experienced there.

"It would be wonderful to live here," said Cynthia.

"It would be wonderful to die here," I replied, irrelevantly.

In less than an hour Mr. Hansen appeared in his shirtsleeves. We followed him into the elevator and the uniformed West Indian shot us up to the third floor.

As Mr. Hansen unlocked the door of Apartment 3A I experienced some of the feelings that Lord Carnarvon must have had as he stood at the threshold of Tut-ankh-amen's tomb. A black abyss yawned before us. Mr. Hansen plunged bravely into the darkness.

"This is the reception hall," Mr. Hansen's voice came mysteriously out of the Cimmerian night. He pushed a button, lighting up a two-by-four closet.

"We don't call this a room," said Mr. Hansen. I admired his moderation. Many of the apartments we had visited would not only have called it a room, but would have called it a combination living room, dining room and library. We followed Mr. Hansen into the inner chamber.



"Those early Egyptians certainly had the right idea," I said genially, as Mr. Hansen switched on the light. "Nothing elaborate. Just a nice comfortable little old tomb."

Mr. Hansen ignored my remark. "This is one of the master bedrooms," he said. I have noticed that whenever they pull that "master bedroom" stuff it means at least a hundred dollars a month added to the rent.

"Why, it opens out on an airshaft," exclaimed Cynthia.

"The sun just pours into this room every morning from seven to seven fifteen," said Mr. Hansen, in an injured tone. "The last people who lived here used to complain that they couldn't sleep because the sun was so bright in the morning."

"How on earth can we get a bed in this room?" said Cynthia.

I saw that Mr. Hansen, who was a sensitive soul, was beginning to look hurt.

"Oh, that's all right," I hastened to say. "We can put a cot in, and take turns sleeping. We could fix up a sleeping schedule."

"This is the bathroom," announced Mr. Hansen. We followed him into the next compartment, and, sure enough, it was. Even my wife, who is inclined to be skeptical about those things, had to admit that it was a bathroom. The walls were tiled with beautiful white tiles and the nickel fixtures shone like polished silver.

"This is what I call a real classy bathroom," I said enthusiastically. "But suppose some one wants to take a bath?"

I saw that the superintendent was stumped. There was certainly nothing spacious about that tub. It was a beautiful, glistening white porcelain affair, but a potted geranium would have felt cramped and crowded in it.

"After all," I said, for I could see that Mr. Hansen was offended again, "what's a bath more or less? One thing is certain: there's no danger of drowning in

it, and if there's one thing I dread it's drowning in a bath tub."

"Here's the second master bedroom," said Mr. Hansen, indicating a small closet on the left, "and this is the living room."

Cynthia followed him, but I stayed in the hall. There was no room for the three of us in the living room.

"I don't suppose the people in this house go in much for cat swinging," I said, but the superintendent did not hear me. He was pointing out to Cynthia a slight depression in the wall.

"This is the kitchenette," he said.

I crowded into the living room.

"I'm afraid it won't do," I said. "You see, there are the five children—"

"We don't allow children here," said Mr. Hansen.

"Of course, we could drown some of them," I said, "as we did before we moved into our present apartment, but my wife always hates to do it. Women are fussy about that sort of thing."

Mr. Hansen nodded sympathetically. He rang for the elevator, and we descended sadly to the funeral parlor below. The major general opened the door for us, and we passed sadly out into the street.

## MEMOIRS À LA MODE

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

THIS is a great time for memoirs. To judge from the display in the bookstores, practically everybody is committing to paper his recollections. Statesmen, poets, ladies of fashion, political bosses, newspaper editors—all of them are hard at work writing. When a European cabinet falls the sound of its fall is drowned by the scratching of pens and the clatter of typewriters as each of the defeated ministers begins the composition of five hundred pages of inside stuff. As for the United States, everybody knows that the main issue in 1924 will not be the world court or the tariff, but whether we shall give the Democrats four more years to tell what really hap-

pened at the Paris Conference, or set the Republicans to work telling what really happened at the Washington Conference. The publishers are tumbling over one another to issue random reminiscences, amazing revelations, and indiscreet diaries.

There are various types of memoirs. For instance, there is the standard British type, full of duchesses and repartee. The British type runs along somewhat after this fashion:

#### CHAPTER I

##### BOYHOOD AT PIFFLEIGH-ON-HANTS

My earliest recollection is of seeing my grandfather, Lord Blessus, who was a very old man at this time and had just been defeated in the by-election of 1851, talking with a fine-looking man with a beard.

"Who is the man with the beard?" I said, tugging at my grandmother's sleeve.

"Hush, child," said my grandmother.

It was not until years afterward that I learned that the man with the beard was none other than Viscount Withers, the well-known Tory whip, of whom Gladstone made his famous remark in the land-tax debate of 1852, "The world is too much Withers." The Viscount, by the by, was an inimitable story-teller.

Lady Augusta Gooseberry, his half-sister, was one of the famous beauties of her day. I remember hearing from Lord Tennyson (who, by the by, was an inimitable story-teller) an example of Lady Augusta's keen wit. As it happened, she was entertaining the Queen at dinner. The company had gathered in the drawing-room and were expecting dinner to be announced at any moment when Lady Augusta came up to the Queen where she was chatting with Prince Winternitz-Coburg and said in her inimitable way, "Well, how about tying on the old nosebag now?" This was such a charmingly informal way of inviting Her Gracious Majesty to the dinner table that our well-beloved Queen was convulsed. The signal having thus been given, all present laughed heartily.

The incident served to relieve the tension in international affairs and probably averted war between Austria and Hertzegovina.

Lady Augusta was also, by the by, an inimitable story-teller.

And so on. That is the British style of reminiscence. The American has, perhaps, somewhat more variety. There are certain elements, however, which are practically essential to the successful American performance. It must contain a glimpse of Booth, with some reference to his famous performance of Hamlet at the old Yonkers Music Hall in 1883, at which the author occupied a box with William Winter. It must contain at least one anecdote about Mark Twain, showing how very funny he could be, although of course there was a side to his nature which the public seldom saw. And no book of memoirs is complete without a passage telling how the author attended the Democratic convention of 1884, and how the candidate was really selected by a small group of men collected in a hotel bedroom. The story is usually told somewhat as follows:

The convention had taken a recess after the third ballot. There was a hopeless deadlock. On this ballot the vote had been:

McGuire, 219.

Gummidge, 187.

O'Shaughnessy, 72.

Smith, 43.

Jones, 14½.

Robinson, ½.

Necessary to a choice, 613.

It was excessively hot, and after the balloting ended I went to my room. I drew a warm bath and got in, first divesting myself of my clothing. Hardly had I done so when Senator Farr and Congressman Near came in. They seemed much excited.

"Harry," said Senator Farr, "we've simply got to find a candidate. The convention is at a standstill. The delegates are in confusion. The wildest



rumors are going around. O'Shaughnessy men are talking of making a deal with Jones, and there is danger that the Jones men will consummate a negotiation with O'Shaughnessy. The future of the party is at stake. What shall we do?"

It was a dramatic moment. I shall never forget it.

"What about Governor Hokum?" said I.

Senator Farr struck his open palm with his closed fist. His jaw shut with a snap.

"Hokum it is," said he.

Two hours later the convention re-assembled. Amid scenes of the wildest disorder, Senator Farr nominated Governor Hokum. Congressman Near led a demonstration which lasted fifty-eight minutes. Then the balloting began. The result of the fifth ballot was as follows:

Hokum, 849.

O'Shaughnessy, 21.

Gummidge,  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

McGuire,  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Smith,  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Jones,  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Robinson,  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

Necessary to a choice, 613.

I was present throughout, and was naturally elated by the result. The rest of the story is known to the whole world.

Another item which no well-regulated book of American reminiscences should be without is the account of the farewell dinner to Sophie Sparrow, the famous soprano, at Delmonico's at the close of her triumphal tour of America in 1878. The dinner was given by none other than (you've guessed it) Booth. Everybody was there. Mr. Horace Gubb's memoirs contain this account of it:

At that time Delmonico's was situated on what is now Ninth Street, a few blocks south of what is now Fourteenth Street. There was a cow pasture where the Flatiron Building now stands, and the present site of Times Square was a swamp. I remember distinctly how Mrs. Gotham, the social leader of the day,

amazed everybody by building her house as far north as Eleventh Street.

To this day I have preserved the menu of that dinner at Delmonico's, signed by a number of the guests, and I have it before me as I write. It was a gala occasion. St. Gaudens made a very pretty bas-relief of Miss Sparrow out of mashed potato, which Longfellow presented to her with a set of impromptu verses, these as I recollect began somewhat as follows:

The rustic oaf, he

Wheels his barrow;

He, too, has heard our Sophie,

Sophie Sparrow!

I have forgotten the rest of the poem, but doubtless Brander Matthews, who was present, has retained a copy. Perhaps the climax of the evening came when Mark Twain made his now famous epigram, referring to the guest of honor as a song sparrow. This apt witticism produced roars of laughter.

My copy of the menu reads as follows:

|                  |      |                 |
|------------------|------|-----------------|
|                  | Soup |                 |
| Roast Beef       |      | Mashed Potatoes |
| Apple Pie        |      | Ice Cream       |
| Sophie Sparrow   |      |                 |
| H. W. Longfellow |      |                 |
| R. W. Emerson    |      |                 |
| Jay Gould        |      |                 |
| Joseph Jefferson |      |                 |
| U. S. Grant      |      |                 |
| E. Booth         |      |                 |
| P. T. Barnum     |      |                 |
| N. Hawthorne     |      |                 |
| H. Gubb          |      |                 |

There is another whole school of memoir-writers revealing one ugly fact after another about the Versailles Conference and the making of the peace treaty. Space does not allow a detailed analysis of this type of book, but the reader will recognize a characteristic bit from *The Versailles Conference Turned Inside Out*, by Professor Emanuel G. Goofer, who was retained as an expert on territorial integrity by the American delegation.

On May 4 (Professor Goofer tells us), the Silesian-Bulgarian-Mesopotamian situation had reached such a point that I sent the following letter to the President:

My dear Mr. President,

The state of things is most serious. May I urgently recommend that you throw the full weight of your great influence in support of the Mecklenburg-Swabia-Frankfurter-Zeitung line? If this is done, it will be a big day for self-determination.

Respectfully yours,

E. G. Goofer.

To this I received no answer. Meanwhile the situation became critical in the extreme. Revolution broke out in Poland, the irredentist movement accelerated in Serbia, and Jugo-Slavian irregulars tore up the tracks of the Tyrolean narrow-gauge railways.

On May 7 I sent the following memorandum to Mr. Wilson:

Dear Mr. President,

How about doing something? I recommend heartily a concerted stand of the Allies in favor of the Mecklenburg-Swabia-Frankfurter-Zeitung line. I feel sure that if this is done the air will clear.

Very truly yours,

E. G. Goofer.

The President spent all of May 8 closeted with Lloyd George and Clemenceau. The Allies had reached an *impasse*. Still there was no answer to my letters. On May 9 I telegraphed Mr. Wilson:

Recommend Mecklenburg-Swabia-Frankfurter-Zeitung line.

(Signed) Goofer, Expert on Lines.

On May 12, I received the following terse note from the Hotel Crillon:

I think not.

W. W.

I have always felt that this was the turning point of the Conference. The line as finally adopted, contrary to my advice, had a fatal kink in it. And now years have gone by, and Europe, as I foresaw in May, 1919, is not yet at peace! In fact it is an even thing whether or not the civilized world is on its way to destruction.

There is a final type of American memoirs the author of which is so intensely modest that he insists on writing in the third person. Somewhat thus does he unfold his blushing story:

At this time our hero, young Edward Bunk, was barely fourteen years of age. He was not an exceptional boy. He had no conspicuous talents. But he certainly had a keen eye for the main chance.

Not many boys to-day have to work as hard as young Edward Bunk. Every morning he was up at three, studying arithmetic by lamplight. Little did he then dream how useful arithmetic would prove in calculating his future success! From four to five he studied history by candlelight—history in which the name of Edward Bunk did not yet figure. From five to eight he sold papers; then he went to school; after school he rushed about asking notable people for their autographs. Any other boy who did not prefer to waste his time playing marbles could have done this. At the end of the day young Bunk would climb into bed with the consciousness that he was so good that he was sure to become a millionaire.

One day, while he was selling papers, he had an idea. He would publish a paper of his own. It would be a paper perfectly characteristic of Edward Bunk, and thus would be sure to make money. He rushed to Dr. Henry Ward Beecher and told him of the plan.

"A very good notion, my boy," said the famous preacher. "Here is a nickel to serve as capital."

That nickel gave Bunk his start. He still has it. He has a lot more, too, several millions of them; and sometimes, when he asks the chauffeur of his high-powered car to drive slowly through the streets where once he sold papers, he is profoundly impressed with the justice of things in this world.

Let us all try to make the world a better and nobler place, as Edward Bunk does.





## Theological Discussions

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE May meetings of the parliamentary bodies of the Protestant churches were full of discussion and contention about statements of belief. Methodists, Presbyterians and Baptists all had a turn at it, and were voluminously reported in the newspapers. Mr. Bryan was active in the Presbyterian Assembly, and where Mr. Bryan launches argument and takes definite positions, there is usually abundant publicity. There was in this case. Mr. Bryan is opposed, as we all know, to Darwinism or what he thinks is Darwinism, and he fought it in the General Assembly, and tried to get it prohibited from Presbyterian schools, colleges and general thought. He did not quite succeed in that, though he did put through a resolution pledging officers and members of the Presbyterian Church to total abstinence, which was not particularly dangerous because the Presbyterians will doubtless do as they like about taking such a pledge.

The public interest in all these religious controversies has been very lively, and they have been the topic of endless editorial remarks in the newspapers. What has interested the papers and the public has been not so much whether various statements of belief were true or not, as how far the councils of the churches would try to bind their ministers to these beliefs. In both the Presbyterian and Baptist meetings the main row was over orthodoxy. In the Presbyterian meetings Mr. Bryan was beaten

as candidate for Moderator, and was not allowed to have his way about evolution, but he did succeed in inducing the Assembly to instruct the Presbytery of New York as to what are essential beliefs, and to command it to instruct its preachers to preach those beliefs. That was particularly a detail of discipline for Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, a Baptist who is preaching in a New York Presbyterian Church, and being one of the most interesting and religious preachers in town, is very highly regarded by some of his brethren of the pulpit.

The Baptists made a better showing. It seems the Baptist Church does not hold its members to agreement with any creed, which in these times is a very helpful relief. Baptists have opinions as to what is true and what is not, and the councils of the Church doubtless pass on those opinions, and there is no general complaint that the Baptists are not orthodox, but they have this valuable escape from creedal obligations, and nowadays they seem to be happy in it. When the Reverend Doctor Stratton, an ardent fundamentalist of New York, tried to shut off President Faunce, of Brown University, from addressing the Baptist meeting, he was sat upon promptly and with emphasis by the brethren, and Doctor Faunce made his address.

Members of the Presbytery in New York and others to the number of sixty-six protested against the action which Mr. Bryan was able to induce the Gen-

eral Assembly to take, calling upon the New York Presbytery to require every preacher in Presbyterian pulpits to adhere to the Westminster confession of faith, and in addition to certain specified doctrines to wit: That there are no errors in the Bible; the Virgin birth of Christ; that He rose from the dead in the same body in which He lived; that by His death he "satisfied Divine justice," and that His miracles were miracles as reported. The sixty-six protested that these beliefs were not essential to belief in Christianity, and that the requirements to entertain them had been added unwarrantably to the requirements of the Presbyterian Church. That does not necessarily imply disbelief on the part of the remonstrants in the propositions mentioned. They went no farther than to say that they were not essential beliefs. This Bryanite resolution was aimed at Doctor Fosdick, but the Baptists, whose fold he belongs in, in their meeting refused all invitations to meddle with him.

A categorical reply to the resolution of the Assembly was made in the newspapers by Dr. Henry S. Coffin of New York, one of the sixty-six, and a notable Presbyterian preacher. He denied that any of the five propositions was an essential doctrine in the form in which the Assembly's resolution stated it, and said he did not personally accept and teach any of them in that form. He did not believe the Scriptures claim to be "without error," nor find that they proclaimed the virgin birth as an essential doctrine; he would not accept "satisfied divine justice" as a competent disclosure of what Christ's death accomplished, nor agree that the Scriptures teach that Christ rose from death in the same body in which He lived, nor that Christ considered faith in His miracles essential. Yet in his comments Doctor Coffin gave evidence of being appreciably Christianized, even though not in agreement with all particulars of doctrine as stated under the compelling inspiration of Mr. Bryan. He said that if Doctor Fosdick

wasn't fit to preach in a Presbyterian pulpit neither was he, for he shared Fosdick's point of view.

Awful, they seem, these disagreements of doctors, but in reality they are not so bad. They will all be reconciled in time if the human mind is allowed to work. Mr. Bryan seems to want to chain it up, and that's where Mr. Bryan is wrong. In religion, as in prohibition, he believes in compulsion, and in that he is crudely antagonistic to the Christian philosophy; but in his doctrinal beliefs he is not far out, though his statement of them should not be imposed upon anybody. No one should be tied up to the assertion that the Bible is without error. To do that is simply to use that remarkable collection of books as a slung shot to crack heads with. The Bible is by far the most valuable depository of human experience that exists. There is more truth about religion in it than in all the rest of the library. To dig out that truth and digest it is a big job, but it better repays labor than any other form of excavation now being prosecuted. The Bible tells what sort of creatures men are, how they came so, how they have behaved in times past, and how their Maker has dealt with them. It offers the best available clues to proper behavior, and the best suggestions to be had for keeping this world and its inhabitants from going once more to the demnition bowwows. It contains such extraordinary deposits of truth, recognizable as truth by competent minds, that the notion that it is miraculously errorless is excusable. But to think it errorless is not only not a duty, but is a hindrance to progress in understanding it. Search the Scriptures by all means, but search for errors as well as for information.

The Bible is full of marvels, indicating potentialities in men that are still incompletely developed and understood. It is full of the suggestion of an invisible world closely associated with this material world and into which we graduate when we have finished with life here, and



with which we are encouraged to have such dealings as we can while we are still clothed in mortality. It gives no encouragement to all people to think alike, but, on the contrary, supports a great variety of opinions. It is a book of as much confusion to the timid or the strait-laced as it is to the wicked; a wonderful, old, middle-of-the-road book, that tramps down the main street of history, turning out for no one, indifferent to kings, politicians and priests, unchanged in any material degree and unabated as we have it for fifteen hundred years anyhow, and scholars know how much longer. How can one fail to admire the gameness of that old book, usually in the thick of controversy, flouted, denied, called out-of-date, burned at the stake, misquoted to the purposes of the Adversary, the inspiration of innovators, the refuge of cranks, but still somehow always holding its own between its venerable covers, and waiting, generation after generation, century after century, for the world to catch up with it? The doctors of one generation say: "The Bible truly set forth the understanding men had of things in its day, but we know better now." But the wise men of the next generation are liable to find that the rapid accumulation of knowledge and experience in even a third of a century has made the Bible assertions which their fathers doubted become credible.

Consider miracles. Doctor Coffin does not think belief in the miracles of Christ is an essential doctrine, and perhaps it is not, but the current of every-day experience in these times strongly favors the fact that Christ did miracles in healing. The belief grows all the time not only that extraordinary cures were done by Christ, but that they were a part of His teaching, and can still be done and are being done every day in many places by many people. For anyone who is curious on that subject, the writer of an article in *The Ladies' Home Journal* for June has gathered a good deal of interesting information. "Are There Modern

Miracles?" is the title of the article, and the author tells about alleged cures of an extraordinary nature made mostly by healers connected with various churches, and believed in and encouraged by churchmen as eminent as Bishop Manning and Bishop Brent.

The way to find out whether the New-Testament stories about miracles are true is to look around and see what is going on now. The New-Testament stories cannot well be verified, but these current tales can be run down, and there are very many of them. Some of the doctors take careful notice of them, trying to verify statements concerning them, and where they think the statements are true, try to discover and understand by what force the cures are accomplished. The Rockefeller Foundation is one powerful and scientific body that is interested to add to knowledge in this field. It urges a study of healing by suggestion, a branch of the curative art which, in its opinion, modern medicine has neglected. The Christian Scientists have worked this branch diligently, and one notices that their church is growing fast, and according to latest reports is very active and prosperous, so that though Doctor Coffin may not think belief in miracles a doctrine essential to Presbyterians, he must realize that the failure to believe in them may involve a loss of spiritual power.

When he says that he does not consider the virgin birth an essential doctrine he seems to be right. "Personally," he says, "I do not know how our Lord was born"; but if so, he seems to be in no worse condition than St. Paul or most of the Apostles. The story of the virgin birth in the New Testament is in very good company indeed, being included in a narrative of occurrences which are a part of the essence of the Christian religion. While the story of the virgin birth cannot be proved, it may seem probable or improbable according as it is supported or not by new knowledge concerning the whole mystery of creation.

In the matter of the resurrection of Christ and what kind of body He rose in, there may be help to be had from the experience of the spiritists from Swedenborg down, and including many investigators now active, who seem to have good information and quite clear ideas about the nature and composition of that part of us which is immortal. President Vincent, of the Rockefeller Foundation, says of modern medicine that "it seeks to be open-minded toward new truth, provided this can be rationally related to the great body of firmly established and organized knowledge about nature, life, and mind, about which all scientific men agree." The same thing should be true of modern religion. It should be open-minded toward new truth provided it can be rationally related to the truth of the statements in the Bible about which all Christians must agree. For the Bible, to Christians, is the great test of new truth, the touchstone which determines whether or not it is wholesome, whether or not it is trustworthy. But the judges nowadays are not so much the General Assemblies and church parliaments, but the individual readers, who finding things happen which they don't understand, come to the Bible as inquirers, to get light on these novelties. Just as the trust of the peoples of the world in their governments is impaired, so is the confidence of the religious people in the opinions of their church authorities. The world is full of seekers, both in politics and in religion. They feel an immense need of something better than they have had, something with more power to help in it. In the churches as in government, power is passing from the hands of men whose minds and opinions were formed before 1914, and into the hands of men whose most impressive teacher was the Great War, and who want a world in which recurrence of wholesale calamity like that will be impossible. Seeing that pre-war governments and economics and the rise of industrialism could not safeguard human life, they want something

that can. Seeing that pre-war Christianity lacked the power to conserve society, they want a Christianity or a something else that will have that power and use it. Feeling so, they are bad partisans in politics and worse, if anything, in religion, but are attentive to events, and while they will not aimlessly detach themselves from the organizations they are used to work with, they keep looking out for something better.

That is a fit temper for great adventures in thought and government. The old hands in charge watch it with more or less dismay, and try to guide it, but it seems to be developing a will very much its own, a scattered will at present, uncertain what to back, but capable, under fit leadership, of union and great accomplishment. Doctor Marquis says of Henry Ford, "He had the not uncommon conviction that he has a real message for the world, a real service to render mankind. He has in him the makings of a great man if only the parts of him, lying about in more or less disorder, were properly assembled." So it is with the generation that has come since the war and is waiting to take charge of human life. It has great parts not yet assembled, great powers, great impulses, a great vision, but is not yet hitched up to anything definite. It reads the newspapers and watches the disputes of politicians and doctors of divinity. Probably it does not search the Scriptures very zealously, but it can't fail to notice how great a factor the Bible still is in human affairs.

Stevenson is not too much of an ancient to be appreciated by the younger generation, and Stevenson being a Scotsman came to be a very diligent Bible reader. Mr. Whitmee, who knew him in Samoa says he had no doubt of the divine inspiration of the Bible, and he quotes him as wondering that "you preachers," as he said, "do not study more the teachings of the prophets, for in my belief they supply the key to the future of the world."



## EDITOR'S DRAWER



"DO YOU BELIEVE THAT COLLEGE WOMEN . . ."

## My Interviewer

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

HE was shown into the hotel room where I was, and he came in timidly, his pencil and his note book in his hand. There was something shrinking in his manner and yet eager, anxious, as of a person who has his living to earn and a job to do. His clothes were the cheaply cut garments with that half-mockery of the prevailing fashion which marks the student working his way through an American college. But his face and his expression were from far away.

"You are about to speak at the university," he began.

"Yes," I answered. "Sit down. You are not American, are you?"

"Out of Russia. The editor said you had written something about college women.

Will you tell me"—he was getting his pencil ready—"about college women?"

"I will," I answered. "Where did you learn to speak English, in Russia?"

"I learned here. I am here now since a year and a half. I am working through college. Do you think college women . . .?"

"I do. Were you born in Russia?"

"Oh, yes, in the south, in the Cossack country. My father was hetman"—there was for a moment a quickened interest in his voice; then he checked himself—"do you believe that college women . . .?"

"Certainly," I repeated. "A hetman? What does that mean? What was it like where you were?"

"He was hetman. We were nobles; my

father and my brothers and I. It was what you call feudal, like feudal . . ."

"You were noble? That means that you were rich, in Russia?"

"Oh, yes, rich; it was a great house and all around the people were our people. My father was head; he was over them and they rode with him. The editor said you thought college women are not the same brains"—he was eagerly fumbling with his pencil.

"Quite not," I answered—"and if you were rich then, why are you here; why did you leave?"

"Oh, that was long ago. I remember that only a little. I was only a child then. I left there. You say college women . . .?"

"I do, emphatically. You left, for where?"

"We went away. We had to. My three brothers had been sent to Siberia. The editor said to ask you . . ."

"Precisely. To Siberia? Why, if they are noble, why, to Siberia?"

"It was in nineteen-seven. You remember the first revolution?" He called it something in a ripple of Russian. There was a rising interest in his tone.

"They were with the people, my three brothers. My father not, and they went to Petrograd, and when it was over, after the people were shot in the street—" There came another burst of Russian, and then suddenly he remembered himself and his eager quest for a livelihood—"You believe," he continued, "that no college women . . ."

"Not one," I answered. "They were shot in the streets, eh? And your brothers, what of them?"

"They were sent for it to Siberia. There they went, but one died. Dimitri died on the way."

"He died, eh? And you and your father?"

"We went to Petrograd. My father thought to get a pardon for them, because he was a noble of Cossacks, he thought he could get it. The editor told me to ask . . ."

"I am sure he did. And he got the pardon?"

"No, he waited and waited. It was to come. It never came. So we stayed on. We could no longer go back."

"Not go back, why?"

"Our house was burned. All was destroyed when the people rose, you remember, in South Russia against the nobles?"

Dimly I remembered something of what was called in our journals "agrarian troubles" in South Russia just before the war.

"I remember," I said. "So you stayed?"

"We stayed and my father died. And then my elder brother escaped from Siberia. He could not come to Petrograd, but he sent me money from France. I was to come to him there and we were to go to America. Would you say that college women . . .?"

"Yes, I would. And you joined him. How?"

"Across Europe, through Germany. It was just before the war, this war."

"You went alone?"

"Alone. I had a passport. It was not a true one. I had not permission to migrate."

"And you reached your brother after many months?"

"I worked on the way, and when I got there it was immediately war."

"War? And what did you do?"

"My brother and I could not get home. We joined with the French. Are the brains of college women . . .?"

"Oh, quite. With the French? Were you at the Front?"

"Only a little while. I was hit on the head in a trench; here where you see it, at the side."

"And then?"

"And then in prison, with the Germans. Because I was a Russian I was badly treated."

"Had you food?"

"Very little food. Not for us. So you think, sir, that the college women . . .?"

"Decidedly. And after?"

"Afterward I got to Russia. But it was Bolshevik. My brother—not Ivan—he was killed in France. My eldest brother found me in Petrograd. But we could not stay. We had to hide. We had been nobles."

"And what did you do?"

"We managed to get out—on a Norwegian ship, and we came here—not here first, New York—we came to New York first."

"That is how long ago?"

"Nearly two years now. My brother works there still. I have come to this college to go through, and I work. I want to work for newspapers, to write, and the editor said I was to ask you . . ."

"You have. This is your first interview?"

"It is my first. He said . . ."

The eager appeal of the boy was not to be denied.

"My young friend," I said, "lay aside your pencil. I will write down as a gift a few statements to the effect that college



women are inferior to men in algebra. Such are the terrific sensations in which we deal on our side of the Atlantic. But let me give you one little bit of advice. Literary copy, like charity, begins at home—in the things that you have seen and done and felt yourself. Why not go home and write an interview with yourself, and call it ‘What I remember of Russia?’ A few years from now you will be a peaceful American reporter, living in the profound calm of a newspaper office, where a bomb is never heard, and where no one has ever been stabbed for five years. You will turn out elaborate copy

upon what college professors think of college women, and about the corn crop and the world's baseball series, and who is staying at Miami, Florida. But go and write that Russian stuff first. I give you a year. If you haven't done it by that time I'll do it myself.”

He left me with protestations of esteem. But, so far as I know, he has failed to follow my advice. If this article should meet the eye of the bright young Russian boy who interviewed me a year ago at a great American college, he will certify to the truth of this story.

#### Almost Envious

**I**N a Southern town there was held recently a celebration in honor of Shakespeare, and among those in attendance was a famous baseball player, noted for his skill in “lifting ‘em over the fence” at critical moments of the games.

At one of the functions during the celebra-

tion the ball-player's health was proposed by an admirer. His response was noteworthy.

“After observing the way in which Shakespeare's memory is revered,” he said with great simplicity, “I am not sure that I would not rather have been such a man than have gained my own greatest triumphs in baseball.”



*“Do you do your own work or keep a maid?”*

*“Yes, I do.”*

*“Which?”*

*“Both.”*

## To a Not Impossible Daphne

TELL me, dear, would you fly if I told you  
That you are my love and my darling?  
Or if boldly I ventured to hold you,  
Would you wing from my arms like a  
starling?

Should I vainly attempt to restrain you  
With phrases of love's necromancy,  
Would you leap ere the spell could enchain  
you,  
At the speed of a light flitting fancy?

Like Apollo, would I have to follow  
The hint of your golden hair's glinting?  
For if so, dear, I'll rest in this hollow  
As I simply can't contemplate sprinting.

BEN RAY REDMAN.

## The Eternally Feminine

DORCAS, aged nine, on her way home from school was met by her mother, who asked disapprovingly, "Why were you walking with all those boys, instead of those nice little girls just behind you?"

"I was not walking with those boys," Dorcas replied after due deliberation, "They were walking with me!"



"When I was a boy I played ball with the other boys instead of hanging round the house with a book."

"Well, when I am a man I intend to play golf with the other millionaires instead of hanging round the office as a mere book-keeper all my life."

## Not Up To His Standard

IN a certain Western town there was a teacher who, in the opinion of some persons, went a trifle too far in her devotion to nature study. The children, however, appeared to enjoy the lessons, and for a time the parents offered no open objection to the little talks on birds, insects, and flowers with which the teacher relieved the routine of school work. Thus things proceeded nicely until the afternoon when the fly and the flea came up for consideration.

Following the teacher's lead, the children had been very enthusiastic about the astonishing acrobatic abilities of the fly, that is, all except Willie Johnson, who for some time had been staring moodily at his desk, giving only occasional sullen glances at the teacher. After a while his mood became so noticeable that the teacher, at the point when all were admiring the fact that the fly could walk on the ceiling, paused and turned to the lad.

"Willie," she asked, "what is the trouble? Aren't you interested in the talk?"

"Yessum," granted Willie, with reluctant politeness. Then, warming up, he added,

"But I bet a fly can't hang by his knees, and every boy in the school can do it, all except Bobbie Cook, an' he's had the diphtheria."

## Running on Its Reputation

A YOUNG wife was holding forth with great enthusiasm about her husband's mechanical knowledge and skill.

"There's no use in talking," she declared, "Louis is simply wonderful. I don't believe there's another man in the world who can drive a motor car the way he can!"

"What has happened?" asked a friend.

"Why, we took a ride yesterday and went along beautifully in spite of the fact that he had forgotten some of the machinery."

"You don't mean to say that you were running without machinery?"

"We surely were. We had gone at least fifteen miles before Louis discovered that his engine was missing."



## Old Stuff!

A CERTAIN professorlike gentleman sought an assignment from a newspaper editor to write some travel sketches from New Mexico and Arizona, where he was going for his health. The editor told him that he would allow him fair space rates for everything used, and advised him to make his stuff up-to-date, stating that the newspaper didn't care much about history or subjects that had been treated before.

"What we want is something the people now on earth know about—progress in road and town building, new ways of doing things, customs of the people, and so on—something fresh and alive with life!"

The professor nodded, shook hands, and left. Shortly after news of a rather remarkable find began to appear in fragmentary sketches in some of the papers. There were hints at a wonderful city, built by a race of people who came long before the Indians and who seemed to have had great skill in architecture and general construction. As the days went by the story grew bigger, the last account coming from a New Mexico town. And that very day a letter arrived from the professor, from that very town, in which he wrote about everything on earth except the buried city right under his nose! With electric swiftness the editor directed the traveler to hunt up the discoverer, interview him at length, and telegraph in a good story. To this our traveler shot back:

"I discovered the place you're inquiring about, but it's old stuff. City was buried a thousand years or more."

## Revenge

THEY'VE locked me in the closet  
To teach me to be good.  
I did the things I shouldn't  
An' didn't things I should.  
It's awful dark an' spooky  
An' camphor hurts my nose.  
But I don't mind, 'cause here they keep  
My Daddy's evening clothes.

I put on first his coat with tails,  
It's trailin' on the ground.  
I had to roll the trousers up,  
An' wrap 'em twice around!  
I have his high hat on my head,  
An' white kid gloves, an' cane.  
I bet they'll never lock me up  
In this old place again!

DOROTHY CARUSO.

## A Jewel Case

"Millionaire's wife at party robbed of gems valued at \$500,000."—NEWS ITEM.

THIS jewel case seems hard to solve,  
And while each day it grows more  
foggy,

It's made more clear my firm resolve  
When I dine out, to dress less doggy.  
My pearls and emeralds are sold;  
I've stored my rubies and carbuncles;  
While everything of mine that's gold  
Is safely resting at my Uncle's.

Henceforth, I'm going simply clad  
When I'm invited to a party,  
In order not to get in bad  
In case the guests become too hearty.  
This sacrifice is such a pest.

For I so love each precious jewel,  
That dining out just half-way dressed  
To folks with taste is very cruel.

But paying such an awful price  
Has made me leery of displaying  
A half a million's worth of "ice"  
To blind my friends when poker playing.  
And though my gems no more I'll don  
Since dinners can turn out so shady,  
Just how without her diamonds on,  
Can people tell a girl's a lady?

PERCY WAXMAN.

## Where?

WHILE the train from New York was sliding through Stamford, Connecticut, the highstrung fidgety little girl in the pullman looked up at her mother and said impatiently, "Mamma, when do we get to New England?"

"We are in New England now, dear," was the reply. Look out the window and you will see it."

"But, Mamma," persisted the child when she had squirmed round to look, "where is the conscience?"

## A Diagnostician

UNCLE JERRY PIERCE came to town and complained that his hogs were dying with cholera.

"Can't you do anything for them?" he was asked.

"Nope," he replied, "but I've noticed that the ones that take hit an' linger 'long are a heap more apt to git well than one that takes an' ones right away



### Our Own Travelogues

#### *Harvesting Mexican Jumping-Beans near Chapultepec*

#### Rapid Fire

**P**AT and Mike went hunting with a shotgun and only one shell. Mike carried the gun and Pat the shell. They came upon a squirrel, and Mike was taking careful aim with the gun when Pat cried:

"Don't shoot, Mike, for the Lord's sake don't shoot, the gun ain't loaded."

But Mike replied: "I got to, Pat; the squirrel won't wait."

#### Handy Man

**A**N inmate of a certain penal institution recently received a call from the warden, who said:

"I understand you got in jail on account of a glowing mining prospectus."

"Yes," admitted the gentlemanly prisoner, "I was quite optimistic."

"Well," continued the warden, "the Governor wants a report on conditions in this jail. I want you to write it."

#### Sharp Distinction

**A**N Army officer tells of a friendly argument that arose between two young chaplains of different denominations, in which the senior chaplain rather cleverly got the better of his opponent.

"Let us bury the hatchet, my brother," he said. "After all, we are both doing the Lord's work, are we not?"

"We certainly are," replied the junior chaplain, quite disarmed.

"Let us, then," said the senior, "do it to the best of our ability, you in your way and I in His."

#### Requiem

**W**'EN I am dead

Don't jus' t'row me away;  
Dig me a nice, warm grave, instead,

An' leave me lay,  
All among the Cognoscenti,  
The Intelligenti.

The Illuminati  
An' the Literati;  
But tell the other boys to come to the party,  
An' drink hearty!

ARTHUR GUTERMAN.





### Revenge

*"Go ahead an' howl. This is what you get, Fido, for standing round wagging your tail when mother gives me a bath."*

### The Compensation

A POPULAR clergyman says that if his sermon ever stretches beyond the twenty minutes to which he intends to limit it, the words of his little daughter ring in his ears, and he reflects that some of his congregation doubtless share her feelings.

The occasion was the little girl's sixth birthday, which chanced to come on Thanksgiving Day.

She went to church with her mother and sat quietly through the service. The sermon was unusually good, the minister could not help thinking: he had plenty to say, and he said it fluently.

"How did you like my sermon?" he asked his young critic as they walked home together, her small hand in his big one.

"You preached awful long, father," said the little girl, "but I stood it because I love you and I knew I'd have a nice dinner when I got home, and forget what I'd been through."

### Could Freud Do Better?

JIMMY is three years old and very fond of telling his dreams at the breakfast table.

One morning his father, thinking to apply an "intelligence test," said, "But, Jimmy, I don't believe you know what a dream is."

Jimmy's answer came quick and sure: "Yes, I do. It's moving pictures while you're asleep."



*If Ponce de Leon had discovered the Fountain of Youth*

## A Famous Woman

MISS CORA NOUGHT, a maid subdued,  
Lived long unknown, except to neighbors,

In Puddingville, where she pursued

Her life of humble joys and labors.

And no one ever thought that Fame

In time would make her modest name

A household word, like Ford's or Faber's.

Now, Cora was afflicted sore

With rheumatism and neuritis;

In fact, she had disease galore—

Dyspepsia, palsy, meningitis,

Colds, cramps and cankers, shivers, shakes,

With housemaid's knee and stomach aches,

Gout, goiter, gangrene and gastritis!

What wonder, then, that Cora Nought

Tried Gullenberg's Gold Prize Elixir?

And many dozen bottles bought

In hopes the stuff would safely fix her?

What wonder, too, when she was healed,

A grateful note was signed and sealed

To Gullenberg, magnetic mixer?

Soon Farmers' Journals through the land

Her Testimonial reprinted

With Cora's face, a portrait grand,

Though Cora's eyes seemed rather squinted.

As heroine of coughs and chills,

The lady's multitudinous ills

Were talked of with a praise unstinted.

Famous throughout the Middle West

Was Cora Nought, the champion doser.

Five dozen bottles she possessed,

All emptied, said the local grocer.

But then, alas—a Mrs. Dunn

Of Barleyville, drank sixty-one!

Was Cora Nought discouraged? No, sir.

For, though her face no more appeared

In pages of the Farmers' Journal,

Where Mrs. Dunn now proudly leered,

Our Cora's joy was hodiernal.

A druggist, reading of her life

Of courage, made Miss Nought his wife

To test *his* remedies internal!

GELETT BURGESS

## Correct

IN a public school recently the children were called upon to write an essay, and at the appointed time little Hugh submitted an effusion on the ark, in which he made the statement that Noah fished one day for about five minutes.

When the teacher looked over the composition she was not a little puzzled. She couldn't understand why anybody fond of piscatorial sport should give up in so short a time. "Hugh," she remarked, looking up from the essay, "you say that Noah fished for only five minutes?" "Because," was the prompt explanation of Hugh, "he didn't have but two worms."



## Echoes From The Scrap Heap

OLD BILLY: "They talk about hard times. Bah! In my youth we had to get along on common cans. My son, don't let me ever hear you ridicule these Tin-Lizzies. Never!"



## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**Elsa Barker** is a contributor of poetry and articles to the magazines as well as the author of several volumes of verse. "Sally" is her first contribution to **HARPER'S**. **Henry James Forman** received mention last month in these pages in connection with the first of the Mediterranean papers which he is now contributing to the Magazine.

**Edgar Valentine Smith**, of Birmingham, Alabama, is the author of "Prelude," which appeared in the May issue. No "first story" from a writer new to the Magazine has received such immediate and widespread recognition. **Weymer Mills**, has made a special study of our Colonial period and is the author of several volumes dealing with life and customs of the eighteenth century. **Harry Kemp**, poet and literary vagabond, is a picturesque figure. A recent book of his, *Tramping On Life*, has had a wide success.

**James Lane Allen** is best known perhaps as the author of *A Kentucky Cardinal*, which first appeared in **HARPER'S MAGAZINE** and which remains to-day one of the most notable American short stories. **Seabury Lawrence** was formerly on the editorial staff of the New York *Sun*. **Dallas Lore Sharp**, professor of English at Boston University, has contributed a number of delightful papers to the Magazine, particularly those in which he described his adventures as a bee-keeper at his home in Hingham, Massachusetts. **Charles Hanson Towne** is now in charge of the Literary Department of the American Play Company.

**Konrad Bercovici's** short stories have received the special commendation of the O. Henry Prize Committee and Edward J. O'Brien. An earlier story, "Muzio," by Mr. Bercovici appeared in the April issue. **D. D. Lescohier** has for several summers made an exhaustive study of transient labor problems in the West for the U. S. Department of Agriculture. With a staff of assistants he has interviewed over 15,000 harvest hands and visited by motor car approximately 2,000 farms in Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, and the Dakotas. **Ger-**

**trude A. Zerr** makes the following interesting comment on the people she has lived among and is now writing about in her "Trails to Tiny Towns":

The people who are willing to push just a little farther beyond the limits of habitability (in this country which is supposed to have no more frontiers) always have something the matter with them that makes a story; they are anachronisms like the "bad men" of the Dead Man's Hole, or laggard inefficients like Tony of "Rimini Route," or wildly unsocial like the Hungarians of the "Hungarian Rhapsody." Other people that I could only touch on in the series have had interesting histories, and these are always the "last house" people.

These stories ought to be written. They are immensely significant of our mountain country; and the day is nearly here when they won't exist any more. I am constantly disheartened by finding my most cherished long trails being made into roads and advertised to tourist travel.

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**Lizette Woodworth Reese** makes her home in Baltimore. She has published several volumes of verse and her lyrics have appeared frequently in this Magazine.

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The anonymous author of "Adventures in Human Nature" in the April issue, who recounted so delightfully many experiences in interviewing the great and near-great for the daily press, has received the following letter from Judge Buffington of the United States Court, which we are permitted to reprint:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

MY DEAR MISS — OR MRS. — or whatever it may be: I have no interview to give you now or hereafter, but I do hope some time if you are here in Philadelphia where I hold court, or in Pittsburgh where I live, you will hunt me up and give me a chance to know you. I have enjoyed reading your article in **HARPER'S**, for I recognize the absolute truth to fact and to human nature in what you say. The most delightful morsel and the one I chuckled over most was the way in which

you unconsciously brayed all the rest of us in a mortar in the transparent, childlike (I use that word with delight as recognizing your honesty) way in which you joyed in telling your own story and interviewed yourself. It is fine. I felt I must write you and that maybe you would be a bit pleased to draw this line from a venerable gray-haired judge, for if you look in *Who's Who* you will get a trace of the filing case in which his personality is only catalogued.

But one thing or two I can, and with great pleasure do, vouch for in your article. The first is the trustworthiness of newspaper folk. During thirty years on the bench I have had my share of dealing with newspaper men. I have never been deceived by one of them. They have always respected a wish or confidence reposed in them. Many times when I felt that what they desired to know should not be published I have frankly told them what they wanted to know and then told them why it should not be made public, and they have always respected my confidence.

Then I bear witness to the accuracy of their reports and my observation that the best reports were those reported from memory. One of the best pieces of work for accuracy of statement and, indeed, reproduction of personal style of expression, was by a man in Pittsburgh who came to me for the first and only time I saw him. After we had talked the matter over at length I was so pleased with the grip and grasp he displayed that I said to him: "I am going to trust you—you write this not as an interview but as a signed article by me"—and the matter was one where the article might have seriously involved me. My word for it, he not only got the thing accurate *in toto*, but consciously or unconsciously he wrote in such a way that when I read what he had done I felt I would have written it in his word and style had I done it myself. I don't know whether my trust put him at his best, but he certainly got my pen in his hand when he wrote.

A great art critic told me once that it required great and unique artistic ability for an artist to copy truly a painting made by another man, for the capacity to reproduce another's work without throwing one's own individuality into it was genius. I imagine, my young friend, that is what makes you the successful interviewer you are—you let your subjects furnish the paint and you simply use the brush.

Very cordially yours,

JOSEPH BUFFINGTON.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Professor Dallas Lore Sharp's recent articles in HARPER'S have widened his admiring reading public. Another of his delightful out-door papers is published in this issue, and still another—more about his

adventures with bees—will appear in the September issue. In the meantime we reprint two expressions of pleasure in his recent work:

BALTIMORE, Md.

DEAR HARPER'S—I have just finished reading Professor Sharp's article, "The Wonders of the World Around Us," in the June issue. It is among the finest things I have read in your magazine. Please print all you can get from his pen. He is a poet, an artist, a thinker, an altogether delightful writer.

Very truly yours,

ERNEST T. McNUTT.

MONTICELLO, Fla.

DEAR HARPER'S—Did you discover Dallas Lore Sharp or did he discover himself? When John Burroughs died, I thought the last of the great New England men had vanished, but there is yet one that can, with clear thinking and English it is pure delight to read, still make life worth living.

Sincerely yours,

CHAS. F. LEACH.

P.S.—Well, perhaps, John Burroughs was not a native of New England, but he was of that breed just the same.

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The text of Mr. Martin's recent "Easy Chair" homily—"The Bats in some Belfries"—brings us this testimonial from a lifelong Southern reader:

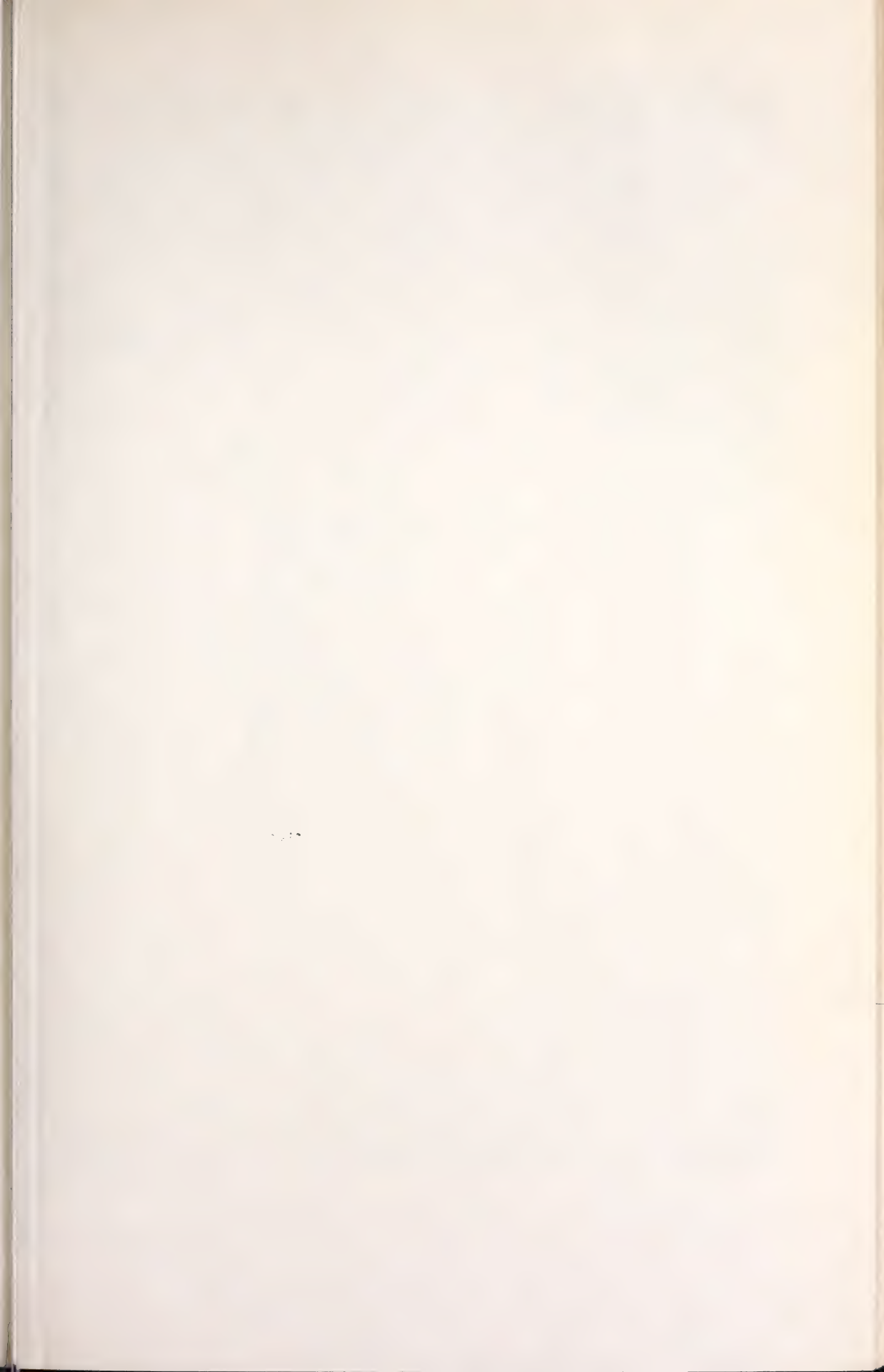
ATLANTA, Ga.

DEAR HARPER'S—The thing for which we can congratulate HARPER'S most cordially on its seventy-third anniversary is that with such a long record of past notable achievement, it is not settling back to reminiscence, but has an editor with just the right bats in his belfry. Personally, I do not agree that they *are* bats, because bats are said to be blind, and that which soars around in your belfry has rather unusually good sight. I am one who turns past all the usual fiction for the greater, more thrilling facts of this age, and nowhere do I find that shoulder-to-shoulder touch more surely than in the HARPER editorials. I feel that when the great finale comes, you will be found at your post, unastonished. I have been reading the Harper publications since childhood—in those days *Harper's Young People*—and it is no reflection upon the HARPER'S MAGAZINE of the past to say that the June, 1923, issue surpasses them all. It is the law of progress, unimpeded. With unlimited good wishes,

Sincerely,

LELA WILLSON BARRETT.







*Painting by Frank E. Schoonover*

Illustration for "An Epic of Marble Mountain"

SHE HAD ASSUMED IN HER SIMPLE WAY A PROPRIETARY RIGHT OVER HIM



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## The Land of the Lotus Eaters

BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN

SICILY is the archæologist's picnic ground. Naturally, therefore, you would expect to meet with archæologists there. But the first person I met at the admirable Villa Politi Hotel in Syracuse, when Gruger and I arrived there, was a lady who had kept a boarding house for many years in Fifty-seventh Street, Manhattan.

I realized afresh that O. Henry was the truest of psychologists...

The hotel is expensive and my one-time landlady was scrupulously "attired" in a Paris evening frock, and when I spoke to her Gruger wanted to know "who the distinguished aristocrat was."

Having acquired wealth, that lady felt the lure of the temples and the grandeur that was Greece in Sicily, and there she was, now that leisure was hers. Sooner or later everyone feels that particular lure. And Schliemann, a retired German grocer, became famous for digging up the foundations of Troy. Things like the Renaissance, castles on the Rhine, and Imperial Rome become objects of an upstart yesterday compared with the Greek temples and theaters of Sicily.

You arrive in a place like ancient Syracuse and all the atmosphere and all the conversation on a sudden turn classical on your hands. Here are the Latomie de' Cappucini at the very door of your hotel, and the waiter shows you the steps by which to descend into the quarry where the seven thousand Athenian prisoners languished and died twenty-three hundred years ago. Arrows point the walk to the Greek Theater and the Ear of Dionysius. Bankers and "prominent clubmen," who probably have talked nothing but golf and money for forty years, will suddenly startle you with references to Thucydides, Archimedes and the Fountain of Arethusa. And I saw one man, whose sole interest in Taormina had seemed the quality of the cocktails, fingering in Syracuse the pages of the Idyls of Theocritus.

If anyone tries to show you a Roman remain in Syracuse, you become superior, not to say snobbish. Near the modern railway station, as we drove by on our way to see the Anapus river, the Fountain of Cyane, and the papyrus plants, the misguided cabman tried to show us the remains of a Roman

gymnasium. The frown that Gruger gave him subdued even me. It amounted to what is called a "dirty look." After all, to that poor driver it was all *antichità* and he was trying to earn his lire. But for all that, Gruger was right. How can you think of prosaic Roman youths wrestling when you are going to see the spot where the nymph Cyane tried to stop Pluto from dragging Persephone down into the infernal regions? That was probably the first instance of a woman marrying a man to reform him. Her fate is well known. He dragged her down.

But the Greek Theater is the great *antichità* in Syracuse. On a certain brilliant February morning we walked there, Gruger and I, through walled lanes of gardens and villas fringed with oranges, lemons and almond blossoms. The population, except for an occasional *contadino* with his donkey cart, seemed to be composed wholly of idle cabmen, so cheerful and hilarious in the sunlight, that our patronage was a matter of indifference to them. They were happy, we were happy—and we walked.

We joked and we laughed as we walked and, passing a Roman amphitheater on the left, we laughed at it, though it dated from the time of Augustus Cæsar. We scarcely gave it a glance.

Then suddenly we were facing the Greek Theater, one of the largest in the world. Gruger gave what is sometimes described as a low whistle. We were both suddenly grave. The expanse of circular rows of seats before us, hewn out of the rock, a stretch five hundred feet in diameter baking in the sun, the orchestra with its canals, the stage where Æschylus had directed his own plays, where Plato had stood and addressed the people, where Pindar had sat, where Timoleon had actually harangued long before Plutarch wrote his life—it startled us like a shock. Even Gruger ceased his joking and automatically fumbled for his sketch book.

Little green lizards darted back and forth over the seats and the heat rose in quivering waves. We began to descend one of the passageways among the tiers that still bear in Greek the inscriptions



ETNA BEGAN ITS DEVASTATING ACTIVITY TWENTY-FIVE CENTURIES AGO





THE EAR OF DIONYSIUS IS ONE OF THE MOST AMAZING TOYS EVER DEVISED

of Hiero II, and the tyrant's queen, Philistis. We kept descending and looking back, and our "spirits were astonished" like those of the Arabian writer in Norman Palermo. We were wishing all the little-theater movements of all the Main Streets could come and see this. It is so vast that it is a little stupefying. And what they

gave here were plays by Sophocles, Æschylus, Euripides, and Aristophanes—not a Hippodrome show. The question arises, what did the box office say? But at that time the question did not arise. The show was free!

The odd thing was that the more we looked at the theater, the less we thought of the Hippodrome. The evocation of

the life in ancient Greece suddenly began to hum like bees in our brains, before our eyes. We saw the vast throng of white-robed citizens, thousands upon thousands of them, tramping in among those seats to have their souls stirred and chastened for a better civic, national, and spiritual life.

"They were rather different from us, weren't they?" I ventured.

"You've said something there, boy," responded Gruger. Dickens's Mrs. Blimber flashed through my mind, the lady who was always wishing she could have been at Tusculum when Cicero disputed his Disputations. For seasoned vagabond though I was, I found myself wishing I could have been there seeing a play of Sophocles with Sophocles present, or listening to a discourse by Plato. That is the way your thoughts run there, if you let them, on a sunny day. You see people sitting on the top tier of seats looking now at the

stage a tenth of a mile away, now at vacancy all round, and you wonder whether their thoughts are like yours. Late in April every year the University of Catania does give a performance of a Greek play in that theater. But somehow I had no great fancy for seeing those *cunei*, or wedges of seats, filled with a straw-hatted audience.

I could hardly tear Gruger away from the place. He began to develop theories in the most alarming manner.

Those channels cut in the rock near the stage, that were said to be grooves for the moving of scenery and properties, were probably meant, he thought, to carry off rainwater from the enormous area of the seats. I saw at once that I had an amateur archæologist on my hands. That he may have been right made no difference.

"Come away," I urged, "before we settle here for life.

There is the Street of Tombs just above. Let's go and see the tomb of Archimedes—and be gay." Gruger left the theater with reluctance, returned once or twice for another sketch or snapshot, by way of memorandum for his drawings, and finally we did wander into the narrow winding road, deeply cut by chariot wheels, between low steep cliffs in which the ancient lights of Greater Greece were buried. Innumerable are the square openings into the hollow cliffs with marks where the square tablets had com-



CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI, SYRACUSE

memorated the worth and names of the occupants. All are gone, all the tablets and the remains, rifled doubtless long ago, though boys were still prowling about in the hope of finding coins or antiques. The tomb of Archimedes is unknown, though Cicero claims to have seen it when he visited Syracuse while getting up his case against Verres. But Cicero himself was only an amateur archæologist, like Gruger.

The deathlike silence of the Street of





*Drawn by F. R. Gruger*

THE CATHEDRAL AT SYRACUSE WAS ONCE THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA

Tombs soon oppressed our spirits. Even a full cemetery leaves much to be desired as a place of entertainment. An empty one . . .

"Suppose we go to the Ear of Dionysius?" I suggested.

"All right," agreed Gruger, "might hear something there."

The Ear of Dionysius, cut in another of the stone quarries from which ancient Syracuse was built, is a toy, though a gigantic one; but it is one of the most amazing toys ever devised by man. The familiar story is that Dionysius the Tyrant stood at an opening above it and listened to the groans, and particularly the swearing, of the Greek captives who were imprisoned in this quarry also. If they groaned he was

glad. If they called him names he killed them, sensitive soul that he was.

Be that as it may, it is an amazing thing. If you whisper at the entrance into that enormously high ear-shaped passage cut in the rock, your whisper comes back magnified, seemingly repeated by a hundred spirits. If you shout, you regret it. If the guard claps his hands, your own hands go up to your ears to protect the drums against deafening crashes of thunder. If he offers to fire off a pistol you must not let him. Above the entrance the sun is radiant on the yellow rock and the quarry is all overgrown like a park with immemorial trees. Some rope-makers occupy another part of the quarry for a rope-walk and they offer to sell you some cord—presumably to hang yourself with.

There is an opening out of the Ear above the highest tier of the seats of the neighboring theater. The guard said archaeologists told him the cave, which is artificially made, was used in some unknown acoustic device. Quickly I feed the guard and tore Gruger away before he began to develop theories himself. We walked back more quickly than we had come. The table d'hôte luncheon at the Villa Politi was excellent that day, and the Capri wine delicious.

"The greatest of Greek cities, the fairest of all cities"—that is what Cicero said of Syracuse. It is certainly not a wonder now, as a modern town. If you want to walk from the Villa Politi into the town in winter



SEGESTA'S TEMPLE IS ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT GREEK RUINS





THE TEMPLES OF GIRGENTI RECALL THE GOLDEN AGE

you must either swim or hire a cab. The mile of roadway is a morass. When you drive out to the Anapo river your cabman curses the legislators and the government picturesquely because they will not give him better roads, the while his cab is jolting to pieces. Yet the people bear their burdens by taxation

here with singular docility, in a spirit almost of fatalism.

"Of course it is easy for you Americans," Sicilian fellow passengers remarked to Gruger and the writer in the train to Syracuse. "You have exchange in your favor and everything here is cheap for you."



Nothing irritated me so much as this placid sophistry. Italy was twice or three times as expensive as it had been before the war.

"*Lei s'inganna*," became almost the chief phrase of my vocabulary. "You are mistaken, sirs," I told them. "We can live in America more cheaply and perhaps twenty-four times more comfortably than here. Exchange, as you say, favors us. But when a man pays seventy lire a day plus taxes instead of ten, as before the war, why then I make you a present of the favor."

"Ah, if the Signor will stay in hotels —" with a gesture of the hands that expresses hopelessness.

"Where should one stay, then, Signor? In one of those huts you see there by the salt marsh?"

I never needed to labor the point. The argument invariably collapsed at this stage.

But—the greatest of Greek cities Syracuse has been called. And that was the cause of all the jealousies of the Athenians which led to the war so fully described by Thucydides for those who wish to read it. Hellenic culture might have permeated Europe and the world, and advanced civilization by at least a thousand years, but for those internecine Greek wars. But our so-called human race cannot give up its wars, and we of the present have nothing to say to the foolish races of the past. Having their example and their fate before us, we are not only foolish but criminal. Some junker of an Alcibiades always arises and demands war, and sheeplike nations, "mostly fools," with the slumbering savage and the animal roused in their bosoms, vote him power and acclaim. Then there is war, horror, defeat for some, and thousands of prisoners, like the seven thousand Athenians in the quarries of Syracuse, rot and die for the glory thereof—for the glory! Only to-day none of them get released for reciting Homer or Euripides prettily, as some of those hapless Greeks were released in Syracuse.

Anyway, Syracuse, the island of Ortygia with its four cities or suburbs on the mainland, Achradina, Neapolis, Tyche and Epipolæ, must have been a magnificent Hellenic city when the Athenians besieged it twenty-three centuries ago. Some of the worst and some of the best of mankind in history lived and fought and died in and for Syracuse. If the city had its Dionysius the Tyrant, him of the Sword of Damocles legend, who slept in armor, and had a moat round his bed, it also had Archimedes and Theocritus and Timoleon, the man nearest in character to our own George Washington. In something like three centuries from its foundation in 734 B.C., it had become one of the most powerful and civilized cities of its time.

To-day it gives one a curious Dr.-Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde effect. When you go down to the island of Ortygia, which is the present city, you fear that all history is a lie—that greatness for that Sicilian provincial town is an impossibility in any stage of its history. Once, however, you go out into the suburbs and see the *Latomie de' Cappucini* in the Achradina (by the Villa Politi Hotel), the theater in Neapolis and the fortress Euryalus at Epipolæ, the ancient grandeur that was Syracuse lies like an open book before you. It requires only a modicum of imagination. Gruger, my archæologist friend, was thrilled by Syracuse, and here I egged him on, for most artists find other parts of Sicily more paintable.

Nevertheless, you must go down into the modern town, if only to see the Fountain of Arethusa that burning Shelley loved and sung. It used to be part of the water supply of the ancient city, but now it is brackish, for the submarine stream, into which the nymph Arethusa, when pursued by the river-god Alpheus, was changed by Diana, turned salt, owing to an earthquake. Papyrus plants are growing in the basin. It is a memory rather than a fountain.

Not so the Cathedral, however. That is more than a memory. There one may



see how a conquering religion is superimposed upon a defeated one. Originally, that Cathedral was the Temple of Minerva, with thirty-six great Doric columns, almost the same size as the Temple of Neptune, on the marsh at Pæstum. Then came Christianity, to which Minerva was nothing, and made a church of the temple. And the columns were built into the walls and they protrude from the walls both outside and inside the church. Then came the Saracens, who made a mosque of the church and put Saracenic battlements upon it. Then came the Normans, a couple of centuries later, and the mosque became a church once more. Now the priests are collecting a building fund so as to change the walls and free the Doric columns from the subsequent masonry. Gruger and I both gladly contributed to the fund.

We gazed dutifully on the Statue of Archimedes in the act of destroying the fleet of Marcellus with a burning glass, on the Saracenic palace of Montalto and the eleventh-century Castello Maniace, and went on a Sunday morning to the admirable Museum, which, like all good museums in Sicily, begins with prehistoric times and gives an almost continuous record of its region in terms of pottery, arms, statues and coins. In this museum is the well-known Venus Anadyomene which Maupassant preferred to her of Milo. But mere sight-seeing of this character ruined Gruger's disposition. I could not hold him to it. And, truly, he was more to be pitied than censured. It is a weary business, fit only for the young—who can stand anything—in charge of a schoolmaster.

Papyrus interested us much more. Syracuse is the one place in the world where papyrus still grows wild. Even in Egypt, home of its origin, it is extinct. Being, both of us, people who spoil much paper in our work, we naturally wanted to see the grandfather of modern paper pulp. We hired the most disreputable cab in all Syracuse, because the cabman, a redhaired devil, appealed to us. He

greeted every passerby and had a word and a laugh for every woman at every window and doorway he passed. He had seen service during the war on the Austrian front, and intimated that were he possessed of an education, conditions might be reversed and he might himself be driven to see sights—he almost intimated that one of us, probably Gruger, might be the driver. We did not care. He rattled our bones for miles out into the country over villainous roads toward the part of the Anapo river where the papyrus grows. It was February, but the meadows, fields and marshes were green, though a chill wind blew through us from the flats, where so many armies, beginning with the Carthaginians, had fought; from the harbor, where the Athenian fleet was bottled up. At last we came to the papyrus.

The origin of that papyrus is a charming episode of history. Hiero II, King of Syracuse, at about the time Theocritus was at his court composing the Idyls, built and fitted out a marvelous ship, equipped with gardens, stalls for horses, and stairways and columns of Taorminian marble—a ship of four thousand two hundred tons in those days! Archimedes doubtless helped to build it—a present to Ptolemy of Egypt. As part of the acknowledgment of the gift from Alexandria came the papyrus planted along the banks of the Anapo, and there it has been growing ever since.

I hope Gruger will make a picture of it as it grows along that narrow, winding stream of mythological origin. The plants are green-stemmed, like reeds, or bamboo, the thickness of a man's wrist, with a circular spray of flowers at the top, unique among plants. They bow and droop and sway mournfully, but full of dignity, in the breeze, those tall stalks, and they mirror themselves narcissus-like in the clear-cold Anapo. People sentimentalize over the printing press, and well they may. But who can blame us for being a trifle sentimental over these mysterious reeds that

supplied a medium for the first chronicles of mankind in distant, earliest Egypt, in ancient Syracuse, in Greece itself! And if culture is a living force, as it surely is, these plants should be perpetually cared for and honored.

There was still the fortress of Euryalus.

"Do we have to see that?" asked Gruger.

"Think of it—a Greek fortress built by Dionysius the Tyrant, stormed by Timoleon, taken by Marcellus, by Belisarius!"

"But it's a long drive," protested Gruger.

"But what quantities of culture and illumination you will acquire!"

"Lead me to it!" he announced with decision, and we drove out one fair morning to farthest Epipolæ. After an hour and a half in our rickety cab over a wretched road, past old aqueducts, through a deserted countryside, we arrived finally at Euryalus.

It took Dionysius about six years to build this fort, and it is doubtless a marvel of masonry and strategy. With its strategic position commanding the city and the interior, or source of supplies, with its labyrinthine passages either cut in the solid rock or built of great blocks of stone, with its towers, provision rooms, underground stalls for horses, the very rings to which horses were tethered cut in stone, it presents an aspect of ancient warfare such as can nowhere else be seen. For the archæologist it is a wonder, and there are Greek inscriptions on some of the chambers still undeciphered. It stretches over a space of fifteen thousand square yards. But I had promised it to Gruger as a source of culture. And the only source of culture I could see in that overpowering mass of rock was a very sincere humility. It seemed proper and fitting enough for the race twenty-three hundred years ago, but people are building fortresses yet, and that seems black disgrace. The Kaiser visited the place, and they show you the wooden steps built for him over the broken

stone stairway underground. But if there is any one thing that place cries out, it is the eternal folly and futility of all fortresses and all war, the criminal stupidity of a race that can learn ten thousand clever and pretty trifles, but not one grain of sense or wisdom.

Very soberly we drove back the eight kilometers to Syracuse. I offered Gruger the sight of the Villa Landolina, where some American sailors, of the fleet that chased the Barbary pirates, lie buried in a quarry since 1805. But he refused to see any more that day.

"But we must stop at the church of San Giovanni," I told him. "It is built over the crypt of St. Marcian, and St. Paul preached there when he tarried three days in Syracuse." Gruger was willing to look at it from the outside. A monk within showed me the crypt, the tomb of St. Marcian, the granite column upon which he suffered martyrdom. He was a young monk, the guardian of this spot, utterly solitary. Not a human soul besides ourselves was visible. He spoke in a gentle voice, but with the burr of Sicilian clinging to his Italian, like a peasant.

"Did St. Paul really preach here?"

I asked him.

"That is the tradition," he answered briefly.

He also showed me the catacombs, and proceeded to light a candle with the idea of taking me into them. But I was no longer "taking in" catacombs. I thanked him and we parted amiably, he deprecating my offer of money which, however, he accepted, *per la chiesa, signore, per la chiesa*, for the good of the church.

Syracuse clings to you even after you leave it. With the Roman general Marcellus, who conquered it, you feel like weeping over the glorious city that it had been, now more desolate than any widow. When you roll away in the wretched post-war train, that can never be cleaned any more, but that ought to be burned, you see Euryalus



receding, and the images of ancient grandeur keep haunting you. On the way to Castrogiovanni, the ancient Henna, from the junction point of Catania, the legend of Persephone again returns to you. For here it was that Persephone danced amid her maidens in meads of asphodel when the unpleasant old god Pluto came out, perhaps from Etna, and ravished her away without a word to her mother Demeter, or Ceres. It was not until his chariot got down to the river Anapo that anyone had the courage to protest. It was the nymph Cyane who protested. The tyrannical old god, as is well known, promptly changed her to a spring. The meadows are not so rich as once they were, nor are any nymphs or goddesses visibly dancing. But it was still only March and Persephone was not yet come forth for her six-months vacation from her lame old husband. The land was beautiful, nevertheless, and the hillsides green. So fragrant were the flowers here in the days of Theocritus that the hounds lost the scent of their game, baffled by the perfumes. Syracusans had founded Henna shortly after their own city, and the town suffered the fortunes of Syracuse. The Arabs when they took it, called it Kasr-Yani, and then it became Castrogiovanni. It looks picturesque on its mountain like some robber-lord's stronghold. But we could not linger there. We traveled on through the sulphur regions to Girgenti, the Acragas of old, that Pindar had called "the most beautiful city of mortals."

What the result of turning Gruger loose among the temples of Girgenti might prove to be, I could not tell. Every classical archaeologist goes there sooner or later, and Gruger had undoubtedly shown grave symptoms. We arrived there with our families at night at a dark station, which like all southern Italian railway stations, is placed as far as possible from the town—presumably that cabmen might live. Two of my bags were missing when we landed

at the excellently conducted Hôtel des Temples, and that seemed to cheer Gruger perceptibly. As I was managing that particular excursion, my disgrace was complete. But his craving for food was such, that not even this fact could restore his good humor until we sat down to chocolate and bread and butter at ten o'clock. When after a long silence Gruger came up for air, he wiped his lips complacently and murmured,

"That's too bad about your bags." With a frozen Charlie Chaplin smile, I told him that it was nothing, that there were many other bags in the world. I had already spoken a few plain words to the head porter. Inwardly, I thought of bandits and wondered why at least one of the bags had not been Gruger's.

"Can I lend you some pajamas?" he inquired sweetly, licking his lips.

"No, thanks," I went on smoking, like General Foch on the Western front. "Those bags will turn up before long." And for a wonder they did arrive almost as I spoke, from another hotel. I glanced at Gruger placidly, feeling inwardly as though I had smashed the Hindenburg line. I sauntered out to the porte cochère, slipped ten lire into the hand of the astonished donkey-cart man, who had brought them, and with supreme indifference, I asked Gruger if there was anything I could do for him before turning in.

"No—no thanks," he muttered in the tone of bitter disappointment. "Glad you found your bags."

"Oh, that!—I hardly gave it a thought. Let's take one look at the night."

The next morning was Sunday and we had our breakfast in the hotel garden that was a mass of roses, almond blossoms, flowering plants, and looked out upon the tender blue of the African Sea, upon Porto Empedocle, the ancient harbor of this place, upon the golden temples dotting the plain.

And immediately I knew that I had seen nothing like this picture on the face of the earth. The temples at Pæstum are magnificent, but the empty forbidding marsh in which they stand strips them of all that happy serenity which we associate with Hellenic life. Here, upon the other hand, the softness of the plain, the radiant sunshine, the verdure of almond and olive trees, bring back an unforgettable image of what must have been the life of Athens.

"Do you know," I said to Gruger, "that Sylvestre Bonnard, an old man, made the long journey just to see this sight?"

"I don't blame him," said Gruger.

Simplicity, harmony, serenity—the things we have lost—those things were here.

A soft languor, a blessed credulity, steal into your mind, into all your members. The harsh world of rushing action, of force and drive, the clangor of machines, all drop away from you. And since all we can imagine of the Golden Age is that it was an age of blissful idleness, we can easily come to believe that this was the geographical home of the Golden Age. We can come to believe anything of this spot. Legend says that long before the Greeks came here (about a century and half after they came to Syracuse) the land was peopled by an aboriginal race who were the Lotus Eaters of Homeric poetry. I can imagine no choicer background for eating lotus—particularly if you like to eat lotus. All the garden was dotted with lotus eaters. We were lotus eaters all! In the distance on the right a serpentine little train was winding its way to Porto Empedocle over the dark ribbon of railway. It appeared a mad, grotesque little toy. How the ghosts of the bygone Lotus Eaters must have laughed—not too loudly!

We strolled up the hill on foot toward the modern town. It is a backward enough little Sicilian city with here and there a picturesque angle. But in Baedeker's phrase, it was not "reward-

ing." Who that was dwelling amid the Lotophagi would fritter his moments upon bits of mere medievalism? I begged Gruger to waste no time sketching any of that "city." We walked back to our high-terraced garden overlooking the plain that had been the Acragas of old, the city Pindar had celebrated.

"Most beautiful city of mortals!"—and how rich she was for all the languid airs! It was nothing to send out three hundred chariots drawn by white horses exclusively, to meet a victor returning from the Olympic games. Olympic victories were numberless, and the portrait of Helen of Troy painted by Zeuxis was said to have been taken from five Acragas maidens. They used to put statues up to favorite horses and even to pet birds. A certain Gellias was so rich that he always had rooms in readiness for strangers, whom his servants sought out in the highways and invited in. He once lodged in his house five hundred horsemen coming from Gela and gave them each a change of raiment. His cellar was not one of the *six* best, but the greatest ever heard of. Another citizen at the marriage of his daughter, served a dinner to every soul in Acragas, and to each in his own dwelling place. The Carthaginians took the city, as all such cities are ultimately taken. A deep regret filled me at the thought. No Land of Cockayne, no Sybaris, no city of Lotus Eaters is ever allowed by the pulling-down process of life to survive, even as a specimen or an object lesson. We Americans are undoubtedly touched with puritanism, but we are not alone. All the world is struck through with the same ism.

The carriages are at the door, old-style funeral hacks with two horses each, for there are no automobiles at Girgenti. We are going to visit the temples. The small boy of the party is on the box with one of the drivers chattering in broken Sicilian, which he had learned from his donkey-boy at Taormina, living the life of a fairy



story. Everything is fairylike under this almost African sun in the land of the Lotus Eaters. There is something mythical and legendary about the scene, not only with the myths and legends of the Greeks, of Empedocles and Theron, but of the fabled civilization of Atlantis, that grew up and prospered and perished along these azure waters, under this ungrudging sunlight.

Over a winding road through this warm bottom land we drive, pausing first at a small Roman temple which nobody wants to see. Then to the very edge of the ancient city, where remains of the ancient wall still ramble on toward the sea. We wind and turn and approach the terrace of the Temple of Concord. We all pause speechless.

The word golden-hued occurs to one, but gold seems suddenly drab in face of this perfect coloring that time has bestowed upon the fluted columns, upon architrave and pediment, upon every stone of the hollow building. Every line and every curve merge into an utter, a complete harmony. It is so delicate, so massive and so beautiful, it makes your heart ache.

"My God!" murmurs Gruger in pious amazement and he throws himself suddenly into the business of sketching, photographing, leaping like a chamois from rock to rock, to get the different aspects. The blinding blue of the sea and the softer blue of the sky, the verdure of plain and hills and gardens, the gold of mimosa, show through among the columns, and here and there a little lizard darts by at your feet and looks with cold reptilian curiosity at you from a niche. Perfection—inde-scribable perfection!

And the profound sigh of deep immemorial content escapes you, as it always does at the inrush of beauty into the soul. It is one of those moments when the rhythm of your life changes to a finer one. And the thought comes to you that if our modern American civilization declines and falls and perishes, it is not temples like this that will

remain, but heaven knows what monstrosities. We speak of the Greeks as pagans, yet every ruin that remains is either a temple or a theater with the temples predominating. What a serenity those fanes must have cast on all the life, civic and social, in those bygone days! And we realize that our modern cities are jumbled and violent, whereas the cities of Greece were beautiful, calm and serene.

"The guide-book says that this temple is peripteros-hexastylos," I inform Gruger.

"Is it?" he murmurs absently. He does not ask me what that means, whereat I am glad, for I could not tell him. He is fairly drunk with the color and the beauty of it. All the thirty-four columns are intact because for a time this temple, like that of Minerva at Syracuse, had been a church—St. Gregory of the Turnips.

The next temple, however, called the Temple of Juno, has never been a church, therefore only twenty-five of its columns are standing. But it is almost as lovely as the other. And you cannot help wondering why all the surrounding plain that was once the city of Acragas, or Agrigentum, is turf and gardenland. But the temples, even though ruined, remain. The piety, or superstition, as you will, that respected the seats of even the so-called pagan religion, must have lingered long in the hearts of the populace. And it occurs to you that all religions are good, if only they are free from savage rites and contain a strong infusion of reverence.

Yet, what reverence could the Carthaginians have felt for Grecian temples? The Temple of Hercules is a ruin, and the vast sanctuary of Jupiter, uncompleted when the Carthaginians attacked, lies a broken mass of stones and columns and capitals amid the luxuriant herbage.

"How could they transport all these great blocks of stone?" marvelled Gruger. I could not inform him. I only know that they had no derricks and no

engines. They had only man power and horse power. Yet one column in the temple of Jupiter is twenty feet in circumference and the stone from which the figure of Atlas was carved must have been enormous. Atlas is enormous now as he lies there broken, vast, tragic, in the sod.

The custodian stood by silently as we "viewed the remains" of what seemed almost living things.

"Have you been here long?" my wife asked him.

"I have been here always," he answered, "except when I was in the army. My father was here before me and before him, my grandfather."

Guarding ruins! Yet for the moment that middle-aged quiet Sicilian seemed the noblest inhabitant of Girgenti.

We drove hotelward, craning our necks behind us toward the golden ruins, toward the four columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux and the bit of architrave over them, recently set upright, but nonetheless beautiful. We drove through the gardenlike plain again, past groves of olive whose gnarled roots come out of the soil twisting their long fingers over rocks, past gentle yellow mimosa trees, fit emblem of the land of Lotus Eaters.

Once in Palermo again, we felt we had returned to the Metropolis. The traffic, the crowds and the motor cars enchanted us. There were tea parties at the delightful English tea rooms and one talked of going to the opera.

The Duchess of Park Avenue was there after a journey to Tunis.

"You have been to Tunis," some one politely remarked by way of a mere civility in passing.

"Yes, and I shall be *glad* to tell you about it," sang out the Duchess. The good lady was seemingly pining for an audience which the Barbary coast had not afforded her. She fixed her full eye upon all and sundry, but that epic was heard by few. There were other interests pressing.

"Gruger," I suggested, "let us go to Selinunte, the Selinus of old, a place of wonderful temples."

"Are they standing up?" asked Gruger cannily.

"No they are lying down—all ruins, something like the Temple of Jupiter at Girgenti. Remember those metopes at the Palermo Museum? They all came from Selinus. The town was destroyed only about twenty-three hundred years ago by the Carthaginians."

"What is the use of a lot of stones after those gorgeous temples we saw at Girgenti?" demurred Gruger.

"Well, then how about Segesta?"

"Anything standing on its feet there?"

"Only one of the most perfect temples in existence," I told him.

"Then let's go," cried Gruger resolutely. That was the time we motored a hundred and forty kilometers with a Mafuso chauffeur, through some of the wildest scenery in Sicily. The shuttling of the car back and forth, but steadily upward, in the mountains above Palermo, is in itself an experience never to be forgotten. At points the zigzag path turns so abruptly that the driver must halt his car, back it, and make it climb like a goat into the new ascent.

"Is this church from Norman times?" I would ask the chauffeur as we passed through a town.

"*E antico*" would answer the chauffeur sapiently.

"And those ruins, are they Roman or Greek?"

"*E antico*," was the unvarying answer.

In Alcamo we found a town that had once been Saracen, but rebellious. Frederick II of Hohenstaufen "substituted" a Christian, and presumably a German, population in place of the Arabs. The result is a tow-headed blond populace in the midst of Saracenic architecture and remains.

Once you approach the temple at Segesta, however, you forget all such ethnic trifles. In Girgenti, when you see the group of temples, you are elated.



But here you are simply overawed. Complete, perfect, except that the columns are unfluted, the temple stands on its own little plateau on the hillside with its back to a mountain, with its massive front overlooking a valley.

The solidity, the beauty and the intense *peace*, all these together seem to be speaking with a voice, strange, serene, musical, a trifle high and infinitely haunting. I meant to ask Gruger whether he received this sensation of a voice, but, oddly, I found I could not speak.

We dismounted from our asses, by which motive power the temple is approached, and drew near like a group of the old worshippers approaching their shrine. Once in the temple itself, the great gray drums of the columns, unfluted, because the temple was unfinished when Segesta was destroyed, seemed rough, immense. And quite normally we proceeded to unwrap our packages of luncheon and to eat like—tourists, chattering, joking. But with one accord we gathered the papers and debris lest any soilure should remain within the temple. We mounted our asses again to ride up the neighboring hill to the site of Segesta. At a little distance, as we looked about, we paused and the same impressive awe fell upon us. And vaguely, yet somehow distinctly also, I heard the hollow high voice of the past—of something—of the gods that haunt and people the place.

We rummaged about the emplacement of Segesta. The lines of the streets

could still be dimly seen in the herbage, the lines of the foundations of houses the Carthagenians had razed. Microscopic potsherds of ancient vessels still peered out of cracks in the herb-covered soil. And the theater—oh yes, there was a theater here, also, excellently preserved, but always, like a magnet, the temple behind us drew the eyes—solid, serene, immemorial, inspiring a primeval awe, the awe for things sacred, that even barbarians could not despise enough to destroy wholly.

“Look,” said the custodian, pointing in another direction. “This on the coast far away is Trapani, and there is Mount Eryx. Beyond is Marsala.”

Dearly would I have wished to go to Mount Eryx, the ancient seat of a temple to Astarte, and in Greek times, to Venus Erycina, the laughing Venus, that Greek sailors saw long before they entered the harbor. This Venus worship of classical times was a comparatively late development, probably, of the ancient Mediterranean worship of the Earth-Mother, signs of which we had seen in the neolithic temple at Malta. But I was fearful of starting Gruger in those archæological lines of speculation.

We descended the hill and turned our asses' heads toward the waiting car. Even at the risk of missing a moment of Gruger's superb horsemanship on his diminutive ass, I turned and looked back at the temple. The hollow musical voice seemed faint, but still it sounded plainly in my ears, haunting, pursuing.

# Points of View

BY MARY S. WATTS

**B**AYBERRY COVE is only a matter of two hours or so from the city; by that mere step of a journey tired and overheated metropolitans may find relief in the pleasant asperity of sea air. There are long, descending shelves of rock, darkly wet with the tides, a fishermen's town of weatherbeaten, laconic men and women, and perched on the severe eminence in the background, a summer hotel with encircling tiers of verandahs. It is a breath-taking climb from the level of the little railway station; momentarily throughout the hours of traffic, day or night, somebody's motor is to be heard voicing explosive protest as it labors toward the summit. Pedestrians get from rise to rise by successive flights of plank chicken-runs with intervals of rest on benches thoughtfully provided by the hotel management; and in its circulars the same benevolent agency directs attention to the quiet and the refreshing purity of the air incident to such an elevation. Though not stout, I found myself pretty well winded about half way up, and recalled these statements with admiration, resorting thankfully to the seat at hand, although the fellow wayfarer already installed there was entirely unknown to me, and the emphatic rusticity of the benches hinted at an equally emphatic intimacy between the people who would occupy them. He had to readjust himself, shifting his cane to the other side and drawing together his great, gaunt, loose-jointed legs to make room for me; and he also moved a hand to his hat and no doubt would have risen but for my hasty arresting gesture. It authorized him to sink back at the beginning of the slow, dragging, clumsy effort; and moreover,

as he of course understood, to speak, though even the civil intention nowise qualified a harsh utterance and manner.

"Sorry! It's hard for me to move after I've been sitting still for a while. But invalids or semi-invalids aren't expected to be polite. We're worthless, therefore indulged."

In my time I have experienced the peculiar irritation attendant upon being indulged, so understood him measurably; but there did not seem to be anything to say or I could not, off-hand, think of the right thing, so had recourse to inarticulate deprecating murmurs. Thereafter we sat in silence, contemplating the marine perspective, if not in sympathetic companionship, at least without any feeling of constraint—speaking for myself, that is. Once, following some slight movement from one or the other of us, our bench set up a terrifying squeak whereat, as I looked toward him in trepidation, his rough-cut features actually twitched with something like a smile. "They're made out of matchwood, but I don't think it will give way without more warning," he said; and we fell silent again in the same atmosphere, not friendly, not hostile. I daresay to sundry members of the Cove House population who now began to toil by, dinnerward, we must have looked like an amiable old Jack and Jill at the end of thirty years or more of married life, sunning themselves together, comfortably and communicatively dumb. At my age—and if I am not mistaken, at my companion's—one has long ceased to be embarrassed by such conclusions; the Covians were welcome to think what they chose for all of me—until Mrs. Harrington, squired by her little boy,





*Drawn by Frances Rogers*

MRS. HARRINGTON, SQUIRED BY HER LITTLE BOY, CAME INTO VIEW

came into view, and then I will confess to a foreign and formless uneasiness. She naturally glanced in our direction, and her sweet, frank, bright-blue gaze dwelt upon us with open inquiry and speculation. My unknown acquaintance stirred under it; and I myself impulsively sat more upright.

"Resting?" she called out to me agreeably and harmlessly enough, in all conscience.

"Well, it's a stiff climb, you know, for fifty-never-mind-what," said I, somehow feeling at bay; and this avowal of my years inexplicably assumed to me the character of a sword and buckler. Nothing can be said to or of a woman who goes about proclaiming that she is fifty! Little Dickie Harrington unconsciously seconded me.

"Fifty! Gee! You're old, ain't you?" said he, inspecting me with a lively, if transient interest. His mother flushed all over her kind and wholesome face in acute distress.

"*Dickie!* Children are so literal, you know," she said precipitately with apologetic appeal. "You can afford to make jokes like that, for anybody can see they are jokes, except children, of course. Dickie thought you were in earnest—"

"Aw, she *is!* You are *so*, fifty, ain't you?"

"*Dickie!* Now that's enough! Oh, don't get up, Mr. Richmond, please don't! I don't want to rest, really I don't, I'm going right on, I only stopped to—Dickie, why don't you help Mr. Richmond? Go and take his other arm. Let him help you, Mr. Richmond, he's very strong and he'll be careful; do let him!"

Dickie advanced doubtfully; but by this time Mr. Richmond with a struggle which I made believe not to see, had got himself on his feet, and was moving off or trying to with his wretchedly fettered step; he curtly declined the boy's proffered shoulder. Master Dick, to tell the truth, surrendered with alacrity; he fell back at the first word, notwithstanding his mother's pained and disapproving

comment. I sat still on the bench, keeping up my pretense of seeing nothing—a feeble trick, but I knew no better; and Mrs. Harrington ended by lapsing down into the space thus vacated alongside me. Its late occupant crawlingly withdrew among the pines, people alternately standing aside to let him pass or, to judge by the pantomime, offering assistance which was cavalierly rejected like Dickie's. It was a tragic progress.

"Now, I want you to remember another time, Dick, and not be so slow and have to be told that way. It's not *kind*. You ought to think of things like that by yourself—"

"Aw, *you* don't know—I mean—that ain't it—" said Dickie, visibly aware of the futility of argument with his elders, yet arguing desperately. He scuffed with his toe at an outcropping of stone underfoot, awkward, hampered by the lack of words strong and clear as his convictions. "Old Poison-Ivy didn't *wanta* be helped. 'Cause if he'd wanted, he'd said so, wouldn't he?"

"Mother knows more than you do, dear. Now you must remember. And don't call the poor old gentleman names that way. '*Poison-Ivy!*' That isn't *nice*. He hasn't got anything that's catching; he's just sick, and you must always be kind to sick people, no matter how cross and grumpy they are. Now that will do, Dickie; you mustn't answer mother that way. Yes, you may go with Bob if you want to. I'll rest here for a while. You have to be firm with them," she added to me as the released youngster sped away in the wake of some compatriot about his own age; "and children have to be taught to be humane. It doesn't come naturally to them any more than to any other young animals. You're not shocked at my calling them animals, I hope? Because that's really what we all are. Of course, spiritually and intellectually—but the animal side is just as interesting. It's so mysterious—sex, you know, and all those problems. Nowadays everything can be discussed so frankly. So much



better than the Victorian false modesty we were all brought up in!"

"I was," said I. "But hardly you."

"Oh, yes. My mother was rigidly Victorian. One wasn't supposed to have any *body*. Such a mistake! But they thought they were doing right. And then, of course, it is a little hard to know where to begin—with a child's instruction, I mean. But nowadays you can get ever so many books telling you exactly how. I have a perfectly wonderful one I've been studying—on account of Dickie, you know. It's called *Sex Revelations*; I was attracted by the title. A long word like that, you know, isn't likely to look interesting to a child. Naturally, you don't want to have any book around that will arouse a boy's curiosity or—or—or anything like that. But *Sex Revelations* is perfectly safe; they'd never think of reading it. It tells everything; so helpful! I spoke to Mr. Harrington, but he—" she broke off, evidently troubled and perplexed at some recollection. "Men are so queer. Maybe, though, it was sex-loyalty with him. Everything comes back to sex in the end, doesn't it? One feels such a responsibility about boys. However, I've always had the strength to act up to my convictions," Mrs. Harrington finished gravely.

I was sure this was the truth; it was impossible to associate Mrs. Harrington with anything but truthfulness and sincerity. She had one of the most attractively good faces I have ever seen; the look of candid and unflinching interrogation she turned upon the world gave way only to one of candid and unflinching knowledge. There was the serenely defeating strength of a granite wall in her blue eyes. Sometimes her security in her own opinion rather frightened one, most of us feeling a weak and wistful desire to find other people as unstable as ourselves. But Mrs. Harrington's standards were higher and forbade compromise. The expression of maternal anxiety faded from her features as she again bent on me that splendidly direct

scrutiny under which I always quailed. "Mr. Richmond is a little eccentric, isn't he? You and he are old friends?"

"On the contrary, we're not even acquaintances," I assured her in a strange panic of denial and explanation. The fact was she seemed to be not so much asking a question as announcing a discovery; and I had the bizarre fancy that it behooved me to hurry with preventive measures before her opinion—so admirably steadfast, so changeless!—could, as it were, flow into its prepared mold and solidify like concrete. "I've been here only a week, you know, and we haven't met yet—formally, that is. I didn't even know his name until you mentioned it, and I'm sure he doesn't know mine."

"Oh! Seeing you sitting here together, I, of course, supposed—do forgive me! If you had just said something—given me a hint, you know—I thought, of course . . ."

"Why, it's of no consequence, is it? Never mind! I don't!"

"Well, seeing you sitting here together . . ." Mrs. Harrington repeated, "it never *occurred* to me that you didn't know each other. I thought, of course—" Her blue eyes canvassed me with a growing firmness; beholding them, one realized that the concrete had set. I was helplessly silent as she rose, beginning to gather up some small parcels. "We had thought him rather difficult and peculiar. What is his trouble—the disease, you know? He's so crippled."

"I haven't any idea. He seems to me just a sick, lonely, bitter old man."

"Oh! Well, I suppose it's something he can't discuss, even with *you*. Of course, I have realized all along that he couldn't help being disagreeable. One has to make allowances," said Mrs. Harrington, in her kind way. "I never pay any attention to what people say. They *will* talk, you know!"

"Yes, I've noticed they do."

Life at the Cove went on for us elderly female sojourners much the same as summer-hotel life everywhere. We wrote endless letters, did miles of needle-

work, played bridge by the hour; and such as had had servants or major operations told the other less fortunate ones all about both as we swung to and fro in the porch rocking-chairs—that is, when we were not training our guns on passing members of our community. The rockers were a perfect park of artillery in that respect. But to youthful tastes the opportunity afforded for these recreations and even for others as authentic, bathing, boating, tennis, went for naught in comparison with one stupendous, unheard-of, overpowering recommendation, viz., plenty of men. That there were plenty of girls goes without saying; there always are; but owing to the accessibility of the place, the friendly and not too costly character of its entertainment, good motor roads, or whatever cause, here for once was an adequate provision of trousers, too. They actually came down during the week, and as for Saturday nights—! Phyllis Cole gave me to understand that the Cove House furnished the only summer-hotel ballroom in the universe where you ever “got cut in on!”

I sat at the Coles' table, which may account for these confidences, though observation of her prompted the conclusion that Phyllis talked with equal freedom to everybody, not excepting the men themselves. She was a tanned young piece, well built, with round, muscular legs and arms, a rousing good swimmer and tennis player, and popular enough, I judged, to “get cut in on” with satisfactory frequency; even these latter-day, tomboy Dianas probably relish that tribute to their femininity. The girls were all more or less after her pattern; they went romping about in incredibly slouchy confections they called sports clothes, distinguishable from one another only by the startling rose, emerald, and orange hues of their sweaters, mingling with the boys and doing the same things, apparently on the footing of a fair field and no favor. To Victorian eyes it was revolutionary; yet I saw about them a kind of clean and valiant

charm. There seemed to be little or no pairing off; in gangs they sailed, auto-mobiled, clam-baked. To be sure these gangs were always equally divided, so many girls, so many men, but to all appearances no significance attached to the division; a young fellow named Jimmie Lowndes definitely belonged to Phyllis's company, but not more definitely than the Sanborn boy or the one they called Tad. As far as I could see, these were entirely hit-or-miss allotments, governed largely by a chance neighborhood of rooms or tables, like my own acquaintance. We were all lodged on the same floor in one wing of the building. Mr. Richmond likewise had quarters thereabouts; one encountered his grim presence now and then along the corridors with his cane and his painful shuffle. The young people paid no attention to him, which was perhaps their oblique way of being humane, and he, on his side, as studiously kept apart; but I have since thought that, notwithstanding this detachment, he was a keen and accurate observer of all of us, old and young alike.

“Wouldn't you think he'd go to a sanatorium instead of a place like this?” Phyllis remarked casually to that young Lowndes the only time she ever mentioned Mr. Richmond in my hearing; and Jimmie answered with a corresponding indifference,

“Well, if it suits *him*—!”

They were basking, between plunges, on one of the slabs of rock that slanted irregularly around the bathing-basin; I had a spectator's position with cushions and a rug on the ledge above them, out of reach of the tide, and a little farther along Mrs. Harrington, similarly equipped, kept watch on her Dickie and a handful of other children wading in the shallows. Phyllis hunched her back to the sun with hands clasped around her knees; Jim was sprawling alongside, and in this attitude his scantily-cut bathing-vest drew away revealing a zigzag welt not unlike a knotted cord thrust under the skin, abhorrently discolored, dividing here and there to embrace islets of



unnaturally taut and shining surface. It began somewhere among his ribs and, mounting across his chest, disappeared on the other side. Phyllis eyed it with strong disfavor.

"The map of the Mississippi and its tributaries is darling," she observed. "I suppose you ran into a shell and broke it all to flinders. So mean!"

"Huh? Oh!" He glanced down and made an ineffectual attempt to pull the edge of wet jersey up to cover it. "Yeh. Only it wasn't intentional. I wouldn't bust up some other person's nice little shell just for spite. I'm not that kind."

"Didn't heal in very good shape, did it?" said the girl, seriously this time.

"It got infected. It's all right," said Jim, not without a touch of resentment, as if championing his scar under derogatory criticism. "Might have been a whole lot worse. They talked about sawing out some of me—chunk of bone somewhere—but the *toubib*, the surgeon, you know, finally said to take a chance on it this way."

"Is that what they call 'em? The French ones?"

"Yeh, the men did; it's slang, I guess. They were all French in the hospital where I was."

Phyllis studied the sinister thing again as if—I fancied—seeking to master her repugnance by a stark exertion of will; and it was with determined levity that she said: "*To-be*," hey? Lucky for you he wasn't a has-been!"

"Aw, haw, haw! Furthermore and to continue, har, har!" said young Lowndes elaborately. Then he inquired how she got that way.

"It's natural. Born so. Doesn't that hurt you sometimes still? It looks as if it did."

"Why, no! Sure not! It's healed. There isn't any feeling in it at all."

She expressed incredulity by a monosyllabic sound. "*Aw-w!*"

"Honest there isn't! Here, you touch it! I'll shut my eyes, and you touch it. I won't know if you do or you don't. Honest!"

Phyllis—still with that odd suggestion of deliberate force over herself—advanced an experimental finger to one of the knots gingerly; in a flash she snatched her hand back with a sharp exclamation of loathing. "*Yah!*" An hysterical shudder ran over her stalwart young frame; her lips turned gray. I moved among my cushions in anticipation of one of those lamentably unbecoming seizures witnessed about the decks in heavy weather; but Jimmie was too startled, I believe, to visualize any such catastrophe.

"Here! Say! Gee! What's the matter?" he ejaculated, staring at her and all round in astounded perturbation. "Anything sting you? Where? What was it?"

"It felt all raw and soft and horrible!" the girl said faintly.

His puzzled and dismayed gaze followed her gesture toward the scar and rested there in complete blankness. "Raw? Raw nothing! It's all good skin, only it doesn't feel. Look!"

"*Don't!*"

Jim glanced at her face and hurriedly made another abortive effort to hide the place. "Why, I wouldn't have said anything about your touching it if I'd known," he said, much troubled. "I'm used to it, you know. I never think how it looks to other people."

"Goodness, it wouldn't worry anybody else; it's just *me*. I get sick. I haven't any sense, that's what's the matter."

"*'Sick'* is right!" said Jim, surveying her not too flatteringly. "You don't know how weird you look—kind of pale green and spotted where the freckles show up. Your upper lip's all wet. Listen, hadn't we better go indoors? Do you believe you can walk?"

Phyllis hastily wiped her upper lip. "No, I'm all right! It does make me so mad!" she said with violence. "I can't look at blood either. That's just the kind of dumbbell I am! No, never mind, I tell you! I'm all right now."

"Well, gee, I'm sorry!"

"Goody, Jim Lowndes, as if it was your fault!" she snapped at him; there were tears of sheer anger and mortified pride in her eyes. "It does make me so mad!" she reiterated. "I try and *try* to control it, and I can't. It gets me every time. I just *hate* it!"

"Why, it isn't anything out of the way. The nurses all said they keeled over the first time they saw anything."

"Yes, but they get used to it, and I can't. I wanted to nurse, and mother said I could, and everything was all right till this thing came up. Fine chance a wounded man would have with me fainting all over him! I shouldn't be anything but a nuisance and dangerous besides," said the girl with very real bitterness. "I just gave up and went in the canteen."

There was a silence, both of them looking off to sea. The young man had listened to this recital leniently, with some curiosity maybe, but no poignant interest. "Race you to the raft?" he presently proposed, seeing her restored to her normal poise.

"All right!"

The little scene, the fragment of talk, seemed to me eminently characteristic of their generation; if memory serves, Victorian youth was not so literal, forthright, and shy of the purple patch. That scar of Jim's with all its grave implications would have provoked more than a comradely jibe about the map of the Mississippi from a Phyllis of 1885. But these days it's down with romance, sentiment, tenderness, hero-worship! In lieu of all that: "Race you to the raft!"

These conclusions, however, turned out to be pitifully at fault in the illumination Mrs. Harrington shed upon our young peoples' behavior. This happened that same evening after dinner; regularly at that hour the porch batteries were limbering up, and they went into action as the first machine-load of ukeleles, cigarettes, canvas shoes, and bobbed heads rolled past. Mr. Richmond would be there, too, humped in a chair by the railing at an unsociable dis-

tance; he seldom exchanged a word with either the automobiles or us.

"What do you think of the modern girl?" Mrs. Harrington asked me; and somebody murmured "Flappers?" with a questioning inflection, whereupon somebody else commented briskly that *that* hue and cry was all out of date now.

"Well, different manners, of course. But in the long run I suppose the modern girl is about the same as the ancient one," said I, cautiously choosing a middle course, a light tone. This policy was not only disingenuous but mistaken, for Mrs. Harrington never trifled.

"I'm afraid not," she said forbearingly, but with her fine decision. "That very topic came up in the Greek Circle of our Woman's Club last winter. Mrs. Alice Dawes McCallup gave us an address: 'Sex in all its relations'—you know she's an authority. She said the ancients safeguarded their girls by teaching them all the physical facts of life. We don't like to admit it, but our modern training isn't so good. Nowadays the girls know *everything*!" She spoke with a simple finality; and while I was confusedly endeavoring to follow the argument, not to mention reconcile it with what I had understood from her on the same subject previously, she added, "I asked you because I'm interested to know what you thought of *that*, to-day? Down at the pool, you know? I would call it—well, I'll have to use a plain word—" she hesitated, but brought it out—"lewd, that is what I should *have* to call it!"

I gaped at her, my mind roaming hither and yon in futile conjecture, conscious that all the rest were attending upon me expectantly, and Mrs. Harrington herself with wonder and some impatience—as well she might, for doubtless no mortal ever presented a more vacuous countenance.

"When Phyllis Cole and that young Lowndes were there together? You were right there, you must have seen her *touch* him. She put out her hand and *touched* him. You couldn't have





*Drawn by Frances Rogers*

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE MODERN GIRL?" MRS. HARRINGTON ASKED ME

helped seeing it. I was wondering what you thought?"

My brain cleared. "Oh, *that!* Oh yes, I saw that, but—" and I set out to explain. But midway the explanation somehow went lame, broke down in incoherencies, vain assertions, and repetitions before that sweet, adamant gaze; all at once a sense of impotence weighted me; I floundered and stammered vehemently but hopelessly.

"You aren't very observant, are you?" said Mrs. Harrington, kindly; one perceived that not for worlds would she hurt anybody's feelings. She shook her head in genuine regret. "Phyllis knew perfectly well what effect her touch would have on that young man—and on herself, too, of course. And, of course, he was willing enough! A man, you know—! They are really less to blame than the girls."

"But they weren't dreaming of—they didn't—they—I heard every word they said! They knew I was there—they *couldn't* . . ."

"These erotic movies are responsible for it, I think," said Mrs. Harrington, compassionate but inflexible. "They trade on the sex instinct—keep it constantly inflamed. They haven't any conscience about influencing young people. Did you see that picture, 'The Lure of Eve'? Isn't it the most revoltingly sensual thing? Oh, you haven't seen it? Well, you *ought* to go! It will open your eyes to the state of things. Don't miss it when it comes around again. I'm sure it will. They always send the popular ones around again."

Here with the effort and noise which accompanied all his hampered movements, Mr. Richmond abruptly struggled up out of his chair and struggled off, pursued by alarmed glances from all our group. "Mercy, do you suppose he heard? I didn't know he was so near. He might have coughed, or something, to warn us. But then he's so queer anyhow—there's not the slightest doubt his mind is affected—" Mrs. Harrington caught herself, meeting my eye. Then

she apologized very prettily and generously. "Of course, I can't unsay it, but I'm sorry to have said it before *you*. I forgot you were such a friend of his."

I did not contradict her; I did not asseverate again that Mr. Richmond and I had never really met; I preferred the pusillanimous course of silence and acceptance of the false position!

My room was near the head of the stairs; and across the aisle—red carpeted, gemmed with ice-water pitchers—abode a colony of the moral lepers of whom Jimmie Lowndes was one representative. He and the Sanborn boy shared a pigeonhole together, and kept the neighborhood enlivened with clarion laughter, with whistling and banjo-practice and sounds of rough-and-tumble play. The hotel employees, exercising that gift of subtle irony not infrequently met with among them, were forever bringing the boys' shirts to my door, handing in their newly-pressed trousers, their purchases of cigarettes and what-not. In time I grew seasoned to it; but all experience failed when they sought to deliver a mighty parcel, imperfectly done up, with outlines of Noah's Ark suggestion. A painted eye peered from the depths of it; one could identify a large, rumped, paper-muslin ear.

"I have not ordered any elephant's heads," I informed them resolutely. "And I don't want to take charge of any. This must be for Number Twenty-seven. I think they are going to have an amateur circus, or a jungle party of some kind."

"Oh, Number Twenty-seven? All right. Beg pardon!" They lugged the thing across to the opposite door and deposited it alongside another sizable package already there; and a while later when Twenty-seven's two tenants came back from some excursion, I heard them exclaiming jubilantly, "Hi, the stuff's here! It's all come!" They dragged it inside; strings snapped, papers rustled; first one and then the other, as I judged, tried on the elephant's head with guffawing and an exchange of bludgeonlike per-



sonalities. The boy they called Tad happening along opportunely, joined them, and *he* tried it on; and then there ensued noises not so easy to define, alternating with periods of silence and rumbling masculine consultation. This was succeeded by some movement in the corridor, culminating in a knock at my door—a knock that indescribably conveyed helplessness and diffident yet confiding appeal. Upon opening, there stood the Sanborn boy; the rest hovered shyly within their own threshold.

"Why—er—I hate awfully to disturb you, but I—I thought you might have a needle and thread?"

"Oh, certainly!" I fetched the articles and put them into his big, browned, awkward hand, and he eyed them respectfully, yet with a certain distrust.

"They're as nice as can be, but—but are they the strongest you've got? Like what you'd put buttons on with, or darn stockings? Strong, you know, *strong*?" He illustrated with a bit of pantomime, tying an imaginary string around an imaginary object, and executing a powerful jerk on either end of it. "*Strong!*"

"I'm afraid that's the coarsest I have. You can double it, you know."

This suggestion plainly held out dazzling promise. "Oh, that's so! I didn't think about doubling it. That'll be fine. Thank you ever so much!" And he departed—decamped would be the better word, such was the haste with which he got away to his companions and the shelter of their own territory. But I had a suspicion that they were not yet at the end of their difficulties; there was something abnormal in the association of boys with needles and thread. And sure enough, ere long dire rumors arose! "*Ouch!* Watch out!" "Well, you hold still, then!" "I can't get a good shove at it without pecking my finger all up!" "That's not your finger you're pecking; that's *me*!" "Say, listen, what we ought to have is one of those things they sew sail with. They fit in the palm of your hand, and you can jam her right through—*zing!*" "Oh, damn! the thread's all

twisting round itself." "Here, I'll hold it. . . ."

Flesh and blood could scarcely endure the exhibition of pathetic incompetence; but as I lingered, shrinkingly debating offers of help, the Sanborn boy applied at my door again; this time he was furiously nursing one forefinger, and to my surprise and gratification addressed me much less formally. "Say, got a thimble?"

"Not one that you could get on," said I, emboldened to respond in like vein. "What on earth are you boys trying to do, anyhow?"

"Why, it's Jim's costume. He's the hind half of the elephant, you know. We got it kind of shaped up—cut out—" he performed another descriptive pantomime—"but it's kind of hard to—to get it together, so it'll stay on him."

Their door was open as before, and we were edging toward it imperceptibly as we imperceptibly became confidential. The room was in a terrific litter, with yards of paper-muslin billowing about the floor, the elephant's head laid up on one of their beds, neckties stringing from the electric-light bracket, socks and pipes and tins of shoe-whitener, and peanuts and collars everywhere. In the middle of the chaos, Jimmie, wreathed in paper-muslin, stood bowed over with his hands on his knees; the boy they called Tad was sitting on the other bed. They observed my approach warily, yet with a timid and touching hope; and as for me, rarely have I savored a position of so much importance!

"You don't want to baste that on him. You must pin it first, and then take it off and sew it up."

They acquiesced humbly.

"I've got a paper of pins—it'll take a paper at least."

They said they didn't like to give me so much trouble—and it was awfully kind of me—and if I would just tell them how, they guessed they could do it—and—and—I put on my spectacles and went to work.

We were getting along famously with

the fitting when the telephone rang. The Sanborn boy answered it, and after announcing that he was not Mr. James Lowndes but that Mr. Lowndes was right there, and they could go ahead, received some lengthy communication to which he listened with what was without doubt his "office" or "business" expression. "All right. I'll ask him. Hold the line a minute, will you?" he said when the voice whose urgent articulation we could hear, suspended for an instant. "Say, Jim, it's some fellow from the National News Bureau, and he says they want your photograph—hey?" He readjusted himself to the instrument as the voice began again vigorously. "Oh! . . . Yeh! . . . All right! Why, he says they want one in uniform, with your cross on."

Jim, somewhat red in the face owing to the pose he was still holding while I pinned, and with his ordinarily smooth coiffure in disorder falling into his eyes, grumbled out, "Aw, I haven't got any. What's he want it for?"

"Why, he said for the Sunday rotogravure section. He says they're going to feature a line of war-cross men."

"Well, tell him I haven't got any. Who wants to see 'em anyhow? He could take anybody's and stick any name onto it, and nobody'd know the difference!"

The Sanborn boy relayed this message picturesquely translated. "Hello. . . . Why, he says he hasn't got any. He says for you to scratch a hair-cut and a soft collar on Lydia Pinkham and run her in. . . . Hey? . . . Oh! . . . ." He turned from the receiver, grinning "Why, Jim, he says that would be all right for a congressman, maybe, but these war-heroes—nothin' doin'! And he wants to come up now and take you."

Jim straightened himself violently, a good many of my pins letting go with rending outcry. "Come up?" Is he here?"

"Yeh, downstairs. It's the local man. He says if he can come right up . . ."

Mr. Lowndes signified dissent in a pithy monosyllable. "D——! No, he can't! Tell him I'm busy, I haven't got any time to fool. Tell him to go—" Like a thunderbolt, recollection of my presence fell upon him; he stuttered apologies in empurpled self-abasement. "Aw, say—I—I forgot—I—"

"It's all right," said I vaguely, through a mouthful of pins.

"Hello. . . . He says wait . . ." said the Sanborn boy into the telephone. "He's busy just now . . . Hello . . ."

"Aw, I guess it's a job for the fellow, Jim," suggested the boy they called Tad humanely. "He says he'll wait, only how long will you be?"

This was too much! Jim surrendered before the lofty spectacle of the photographer standing fast like the Roman sentry in the wrack of Pompeii, like the warriors holding the pass at Thermopylae, like Casabianca on the burning deck! "Aw, tell him to come along and get through with it," he growled disgustedly. And in a trice the photographer was among us, a long-nosed young man in a coat that needed pressing, unbelievably nimble, expeditious, efficient, spreading his black valise, opening out his tripod, shuffling his plates with the speed and dexterity of a conjuror.

"Mr. Lowndes? Yeh? Aw ri'! Your mother? No? Aw ri'!" He was nowise put about by my unexplained presence, being obviously a man of one idea; his not to question why! "Pardon me, I'll just raise the curtain—your head a little this way, please. Now hold that a second."

"See here—" Jimmie expostulated plaintively, unable to stir with the folds of stuff curdling all around his legs. "See here, I'm busy. I've got a date—I've got a date with a girl. You know how that is yourself."

"Yeh! Sure!" said the busy photographer. "Your chin a little higher, please. Now hold that! I won't keep you a minute." He was as soothing as the dentist. "Just once more, now. Didn't have your uniform, did you?"



Needn't t' mind, though; I can fix that. Where's your cross?"

As he spoke a door somewhere down the hall in the vicinity of the Harringdons' rooms opened and closed; a step approached. The others gave no heed to it, they were one and all too intent on the matter in hand, Jimmie heatedly reciting that he did not go around habitually diked out with the cross, naw, he didn't have it with him, naw, he didn't know where it was, his mother had it, naw, his mother wasn't here, they lived in Little Falls, Iowa, and so on in reply to the photographer's dauntless insistence. But at that imminent footfall, terror tiptoed up my spine! I saw Mrs. Harringdon's firm eyes, I heard those clear, convinced accents: "At *her* age! . . . After all, *they* are just young men. . . . The men are really less to blame . . ." No safety in flight; caught staying, caught going, the result would be the same. And then with an overwhelming gush of relief, it was borne in on me that the newcomer was Mr. Richmond.

He came limping on his cane, glanced toward us as he was passing from under his bushy, forbidding eyebrows, and halted in sheer surprise. There was Jimmie; there was the photographer hesitating, at a stand but still determined; there was the Sanborn boy lounging in the window; there was the boy they called Tad contemplatively smoking a cigarette alongside the elephant's head and, for a final touch, there was I. Mr. Richmond's survey traveled over us all and as everybody becoming aware of it, leveled an inquiring eye at him, he spoke in an extraordinarily mild voice, "What's up?"

Conclamantly we divulged what was up; even the photographer had his say, even I had mine; and it was somewhat to Mr. Richmond's credit that in the medley he pitched upon and succeeded in isolating the central and most important fact. "War cross? Yours?" he said to Jim; then ruminated a second, and asked a rather odd question, "They were all alike, weren't they?"

"I don't know, I guess so," said Jimmie, after some puzzled effort of memory. "That's an idea, though," he added to the photographer persuasively. "You can get a picture of one somewhere. It doesn't make any difference; they just want it for something to fill the paper up with, don't they?"

The photographer looked doubtful shaking his head and beginning something about the main office, but now Mr. Richmond intervened again.

"If they were all alike, perhaps this one will do," he said, and burrowed into an inner pocket and brought out a leather case buffed off and shabby with handling; there was a bit of metal inside it, a rag of tri-colored ribbon.

"Yeh, that's the same!" Jimmie said at once, and involuntarily glanced in appraisal at the other's broken figure, his gray hair. "Is it—?"

"No, no, not mine. It's my son's. I had a boy that went. About your age, I think. They sent me this afterward."

There was a silence in the little room, a certain look on all their faces; I felt very much out of place in this gathering of men.

"You were all of you in, I suppose?" said Mr. Richmond.

Sure, they were all in! The photographer took the poor, plain trinket with a grave gesture. "He was out of luck," he said.

The picture was taken, and they gave the cross back to Mr. Richmond. I finished up Jim's costume, abundantly thanked, and understood later that his appearance and performance in conjunction with some other volunteer artist made a prodigious hit. No report of my activities reached Mrs. Harringdon, I feel confident, for she did not break off the acquaintance; though, upon reflection, I perceive this to be no real test. Notwithstanding the strength of her principles, she probably would have tempered justice with mercy in dealing with me. If there had been further opportunity I am sure she would have kept on displaying kindness and

tolerance toward Mr. Richmond, even after the dreadful explosion which took place only a day or so after the events just recorded; but he left the next morning, and it is not likely that they have met since.

It was raining and chilly, so that we had all stayed indoors after dinner; but no extremes of weather prevailed against the hardy spirits of our juniors. They all trooped off as usual, except that the automobiles were curtained instead of open; the same movement and hilarity, the same shouting backward and forward, the same coughing uproar of engines with stalling and backfiring and collisions narrowly averted, accompanied the departure as always. Somebody remarked that they could not do anything or go anywhere without a vast amount of unnecessary noise.

"Yes, but I suppose, on the whole, the noise is more reassuring than silence. One never knows what may be going on in one of those closed machines when everything is quiet," said Mrs. Harrington. "The way they all came home the other night, you could tell the state they were in, the young men and I am afraid most of the girls, too; it was bad enough, but not so bad as—as some other things might have been. Still, when I was waked up by that drunken racket, I—well, I felt thankful that Dickie wasn't old enough to realize what it meant."

"Oh, do you really think they were —?"

"Oh yes! Anybody could tell by the perfectly wild way they were running the machines. All that noise!"

"But the cars always make a noise coming up the hill."

"Yes, only one can tell the difference at once," said Mrs. Harrington. "I think it's a kind of craze that will pass off presently," she went on in her humane fashion. "Drinking, I mean, you know. I think it will run its course after a while, at least I hope so, among the young set. It's the aftermath of the war, of course; they crave physical ex-

citement, and if they can't get it one way, they will another. . . . Eh? I beg your pardon, Mr. Richmond? I didn't catch what you were saying?"

"I wasn't saying anything," said Mr. Richmond, scowling at her—or maybe he was merely scowling because he was in pain; one could not be sure. He had, in fact, uttered some sort of inarticulate snarl; but he repeated, "I wasn't saying anything, but I will now. I should like to hear on what you base these handsome and becoming assumptions? All this about the boys and girls going off and getting drunk together?"

He addressed the wall-like blue eyes undismayed; possibly he had never come in contact with Mrs. Harrington's immovable stockades of knowledge. Her patience, upheld by her convictions, was proof against any such intemperate assault; she smiled at him, answering reasonably,

"Why, Mr. Richmond, don't you *know* they do? That Lowndes boy when he went off with Phyllis Cole just now, don't you *know* they had whiskey in that machine?"

Mr. Richmond eyed her for a long minute; he slowly looked around upon us all. There were two or three elderly men among us as it happened, and he looked at them, too. "This is the general view? None of you deny or argue it?" he asked at last.

The men fidgeted, exchanging uncomfortable glances; I might have spoken up—but I did not have the courage. Mr. Richmond painfully arose. "No, I don't know anything of the kind!" he said, replying to Mrs. Harrington in loud, deliberate and savagely distinct accents. "I don't know what young Lowndes has in his automobile. I know what he has on his body. He has a scar about a foot long that he got in a neighborhood called the Argonne, which you may have heard of. Incidentally, he was there defending and protecting a parcel of old women, some of 'em in petticoats and some of 'em in breeches, who spend most of their time



befouling him behind his back. There're some other things I don't know. I don't know where all the decent, wholesome young girls go to, and the slop-minded women come from; but if I thought Phyllis Cole would eventually develop into anything like *you*—!" said Mr. Richmond, glowering at Mrs. Harrington and the rest of us in turn—"if I thought *that*, I'd regard it as a national calamity. You're all mighty good, you're as good as you can be, I don't doubt it for a minute; and it's you that keep the dirty books being published, and the dirty pictures in the films, and the dirty plays on the stage. You're solidly good; and if you ever stir up the little puddles you call your brains, it's only when you run more sewage in or dip some out. Any single one of these

young people you love to retail lies and obscenities about is potentially worth more than this entire roomful. That's what *I* know. And as to what *you* know, all I've got to say is, I don't give a damn!" With which coruscating peroration, he stalked away, tremblingly supporting himself on his cane.

"Well, did you *ever*!" ejaculated Mrs. Harrington, recovering after a startled moment. She glanced into a mirror nearby, and touched up her hair. "How he did harp on our being *old*! No one here is anywhere near as old as he is! Wasn't he *too* funny? But it isn't right to laugh," she interrupted herself quickly, governing her own smile. "He couldn't help it. His mind's going, you know. One ought not to laugh at people like that. It's not *kind*!"

## Alternatives

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

**B**RIGHT splendor of the flaming trees:  
 Is this thy choice, my heart?  
 Passion of crimson, scarlet, gold: like these  
     Wilt thou too play thy part?  
 Burning—then burnt; blown leaves and lost,  
 And all the boughs left bare to wind and frost.  
     Lost leaves are they, burnt, blown afar,  
     Bare boughs and desolate they are.

Look now upon the dark pine tree  
     And make thy choice, my heart.  
 No burning splendors where its green groves be,  
     Sober its faithful part;  
 Green leaves and thick, steadfast they spread,  
 And, wind or frost, the boughs are comforted.  
     Brief flames, or sober length of days:  
     Choose, heart—it cannot be both ways.

# The Cost of Progress

BY CHARLES PIERCE BURTON

*The railroads of America are in the midst of a mighty struggle to equip themselves properly to take care of our growing production. The value of the commodities constantly in transit is over one and a half billion dollars. If the average time in transit of all shipments could be reduced one day a saving of approximately twenty million dollars in interest charges would result.*

EVERYONE, at some time, has stood at a railroad crossing in the country and watched the passing of the "Limited." Into the distance stretch two shining bands of steel, silent and empty. Suddenly, at the appointed moment, a black dot appears where the two rails seem to meet. Rapidly it grows larger and larger and draws nearer. A white puff of steam is thrown off by the hurrying creature, and presently the faint sound of a whistle reaches the ear. Nearer and nearer approaches the charging monster, the very rails giving out sighs and groans of anticipation. Then, with a terrifying shriek and roar and accompaniment of wind, the train hurtles past; grows smaller and smaller; disappears into the distance.

Such a sight is one of the greatest and most fascinating in the world, although so common we seldom give it more than a passing thought. One feels insignificant in the presence of that superb monster breathing out smoke and fire—that almost human machine, with its noise and clamor, its puffing and wheezing—the very embodiment of tremendous, pitiless force. Yet physically insignificant only. Man is the master. Man's hand is on the throttle. Man's brain conceived that mighty engine and built the track on which it travels. Man, with all his weaknesses, his failures, his mistaken conceptions of team play and of the square deal in business and industry—great man is the sublimest thing in nature.

Consider the railroad from another

angle, not as a marvel of achievement but as a tool of civilization, perhaps the greatest of all tools except government itself. Or as an artery of our social body, through which the commerce of the nation must flow unimpeded or disaster will follow. Production cannot long outrun transportation facilities. Employment and prosperity depend on more than supply and demand. Without efficient and economical distribution industry must slow down and enforced idleness will follow.

We know all this in a far-off, impersonal way. We know that the railroads of America are in the midst of a mighty struggle to equip themselves properly to take care of our growing production. Notwithstanding this, high finance selfishly gambles with them; organized labor ignorantly clubs them into inefficiency, and this great Government, of, by, and for the people, calmly strangles them into impotence.

How many of the millions who daily use a railroad train have any conception of how that railroad came to be there for their convenience; have any adequate knowledge of the enormous outpouring of money in its building and maintenance; of the labor, grief, engineering perplexities, the brains, mightier than either capital or labor, involved in its construction and operation? Yet some knowledge of these things is necessary to a proper understanding of the railroad in its relation to society and government and of the many problems which grow out of that relationship. These prob-



lems are crying for solution, and will never be solved correctly and permanently without such understanding.

Let us consider railroads in the making, with a sympathetic appreciation of the rapidity of their development and of the stupendous revolution which they have wrought in our business and social life.

Less than a hundred years have passed since the venerable Charles Carroll, at that time only surviving signer of the Declaration of Independence, broke ground for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. It was promoted by the merchants of Baltimore, built with rails of scrap-iron, and operated nearly a year by horse power. Carroll had vision. Did he glimpse the amazing future development of his country?

"I consider this among the most important acts of my life," he declared, after the ceremony, "second only to that of signing the Declaration of Independence, even if second to that."

After an unsuccessful effort to propel the train with sails, the company finally advertised for the construction of a steam engine, "which in operation must not exceed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  tons in weight and must, on a level road, be capable of drawing, day by day, 15 tons, inclusive of the weight of wagons, 15 miles an hour."

As recently as 1837, within the lifetime of men still living, it was proven by algebraic formula that no locomotive could possibly climb an ascending grade under its own power.

As late as 1858 the people of New York State were holding meetings and resolving that the railroads had no right to carry freight in competition with the Erie Canal. In Pennsylvania, too, the opposition to railroad building was bitter. It had been just as bitter, by the way, against the building of turnpikes some years before. But when the Erie Canal began to divert business from Pennsylvania to New York railroad construction was undertaken, canals not being feasible, although much preferred.

Measured by years, it has not been long since Commodore Vanderbilt, look-

ing around for more worlds to conquer, saw the crying need for the consolidation of railroads and the standardization of their tracks. To go by rail from New York to Buffalo it was necessary to change cars many times, owing to the differences in the gauge of the small independent lines. Vanderbilt, in organizing ten independent railroads into the New York Central System, using track of the same gauge, made modern railroad transportation possible.

To-day in America the standard railroad gauge is fifty-six and one-half inches. Why that fraction of an inch, has been a problem to many of us laymen. The story is told that, through some error, the original locomotive ordered from England was built a half inch out of the way, and the track had to be laid of a width to correspond. However that may be, there is very little narrow-gauge track left in the country at the present time, except for private haulage in connection with industries, and that absurd one-half inch has become a fixed and permanent standard.

So recent is the air brake which revolutionized railroad operation and made it comparatively safe that the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, during the present summer of 1923, is spending an enormous sum to reduce a grade which was maintained as a safety device in the days antedating the air brake. Coming down the east slope of the Alleghany Mountains, the Chesapeake & Ohio makes a sharp curve and rise two miles from Covington, Virginia, before dropping down into the Shenandoah Valley. According to local tradition, before the days of the air brake this intermediate hill and curve, interposed between the mountain summit and the valley below, were deliberately planned for stopping run-away trains, out of control on the mountain side. Such grades and curves have no place in modern railroad engineering.

It seems only yesterday, to the older generation, when the great transcontinental lines forced their way westward,

climbed the mighty barriers interposed by the Rockies, following the trails of wild animals across the mountains, and finally bound this vast geographical area into an indissoluble Union, in fact as in name, United States of America. The streets of Boston are said to follow cow paths of wilderness days. This is literally true of the pioneer transcontinental thoroughfares of steel. The paths of the wild things of the forest invariably led to the most accessible mountain passes, and in many instances determined the railroad location.

The building of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railroads by a nation numerically small and financially poor, without adequate tools, far from the base of supplies, across a wilderness peopled by hostile savage tribes, was an achievement unparalleled in railroad construction and rarely equaled in the record of human progress.<sup>4</sup>

It is costing countless millions in expenditure to correct the curves and grades of those days of pioneer railroad-ing; but corrected they must be if America prospers. Railroad profits are figured in fractions of a cent, with the cost of the ton-mile as the determining factor; that is, the cost of hauling a ton of freight one mile. This cost may be five mills, may be more or even less, according to physical conditions and executive capacity. Let us suppose it to be five mills, a half cent. It will be roughly true then that a curve which carries the traffic of a railroad one mile out of the way adds a half cent to the cost of hauling every ton of freight which passes over the road. This is not absolutely true, of course, for in arriving at that cost average of one half cent, terminal expenses, overhead, etc., are considered. Furthermore, the increased friction of the car wheels on the curve, the increased strain on the cars and wear on the rails, add to the cost of operation and maintenance. A half cent is a trifling sum in itself, but multiply it by the number of tons which pass over that busy railroad each day, and it will be

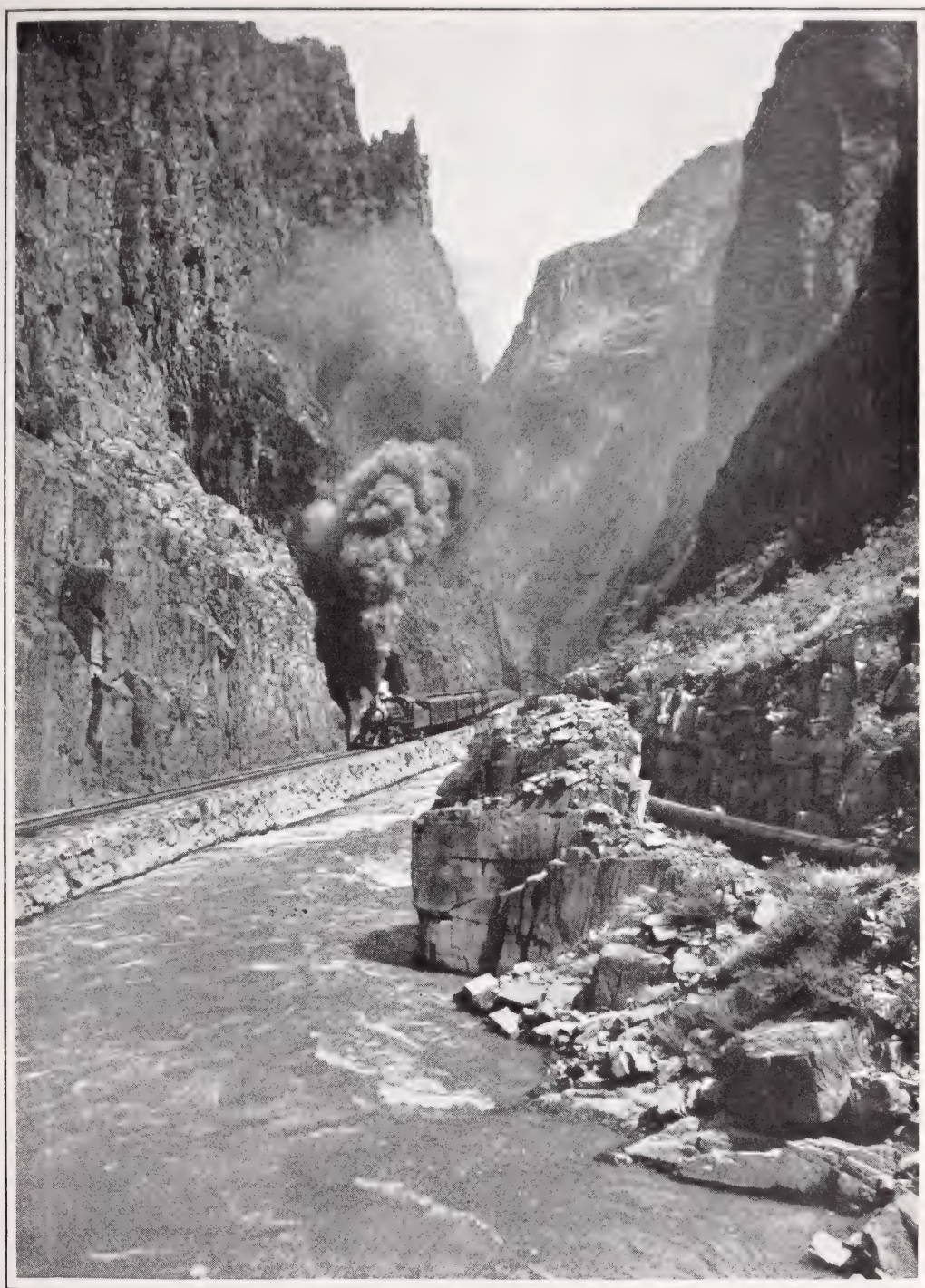
seen why our carriers are willing to spend millions in the reduction of curves and grades and in speeding up transportation generally.

The public is directly interested in speeding up transportation for other reasons than the greater convenience and the reduced freight charges which naturally would follow. Too many figures are formidable, but it is difficult to avoid them altogether. Take the item of interest alone. In the year 1920, for example, in round numbers a billion and a quarter tons of freight originated on the railroads of the United States. Divide that tonnage by the working days of the year, 305, and we have more than 4 million tons originated daily. If we multiply that tonnage by the average number of days in transit, which was 5, we find that 20½ million tons were constantly in transit during that year. The average value of all commodities during 1920 was \$73 a ton, according to Government Reports. Therefore, the value of the commodities constantly in transit was something like a billion and a half dollars, interest on which sum at 6 per cent is in excess of 90 million dollars annually. If the average time in transit in 1920 could have been reduced 1 day, it would have reduced the annual interest charge against the goods in transit by more than 18 million dollars.

Why then were not the railroads built right in the first place, so far as curves and grades are concerned? Partly because of the difficulty of financing the projects. It is said that the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad between Chicago and Galena had so much trouble raising its initial capital that it finally was financed largely through the sale of potatoes and other contributed commodities. In those days the first cost of a railroad was paramount. To-day it is incidental; the cost of operation is the important thing.

Railroads were not built "right" in the first place because of inadequate tools. It not only was cheaper to build round or over a hill than to go through





A TRAIN PASSING THROUGH ROYAL GORGE, THE GRAND CANYON OF THE ARKANSAS





THE TUNNEL AT ARKLE, KENTUCKY, BEFORE IT WAS "MOVED"

it, but to do otherwise was practically impossible. The pick and shovel and wheelbarrows, backed by human muscle, were the tools which built those early railroads, and track was laid where the shoveling was easiest and cheapest.

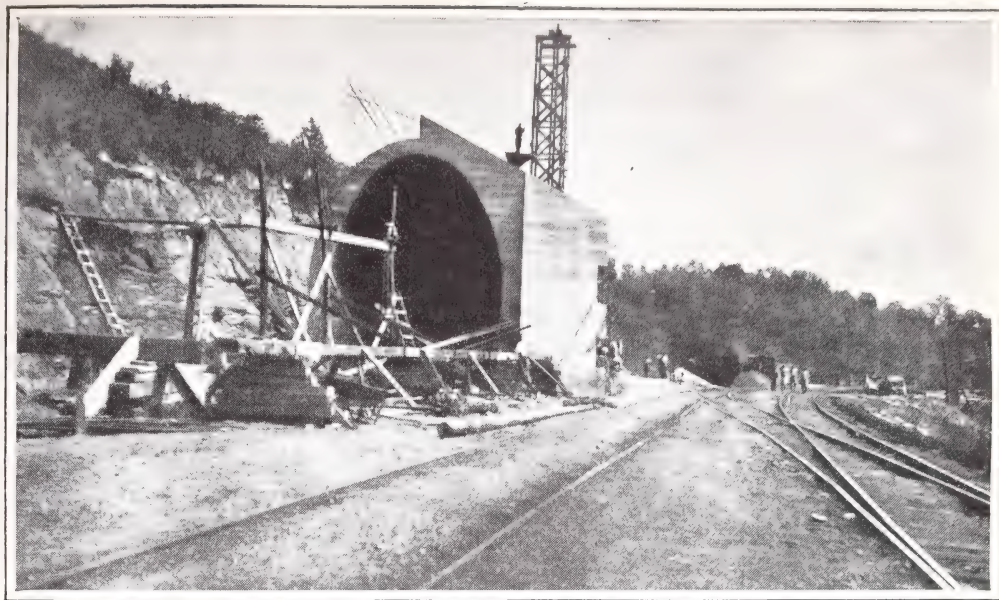
One of the most common of present-day earth-moving tools, the wheeled scraper, did not appear until 1877. The contractors who were building the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad into Mt. Ayr, Iowa, were to receive a bonus of forty thousand dollars if trains were running by October 1st. The wheeled scraper was conceived to enable them to move dirt faster and get the forty thousand dollars. As someone has expressed it, "They put wheels on a dustpan and, b'gosh it ran." Dynamite, another tool, by means of which whole mountains of hardest granite can be broken down—absolutely necessary to modern railroad engineering—is of comparatively recent development. The steam shovel, described by an enthusiastic Virginian as "right smart human," and its efficient handmaiden, the dump car—indispensable tools in modern railroad construction—date back only a few years. Air-dump cars, dumped by ap-

plication of compressed air, did not arrive until needed in the construction of the Panama Canal.

The original curves and grades of American railroads are now impracticable because of the enormous expansion of the nation's commerce since the railroads were built. It is difficult for us laymen, who sometimes talk learnedly of overcapitalization and replacement charges, to realize that within the past twenty years the railroads of the United States have been practically rebuilt, in an effort to keep pace with the growing commerce of this amazing country, and would be rebuilt again within the next ten years if money for the work were obtainable.

The average life of the rolling stock of a railroad is not more than twenty years, and this determines the average life of nearly everything depending on that rolling stock. Very little of the depreciation is due to wear and tear. About half of it is due to inadequacy, resulting from the astonishing growth of the nation. Approximately an equal amount is due to obsolescence, new inventions effecting economies of operation having made the old designs obsolete. It is entirely with-





THE TUNNEL AT EMANUEL, SHOWING PROCESS OF RECONSTRUCTION

in a conservative statement of fact to say that at least half, possibly three-fourths, of the railroads in the United States should be electrified, purely as a matter of economy, and would be electrified if money for the improvement were obtainable. Some one aptly has described this rapid depreciation in the physical property of all public utilities, as the "cost of progress."

Not so very long ago freight cars of 40,000 pounds capacity were considered large; now a capacity of 100,000 pounds is the standard. In ten years before the recent war the traffic of the country almost doubled, while facilities for handling it increased only twenty per cent. Larger cars, longer and faster trains offered partial solution of the very serious problem which was menacing the life of the nation.

Larger cars, however, brought new difficulties. Locomotives built to pull trains of 20-ton cars could not handle trains of 50-ton cars. Larger and heavier locomotives had to be purchased. Sixty-pound steel rails, heavy enough for the lighter and slower trains, became unsafe under the weight and pounding of the heavier loads. Eighty-five-pound, 100-

pound, 110-pound, and even heavier rails were substituted. Steel bridges, carefully calculated to carry the weight of lighter locomotives, became positively dangerous for the new monster engines, heavier traffic, and greater speed. Stronger bridges had to be constructed. For similar reasons roadbeds were strengthened, grades cut down, and curves eliminated. To-day on important lines there is hardly a trace of the railroad as it existed during the early years of the present century, except the right-of-way.

The youngest of us almost have seen the installation of block-signal systems involving enormous expenditures, and we now are witnessing even more costly changes in grade separations, unnecessary and unheard of in the early days of railroading, but with the growing density of traffic and population becoming imperative. The just-completed elevation of tracks in the little city where these lines were written, made without the interruption of a great main-line traffic, cost the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, directly and in contingent expenditure, something like \$6,000,000.

Probably every reader of this article,

temporarily stalled in some passenger train behind a slow-moving freight, has expressed himself vigorously concerning the railroad management; yet the management was not to blame. The railroads have gone on pouring out as many millions as they could raise and increasing the length of their trains from 40 and 50 cars to 80 and 100, until present-day trains have outgrown their switching facilities. All over the country the railroads are confronted with the necessity of lengthening their sidings to give them a capacity of 100 cars instead of 50. According to officials who have made a survey of the switching situation, 90 per cent of the sidetracks built prior to 1917 are too short to take care of the longer freight trains which are now being operated. As a result, during heavy freight movements, passenger trains are held back until the freight carriers ahead of them can run 5, 10, or 20 miles to switches large enough for their accommodation. Union labor, by the way, is trying to lift itself by its bootstraps through a bill before the Illinois Legislature, limiting freight trains to 50 cars and adding another man to each crew.

Volume of traffic determines the economy of railroad location and equipment. Those original designs, now so uneconomical, may have been absolutely correct for the volume of business then available or in sight. For building a railroad to carry a small volume of traffic, the steam shovel and other modern grading machines would be an unwarranted installation. The pick and shovel and wheelbarrow might be the most economical tools to use. Just as increase in the quantity of earth to be moved makes obsolete the pick and shovel, so increase in the volume of traffic to be moved makes obsolete the earlier railroad designs. The cost of progress is enormous and inevitable.

A few concrete and typical illustrations of what railroads are doing and have done to solve their operating problems will tell the story of progress and its cost better than mere generalizations.

At the present time the New York Central System is expending \$15,000,000, largely because the important city of Albany stands 135 feet lower than the highlands beyond, over which the Boston & Albany from the east and New York Central from the west enter the city. The steep grade necessary to climb 135 feet in either direction means that maximum train loads now have to be broken up into two or more sections and each section pulled or pushed up the hill. Great expense and delay result.

That is not the only source of trouble. The trains cross Hudson River at Albany over a drawbridge, which causes much delay during the season of navigation. Moreover, the freight yards at West Albany are too small and cannot be enlarged. Albany is the neck of the bottle. The amount of freight which the New York Central System can carry is limited to the amount which can be passed through Albany, the gateway between East and West.

When the improvements have been completed through-freight trains between East and West will not enter Albany at all, but will pass on an easy grade over a new line, now being constructed, known as the Hudson River Connecting Railroad, crossing Hudson River nearly one hundred and fifty feet above the water, out of the way of navigation. Enormous freight yards are being built in connection at Feurabush and Selkirk, below Albany, designed to make the capital city of New York one of the greatest freight centers in the world.

In order that the City of Detroit may have direct entrance into the coal fields, the Pennsylvania Railroad, during the past year, has been building into that city from Toledo. This extension and freight yards in conjunction will have cost \$20,000,000 when completed. It costs money for a railroad to build into the heart of a large city like Detroit and lay team tracks for 265 cars stub-ending on Fort Street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the city. The contract



price for wrecking one large building which had to be removed to make way for those tracks was \$70,000.

The Illinois Central Railroad is at work on an \$80,000,000 building program in and around the city of Chicago, which includes a new passenger station and ultimate electrification in harmony with the famous Chicago Plan. A million dollars does not go far in railroad work. This great railroad has been spending a million in grade reduction between Chicago and Kankakee, Illinois, to relieve the freight congestion. The maximum grade of four-tenths of one per cent against northbound traffic is being reduced to three-tenths of one per cent. The term, one-per-cent grade, means that there is a vertical rise of one foot in 100 feet, measured horizontally. A four-tenths-of-one-per-cent grade is a rise of less than 5 inches in 100 feet. This slight grade, which no human eye can detect, is being reduced at great cost by a trifle more than one inch in 100 feet. A grade of less than 5 inches in 100 feet

is not much of a climb, and a grade reduction of an inch and two-tenths in 100 feet cannot seemingly do much to relieve freight congestion. But that reduction of one-tenth of one per cent will add 500 tons to the weight of trains which Illinois Central locomotives can pull. Multiply that increase by the increased number of trains which will be made possible by a proposed extension of the four-track system, and it will be seen that considerable relief is in sight. Taken in connection with a great deal of similar improvement on all the large transportation systems, it will be appreciated that the railroads are doing all that is financially possible to care for the growing production of the country.

Railroads are seldom built these days with a grade exceeding seven-tenths of one per cent, and more often the maximum is kept under 6 inches in 100 feet, five-tenths per cent. There are places, of course, through mountains, where a steeper climb is necessary. From Field to the Great Divide in Canada, the



A TUG-OF-WAR BETWEEN AN ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE AND A STEAM LOCOMOTIVE  
IN WHICH THE FORMER WON

Canadian Pacific Railway was formerly obliged to climb nearly a quarter of a mile through Kicking Horse Pass up a four and five-tenths per cent grade. To climb nearly 60 feet in a quarter of a mile was expensive and difficult operation. This grade was reduced to two and two-tenths per cent, workable although still far from ideal, by building two spiral tunnels, now famous. From the west the track enters the first tunnel, 2,900 feet long, under Mount Ogden, turns a complete circle inside the mountain and, passing above itself, emerges 50 feet higher than the entrance. The track then turns westerly, crosses a river and enters a second tunnel, 3,255 feet long under Cathedral Mountain. Again it turns a complete circle within the mountain and emerges 54 feet above the entrance. A few words suffice to describe the completed task. Much time was necessary for its preparation, and for its accomplishment, a concentration of brain power and money almost inconceivable.

Here in a nutshell is the Illinois Central's Chicago problem, and it is worth thinking about, for every railroad in the country has not one but many similar problems:

To spend wisely \$80,000,000—assuming that the money can be raised—in the construction of a great railroad terminal in Chicago; to take up every one of an elaborate network of tracks entering the world's greatest railroad center, and place the tracks all back again on a different level; to build extensive coach yards where now roll the waters of Lake Michigan; to tear down a palatial passenger station and build a larger one on another site; to substitute electric power for steam within the city limits and beyond; to do all this and more without interrupting traffic; without interfering with the enormous freight and passenger business which pours into Chicago from the south, without delaying the millions of passengers who use this railroad in going to and from their homes.

The public has little conception of the

enormous difficulties in stupendous work of this character, undertaken by a single railroad in a single city. The public, moreover, having little appreciation or knowledge of these things, is often unreasonable in its demands. Few know, for example, that in the Illinois Central's Chicago Improvement there is a single project, to cost \$3,000,000, which presents problems so difficult that already many dozens of studies of this single project have been made by the engineers and many more will be made if necessary in order that the final solution may be correct. Upon the correctness of this solution will hang the success of the whole enterprise.

To appreciate what it means to change under traffic the elevation of an important railroad in a great city, it should be understood that the Illinois Central enters Chicago over a network of tracks which carry 342 suburban trains every 24 hours and 23,000,000 passengers in the course of a year. Every one of those tracks must be taken up and relaid on a different level, without interrupting the service of those 342 suburban trains or delaying those 23,000,000 passengers.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad is expending enormous sums on its Cumberland Valley Division in Kentucky, taking the kinks out of the original location and reducing the grade from one and one-fourth per cent to sixty-five hundredths per cent. This is part of an extensive betterment program to cost many millions. In this work it became necessary to move a tunnel. It sounds absurd, like selling an old well for post holes, but it was done. A tunnel which for years had stood near the little flag station of Arkle, Kentucky, was taken up and replaced across a gorge at Emanuel, three miles distant. This reads like a fairy tale, but so does the record of most achievements of those modern magicians called engineers, to whose creative brains both capital and labor are mere tools of construction.

Roughly speaking, as everybody knows, a railroad tunnel consists of a





MODERN RAILROAD ELECTRIFICATION IN A MONTANA CANYON

hole and a mountain, the hole being through the mountain. In its construction, as a rule, the railroad first finds a mountain that is suitable for a tunnel, and then bores a hole through it. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad is more original in its methods. On the Cumberland Valley Division it first found a hole which was suitable for a tunnel, at Emanuel; then moved the mountain which surrounded the Arkle tunnel down to the new hole.

This astonishing man-handling of a perfectly good tunnel was a mere incident in six miles of double-track work, itself the start of an extensive building program. As a result of the straightening process, the new north-bound track was to cross the old south-bound track at Emanuel, fifty feet above the original roadbed. First of all a suitable hole was incased in concrete, out in the open, where the passengers could see it paralleling the track, greatly to their mystification. The original track was diverted

through this tunnel. The old tunnel then was dynamited and deepened and the material moved down and dumped around the new tunnel and across the gorge. The north-bound track crosses on this fill. Travelers south-bound now ride through practically the same tunnel at Emanuel through which they formerly passed at Arkle.

Wonderful are the engineers, in both potentiality and achievement. They accomplish much which to us laymen seems weird and spectacular, although to them probably commonplace. The New York Connecting Railroad, entirely within the city limits of Greater New York, is comparatively small in mileage but in cost and economic significance immense. It connects the Pennsylvania System with the New York, New Haven & Hartford and the Long Island Railroads, to give an all-rail service through the City of New York to and from New England points.

The old story of the physician who,

being an expert at curing fits, threw his typhoid-fever patient into fits and then proceeded to work a cure, was outdone by the engineers charged with the construction of this railroad. Here is one nut which they had to crack. Juniper Swamp on Long Island, in the path of the improvement, was 2,000 feet long, measured along the center line of the railroad, and 36 feet deep, through water and decayed vegetation. The subgrade of the railroad through the swamp was to be an average of 8 feet below the surface of the water or muck.

There was a situation which called for "fits" of some kind. Then came to the engineers an inspiration, like unto that of the fit doctor. A blanket fill of earth was made through the swamp to a height of 8 feet above the surface and wide enough for four tracks, with a berm on each side 10 feet wide. This was preliminary work to give the shovel dirt to move instead of porridge. When the great fill had settled to the bottom, pushing out the muck at each side, the dirt was taken out again to the required depth, leaving the berms, and the four tracks were laid according to plan.

Our railroads have been handling during the past six months, more or less unsatisfactorily to themselves and to the public they serve, the greatest volume of tonnage in their history. Even if this is a peak load now, such is the rate of increase, that it will soon become a normal load. Judging by the past, traffic on the railroads of America measured in ton-miles and passenger-miles should double about every twelve years.

"Most shippers," said an official of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad recently, "are inclined to view the difficulties they are encountering more as one of car and engine shortage than anything else. Practically such exists, but as a result of conditions complained of rather than a cause. The main trouble to-day is a lack of second, third, and fourth tracks in the main arteries of transportation, greatly increased yards, and more facile interchange facilities. On the Louisville

& Nashville we are at a point to-day where, if we had thousands of more cars and dozens more locomotives, we would not be able to give a bit better service than we are. Further, if the Louisville & Nashville were to double-track its lines from the extremes of the coal fields and put the heaviest kinds of locomotives in service thereon, and enlarge the yards at the terminals, it would not be in position to handle appreciably more tonnage."

One difficulty here is the capacity of interchange facilities at Cincinnati. Like Albany, Cincinnati is the neck of a funnel, and the capacity of the three Southern lines to bring freight into Cincinnati exceeds the capacity of the Northern lines to absorb the tonnage. An expenditure of \$100,000,000 is needed in that one city for enlarged interchange and clearing facilities, and even that would not improve matters greatly without similar enlargements elsewhere.

That the railroads of the United States have reached their capacity and find it difficult or impossible to raise the vast sums needed for expansion, upon which the continued prosperity of the country depends, is a serious matter. Thirty-six thousand carloads of embargoed freight stood on the rails of the New York, New Haven & Hartford System on April 5th of this year. On the same day the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western was holding 4,000 carloads of freight, to be turned over to the New Haven road; and, presumably, other Eastern lines correspondingly were congested. Such a situation, both directly and in its significance, endangered the growing prosperity of the country. Were all railroads similarly situated it would spell disaster. Fortunately, the New Haven road is not typical of America's transportation systems. A multitude of industries in the congested territory which it serves originate much of the freight of the country. In a less degree this is true of all New England railroads. It is notorious that the carriers of New



England are unable to handle the maximum traffic of that great center of intensive industry. In a general way, it can be truthfully said that the railroads of America are unable to distribute properly the maximum production of the country. It is serious. What is the answer?

In terms of money, the answer is billions in expenditure. The late James J. Hill, ten years or more ago, said that there should be an expenditure of a billion dollars a year for the next twenty years, to enable the railroads to handle the country's growing business. In 1923, for the first time since that wise old railroad builder spoke those words, such expenditure will reach a billion dollars—if money can be raised for the cost of progress. That little word "if" is the most potent in the language, and the phrase, "if the money can be raised," an inescapable factor in railroad development.

Here are some astounding facts, viewed in the light of Mr. Hill's declaration of railroad needs: In six and one-half years, from June 30, 1914, to December 31, 1920, the money expended by all the railroads of the United States for new construction amounted only to about \$1,700,000,000, approximately \$260,000,000 a year. Based on a tentative valuation of the railroads at \$20,000,000,000, this is one and three-tenths per cent. During the same period three times as much money was spent on our highways, and even that great expenditure was inadequate. During the same six and one-half years the railroads spent \$1,250,000,000 on rolling stock, less than \$200,000,000 a year, not quite 1 per cent based on a physical valuation of \$20,000,000,000. These figures really should be cut in two, Mr. Hill's statement having been based on pre-war prices. It is an astounding and alarming condition of affairs when the greatest business in the country—a business on whose shoulders falls largely the burden of distribution—whose functioning is vital to the prosperity and safety of the nation, has been

able to spend less than two and one-half per cent a year for needed expansion.

In terms of railroad betterment, there must be enlarged terminal facilities; greatly increased yards; longer turnout tracks, to accommodate trains of one hundred cars instead of fifty; increased motive power, not only in New England but all over the United States; in many cases increased mileage of track.

In terms of public policy, there must be a recognition of the rights, the limitations and the economies of railroad operation. It is a demonstrable fact that in the case of the railroads, and public utilities in general, the decrease in rates to the public was more rapid before the era of government control and regulation than it has been since.

It was not government regulation which brought down the price of certain automobiles until now the average family can own one. It was competition and the desire for gain in a shrewd brain which realized that a less rate of profit, resulting in a larger volume of business, would accomplish the purpose.

Competition is far-reaching. To assume that there can be no competition, except between parallel lines of track, is wrong. On the surface, there can seemingly be no competition between north-and-south and east-and-west railroads. Yet some years ago James J. Hill, having built the Great Northern Railroad, established a rate on Washington fir which, notwithstanding the longer haul, enabled it to be put down in Chicago in competition with yellow pine of the South.

Whatever may be said of the past, there is no watered stock to-day, taking the railroads as a whole. The results of government appraisement, which probably will be made public this year, will be an eye opener to many people in this respect. With few exceptions, the physical valuation of the railroads of the country is greater than their capitalization. And this valuation, it should be understood, is based on pre-war prices, not on the cost of replacement.

It must be appreciated that railroads cannot be built or improved without enormous expenditures of money, and that money does not grow on trees, nor can it be picked out of the air. The flotation of new issues of railroad stock to obtain needed capital is no longer possible. The money must be borrowed; bonds must be sold.

A bond is a mortgage, and the purchaser of a mortgage invariably and properly insists that there shall be an equity in the property, usually amounting to thirty per cent. Of every dollar expended on the bonded improvement, thirty cents must be invested in the property by the owners, the stockholders. They can get the money in one way only, for new stock is unsalable. They must take the money out of the earnings. When they do that the price of stock goes down still farther; the stockholders become still more discouraged, and the possibilities of floating new issues of stock still more remote. And so continues the endless chain.

Rock Island stock, to cite a typical case, because of the depletion of earnings, has been selling for about \$30.00 a share, while its book value, as determined by a government appraisal of costs, is about \$130 a share, and this appraisal is

at pre-war prices with "depreciation" deducted. How there can be a depreciation of costs, the Interstate Commerce Commission does not explain.

There must be an abandonment of a policy of government regulation and strangulation which, however well intended, has almost ruined the railroads without benefiting the people. The management of the railroads must be turned back to the trained executives of those railroads, unhampered by conditions which destroy initiative and prevent them from accomplishing constructive work.

In the words of a distinguished president, "a condition, and not a theory, confronts us." Admittedly America cannot grow and prosper without increased facilities of railroad transportation. Facilities of railroad transportation cannot be increased adequately without huge expenditures of a billion and a half a year for some years to come, in the judgment of many railroad executives. Such vast sums of money cannot be raised by the railroads except under conditions that will permit new stock issues to be floated, or, a less desirable alternative, permit the reinvestment of sufficient earnings to safeguard new issues of interest-bearing bonds.

## My Friends are Little Lamps to Me

BY ELIZABETH WHITTEMORE

**M**Y friends are little lamps to me,  
 Their radiance warms and cheers my ways,  
 And all my pathway dark and lone,  
 Is brightened by their rays.

I try to keep them bright by faith,  
 And never let them dim with doubt,  
 For every time I lose a friend,  
 A little lamp goes out.



# Clever People

BY MARK LEE LUTHER

IT was only the inner circle, Mary Crosby explained, who were entitled to allude to it as their Little Crowd, and Irma Burbage was left in no doubt that these privileged few were choice spirits. They had scraped a veranda acquaintance and found that they shared a common interest in New York apartment houses and a low opinion of their fellow guests of the Lakeside Inn. Neither could conceive why she had come to the lake. Both vowed that never would they return. Meanwhile they brightened each other's exile and by the end of a week had confided their husbands' minor faults and were experimenting with each other's first name.

Of the two Irma Burbage was the eager listener. It thrilled her to learn that Mary was the wife of Vance Crosby, who conducted a newspaper column that everybody quoted, and she could not hear enough of the clever group which, it was made clear, the Crosbys brilliantly led. The inner circle was, it seemed, intersected by other circles in themselves worthy, but the Little Crowd was, strictly speaking, confined to the Crosbys, Mary's unmarried sister Laura Ellis, the Ravenscrofts, and young Cleveland Todd. Though fond of her friends, Mary was aware of their foibles and gave her portraits a touch of raillery. Henry Ravenscroft was a dear fellow and a genius. Some day the world would appreciate the landscapes he did in his scanty leisure and rescue him from the drudgery of his daily toil. Alice, his wife, was also a dear. A bit too adoring, perhaps. She spoke of her husband as Ravenscroft, just as if he were an old master. But that was how he signed his

paintings. To his hack work for the lithographing house he attached merely his initials. And Cleveland Todd, it appeared, had also docked his name. He had been christened Grover Cleveland Todd, but lightened ballast against the day when he should publish *The Great American Novel*. The novel was getting itself written at odd moments. Cleve earned his bread and a few cakes by short stories in a popular vein which he affected to despise. Such a dear boy! They would hardly know how to do without him. Another indispensable was her sister. But she, the listener noted, came in for no sarcasm. Laura was pure gold. And so talented! She taught music in a tiresome girls' school, but, like Henry Ravenscroft and Cleveland Todd, had a masterpiece up her sleeve. This was a light opera for which Vance had written the lyrics. Sometimes she played snatches of it for the group, who knew the choruses by heart. Idyllic evenings! Irma Burbage, avid for details, was amazed to hear that when these Olympians foregathered their favorite pastime was charades. It seemed that none of the men cared for cards.

When Burbage came up for the weekend his wife deluged him with the Crosbys and their set, and so awed him that he had to be haled to meet the great man who had also arrived. But Vance Crosby smoked his pet brand of cigars, talked baseball like an ordinary mortal, and was altogether so human that at bedtime Burbage told Irma that he was a "prince," and that to-morrow they were to have a go at golf.

"John!" she cried, breathlessly. "How lucky that you learned to play!"

"No luck in it at all," said Burbage.



"I PICKED UP GOLF AS A BUSINESS ASSET"

"I picked up golf as a business asset when I was a bond salesman."

"I hope you didn't tell him that," she said quickly. "Did you?"

"No," he replied. "But why not?"

"Because the Crosbys aren't that sort, and because they are the sort that I want awfully to know."

So Burbage did not explain to Crosby how he came to take up golf. But he divulged other things which Irma might have censored. One was the shameful fact that he hailed from Iowa. He also mentioned that he was a dyed-in-the-wool Republican and an Elk, data which Crosby absorbed in silence. Why not a

Rotarian and a Knight of Pythias? But he gave sympathetic ear to Burbage's account of his climb from job to job till a legacy from a thrifty uncle had enabled him to buy into an automobile accessories agency and become his own boss.

"It was in Los Angeles that Uncle Ben passed out," he said. "He kept his faculties pretty clear to the last. The only Jonah in his estate was a scrubby little farm—ranch the lawyer called it, though it's only twelve acres—which somehow I can't unload. A Jap rents it for a truck garden, but what he pays just about covers taxes. Why the old man bought it stumps me. Maybe



he didn't know himself. It's a kind of joke with me and Irma. A ranch in California listens fine."

"It does sound opulent," agreed Crosby. "If Allah is good to me I believe I'll make this hole in five."

He thought Burbage a decent sort, but unimaginative, parted from him that night without regret, and neither cared nor expected to see him or his again. But Irma prayerfully hoped that the Crosbys would see the Burbages again and often. She exchanged addresses, promises and kisses with Mary, and, back in the city, waited impatiently for the telephone to herald the higher life. Weeks went by, however, and nothing happened. Then one October morning,

in the shopping district, she ran across Mary Crosby, flushing guiltily, but resourceful.

"Why haven't you looked me up?" she reproached.

"I've been frightfully busy," said Irma. "You know how it is every fall. The days aren't half long enough for one's engagements."

"Don't I!" sighed Mary, seeing her own formula appropriated and eager to shift the blame. "But, my dear, I felt that you were more than the usual summer acquaintance. I'm really hurt."

Irma, entranced but alert, assured her that she would not hurt her for worlds. They must get together at once. What did it matter who called on whom?



THEY WERE QUICK-WITTED, THESE PEOPLE, AND DROLL IN THEIR MIMICRY





SHE WAS EXCLAMATORY OVER THE PAINTINGS

When would she be free? Whereupon Mary, fatigued at the very thought of getting up a dinner for the Burbages, took the easy way out and asked them to the first autumn reunion of the Crowd. It was a great moment for Irma. Her foot was on the ladder at last.

Burbage, poor clod, did not share her transports. The prospect of an evening with the Olympians gave him gooseflesh. He would not know what to say to them, he told her. They'd ask him if he'd read something he'd never heard of, show up his ignorance right off the bat. There was no dodging the ordeal, how-

ever, and, clothing himself for the sacrifice, he was painfully uncertain whether to wear full evening regalia or what he called his Tux. But all his qualms were needless. He arrived at the Crosbys' Morningside Heights apartment in a dinner coat to find the other men in business suits. No one mentioned literature to him and he discovered that here, as elsewhere, the movies were a conversational stop-gap of wide appeal. The temperature grew less oppressive. His pores closed.

Irma was more readily acclimated. From the moment she perceived that no



woman present was better dressed than herself she was at ease and began to take stock of the Crosbys' home. It was, for an apartment, spacious. Living room and dining room were one. To her way of thinking the place seemed bare, but such furnishings as there were caught her eye. They were different. She noted

two landscapes signed Ravenscroft. Whether they were good or bad she did not know, but she praised them when she met the painter and his wife, and their faces lit gratefully. She concluded that the clever were as easily flattered as the simple, and was emboldened to tell Vance Crosby that she always turned at once to his column. He did not beam like the Ravenscrofts when she quoted a squib carefully memorized from that evening's paper, but she saw that he was pleased. Burbage, too, now regularly read the column, but he did not mention it. He had the singular idea that Crosby would not care to talk about it. Writing—well, it wasn't like automobile accessories.

But to Irma neither the arts nor their votaries were sacrosanct. She lauded his latest—and unread—story to young Cleveland Todd, and assured Laura Ellis that she had heard wonderful things of her music. She regretted that she could not scatter gems of apprecia-

tion among the dozen other guests, but they were as yet merely men and women of whose names she was not sure. Whoever they were, they looked interesting and gifted, the kind she wished and meant to know. She longed to impress them with her personality, to instill the idea that here was a pretty girl with brains, to make them ask one another who she was.

Her chance came with the inevitable charades. With Vance Crosby and Cleveland Todd as leaders the company divided into two groups which alternately became actors and audience. They were quick-witted, these people, and droll in their mimicry. One woman imitated Ethel Barrymore to the life, another Queen Victoria, while a rotund artist draped himself in a couch cover for a harem scene and did a dance which would have convulsed Cairo itself. Irma might well have shrunk from pitting herself against such talent, but she did not. Chosen by Crosby, she threw herself in-



WITH A SUDDEN RUSH AND ROAR A  
BLACK GEYSER SPURTED

to the game with a zest which delighted him. Thanks to an hour with the dictionary before she came, she supplied him with a word he pronounced a pippin and which utterly baffled their rivals. He gave her public credit for it, and her husband was dumfounded at her versatility. Burbage himself did not shine as an actor, but Cleveland Todd, inspired

by his dinner jacket, cast him as a waiter and his little success in this role encouraged him tremendously. By the time refreshments were served he felt at home and relaxed happily.

But Irma did not relax. The supper interval found her still busy. She had got wind of the fact that the Crowd were to meet with the Ravenscrofts, and, buttonholing the artist's wife, she again praised his work. Alice Ravenscroft now looked not only grateful but expectant. Hopeful of a sale, she asked if she and Mr. Burbage would not waive formality and come to her party. And, not too eagerly, Irma waived it.

Stacking dishes in the kitchen sink

after the guests had gone, Mary Crosby asked Vance his impressions of Irma.

"She's an adaptable little chameleon," he said. "I rather like her."

"And her husband?"

"Burbage? I hadn't given him a thought."

It was midnight when the Burbages let themselves into their own apartment, but another hour went by before Irma followed her husband to bed. At breakfast he missed photographs and sundry ornaments from the mantelpiece and the brave array of cut glass which always glittered on the buffet.

"Cleaning day?" he asked.



"WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?"



"No," said Irma. "I was sick of things as they were."

After he had gone to business she put a strip of silk and a bowl of fruit on the buffet and tried a single picture and a pair of candlesticks from her bedroom on the mantel. She liked the new effect. And so did Burbage, though he could not say why.

Their evening with the Ravenscrofts gave her education a fresh impetus. The furnishings here were well-worn and rather meager, but a studio was a studio and she discovered atmosphere. She was exclamatory over the paintings, which she perceived really looked like trees and water and sky if you got far enough off, and Alice Ravenscroft, standing before each picture like an acolyte at a shrine, had a bright vision of a new winter suit. Burbage watched his neighbors squint knowingly, make brush strokes with their thumbs and chatter of tones and values. Their acts and their patter were mysterious. But he knew what he liked and he liked the paintings. He was especially drawn to a small canvas entitled "Sunset on the Saugatuck," which reminded him of a stream in Iowa where he used to fish. He kept this to himself, however. It wasn't, he felt, worthy of so beautiful a thing. He was also dumb before the excerpts which Laura played from her opera. The music woke formless emotions which he could not voice.

The next day Irma gave her home a second overgoing and banished a gilt and onyx stand, a pair of cast-iron vases and several pictures which no longer measured up to her conception of art. Had it lain in her power, she would have made a clean sweep of the furniture which now looked lumbering and overpolished. But there was a more imperative need to satisfy. She must own an oil painting. Like her husband, she felt the sentimental pull of "Sunset on the Saugatuck," and, calling at the studio, she secured it at a bargain from the elated artist. This piece of discrimination, topping her proved ability to

make things go, clinched the Burbages' foothold in the Crowd, and Cleveland Todd included them in a dinner which he gave the inner circle at a musty restaurant on the lower East Side.

Burbage did not relish the dinner as much as the regular parties. The food was exotic and the table talk went over his head. But he was proud that he, a mere business man, had been admitted to such a clever group, and, when it came to Irma's turn to entertain, he told her to go the limit. Nothing was too good for the Little Crowd. She, however, shrewdly kept her party simple, and the affair went off surprisingly well. It was a banner night for Burbage, and at supper he confided a stirring piece of news. Crosby might remember his telling him of a tag-end of Uncle Ben's estate in California which he could never sell? Well, a week ago had come an offer.

"Good," said Crosby politely.

"No," corrected Burbage. "It was measly. Only six hundred dollars for the twelve acres. The fellow wrote me he wanted the land for a goat ranch, that it was fit for nothing else. He was in a hurry and enclosed a deed for me to sign and forward to a Los Angeles bank, which would send me the check. Well, I was in a hurry, too, and I put my fist to it. I was glad to get shut of the property, and, until this morning, I still glad. But in the first mail I benedict that left me wall-eyed. It them letter from an oil company. No flserv-night concern, mind you. They'd by of the best. They'd brought in a eing in my neighborhood and offered to leus-at two thousand an acre and pay mens, sixth royalty on all the oil."

"My God!" groaned the newspaper man. "What a knockout!"

"Yes," said Burbage. "It was. That shyster had trimmed me for a sucker. I tell you I sweat blood. I didn't see a lawyer. Of course, he'd advise me I had a case. They always do. But I knew it would be a stiff fight, probably go to a court of appeal before it was settled, and it didn't seem to me much of

a chance. I figured that by the time we won, if we did win, the lawyer would have all there was in it and the field would be dry. I felt plumb sick."

A murmur of commiseration went round the company. Then Burbage grinned.

"But to-day," he continued, cherishing his climax, "to-day, around noon, I had a wire from the California bank that was acting as go-between. They said my wife hadn't signed and that I was to execute the duplicate deed with her and rush it out to them. So you see the ranch is still mine, and the goat man is the goat. Now what do you know about that?"

They eyed him with stupefaction. His bonus alone was a greater sum than any of them hoped to amass. He had become a protagonist of real drama, a figure of romance, a potential magnate.

"Irma and I are going out to the Coast," said Burbage solemnly. "Maybe there's big money in it, maybe not. But get this, folks: if we do strike it rich, we'll show you the kind of friends we are."

Burbage had a happy trip west, a joyous interview with the oil company's manager, and a yet more exhilarating session with the man with a taste for fats. Then he and Irma took a furnished apartment in Los Angeles, hired a car by the month and began to haunt the dreary crossroads where Uncle Sam for reasons still mysterious, had abandoned his barren holdings. It was a noisy no longer. From every side rose the rasp of saws, the clank of metal, the cough of engines. And in the very center of it all lay their acreage. They saw the timber of their first derrick hauled on the ground, the boiler and bull-wheel put in place, the rig and tanks go up, the sump hole dug and the well spudded in. They became learned in the jargon of the industry, studied the log like geologists, had the market price of every grade of crude at their tongue's end, covered quires of paper with prospective royalties, and, after the final ce-

menting and water test, were beside themselves lest they miss the culminating thrill.

They did not miss it. Early one cloudless morning, toward the end of the third month, the head driller telephoned that he was ready to swab, and, in an hour, breakfastless yet with no pang of hunger, they were at the field. For another hour the cautious process went on. Then, with a sudden rush and roar of gas, the swab shot forth and a black geyser spouted far above the crown-block. And in that glistening flood, all too soon controlled and sent flowing into the settling tanks, the Burbages each beheld a vision. Irma saw chattels—furs, clothes, diamonds, furniture, a limousine. Her husband saw faces—the faces of his friends.

That evening Vance Crosby in New York received a telegram which ran: "Tell the crowd we have a thirty-six gravity gusher."

The Burbages went east by way of the Panama Canal, taking a month for the trip, and found their first royalty check awaiting them in New York. It surpassed their rosiest dreams. And these riches flowed from but one well. Another was drilling. Before a year elapsed there would be a string, all pouring forth black gold. Burbage became popular at his bank. The tellers had a special greeting for him; the manager beckoned him into his sacred pen, whispered fatherly advice as to tax-exempt bonds and hinted that, if Burbage knew of something good, he, too, might risk a flier in oil. All sorts and conditions of men sought him out and listened to him with respect. His were words of wisdom. He had the magic touch. His acquaintance widened amazingly. Engagements swamped him. He had no leisure for the things he really wanted to do.

Irma, his willing delegate, after a preliminary shopping bout, made a royal progress round the Little Crowd and left them gasping at her affluence. She had become the heroine of a fairytale, an apparition almost too romantic to credit.



They looked for her to vanish from their humdrum midst. And so she did. She was a busy woman. Plans which she had formed on the voyage home flowered like the tropical vegetation she had scarcely heeded. Once an apartment fronting Riverside Drive had been her goal, but this now struck her as a plebeian ambition. It was Park Avenue she must overlook, and to please her Burbage acquired a duplex in a house co-operatively owned. Their furniture, Early Grand Rapids, was clearly impossible for a living room that looked as if it had been ravished from a chateau in Touraine, and, aside from one or two specimens which Burbage quaintly salvaged for his "den," went to an auction room. Their new possessions had an old air, however, and he conceded that Irma and her experts knew their job. It was scrumptious, he said. And now how about a housewarming? It was high time they rounded up the Little Crowd.

"No," said Irma. "I'm past all that."

"Past all what?" he cried. "I don't get you."

"They bore me. They've always bored me. Who are they? What have they done? I'm sick of them and their everlasting charades. Charades! It's plays I want to see. And I want subscription seats at the opera. I want to buy pictures by well-known painters, to meet people who are really famous. Don't you understand?"

"No," said Burbage. "I'll be damned if I do."

The argument grew too hot to handle and they dropped it. But in his benighted way Burbage went on thinking. It was a raw deal for the Little Crowd, he felt. And for him! It made him look like a piker, and a piker was in his code something lowlier than the dust. It was an intolerable position. He simply had to reinstate himself in his own self-respect. If he could not help his friends openly, as he had promised, he would do them good by stealth. After all, perhaps that was the better way. It would not do to hurt their pride.

They were a highstrung, sensitive lot, finer clay than he.

A capitalist, with money to invest, doors swung wide for him at which once he would not have had the temerity to knock. Men who wanted things from him did things for him, and, as tenaciously as Irma stalked celebrities, he made the influential serve the ends of his atonement. Through a broker who knew an impresario he got a hearing for Laura's light opera. To Crosby, ever girding at his ill-paid work, he threw a berth with an advertising agency at twice his old salary. Ravenscroft, bewildered at the whims of destiny, received a call from an art dealer, who carried off a picture and promised an exhibition. Nor did he forget Cleveland Todd. During his absence in California, *The Great American Novel* had found a publisher and was now—theoretically, at least—on sale. It was called *Phases*, and was so ultra-modern that Burbage wandered like a stray dog through the plotless maze. At any rate, Cleve himself was all right. Perhaps if he cleaned up enough on his story to marry Laura Ellis she'd tame him into a useful member of society. So Burbage toured the bookstores and ordered *Phases* in dozen lots and presented copies to his lodge brothers and other solid citizens.

Only Irma knew of these furtive benefactions, and she clearly deemed them time and money wasted. People deserving of success, she said, got ahead by their own efforts. Give her the bracing fellowship of the go-getters. As her husband used the influential to help others, she used them to help herself. Of special service was the wife of the broker who knew the impresario. Meeting Mrs. Burbage one night at a restaurant, she for reasons not obscure promptly took her to her heart. This organ closely resembled Irma's, and they made a congenial team. The broker's lady had a tea-drinking and bridge-playing acquaintance with sundry women on nodding terms with those whose social do-

ings are newspaper copy, and now and then Irma brushed gloves with one of the truly elect. These were soul-stirring encounters, and she would come home as ecstatic as a congressman's daughter who had backed without mishap from the royal presence at St. James's.

Then, at a charity concert, befell a stupendous adventure. She saw, she met, she had speech with Mrs. Peter Sloan Fleming. Born in the purple, wedded to millions, Nancy Fleming was as solidly grounded as the Statue of Liberty and only a shade less conspicuous. She had everything, been everywhere, knew everyone, but was her happiest when she shed her sables for a painter's smock in a former stable just off Washington Square. For she had a right to the smock. She was herself a painter.

After Irma the Adaptable had rallied she told her how perfectly wonderful she thought her work.

"How nice of you," said the Personage. "I wish I felt that way about it myself. I never do after the paint is dry. I see too many things that are better than mine. Why, only this morning, I ran across a canvas in a Fifth Avenue gallery which took my breath away. It was by a total stranger—a man named Ravenscroft—and it was a masterpiece."

It was a frightful shock, but Irma weathered it bravely.

"Henry's landscapes *are* lovely," she assented. "I'm always telling him so to keep up his spirits. You see, he's modest like you."

"You know him!"

"Intimately. He's one of our Little Crowd. Vance Crosby is another member of the group. And so is Laura Ellis, the composer, and Cleveland Todd, who wrote *Phases*. We have the jolliest kind of evenings together. They're all such clever people, you know."

"I envy you," said the Personage. "And I should like to meet Mr. Ravenscroft—privately, I mean, at his studio—and see his other work. Would

you, as his friend, be willing to arrange it?"

And Irma said that she would try. It was not the ringing response of a go-getter. Her mental machinery was not fully adjusted to its new labors. But by the time she reached the Ravenscrofts' door she was in command of her faculties, and no cow puncher in a rodeo ever took the bull more firmly by the horns.

"I know what you think," she said. "But you mustn't. We're not that sort. Money—we couldn't thrust *that* at you—but we could work for you tooth and nail, and we have. We made that picture dealer realize that he had the chance of a lifetime. And, my dears, listen: to-day I interested my friend, Mrs. Peter Sloan Fleming, and she'll be around to see your work any time I name. She'll buy, of course, and she'll start your vogue. And we haven't forgotten the others. We were bound that Vance Crosby should escape from that horrid newspaper grind, and that Laura's opera should have a hearing, and that Cleve's book should sell. Don't say a word! What are friends *for*? I ask you—what *are* they for?"

She was a burst of sunlight in a drab world. The Ravenscrofts both kissed her good-by, spun round the studio in a crazy dance when she had gone, and raced each other to the telephone.

Burbage was less tractable. Irma's amends were as hard to bear as her offense. When she assembled the Little Crowd for the belated housewarming, he could hardly look them in the face. He was awkward in his greetings. He shied nervously from their gratitude.

"Don't thank *me*," he protested, struggling with the inexpressible.

So, taking him at his word, they thanked his wife. There was no doubting the warmth of her welcome.

Crosby summed up the matter for the inner circle while they awaited their subway train back to Morningside Heights.

"Money hasn't spoiled Irma," he said. "But Burbage—well, what else could you expect?"



# The Swarm

BY DALLAS LORE SHARP

"THE bees are swarming! The bees are swarming!" Shall I hear that cry on Resurrection Morn? Then I shall rise—quickly, running, snatching, panting, moaning my utter unfitness for Heaven and bees. I won't be ready that day for the swarm. I am never ready for the swarm. From May to September, at home and abroad, my uneasy head wears a crown of swarming bees. They will be my eternal reward and punishment. I shall keep bees forever, and forever they shall swarm.

The most futile passage in the round of the year, my moment of utter unworthiness, is when I stand gaping after the dark swarm drifting over the ridge of impenetrable sprout-land. Then I would my hill were a mountain to fall upon me.

My strongest colony, too! It is always my strongest colony; and always at a critical moment in its career—usually at the height of a honey-flow. Were life dependent upon bees (it is my soul!), were I a commercial bee-keeper (I am a lover!), I should conquer the swarm; at least, I should control it enough to insure my honey crop, and so could take my margin of absconding swarms as banks take absconding tellers—backed by a bond, though, of course, never quite without a moral shock and great social loss. But I cannot commercialize and insure my love. Runaway swarms are sheer infidelity to me, pure moral loss.

Love ought to be businesslike, but it is not; love ought to overhaul the colonies every ten days for queen cells, cutting them out and clipping queens' wings to hinder swarming, but only business regularity does that; love ought to supply ample space, fresh combs, and a

succession of young queens. Love is the most miserable thing in the world. A man will work all day for love and then bring home a white hair net when her charge was "gray"! Love fails in little things, and should have no part or lot in bee-keeping. Love takes on too many bees; neglects them too often; trusts them too far; and weeps when they swarm. And the worst of it is every bee in the wayward bunch is a female! This makes it hard to bear. It is a feminine revolt against masculine neglect and lack of male control.

And it is more: but how much more is a question as old as bee-keeping. If the bees followed an invariable rule in swarming we could soon discover why; but there are no rules, no laws, no fixed conditions, no two swarming cases exactly the same, though the symptoms are always the same. You can tell when, if you watch, but the question of why do they swarm goes still unanswered.

The most obvious reason would seem to be the overcrowding of the hive: when the hive boils over with bees they naturally boil out as a swarm. Sometimes they naturally do, and sometimes they naturally do not. I have had them boil over and stick like pitch to the front of the hive all through the honey flow. Lack of ventilation is another popular explanation: hives with small doorways, when unshaded in a July sun, become intolerably hot, and naturally the bees swarm out. And, as naturally again, they stay in and store honey all summer. That ancient rhyme,

"A fly is a fly because he flies,  
A flea is a flea because he flees,  
But a bee is a bee because she bees,"

is almost final in questions touching the ultimate things of life and bees. A colony of bees is perhaps the best regulated society known, and yet, among the honey bees, as nowhere else in nature, the very spirit of Caprice seems to rule. What, however, can we expect in Amazonia, where motherhood is deliberately restricted to one in thousands, and is promoted by sororicide, and is consummated in a marriage-flight attended for the lover at the moment of the wedding with instant and revolting death; and where all success, both political and industrial, is at the cost of universal self-immolation and a sterile virginity?

What is a swarm of bees? An answer to this would also answer the "why" of the swarm. Apparently, it is a part of the colony, the larger part usually, made up of the old field-bees, leaving the old hive with the old queen for a new home. Back in the old home are the young bees, the brood in the combs, the entire furniture of the colony, together with a young queen, or one, or several, about to hatch. The colony has divided, has multiplied itself as the single-celled amœba divides and multiplies itself, but not from the same biological necessity. The amœba must divide or perish, and the race perish. But the bees could live on and on in their hive or hollow tree without dividing. The swarming spreads the race, insures against disease and inbreeding, gives a chance for new combs and more room; but none of these things seems biologically necessary.

Nor is the swarm politically necessary, though it looks primarily like a political move; the population crowded within the city walls migrates and colonizes as did the populations of ancient Greek cities. But the number of souls in a bee city is strictly within the keeping of the government. By regulating the food of their queen, the bees can regulate her egg-laying, can lower the birth rate or increase it to meet hunger, or plenty, or the capacity of their walls. The swarm is not the result of overcrowding, of a

housing problem, I am sure, nor a colonizing project.

It is not political, but it may be spiritual, a response to some inner urge to adventure, that restlessness and reach for the horizon which Browning says is Heaven. Who knows what is the collective soul of this multiple, intelligent, and self-immolated body? Dying all day long for to-morrow, living only for the future, the bee-people look for a better country:

"See my children, resolute children,  
By those swarms upon our rear we must  
never yield nor falter,  
Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there  
behind us urging

Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

So they work and dream, and one day, far-flying scouts bring news of it—of a forest of bass-wood, yellow with bloom; or hills adrift with white clover, or meadows of mint and heartsease and goldenrod—away yonder beyond the ridge of sprout-lands.

I could look far off at sea except for that ridge of sprout-lands, and down the Cape where the *Mayflower* anchored, and the beginnings of our first immortal book were brought to shore!

These tales of the scouts excite the eager tribe, breed discontent, wake wild adventure, till every quickened wing is humming:

"These are of us, they are with us,  
All for primal needed work, while the fol-  
lowers there in embryo wait behind,  
We to-day's procession heading, we the route  
for travel clearing,

Pioneers! O Pioneers!"

A pretty guess! an old, and still a popular, guess, but woefully lacking in solid scientific backing.

It may be that the swarm is caused by the hardening of the brood-combs and the choking up of the cells with pupa cocoons. Every grub about to hatch leaves its swaddling clothes as a silken lining, incredibly thin, round the walls of its cell, but these skins in the course of the years so choke up the cells as to



render them unfit for the brood. The old bees, not able to renovate the combs, find it easier to move out and build new ones—and so the exodus; for bees, like men, must make bricks, and neither Red Seas nor sprout-lands can stop them seeking straw.

This theory is not convincing, because it hardly accounts for the regularity of the swarming habit, as sure as the summer with most bees. In spite of our breeding and better appliances, I wonder if the swarming fever is not as certain to occur now as ever, and if it may not be an increasingly chronic condition? If a single season's use rendered the combs unfit, there might be something in this theory; but combs last ten to twenty years. When I moved here I found on the place a colony of bees in a home-built hive, which according to a lead-pencil line inside the door, had not been disturbed since 1862—for more than forty years! A strong colony occupied that hive, a colony which had been bred in those thickened, blackened combs. It would seem that the necessity for a move so infrequent as once in twenty to forty years could hardly have led to an acquired habit as regular as the annual swarm.

Whatever the cause, it is resistless and highly dangerous. Nothing in the colony life is fraught with such hazard as this change of house. It is a mad adventure, the bees themselves know not whither. They have safeguarded the portion of the tribe left behind in the old hive; they have gorged themselves, eaten their passover for the flight, and made sure their fertile queen is in their midst; but nothing more, neither pillar of cloud by day, nor fire by night, nor morning manna, nor promised land. If the wind blows east, then east they drift, down the first chimney flue on their errant course, or into the top of any tree, without fixed plan or place, or foresight, or common bee-sense—a wayward, heedless multitude, their madness and their scanty stores soon spent, in sore need of a home.

They may find a hollow tree or a knot hole into your attic or an empty kennel, or they may cluster in the open on some tree limb and go to comb-building there. One frequently comes upon a cluster of bees in the New Jersey woods clinging to their brood-combs depending from a limb, brood and queen and workers frozen in the dead of winter! The spring of 1921 was very "early," the whole winter so mild and open that my bees swarmed in April. I found six swarms one day hanging on the small pines about the apiary, their vitality so low from exposure that there was not heat enough in the cluster to melt the light snow which had fallen and covered them during the night.

Most observers believe that the colony, previous to casting the prime swarm, sends a band of scouts to scour the country and find a new home, and that these scouts return and take charge of the trek. Bees have been frequently noticed about an empty hive, going in and out, inspecting it apparently, and shortly afterward, from a few minutes to a few days, the swarm swoops down and takes possession. One of the best of such scouting stories is told in the *A. B. C. Book of Bee-Keeping*. Bees were observed in numbers at a hole in a hollow tree, and the bee-hunter, thinking, of course, that the tree was full of honey, cut it down. But there was no sign of bees in the cavity. While the hunter was still in his astonishment, a roaring like a small cyclone was heard, and here out of the blue, in the open space left by the felled tree, and at about the height of the opening, hung the moving swarm. It was the scouts that he had first discovered, the house-hunters. They had gone to fetch the swarm after deciding upon the new home, and had returned to find the roof-tree fallen.

I believe the story, not the interpretation, a case of coincidence, rather than of leadership. Out of scores of decamping swarms I have known very few to pack off with apparent purpose, most of

them clustering on the first inconvenient limb, and clustering again if shaken awing. Finally making off, the fugitives would be next heard from, if heard from at all, clustered somewhere in the open a mile or two away, where they might remain for days. Naturally, they desire a hollow for a home, box or tree, or pillar, or chimney flue; and once the swarming fever is spent, the honey in their scanty sacks used up, and the queen heavy with eggs, we can readily believe that searchers are ordered in all directions to spy out a home. But I cannot think that any worker-bee ever threw down her tools, kicked off her apron, and rushed out in the tumult of the swarm, not knowing or caring whither, or with any intention of ever working again.

The swarm frenzy subsides as quickly as it rises, into languor and lassitude as marked as its first violence. The whirling cloud in the air heads for a tree; a knot of bees as big as your thumb clings to a limb, and before you can quite believe it, the knot is a bunch as big as your fist, as your head, and half as long as your body, the whole excited swaying multitude gathered to it, bee clinging passively to bee till the limb bends, and often breaks, under the inert pendulous mass. I have sawed the limb off many a time and carried the heavy cluster back to the apiary, as you might put a sleeping child into its crib, without disturbing a drowsy bee.

There are other observers who believe that the swarm is only a frolic, that these soured spinsters, grim and toil-worn, revolt at their loveless condition, strike against their endless day, and in high revelry swarm out with their over-worked queen, riotous for a giddy frolic, and that the dance is led by the queen herself. Poor thing! she leads nothing, knows hardly enough to be foolish, and for most of her life is actually fed by the workers, a piece of the hive machinery, more instrument than being. She is not at the bottom of this vast stir. No event of these proportions, involving the

fate of the whole colony, and prepared for days ahead, can be of her initiative. Nor is it the work of a moment's madness.

The swarm, I think, in its strange behavior, may be a manifestation of thwarted nature, the collective bridal-flight of this unsexed social organism we call the colony, where the individual has lost not only sex but self, till the will and the instincts, along with vital bodily organs, are socialized, fused by the heat of the whole into a group-will and instinct, the very flame of desire but ashes smoldering in the heart of the colony to burst for a brief moment into the roaring fire of the swarm.

The fire is but a flash, instantly burned out, and futile and barren. Not a male bee is in the multitude. Every one in the swirling flame is female—except the queen.

At the center of the vortex is the queen, who is not a female, but a male and a female, bearing in her body, since her marriage-flight, the vital organs of the male, a dual creature, bride and groom complete, producing from one body both male and female eggs. It is she who is at the center of the swarm; it is about her that the consuming fire burns; and over her that the veiled virgins hover when the flight stops and the cluster forms, because she is mother of the race, yes, and because she is lover and bridegroom to this immaculate order, mate to this unmated, unsexed sisterhood, which is foresworn and immolated for virginity, incapable of mating, yet capable of laying infertile eggs, beings in perverted bodies—spirits mocked and thwarted, utterly, fiercely feminine, consumed for this mad moment with desire.

Clumsy guesses these at the riddle of life, and only a bee's life at that! It is all a riddle, as all of our knowledge is but a guess. A riddle, yet a terrible, beautiful, ordered fact! We should stop with the fact, with what we think we know, rather than prying thus into the hidden, grope with bare hands among the mighty



currents back of this mysterious swarming world. The play's the thing—the lights, the shifting scenes, the actors, and their lines, not the stage machinery, the tawdry properties, and the shirt sleeves of the manager within the wings.

Who can keep bees, however, except he love them? And who can love without wonder, seeing behind the moment's ornament

"A creature breathing thoughtful breath  
A traveller between life and death?"

Bee-keeping is more a state of mind than a course of action. It constantly upsets one's settled order, makes for experiment, and compels speculation. Life so complex, so artificial as this highly organized society of the bees, has been an evolution, slow and difficult to trace, showing atrophy and obsolescence, the very swarm, it may be, the spent effect of some powerful primal cause, time, the transformer, having stepped-up or down the voltages of life's currents whose sources lie hidden back among the timeless hills.

There are some simple, effective methods for controlling the swarm, but none for curing the fever, and none, however effective, that more than hint at an explanation of it. One works among one's bees with veil and gloves. But what truth do we ever touch without gloves, or see except from behind a veil darkly? The science of bee-keeping is written in a book. Science has been long at work among the bees, upon their wonderful and fearful anatomy, their beautiful chemistry, their biology, and political economy. Matter has yielded many a secret to science and must ultimately yield all. It is the mind in matter that baffles science, this purpose and emotion in the swarm.

Yesterday a terrific tempest broke loose over Hingham, the lightning playing havoc with telephones and transformers, splintering trees, and in the neighbor town tearing off the end of a house, stunning and nearly killing three of the persons within. Only the day be-

fore in a Massachusetts laboratory the scientists made artificial lightning of two million volts. The visitors saw:

A realistic electric storm produced from artificial clouds over a miniature village that had been constructed in the laboratory. Lightning in blinding flashes appeared and crashed from the make-believe clouds, striking the village church steeple about which were grouped the village store and three farm houses with green meadows.

The buildings were struck simultaneously, but there was no damage, for it was lightning controlled. The experts and visitors were only fifteen feet away from the lightning bolts, some of which split hard maple. . . .

In this crash for a small part of a millionth of a second is concentrated millions of horsepower, equivalent in fact to all the electrical power in America. Although lightning travels at the velocity of light, 186,000 miles per second, engineers . . . have been able to measure the shape of the flash and determine its pressure. . . .

Lightning is literally an electrical explosion. Enormous power at tremendous voltages is dissipated in a fraction of a millionth of a second; matter is torn apart and "exploded" away.

All this knowledge and power has been won from matter since Franklin picked the lock of the thunder cloud with his kite and copper key. But how little I could tell Virgil of the mind of the bee! I do not catch my runaway swarms as he did, by scouring a hive with bruised balm and honey-wort, and then, when the creatures are in the air, "make a tinkling round about" and clash the cymbals of the goddess, Cybele. I could laugh Virgil out of that, and tell him to clip his queen's wings (as indeed those ancients did); I could show him a modern American hive that might almost turn him from poetry to bee-keeping as a business; I could show him how, with the movable frame, we make a "shaked swarm," but I could tell Virgil nothing about climbing trees. Virgil, no doubt, climbed many a tree for his swarms. It is awkward, and it might be impossible for a poet or a politician to climb a tree. But if he *had* to?

I combined bees and politics for six weeks last summer, and every colony took to the tall timber. I had three stump speeches to make one afternoon, and was leaving the house when "The bees are swarming! The bees are swarming!" brought me to a short, quick halt.

Jumping from the automobile, I grabbed veil and ladder and saw, and ran for the garden. The bees had already clustered, a golden pendulous mass half as long as my body, a monster swarm, about thirty feet up in a tall red oak. I was up with my saw in a hurry, had the limb off—and let it slip! Never had I lifted such a cluster. Instantly the whole tree was in a whirl of bees, tens and tens of thousands of them, like a sudden storm, thick cloud and darting humming hail about me, as if to pitch upon me. I did not wish to be the center of the cluster thirty feet in the air with three stump speeches that afternoon. For just an awful instant I felt too popular—if a stumping politician can. I was not on the stump, but up the whole tree.

The day was excessively hot, and I was dressed for politics, not bees, besides I had on a heavy veil, thick gloves, and I was in a hurry. A labor union was having a picnic over at Rockland, where I was due to speak before the baseball game. This wretched swarm of bees might make me miss the United States Senate.

But it was the biggest swarm I had ever seen! What if a man should win the United States Senate and lose such a swarm of bees? If only voters would buzz about me like this! But I was a Democrat, running on a League of Nations, anti-Tariff, bone-dry platform in Massachusetts! It was just as well to stay in the tree, for the bees were clustering again, this time clear in the top above me, on the slender central stem, nearly sixty feet in the air! And as the cluster formed it sagged down, wrapping about the stem as thick as a stovepipe and six feet long. I climbed up, dangerously up, till the swaying top began to bend under me, the great

swarm directly above my upturned face in the very top and round the slender central stem of the tree.

The slightest jar, and down upon me the deluge! And if I sawed the top off without scattering the cluster, I could not possibly handle the great weight. To shake them free again, even if there were no danger of their sailing away, involved other dangers, instant and momentous, that would put me out of politics permanently. I wished indeed that I were out of politics at that moment.

There was no help at the house. One's wife is no particular comfort in such a time of trouble; besides, I must have her new clothes line. I descended quickly, slipped into the laundry for the line, and was once more climbing the tree—because I had to!

Making the line fast about the stem close up under the drowsy cluster, I took a bight or two about the nearest branch below and started to saw, gently bearing the stem over as I worked, until it swayed, bent, and sank softly with its ticklish load under the quiet saw. I aided it to come evenly over, steadying it with my hand while the whole cluster was gradually reversed, hanging top downward, not a single bee disturbed. I was now above the bunch; and taking up all slack in the line to save any possible jolt, I sawed the bent top through, and it swung free. Leaving it fast there, I went below, cutting out the limbs along the trunk for a clear passage to the ground, where I arranged an empty hive so that I could lower the cluster directly in front of it. Then I climbed back, eased away on the line till the tip of the cluster gently touched the earth before the open door of the hive, and once more made the line fast. I began to think of my speech again as I clambered down. Giving the cluster a quick shake, I stopped just long enough to see the golden multitude begin to pour into the wide door.

One of my wet rivals got the party nomination at the primaries, and on election day came so near to beating High



Cost Living, the Republican candidate, that I am sure I could have done for him. But, then, I got that glorious swarm of bees.

"A swarm of bees in May  
Is worth a load of hay;  
A swarm of bees in June  
Is worth a silver spoon;  
A swarm of bees in July  
Is hardly worth a pie."

old style, back in the days of the straw skep and the sulphur bath. Modern bee-keepers sing in new style, to rhyme with May and pray, June and swoon, July and die, so great an evil is the swarm in the present-day apiary, so unprofessional indeed!

The natural swarm in the majority of cases comes at the peak of the nectar flow, and not only shuts down the works for the day, but permanently divides the force and puts an end to the harvest. It is as if all the field hands on a sugar plantation at cane-cutting time should strike and move away. It is the field workers who go out with the swarm, and for the rest of the harvest season they must devote every energy to furnishing their new home with brood combs and stores for the winter. They seldom have either the time or the strength to gather surplus for the bee-keeper. And behind in the old hive, after the swarm leaves, are only young nurse bees concerned with the cares of the great household, burdened with the multitude of babes, as many, it may be, as three thousand of them only one day old, and an equal number two days old, and as many four or five days old, and all to be fed; but after the fifth day the bee-milk and honey-food is stopped, the cells are sealed, the grub spins her a silken shroud and falls into a profound sleep, to wake with wings and with wisdom, wisdom that my plummet cannot sound.

A single, powerful colony of bees will store more honey working together in a season than when divided by the swarm. There is double the housework to be done after the swarming, and while there

are two queens building up twice the working force, the chances are that the short honey flow is over and the harvest done before either colony is ready to store it. And quite as bad is the broken spirit of the hive, the morale of the powerful colony. Nothing among the bee people is more marked than the spiritual force we call morale. Weak and hungry colonies never have it, but only fear, suspicion, and anger instead. Stinging bees are the hungry, unhappy bees, lacking stores, or a queen, or a purpose. In a powerful colony on the other hand, sheer numbers, mounting toward the hundred thousand mark, constitute in themselves a mighty spiritual force, lifting and maintaining the morale of the whole at a high level. They are power, physical power—heat, hum, and action, early and late work, swift winds through the comb-walled streets, overflowing vats, wealth, and expanding room, story on story of sealed stores as the harvest ripens and the singing workers with every dawn speed faster and farther afield. Not even an army of soldiers is more dependent on this pitch of the spirit, this frame and temper, than the bees. Listlessness and lassitude overcome them as they do us; they loaf, grow sulky, become dispirited, dwindle and die. Individual as we are, yet no bee can survive alone, nor seem to fly farther than the radiating power of the colony, nor work without regular and close contact, charging her spirit from the generating dynamo of the hive. Many a bee has been caught by the dark and survived the night in the open fields; you can send ten bees and a queen half around the world; but separate a bee by force, or order, from the spiritual body of the colony, and death seems to follow instantly as a psychic, rather than as a physical change. And so the new swarm, all experienced workers, brimming with power and unhampered, but not without imperative needs, falls to in its new home with unparalleled energy, making combs as at no other time, the morale of the colony a

singing, building, conquering something, as real as wings and honey wells and fields of scented clover.

The first symptom of swarming fever is the queen cell, but not until the egg appears, and later the young grub floating in the royal jelly, need you feel alarmed. Then the fire begins to burn. A day or two more, the big cells are capped over, and the crisis is near.

Taking a clean hive furnished with frames and sheets of foundation wax, and ready for instant service, I go about the routine of the apiary, or am resting in the shade of the overhanging pines, after the small work is done. If I am forehanded, I can prevent the bees from swarming by shaking them out into this empty hive, making sure the old queen goes with them, or, as I usually do, I can cut out the queen cells to delay their swarming, hoping that they will get over the fever, for every day means honey in the supers if only I can keep the mighty throng together as a single working force.

I have carried them through the apple-blossom season without a break, and into the thick of the wild-raspberry flowering near the middle of June. Since early spring the colonies have been rapidly gathering strength and momentum until now from some of the hives a mighty host of reapers are in the field, and singing as they toil. The vale, the hillside, the overshadowing pines, and my own soul are overflowing with the humming harvest song. No other sound in nature is like the song of work, the only song that all the aërials of earth and ether are tuned to—the little wire in my neighbor's kitchen, the line between the planet's poles, and those mighty cables of space that catch the turning of the spheres and the winging of the bees, broadcasting the universal song of doing from star to star.

I am content to listen in. My own hands have wrought here. I have entered into this labor. I am conductor for this symphony of the bees. They are in tune with me. Or is it that I am in

tune with them, and in tune with the Universe? Then suddenly, a distinct lull in the steady hum! A wrong note—in the hive next to me! Bees are not coming and going straight from this hive as from the others. They are buzzing about the entrance, crowding deep on the alighting board, and running excitedly like robbers over the whole front of the hive. Every colony in the garden has heard the sound and stopped to listen, as milling cattle halt on the sage plains, startled and quick for the stampede.

An indescribable change has happened to the song of the apiary, pitch, and time, and tone—from soft to loud, from high to bass, from quick to slow—swifter than the April sky can change or the swooping squall can strike the sea. The even, all-pervading hum of wings has developed suddenly into a loud storm; a cloud of bees has gathered in the sunshine, a whirling waterspout among the hives. The entrance of every colony is covered with excited watchers, but the storm is central over the hive next to me. The noise grows louder and higher, a clear approaching roar that drowns every other sound. The smoking wings and molten bodies pour forth from this hive as from a volcano. The cloud thickens about the hive as the fire burns, the roar of the storm increases; and now the great swarm swirls free into the air.

Have the bees sucked poison and the whole garden of them gone mad? Drunk and reeling, the whirling throng flings its fringes out beyond the pines into the air as far as eyes can see, and swiftly moving, drifts from under the drooping boughs into the open sky. The cup they have tasted is swift, the delirium faster and faster working—spinning, gathering, crowding, driving them higher and higher till only a dark stain of the storm is seen, a little cloud no larger than a man's hand against the golden blue. Then the cloud is washed from the sky and the swarm is gone.



# An Epic of Marble Mountain

BY FRANK PARKER DAY

**A**GES ago a glacier slid over Marble Mountain and dropped granite boulders everywhere. These boulders generations of red MacDonalds had torn from the hillside with crowbar, chain and oxen, and builded them by the strength of their hands into fences that circumscribed their farm. The first red MacDonald from the Western Isles had been a man of strength and violence, and the conflict with nature, the struggle with the rocks, had made the thews and sinews of each generation mightier.

Sandy MacDonald, the fifth lineal descendant of the original red MacDonald, acknowledged leader of the clan against all comers, was a giant—a renowned bully and fighter, the champion of Cape Breton Island sixty years ago in tossing the caber and putting the stone. He could throw a steer with ease, and had once on a wager lifted an anchor weighing seven hundred pounds. He was thick and broad through shoulders and chest, straight in the back, narrow in the hips, and like all his predecessors who had owned Stone Farm, his ruddy, bearded face was crowned with a shaggy mop of copper-red hair. He lived in the open, drank much whisky—for in the manner of our time he operated a private still—and had a tendency toward religion, which was not Christianity but a kind of savage Hebraism. When very drunk he used to read to his cowed and silent family fierce denunciatory chapters, stormy Jeremiads from the Old Testament, and they must perforce listen to his thunder as long as the whim was on him.

Stone Farm when Sandy won the inheritance consisted of two hundred acres of cleared land with no tree left standing.

It lay in a dip of the hills halfway up the mountain side and, except a few acres ploughed up for root and garden crops, was all in hay and pasture land. Sheep, cattle, and horses, had always been the wealth of the MacDonalds. Each generation had cleared a few acres to the northward and marked its progress with a new stone fence. The house, barn, and outhouses gray with age and moss, and open to every wind that blew, stood on a slight rise near the southern limit. High up above the farm, was the steep mountain side peppered with boulders and mangy with clumps of dwarfed firs and spruces, that turned tail to the northwest like herds of horses in a driving rain. Below the farm a wide bog stretched to the foot of the next range. This bog, a place of quaking mud, was evil and sinister in appearance and in summer exhaled a sickening smell. Drunken Jock Sutherland cursing, swearing, and vowing vengeance against all who bore the name MacDonald, had last been seen on the road to Stone Farm. Sandy had been tried for his murder and acquitted. Jock's body was never found and local gossip whispered that Sandy had killed him and thrown his body into the black, hungry mud of the bog.

Such was Stone Farm, the somber home of the red MacDonalds over which Sandy ruled with a tyrant's hand. He would brook no opposition; his slightest suggestion must be obeyed to the letter. His wife he had beaten and broken to his will in the first year of their marriage. He begot two sons, Alex and Murdock, who lived in daily dread of his fist or stick. Even when they were little boys he had, on his departure for the village,

set them tasks beyond their strength and beaten them cruelly with his ox-whip if the tasks were not completed on his return. Through their period of serfdom they were sustained by the knowledge that it could not be otherwise, for they dared not run away, and by the thought that some day they might be big and strong enough to strike their father to the ground. As they grew to manhood they were giants in stature. Alex with his big hairy hands and shock of red hair, was as like his father as are two peas in a pod; Murdock was dark—black Murdock the people called him—favoring his mother, a MacIntosh. Both were mighty men, but Murdock lacked the tapering grace of Alex, for he was round in chest and shoulder, heavy in lower leg and ankle and had the fatal weakness of a hollowed back. Like their father, they were terrible to behold in anger, and when they fought none could withstand them. Fights and quarrels were meat and drink to them and they managed to provoke plenty of these through imagined family insults, or by stealing girls from rival giants at dances.

One night when Alex was in his twenty-first year, he was milking the red heifer that he had found unbranded in the forest. He was in a bad temper, for his father had that day forbidden him the use of the driving mare and cursed him roundly. While he was wondering how long he could endure the old man's treatment, the heifer switched her tail across his eyes. He struck her savagely in the ribs, and she in turn kicked over the pail of milk. Sandy passed by at that moment.

"You great lout," he cried, slapping Alex on the cheek. "Can you no milk a cow?"

Up sprang Alex flushed with rage to meet his father. For a little they glared at each other, both knowing that the great moment had come. It was a tradition with the red MacDonalds that the farm passed on by conquest. Thirty years before, Sandy had fought his father for the acquisition, and now Alex

had thrown down the gauntlet. There among the cows, milk pails, stools, and piles of manure, by the light of a swinging lantern they fought a savage battle for the mastery. Though they wasted no breath in words, the barn rang with their groans, with the thud of their blows, and their sounds of wild-beast anger. Black Murdock came and looked on in silence; with him it was merely the alternative of an old or new master. Once Sandy grasped Alex suddenly around the knees and threw him with all his strength against the studding of the barn. He sprang forward to complete his conquest, but in his eagerness slipped and fell sprawling upon the floor. Before he could recover himself the dazed and half-stunned Alex was on his feet again. The fall and the great effort in throwing Alex had shaken Sandy, and from that point the fight went against him. Five minutes later Alex had his father's head wedged between two stanchions, while his hairy paw clutched his throat. Sandy held up his right hand limply as a signal of defeat. Alex let him up and silently they helped each other clean the straw and manure from their clothing. The three knew who was master now. Henceforth Alex might harness the mare when he pleased and drive where he listed.

After that night Alex directed the work of the farm and Sandy humbly took his orders. Murdock, too, was submissive, but Alex was not yet satisfied. Murdock, though weaker, must also be beaten and made to feel his mastery. He cast about in his mind for some ground for a quarrel and at last hit upon a plan. For some time prior to the fight between Alex and Sandy Murdock had been paying court to Mary MacIvor, daughter of the innkeeper of Scottdale. Mary, a strapping, rosy-cheeked lass with masses of black curly hair, the prettiest girl in the parish, was very fond of Murdock and meant to marry him. This situation made a vulnerable point in Murdock's armor which Alex decided to attack. He, too, began to court Mary



with the sole purpose of inciting a quarrel. Mary stood in deadly terror of the red-haired ruffian but, fearing for Murdock, she tried to assume an attitude of sisterly friendliness. At parties Alex often claimed Mary as a partner when she was dancing with Murdock, and though Murdock's pride was stung to the quick, he laughed and made no protest. Mary and he had agreed on a policy of non-resistance in the hope that Alex would soon turn his attentions elsewhere. In this they were disappointed, for as time went on Alex forgot his original intent as a kind of rough passion possessed him.

One spring night when Murdock was taking Mary home from church Alex waylaid them on the wooded road half a mile above the village. The lovers, walking arm in arm, were talking of their difficulties through Alex's interference and of how they might escape him, run away to the States, and marry. Suddenly Alex sprang from the shadow of the trees, snatched Mary away from Murdock, and threw his arm about her. "Get home, you loon, she's my girl from now on," he shouted.

Murdock saw that the time for passive resistance was gone. He had in his hand a heavy thorn stick and as Alex turned, he struck him with full force across the back of the head. The blow might have killed an ordinary man, and though Alex went down like a poled ox, he was on his feet in a second and dashed at Murdock, red anger blazing in his eyes. They struck, grappled and wrestled in the half light of the roadway: they fell to the ground, now one on top, now the other; they tore the clothing from each other's backs. In the black shadow of the trees the fight was like a primitive struggle between bear and giant leopard. Mary, trembling with terror, had not even power to scream. At last the fighters rolled from the roadway to the ditch and with the last roll Alex was on top. In the muddy ditch Alex battered Murdock's face and head with his great fists, until he felt the body beneath him relax

and go limp. When he knew that Murdock had lost consciousness he sprang up to seize Mary.

"I've beaten Murdock for you, you're my girl now."

"I hate you," cried Mary, struggling to free herself. "You have killed your brother who loved me."

"I love you, too, Mary," sneered Alex.

Mary pulled back and struck him in the face with all her strength. Alex laughed. Women's blows meant love to him, and this blow only increased his desire already blazing high.

"I've won you by fight; I'll do with you what I will," he cried.

Mary struggled in vain. Throwing one arm beneath her hips, he gathered her loosely in his arms, and leaping over Murdock's body, he parted the dark spruces and ran far into the heart of the wood, with wild, lustful laughter.

An hour later Alex took Mary to her father's home in the village, saying as he left her, "Don't worry, lass, I'll marry you in a fortnight's time." Then he returned swiftly to grope along the dark and muddy ditch for his brother. If Murdock were dead he must break quickly for cover. He found in roadway and ditch the marks of the fight, but no sign of Murdock who, bruised and battered as he was, had recovered sufficiently to stagger homeward.

For two days Murdock moped about the house, a sick and broken man. When he learned that Alex intended to marry Mary and what had happened after the fight he determined to go away. His only fear was that Alex might forbid him that privilege and compel him to stay at home with Mary in the house. On the third day, when Sandy and Alex were employed in some work on the mountainside, he lifted his stiff, bruised body from the kitchen sofa and silently left the house. His mother watched him as he passed down the road, and when he topped the hill without once looking back she put her apron to her eyes and shed bitter tears. Poor

woman, she had no joy in her men folk! She loved her two giant boys because she had borne them, she even loved the brutal Sandy in a dumb, faithful way.

Alex had his way and married Mary, though she was unwilling and though the innkeeper swore at first that he would shoot him like a dog. No one in the parish dared resist Alex, and in a fortnight's time he brought Mary home as his wife to Stone Farm. Sandy accepted the sorrowful bride as an inmate of the house, for Alex was master. At the wedding feast all of the neighboring MacDonalds were present and very drunk; they hailed themselves as members of the greatest family in the world, and red Alex as the king of all the MacDonalds. Murdock, tramping the roads to the northward, was forgotten.

During the following summer and autumn Alex and Sandy were very busy with the hay, the roots, and the stock. Each could do a prodigious amount of labor and each was proud of his achievement. Two men did the work of three. In the winter they lumbered and got the year's supply of firewood. They missed Murdock, but they never spoke of his absence. Alex, with a burning jealousy of Murdock in his heart, was enraged because he could find no ground of complaint against Mary. She obeyed him meekly and followed to the letter his slightest suggestion. Once he beat her for what he called sullen silence. Mary made no resistance; she felt herself in the grip of fate and lived in mortal terror of her husband.

Nothing was heard of Murdock until the following spring, when a lumberjack, returning to Marble Mountain from the north, brought word that Murdock had spent the winter working in the woods on Baie Chaleur, and that there he had fought and been cruelly beaten by Hercule Le Blanc, the bully of Quebec.

This piece of news spread quickly about the parish and was gladly heard by the many enemies of the red MacDonalds. Alex imagined a malicious

gleam of triumph in every eye and whisperings behind his back. For a week he brooded on this terrible insult to his name. Once in the midst of their labors he turned fiercely on Sandy with, "How could you breed a loon like that?" How dare a Frenchman lay hands upon *his* brother! To be beaten by anyone seemed to him impossible; to be beaten by a frog-eating Frenchman the depth of infamy.

After breakfast one morning Alex took from the wall his gun, ax, and hunting bag. He put in the bag his black teapot, a loaf of rye bread, and a piece of bacon.

"The ducks will be far out in mid-bog to-day," said Sandy.

"I'm not going duck shooting."

"Where then?"

"To Baie Chaleur."

"Ay, I thought you wouldn't stand that insult forever. You should have moved sooner."

"I move when I'm ready," said Alex. "Don't work the black mare over hard, her off fore leg's strained." This he said merely to show his authority.

"No."

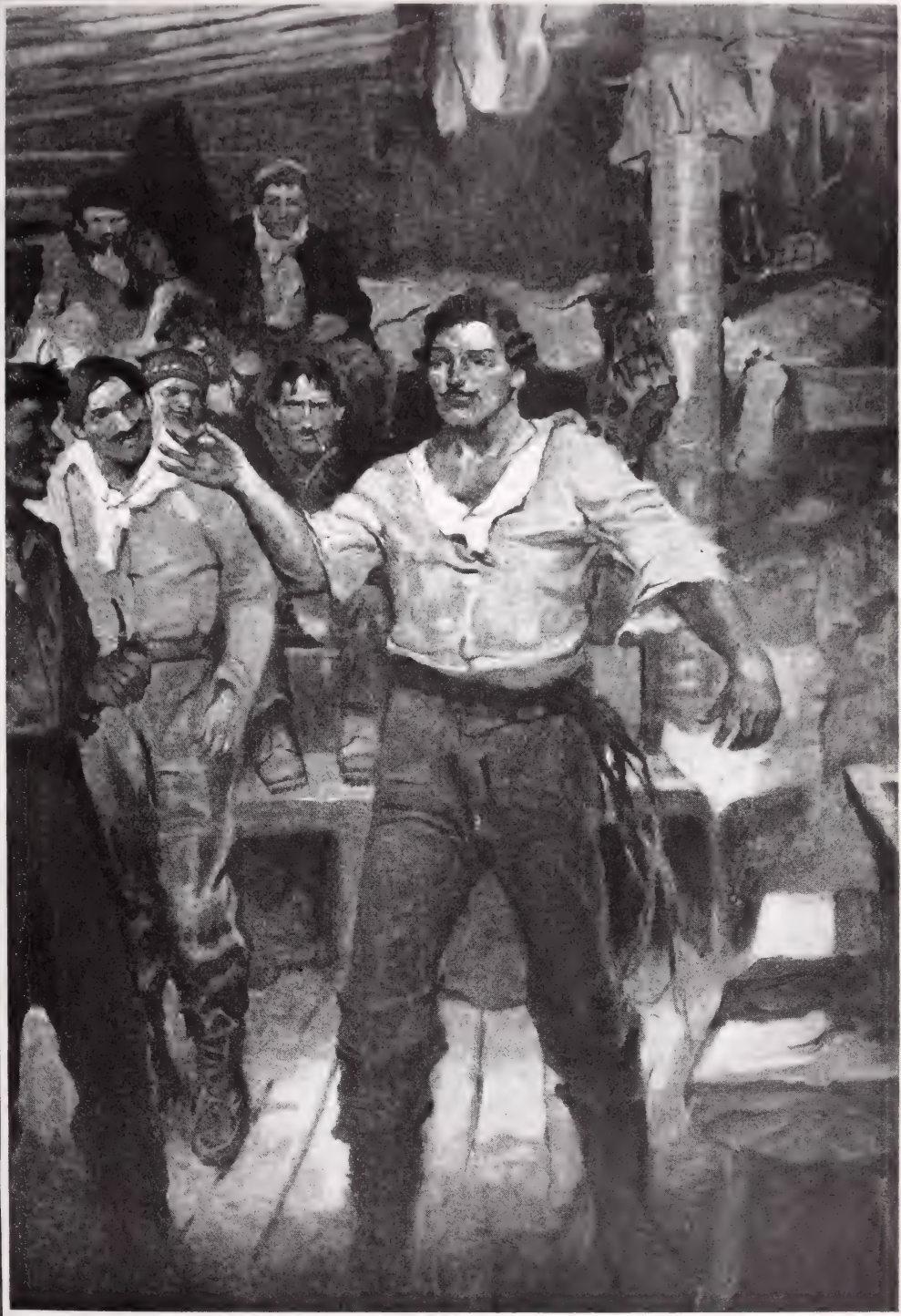
"I'll be back for the hay."

"Ay."

Alex said no word of good-by to Mary or his mother, for it was not the way of the red MacDonalds to say good-by to women or to inform them of their destination, their coming or going.

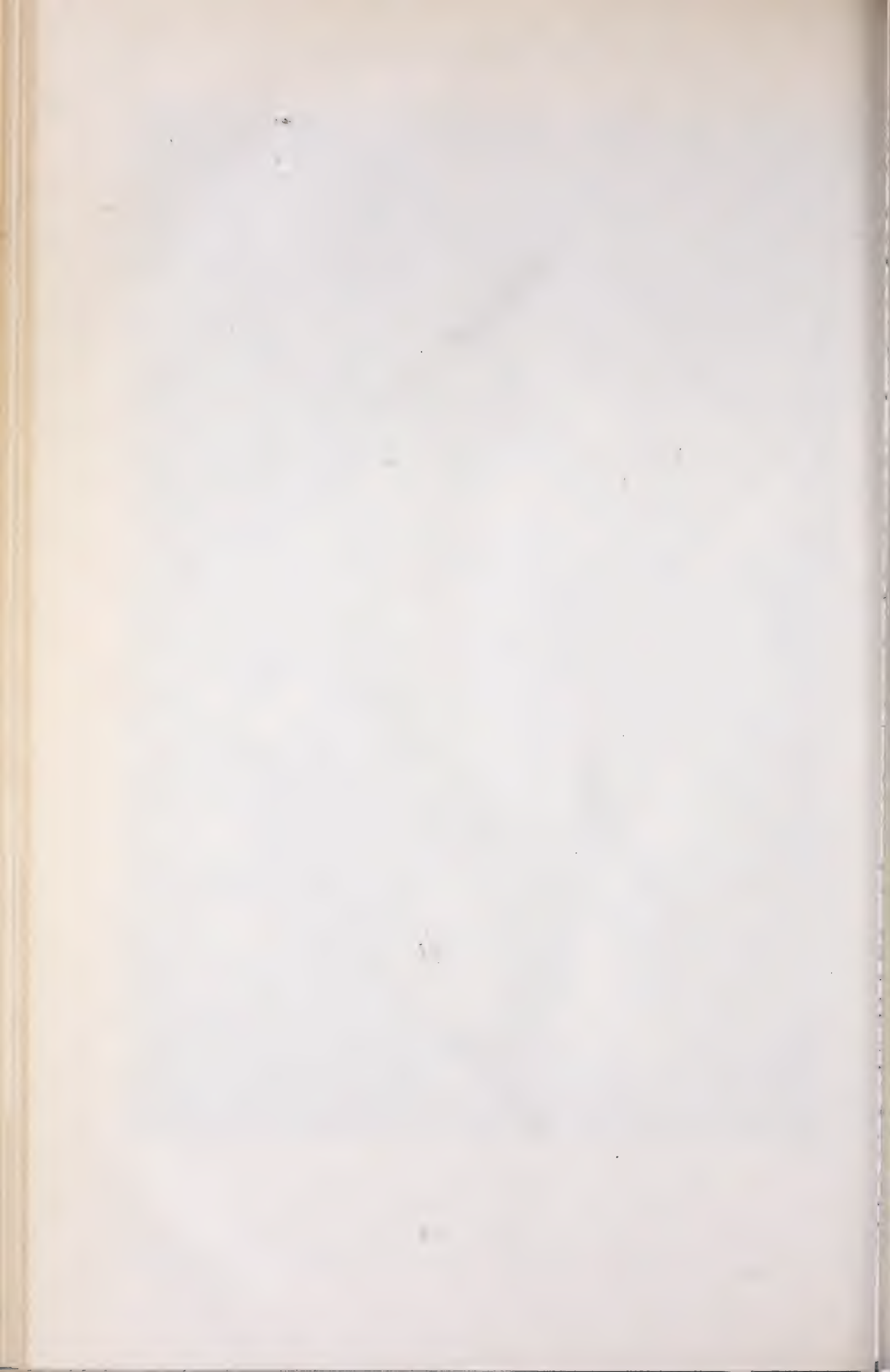
He set off down the road with his bag and blanket on his back, his light ax in his belt, his gun over his shoulder. He meant to tramp four hundred miles and crush and trample into the dust Hercule Le Blanc, who had dared to beat a MacDonald. Though the weather was cold and rainy, he avoided the villages and always camped at night in the woods, for he was penurious, resentful of strangers, and proud of his hardihood. No knight in search of the Grail moved more eagerly, nor kept more steadily to his single purpose. Day in and day out, he averaged thirty miles, and on the late afternoon of the sixteenth day he





*Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover*

HERCULE, THEIR HERO, BOASTED LOUDER THAN ANY





reached the Jacquet River Camp on Baie Chaleur, where Murdock had worked and been beaten.

He entered the dining shanty just as the men were sitting down to tea, and as strangers were not uncommon at the time of the spring drive, his advent created no comment. He was invited to sit down and eat with the others. Alex accepted the invitation and took a place at the lumberjacks' table which was loaded with plates of bread, pitchers of tea, and great steaming dishes of pork and beans. He helped himself lightly—for he knew that one fought better after a scanty meal—and looked about to select his antagonist from the crowd. The men were nearly all French Canadians and he understood their patois but slightly.

"Which is Hercule Le Blanc?" he asked of an English speaker who sat next him.

"That's him with the black beard—him that's wavin' his knife in his hand."

"Is he the man that licked black Murdock MacDonald?"

"He's the boy."

"Was it a good fight?"

"A dandy! MacDonald did well till Hercule lashed him in the face with his foot. Nobody can beat Hercule."

Alex then sat in silence, nibbling at his bread. When he thought of how he should begin the struggle, his heart beat fast and he felt a curious emptiness in his stomach. Heretofore he had fought men whose strength, tricks, and methods had long been talked of and considered; now for the first time he would face some one from outside his familiar world.

Tea was soon over and the men drew back from the tables and lighted their pipes while the cooks cleared up. Laughing and talking noisily, they separated into parties, the largest group surrounding Hercule their hero, who tossed back the black curls from his forehead, waved his arms, snapped his fingers, and boasted louder than any. Alex could not understand wholly, but he gathered that Hercule was reciting some epic of

his conquests, perhaps his victory over Murdock. He rose from his seat, crossed the room, parted the group about Le Blanc, and struck him with his open hand upon the cheek. Silence fell upon the room; everyone stood still until Hercule, mad with rage and astonishment, sprang forward with a roar, and the two giants clinched. They strained, tugged, and swayed to and fro. A table was overset and the broken dishes crashed to the ground. The boss rushed in and with the help of several men tore the wrestlers apart.

"Let me at him," yelled Hercule as he struggled for freedom.

Alex released, stood quiet, reserving his strength for the fight he had provoked.

"Who are you?" said the boss to Alex.

"I'm Alex MacDonald from Cape Breton, Murdock's brother, and I've strolled north to lick him," said Alex, pointing to the furious Frenchman.

"I'll kill him, he struck me," screamed Hercule.

"Any fightin' around here has got to be done in an orderly fashion. I won't have the tables and dishes broke up," said the boss.

"I'm ready to fight," growled Alex.

"Only let me get at him," screamed Le Blanc as he struggled for freedom.

"Keep quiet, Hercule, wait until we get the room cleared; then you can have all the fight you want."

The tables were pushed back against the walls, the dishes packed away in cupboards, and the forms piled high about the stove, so that the fighters might not be burned. The lumberjacks in expectant mood ranged themselves around the room and improvised a ring by half sitting, half leaning, against the tables. Lanterns hung from the rafters made dull blurs of yellow light in the air heavy with the fumes of Quebec-grown tobacco. In diagonally opposite corners were placed buckets of water, boxes of sawdust, and chairs for the fighters.

Hercule, stripped to the waist, took his seat in the east corner. His body was

gleaming white and the great muscles of his arms, back, and shoulders rippled beneath the skin on his slightest movement. On his chest was a mass of shaggy black hair. He was hard and fit after his winter spent swinging the ax in the open. He wore the short knee trousers adopted by river men on the drive and about his waist some admirer had tied a red scarf. On his feet he retained his driving shoes, which bristled with dangerous spikes.

Stripped to the waist, Alex revealed himself as a red MacDonald. He retained the heavy corduroy trousers and worn boots in which he had made the long journey, because he had nothing else to wear. When he stood up for a moment to scuff his feet in the sawdust the strength and beauty of his build was apparent. Though perhaps twenty pounds lighter than Le Blanc, he carried his weight high, for he tapered from feet to shoulders, the great breadth and power of which made his waist look slim and shapely. A thick lock of red hair dangled over his forehead and half hid his sullen yet alert eyes that watched Le Blanc carefully. He noted the swelling biceps of the Frenchman and hoped that he might be muscle bound like Jock Campbell of the Dale. He saw, too, in a flash, that Hercule's reach was not as long as his arm. He must depend on his quickness of foot and watch those powerful arms in the clinches.

A Scotchman and Welshman—the only two of British descent in the camp—moved by a sporting spirit, stood behind Alex, and the Welshman offered to swing a towel in his corner.

"I want no second," growled the ungracious Alex. "I'm a MacDonald from Cape Breton against the world."

His heart at once misgave him for the refusal of friendship, but it was too late to retract his words. He was glad that, in spite of his rudeness, the two Britishers continued to stand behind his chair.

The boss, who appointed himself referee and timekeeper, named the rules,

which were simple in the extreme. The rounds were to be three minutes long, with one minute for rest between them. A fighter knocked down was to have ten seconds to get on his feet. Beyond these restrictions the fighters were free to punish each other to the limit of their capacities.

At the sound of the bell Alex and Hercule sprang from their corners, struck fierce blows, then clinched to wrestle about the room. Neither could throw the other, but as they broke, Hercule hooked his right to Alex's cheek and crashed him to the floor. For a moment it looked as if the fight were over before getting fairly under way. In a flat monotonous voice the boss began to count. One, two, three, four . . . No other sound was heard in that tense moment. Alex lay quiet till he heard seven and then sprang up quickly to face his opponent. Le Blanc with a grin of triumph dashed in to finish his work and was met full in the teeth by a straight left, that shot out with the strength and precision of an engine's piston. His smile of victory faded, rage spread over his face, and with a savage growl, he rushed in again to meet Alex's machine-like left. They clinched and wrestled until the bell rang.

That minute of rest was a blessed time for Alex, whose head buzzed and rang from the terrific blow he had received. When he stood up for the second round his brain was clear and he had resolved to carry on the fight at long range and depend on his quickness of foot. Le Blanc, on the other hand, sought to bring the battle to close quarters, so that he might employ his mighty swings and hooks. Alex danced about and darted in with straight rights or lefts. The first round had taught him caution, and in the breaks he kept his hands on the outside of Hercule's arms until he was ready to step back out of range. Blood flowed freely from both and streaked Hercule's white body, already marked with purple blotches where Alex had landed heavy blows. When the bell



closed the round, the fighters were even in honors, but Le Blanc was sullen while Alex was growing in confidence.

In the third round Hercule tried holding, wrestling, rubbing with his chin, and butting with his head, but Alex was his equal at any of those tricks. Once the Frenchman tried to get his hand into Alex's mouth in order to rip his cheek open, but all he achieved was a badly bitten thumb. In wrestling neither secured a true fall, though several times they were upon the floor. They rolled over and over against the watchers' legs; once they disappeared from sight beneath a table, to be dragged out and stood upon their feet. Thus the fight swayed on, waged with intense bitterness and hatred.

As they stepped from their corners for the sixth round, Alex caught a curious glint in the Frenchman's eye and sensed a new plan on his antagonist's part. Earlier in the fight he had heard Hercule's backers cry, "*Tirez la savate, Hercule.*" He had heard that phrase in Arichat and knew its meaning well. Probably this was the round for Le Blanc's master stroke. Sure enough, as Alex darted in with left and right, Hercule threw himself upon his hands and lashed out with his feet. Alex forewarned, dropped upon his knees and the spiked boots whirled over his head. A second later he was upon Le Blanc, gripping hard and punching before the Frenchman could recover his balance. Again in this round Hercule attempted the *savate*, and though Alex stepped back quickly, the spikes caught his chest muscles and tore the flesh cruelly. The dexterity of the Frenchman, who had the marvelous co-ordination of a cat, was bewildering.

When the bell rang Alex had one minute to rest and think. Unless he could meet this new attack he would lose the fight. In that event he could never return to Cape Breton. His chest pained and was bleeding freely. Le Blanc's backers looked at him and grinned as they rubbed the legs and shoulders of

their champion. Rage and pride welled up within him; he would at any rate fight until he died. When he stood up for the seventh round he had decided on a desperate line of action. As they met in the center of the ring Alex feinted an attack with his left. In a fraction of a second Hercule was upon his hands and had lashed out with his feet. But Alex had not darted in, he had stepped back, with his feet well apart in a firm balance. At the moment of Le Blanc's greatest extension, Alex caught the Frenchman's ankles in his great hands and with a giant effort whirled him waist high until he crashed his head and shoulders against the stove and piled-up forms. Over went the stove in a shower of red coals; down rattled the stovepipe. Alex dropped the Frenchman's ankles and Hercule lay still. Some one threw a bucket of water upon the hot coals that seared the floor. A cloud of smoke and vapor arose, filling the room. When the smoke cleared Hercule still lay motionless. The fight was over!

As Hercule's friends gathered him up and placed him in his bunk, Alex returned to his corner, dipped some water from his bucket, and washed the blood from his face and breast. He then pulled on his shirt and coat, gathered up his equipment, and turned to the door. The lumberjacks were so dazed by the colossal proportions of the fight and by its unexpected outcome that they stood gaping in silence. The Scotchman, however, held out a friendly hand, which Alex disregarded, and the boss said, "You're welcome to sleep with us to-night."

"When I'm away from home I always sleep under a tree," said Alex, and he stepped out and vanished in the darkness of the wood. He looked up at the stars a moment to get his bearings and struck off on a southern trail. He staggered as he walked, for he was sore and faint. He said over and over to himself, "I have beaten him, I have beaten him, now I must get home to help the old man with the hay." After a little he crept

into a thicket like a wounded bear and nursed his bruises till weariness conquered pain and sleep stole over him.

When Alex awoke in the morning the ground mists lay so heavy around him that he could scarcely see anything ten yards distant. The spruce under which he had slept was dripping and festooned with spiders' webs beaded with moisture. His clothing was soaked with the night's heavy dew. He rolled over and startled himself with his deep groan. The muscles of his arms and shoulders were bruised and cramped: the clotted wound on his breast burned and smarted. By slow degrees he got upon his feet; his legs were all right at any rate. Luckily, he found a red spruce nearby, and with a great effort he got a fire going and boiled his kettle. He crouched close over the blaze, drank some tea, and ate a hunk of bread. Fire and hot tea warmed him, and before he had finished his meager breakfast the May sun broke through the low-hanging fog. If only his chest would stop aching. He opened his shirt to look at his wound. It was angry and beginning to fester. Bah! What were a few scratches across the chest; he had borne more when a child! He would reach Cape Breton unaided: a red MacDonald must never fail! Again he got upon his feet, strapped on bag, gun and ax, and took the southerly woodroad. For an hour he traveled down a long slope to the bottom where a brook rippled across the trail. From the brook he drank thirstily before he began the ascent of the ridge in front of him.

When he had gone part way up the slope the strap of his hunting bag began to gall his chest. He shifted the bag to the other shoulder, but the gnawing ache never ceased. After a hundred yards he sat down upon a fallen tree; when he tried again it was only to go fifty yards without a rest. The stages became shorter and shorter; a mist swam before his eyes, and in a half-delirium he saw Hercule dance triumphantly before him. He groped dimly up the ridge, swaying

and staggering from side to side, striking wildly at spruce branches that brushed against his face. He cast away his gun, his bag, and last of all his ax, the woodman's treasure. If only a man from home were there to help him he might still make Cape Breton! His knees sagged, he staggered wildly, and fell prone by the roadside.

It was noon when Alex fell and before twilight some sentinel crows perched upon a near-by fir, to stake their claim to the treasure. From time to time one fluttered down, to hop near the fallen man and then to wing back with the intelligence, "He is not yet dead." Night fell and with it came furtive brown and gray things that sniffed the scent of man and slipped silently away.

Nanette, with a black kerchief over her head, walked joyfully along the wooded path. The spring was really come at last and, except for gray patches under the spruces, the wood was almost free of snow. Though the hardwood trees were bare and gaunt, their limbs made wonderful patterns against the heaven's blue. The maple buds showed a touch of magenta and the unfolded birch leaves a tender yellow. The air was clear and strong, stirring the blood like wine.

When she came to a sharp turn in the wood-road, she sensed something strange in the forest. She stopped, stood erect, and wrinkled her little nostrils. What were those crows so solemn and so silent doing in that fir tree? Perhaps a deer was down with a broken leg, or a sheep had wandered from the farm and been torn by bears. Quietly, cautiously, she tiptoed round the bend and to her great astonishment, saw a giant with a mass of tousled red hair lying by the roadside. Her heart gave a great throb: she stood trembling like a young poplar at noon-tide. A dead man in the forest was a terrifying spectacle; it was out of tune with everything springing into life!

Slowly she approached Alex and laid her hand upon his neck. It was warm.



Thanks to the Good God, the giant had life in him! She thrust her hand toward his heart and the hurt body twitched visibly. Whence had he come? Had he dropped from the sky? He was unlike any Quebec man she had ever seen! It was indeed a wonder that he had not smothered with his face buried in that soaking moss. With a great effort she turned his shoulder and face, and the sun touched his brown cheek. She ran to the brook, fetched water in a twisted piece of birch bark, and dashed it in his face, pried open his teeth, and poured some in his mouth, but beyond a deep groan there was no response.

She must get help to save him! She tore two strips from her white petticoat, drove a stake in the ground, and tied the strips so that they would flutter in the breeze. That would keep off all the forest folk until her return. She cast one loving glance upon the man she had found and then, holding her skirt high, she began to run.

She burst from the wood crying, "Father, father, a man is dying in the forest."

Father Amirault dropped his tools and waited.

"A giant, a giant with wonderful red hair," she panted.

The whole household was soon in commotion. An ox was brought from the barn and harnessed to a drag, on which were lashed four stout boards, a pillow and wool comforter from mother Amirault's bed. Father Amirault and Pierre, the oldest boy, took their axes, for Nanette had reminded them that the big pine was down across the trail. Nanette fluttered about in a frantic effort to hurry the preparations. At last they were off, the drag grinding over stones, the ox lumbering along, unutterably slow.

Nanette, equipped with a flask of whiskey, finding their progress too slow, ran ahead, reached Alex, and knelt by his side. As she chafed his wrists and temples and dropped the liquor in his mouth, she heard the ring of axes attack-

ing the big pine. She worked incessantly to warm him back to life and prayed with her whole heart to the Good God to save him. She wondered how he had become so battered about the face and neck. When she opened his shirt the angry wound, that looked like the stroke of a bear's paw, told the secret of his collapse.

At last father Amirault and Pierre arrived with the dagan. They rolled the giant upon the boards, wrapped him in the comforter, placed the pillow under his head, and lashed everything securely to the drag. Then they set out for the farm with father Amirault in front, twirling his whip and uttering great shouts to encourage the ox, Pierre walking near Alex's head and secretly goading the ox with a short pointed stick when father Amirault was not looking, and Nanette behind, her eyes fixed upon the strange man she had found in the wood.

When this procession arrived in the clearing they unlashed the tackle from the drag, and mother Amirault and Nanette helped the men carry Alex into the house, where they laid him on the bed behind the stove. That meant that the two little boys must find quarters in the loft. The bed was too short, but father Amirault soon lengthened it with two soap boxes, while mother Amirault sewed a yard-wide hem on one of father Amirault's nightgowns to make a garment for the sick man. They undressed and washed the giant, marveling at his thews and muscles, and mother Amirault placed a fat warm poultice of bread upon his wounded breast. They poured warm bean soup into his mouth together with some spoonfuls of whisky *blanc*, the universal remedy for all ills. Then they dispatched Pierre to the village at Jacquet River for the doctor and the priest.

All day long as Alex lay on the bed behind the stove, father Amirault and the boys were out of doors while mother Amirault and Nanette washed, scrubbed, and baked within the house. Now and

then Nanette stopped to gaze at the massive head crowned with a shock of red till her mother said.

"How slow you are to-day, Nanette."

"I cannot put the strange man out of my mind. What was he doing in the wood, and where did he come from?"

"Think of nothing until Father Saulnier arrives. He will know everything."

Toward evening they heard the tinkle of bells, and Pierre, the priest, and the doctor arrived. The priest was a slender dark man with a humorous eye. As he entered with, "God be within this house and His grace upon you all," his glance caught the huge figure on the bed behind the stove. His eyes twinkled as he said jovially, "Ah, ah, mother Amirault, what kind of a babe is this you have brought our good Jean in the springtime? 'Twill take a big spruce to make a cradle for that boy."

"He is near death, Father."

"Not with that color in his cheek."

The doctor had lingered in the yard to pass the day with father Amirault. He was something of a fop and proud of his knowledge of sport. He lorded it over the country people and when he scolded them for not following his instructions he twirled and chewed the black cigar between his lips. At length he entered the house and stood by the bed. He bared Alex's arm and felt its shaggy strength, then opened his shirt, removed the poultice, and looked fixedly at the wound.

"This is the man who beat Hercule Le Blanc."

"He has the scratch of a bear's paw over his heart," said mother Amirault.

"Those are the marks of Hercule's spikes."

After having made his examination he said, "He may live if blood poisoning does not set in. He is suffering from shock, exposure, and fatigue. Keep him warm, give him a little whiskey and warm soup, and put poultices on as you have done."

Then the doctor told them how this giant, Alex MacDonald by name, had

walked four hundred miles from Cape Breton to Jacquet River, to fight Hercule Le Blanc because Hercule had beaten Murdock his brother.

"Four hundred miles through the woods to fight the bully of Quebec!" thought little Nanette. "He is my man since but for me he would have died."

The doctor recited the epic of the contest. When he told at last how Alex had swung Hercule by the ankles about the room and dashed him against the stove, his little audience was breathless.

"He is a violent man," said mother Amirault, "and not one of ours, father."

"No," said the priest, "but the Good God has sent him to you and you must nurse him back to life. He is what the Acadiennes call a protestant. Perhaps he may see the light. It is not unlawful for you to pray for his spirit."

For two days Alex lay still upon his bed. The stove gave out a constant glow, for in the chill hours before dawn Nanette crept from her bed to throw gnarled hardwood knots upon the dull embers. Rest and warmth of bed and stove set the blood restirring within the body of the giant. Alex began to move and turn, to lapse again into unconsciousness. Nature was awakening in him as in the wood. Once he looked into a pair of brown eyes watching by his bedside. He thought of the beseeching look of a fawn whose throat he had once cut, and fell asleep again.

When he awoke and looked about him he saw first upon the wall some colored prints of saints and martyrs. A big cooking stove occupied the center of the room. In a neat row near the door were *sabots* of varying sizes. A rifle, shotgun, and two double-bitted axes hung on birch hooks over the dark recess that had once been a fireplace.

The bewildered Alex turned his head cautiously to get a further view. Near the table, set for supper with a white cloth and shining dishes, sat two women sewing. One was perhaps thirty-five, the other a girl of eighteen. Both had dark eyes and placid oval faces. They



were obviously French, mother and daughter. They spoke in low tones to each other, unaware that the sick man's eyes were upon them.

Where was he? Had he lost the fight to Le Blanc? No, he remembered the winning coup! He remembered leaving the camp, sleeping in the wood, getting his breakfast and setting off homeward. He remembered crossing the brook, the great pain in his breast and the difficulty of the climb up the ridge. He had sat down upon a tree to rest and staggered when he began to walk—then he remembered nothing more. What was he, Alex MacDonald, doing in bed in the middle of the day? He stirred and tried to raise himself on his elbows.

"Stay still," called mother Amirault sharply. A woman giving him orders, that was too much! He heaved himself up a little, but fell back trembling as a great pain shot through him. He suddenly realized that he was weak as a child.

"You must not move, but lie flat upon your back. Death has peered into your face. Nanette, bring the barley broth."

Alex missed many words of the patois as he meekly sipped spoonfuls of the rich soup. "Water," he murmured. It was the first word he had spoken. Nanette ran to the spring and fetched a dipperful. He drank greedily.

"Where am I?"

"In Jean Amirault's house at Petite Rivière. I am his wife and this is my daughter Nanette, who found you in the wood. Now lie quiet and speak no more."

The women went back to their sewing and Alex to reflection. Why had these people rescued an enemy and what would they do with him? What was the motive for their kindness? Probably robbery! They must have found the money sewn in the lining of his coat! Strange, there were his boots and clothes piled neatly on the box beside his bed! Against the wall were his gun, ax, and bag which he had thrown away near the brook. Well,

he was in their power as long as he was sick. Had they intended murdering him they would have done it before he woke. He must use cunning and lie there until he was strong, then spring up suddenly, seize his equipment and money, and set out for home.

About supper time father Amirault and Pierre came in from their work. When father Amirault learned that the giant was awake and had spoken he approached the bed grinning.

"Well, giant, how are you? You were a big load on the drag. You are a great fighter, heh, and beat our good Hercule. Well, many will be glad that that bully's mouth is stopped. I wish I had seen the fight. You are welcome here, but you must soon get well and return to your folks." Alex gave him a surly look and tried in vain to turn his face to the wall. Father Amirault, nothing daunted, grinned more widely. "To-morrow," he said, "the doctor will be here again to cure you."

They sat down to supper, and Alex watched them curiously as they drank mugs of tea with their simple meal of homemade bread and bacon. They were strange folk! They laughed and talked at table and beamed at one another. Even the little boys joined in the conversation and were listened to. Sometimes they all talked at once with great enthusiasm.

After supper father Amirault and Pierre sat by the stove and smoked their pipes while the women washed the dishes and the boys played at still-hunting moose in the dark corners behind the table and Alex's bed. At eight o'clock mother Amirault gave the sick man some broth, placed a glass of water on the box near him, and laid a fresh poultice upon his breast. Then the family knelt down and prayed with simple devotion. Father Amirault filled the stove with hardwood sticks, closed the draughts, and sprinkled ashes upon the glowing coals. After that the family retired, father and mother Amirault in the front room, Nanette to a tiny room adjoining, not much larger



than a closet, while Pierre and the little boys climbed the ladder to the loft.

Alex lay still with wide-open eyes listening to the creaking of beds and the patter of feet above him. "They must have reckoned," he thought, "that I am too weak to escape, for they have not even locked the door. They are deep and cunning, but some morning they will wake and find the bird flown. Till then I am in their power." He lapsed gradually into sleep.

Next day the doctor arrived and examined Alex's wound. He shook his head and looked very serious.

"You are in for a long siege, my bold giant. Keep quiet if you want to live. When you are stronger, I will cut away the proud poisoned flesh so that the edges may heal."

June came warm and bright, July nights were warm and mellow, and the August sunshine gilded the heads of the wheat in the patch in the clearing, and still Alex lay upon his back, slowly gathering strength as the ugly wound healed. The doctor had been with him weekly, and the Amiraults had tended him as if he had been their son. At first he understood little of their talk and spoke hardly at all, except to ask for food or water. Day after day he listened and finally understood all. He heard their prayers with which they began and concluded each day. In them there was always a petition for the sick stranger whom God had sent them. No blows were struck in that household nor were any cross words spoken. He saw only happiness, mutual helpfulness, kindness, and laughter. Gradually it was borne in upon him that these people were not playing a part for his benefit, but that this was their natural mode of life. This idea broke upon him as a great revelation. He had never realized that some people are habitually kind and gentle to one another. Perhaps their religion had a softening influence upon them. He compared it with the drunken Jeremiads of his father, and remembered how he had cowered as a boy, when Sandy, in the

role of the Almighty, had denounced the degeneracy of Jerusalem.

Mother Amirault and Nanette were so untiring in their attentions to him, that, in spite of himself as he got better, he began to talk with them a little and sometimes to smile. Something softened within him and he told the women of his home in Cape Breton, praising it as does every man among strangers far from the land of his nativity. He told them of the rich acres that his ancestors from the Western Isles had won on the rocky hills. He spoke of his father and mother and of Murdock but, though he tried to tell of Mary, his tongue faltered and he could not.

Nanette often sat by his bed and related her simple adventures. As she had been seven times to Jacquet River for mass, she counted herself a great traveler. She had kept her eyes open and observed the Sunday dress of every woman in the parish. Moreover, she had always picked up some news at the church door while waiting for father Amirault to come with the horse. Once while so waiting she had seen Hercule Le Blanc, whom everyone knew. She had interpreted sweetly everything she had met in her little world; she had seen life at its best and dreamed a little of romance. Better than anything else, she understood the spirit of the forest and the ways of wild animals. She could not think how Alex dared sleep alone in the woods, for she said archly,

"A man of your experience must know that the *loup-garou* stalks at night."

Alex never tired of her artless tales—sometimes like a child he asked her to repeat a special story—or of looking at the simple innocence of her face.

It was the middle of August before Alex tottered out of doors to sit on a bench in the sunshine. His wound was healed, but his strength came slowly. He had hoped to be able to make the journey homeward in September, but in that he was disappointed. The slightest exertion threw him into a fever and perspiration. Snow fell in the last of Sep-



tember, there was no Indian summer, and with the snow vanished the hope of a homeward journey until spring. He wrote a letter to Sandy, telling of his illness and whereabouts, and dispatched it by the doctor to be posted in the village.

Since he must perforce spend the winter with the Amiraults, he resolved to show that he was no sluggard but worth his bed and board. As soon as he was fully strong he began to work with the men. What a day's work the giant could do! He tore out boulders that had defied father and grandfather Amirault. He built a stone wall under the barn and laid new sills under the sagging floor. Alex could do anything with a broadax. In a week he and Pierre hewed out the timber for a shed planned for many years. They cut a pile of wood whose top towered above the ridge pole of the house. In the tiny forge he welded broken tools, resharpened the picks, and relinked worn chains. They cut in that winter eight hundred spruce logs, hauled them, and rolled them down the brow. Alex was never idle for a moment of daylight, and they all wondered at his vigor, strength, and activity.

He gloried in the work that he could do because he had learned to love those simple people in the forest clearing. Constant association with them changed him. The lowering, quarrelsome ruffian became gradually a man. Sometimes in the evenings he joined their songs in a low voice and laughed and played with the children. He began to dread a relapse into his former life that belonged to another world. For his right hand he would have not brought fear to Nanette and mother Amirault, who had nursed him back to life.

At the time of the Christmas celebration, however, he came dangerously near to his old self. The Amiraults had invited their cousins, the Boudreaus, to visit them on Christmas day. One of the Boudreaus, Jacques by name, was a big handsome fellow whom Alex instinctively hated. Perhaps he was jealous of a rival in physique or thought

that the *habitant's* glances at Nanette were too friendly. At any rate, after dinner when the whisky *blanc* went round, he drank deeply but remained sullenly silent and refused to join in the singing. When Jacques Boudreau began a solo part of his special song, Alex sprang up and roared that the man sang like a frog and that the red MacDonalds could beat all the Frenchmen in the world. With that he struck the table with his fist and split the middle board of good spruce—the Amiraults can show you the crack to this day. The *habitant* who knew him as the renowned conqueror of Hercule Le Blanc, stopped short in the midst of his song. Father Amirault's eyes gleamed ominously and his fingers drummed a swift tattoo upon the table. The tinder was ready for a spark when the gentle Nanette laid her hand upon Alex's arm and said, "Alex, you must be polite to our guests." Then he was ashamed and took his cap and rushed out of doors, and walked in the snowy forest, returning only after they were all in bed. Next morning it seemed that all was forgotten, for there was never a mention made of the incident in the household.

At last April came, the ice in the river began to crack, the run above the salmon pool roared like thunder, and snow melted in the wood-roads and cleared places. Alex knew that it was time for him to go, but he lingered on with the pretext that he must help father Amirault with his sugar. They had tapped many maple trees and the sap ran richly that spring. Alex carried the brimming sap buckets from the trees to the great sugar pot. He sought excuses to stay, for with the thought of the dour land of his birth and the savagery of his youth came a curious sinking of heart. However, he was well and strong and he could not live with the Amiraults forever and, though he had earned his keep, they had many mouths to fill and they had no room for him in their tiny house.

When May came and the warm south wind melted all the snow among the hardwoods and the arbutus blossomed

again in the moss, Alex said one day to father Amirault, "I must walk homeward now. You will not lose by having harbored me, for though I have little money with me, my people are well-to-do and will repay you for my bed, board and nursing."

Father Amirault laughed merrily. "You have already repaid me, giant. Look at our wood-pile and the stone foundation, and the new sills under the barn and the logs on the brow. You have paid many times. Mother Amirault will have more pork in the barrel next winter than ever before, and besides you are good company. At first you were cross, giant, but now you are *bon camarade*. No, no, the Good God sent you to us for reasons of His own and we want no pay from you. In fact, we shall miss you, giant, and you are welcome to stay always, but, of course, your mother and father are yearning to see you. So take our blessing and go. When you come north again to fight another Hercule—poor fellow, I hear he never boasts now—our poor house is always yours." Father Amirault completed this long speech with a circular swing of his arms that signified the end of a discussion.

"You are a kind man," said Alex. "Did you do all this for me expecting nothing in return?"

"Return, heh! Did we not find you in the wood? 'It is lucky to find a man in the spring,' the women say. The Good God who sent you will repay. Perhaps sometime a stranger will be good to one of my boys."

"I have been very lucky, but I am a poor hand at thanking," said Alex. "These have been the happiest months of all my life, but I must return to my people. I shall leave to-morrow morning."

The last night, as they sat together about the kitchen stove, was like many others they had passed, but it had an added touch of solemnity because it was their last together. Nanette sat close to Alex, in whom she assumed in her simple

way that she had some proprietary right, and linked her arm through his. Father Amirault played on his accordion: "*Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre*," "*En roulant ma boule*," and "*Isa-beau s'y promène*," melodies their forefathers had brought from old France.

When they knelt down for prayer that night Alex knelt with them. They besought the Blessed Virgin and Saint Raphael, friend of travelers, to take especial care of Alex on his long journey to the land of the Acadians.

For a long time that night Alex tossed sleeplessly. He watched the firelight make strange patterns on the wall and heard the great beech trees rustle and brush their branches against the roof. Starting with a false ideal, he had missed the whole point of life. He almost hated great strength and physical prowess; bears and lions had more than he and lived in a world of hunted insecurity. Why had he never learned of gentleness and love? How could he leave Nanette? How would he greet Mary whom he had beaten and never loved? What good had come from destroying Hercule? He thought of one of mother Amirault's sayings, "Everyone has a cross to bear, my son; some are heavy and some light, but no one goes through the world without a cross." Surely his was a heavy cross! An ember snapped sharply in the stove and a floor board creaked. He turned and his heart leaped with a throb of passion as he saw a white figure standing in the middle of the kitchen floor. It was Nanette, her black hair falling about her shoulders. The stove threw a patch of red light upon her nightgown; her feet were bare.

"Alex," she whispered.

"Yes, Nanette."

"I may not have a chance to speak to you to-morrow, so I have come now."

"Yes, Nanette."

"You will not forget that I found you in the wood?"

"No, Nanette."

"You will never forget me?"

"Never."



"I love you, Alex."

"I love you, too, Nanette."

"Good-night."

"Good-night," and she was gone as noiselessly as she had come.

Alex turned his face to the wall, a miserable man. If he had been unhappy before, he was thrice unhappy now. Here was his great chance in life and he must throw it away, to return to a woman who hated him and whom he did not love. He sprang from his bed, pulled on coat and boots, and wandered out into the night. The wind was cool against his hot brow. Far off he heard the rapid roar. He took the road to the river and on its bank sat down to watch the violence of the waters.

Like the river was the tumult in Alex's soul. It gave him a strange comfort to watch this violence of nature. "Perhaps," he thought, "a man could fight a thing like this." There was nothing at home so frankly violent, nothing but the great bog equally dangerous but silent and sullen. He so convinced himself of his uselessness in life that he was about to leap into the river, when the moon broke from a ragged cloud and flooded the valley with cold moonlight. Far off at the foot of the run a light flickered—some Indian spearing salmon. Something within him said, "These angry waters will some day find peace and quiet in the sea and be dissolved in mists and seek again the great lakes in the forest. Life is like that." He turned on his heel, walked back, reached father Amirault's house and slept restlessly till dawn.

They talked little at breakfast. When the meal was over Alex hung on his shoulder the bag well stuffed by mother Amirault with bread and cakes, took his gun and ax, and was ready to depart. He stood awkwardly, not knowing how to say adieu. Mother Amirault suddenly threw her arms about him, pulled down his head, and kissed him on both cheeks. He bent down and touched Nanette's forehead with his lips.

"Remember us to your good mother."

"You will sleep in villages when you can," pleaded Nanette. "A lonely wood is no place for a man when the *loup-garou* walks."

"She is afraid some other girl will find you, giant," laughed father Amirault.

Alex reddened and promised to do as Nanette wished. He turned and held out his hand to father Amirault.

"No, no, giant, the boys and I have planned to walk with you as far as Red Brook."

So he set out with the boys and father Amirault, who waved his hands and chattered volubly. Mother Amirault stood in the doorway and Nanette upon the slate flagstone to watch his departure. The morning sun had just cleared the tree tops. Alex was sick at heart, but he gave no sign of his sorrow. As he entered the wood he turned to wave his hand. In one quick glance he saw what remained forever in his mind, the little gray house and barn, the giant wood-pile that the sun colored a gleaming yellow, and on the doorstep the slender figure of Nanette clad in black, a black kerchief upon her head, watching until the forest should swallow him again. She loved him—what a wonder, what a pity! He plodded doggedly on, his heart filled with a kind of sweet sorrow. He looked up at the May sun and the swelling buds of the maples and a vague hope kindled in his heart. Could he begin now? Could he be gentle with Mary? His was a heavy cross to bear.

At Red Brook the party halted and the friends shook hands in good-by. Father Amirault fumbled shamefacedly in his pocket and produced a knife with a carved handle.

"Here is this knife, a present; it will bring you luck. My father and grandfather had it before me, and it has been used to bleed many a buck and steer. Granddad said that it came from old France, and certainly there is no such steel nowadays. Take it; we have all agreed that you must have it, for it was a lucky day when the Good God sent you to us. See how the potatoes grew

in the burnt land last summer, clean and white, and how in September the bog was red with cranberries. Take the knife, Alex, it is lucky, and it will be a souvenir of your time with us." Alex was so touched that he took the gift and said never a word.

"Come back some day," shouted father Amirault as they parted.

"Be sure to come back, giant," echoed the boys.

He was alone, plodding southeastward as the wood-road wound and doubled. The parting gift which all the family had agreed upon had moved him to the bottom of his nature. It was an heirloom, perhaps their most treasured possession, and should have gone to Pierre.

"I will repay them, I will repay them," said Alex to himself, "but how? Money and lands are of no avail." Then he spoke in a voice that was not his own, "I have been a man of violence and hell. I must become like a little child again."

When he sat down upon a log by the roadside to eat the lunch mother Amirault had prepared, a terrible temptation came to him. Why might he not return to the clearing, marry Nanette, build a house and live with them forever in the forest? They knew nothing of Mary. Once he sprang to his feet with the resolution to return. Then something smote him on the forehead and a vague consciousness of a general rightness in human affairs, that could not be ignored without disaster, grew in his mind. He sat down again and thought of all the loving kindness they had lavished upon him. He had done enough evil; he must bring no blight upon that one bright spot in his world. He shouldered his bag and tramped homeward sturdily.

At night he entered the village of Petit Rocher, sought out the inn, spoke gently to the woman who kept the house, and was amazed at her kindness and attention. There was gentleness in the wide world as well as in the forest clearing! Once when he passed through a straggling village at noonday he saw some little boys making whistles. He cut a

branch from a willow with his lucky knife and taught them how to beat the bark until the bruised skin, lubricated by the sap, turned easily upon the stick. He made a capital whistle for each child. Heretofore children had fled screaming from the red giant; these boys piped him through their village and waved their caps until he disappeared down the road. One day he overtook an Indian woman carrying a load of baskets and a sack of meal. He took the burden from the weary woman and when they reached the encampment received her simple blessing.

Day after day as he plodded homeward he found a strange pleasure in the budding trees, the wild flowers, the song of birds, and the play of light and shadow on the hills. The world seemed new and reborn to him: he did not realize that his new world lay within himself. At last he reached the Straits of Canso, where a fisherman set him across in his dory, refusing payment. He was only one day from Marble Mountain. He rested for the night at an inn, but slept little, tossing restlessly at the thought of his strange homecoming.

Next morning he took the road bright and early, but it was nine in the evening before he topped the mountain and his eyes caught the gray buildings of Stone Farm. He halted on the great hill for a moment to look down over the homestead that his forefathers had made. The rising full moon glinted on the ponds of the bog, silvered the granite walls and stunted spruces of the hillside and clad the old buildings in a monotone of gray. A faint light glimmered from the kitchen window. "It's bare but none so bad," thought Alex. All seemed friendly save the evil bog that grinned at him and flung out a challenge. Alex knew its secret. He remembered as a little boy being awakened by the scuffle and uproar of a fight, of springing out of bed and peeping through the window to see his father going in the direction of the bog with a limp body across his shoulders. It seemed to him that that sinister place had cast a blight upon all who had dwelt



in Stone Farm. He accepted the challenge as an inspiration of something he could do flashed through his brain.

He strode forward till he reached the house and peeped in at the window. The old man was busy whittling out an ax handle. The mother sat with downcast eyes. Mary was not in the room. His mother looked old and broken.

He opened the door and stepped into the kitchen. The two candles upon the long table flickered as the draft of night air struck them. His mother looked around quickly to see who was entering. Terror spread over her face, and she gave a strange cry half joy and half despair as she clasped her hands upon her breast. Sandy sprang to his feet, the ax handle rattled upon the floor.

"Alex boy, we thought you dead."

His expression changed rapidly from surprise to sullen hatred, to a grin of feigned welcome.

"Did you get no letter; the doctor promised to post it?" asked Alex.

"No," said Sandy, showing his yellow teeth. "Letters seldom come here. Sometimes they are destroyed by the postmaster," he added lamely.

"Aren't you glad to see m<sup>e</sup>, mother?"

"Yes, lad," she answered timidly, staring at the floor and without moving from her seat.

"Did you lick the Frenchman?" asked Sandy.

"Ay," said Alex with his heart nearly bursting, "but where's Mary?"

Father and mother stood silent. Finally Sandy spoke,

"Murdock's been home. We all thought you dead, so he married your wife and took her away to the States."

The parents were both in terror. Sandy, with his guilty conscience because of the letter he had destroyed, expected Alex to fall upon him and throttle him with his great hands. The mother awaited an outburst of fierce passion such as she had often witnessed in her household. Alex stood still as if frozen. His heart gave a great bound, for he knew that the law would set him free.

"Married and gone with Murdock! Well, it's right, they loved each other, she never cared for me and I was cruel to her."

"What's the matter, man? Will you stand that insult to your name? Won't you go after them?"

"No," said Alex. "I've learned something in the Northland that you could never understand. I've done her a great wrong. Now I'll gladly give Mary her freedom and let her go with the man she loves."

Sandy's jaw dropped in surprise. What had transformed the fierce Alex? He had planned at least another year as master with Alex absent.

"Mother," said Alex, "make me some hot tea and put bread and meat on the table, for I am hungry after my long tramp. While the kettle boils I want you and father to come out into the yard and I will tell you what I have been planning as I came over the hills."

His mother drew the kettle to the front of the stove, and the three stepped out into the moonlit yard.

"This summer," said Alex, "we will paint the house, barn and sheds, plant flowers and shrubs around the buildings and some willows and lombardy poplars near the barn. They are quick growers. The man and I will build a stone-work beside the brook and around the spring house. It is high time that we make this old place look better."

Sandy stood still in open-mouthed surprise. For a moment Alex turned his face to the north and though his lips were silent his heart sang:

*Lui ya longtemps que je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.*

His mother caught the smile about his lips and understood.

"The red MacDonalds, father, have always striven to win land on the hill-side. To-morrow we will begin to drain the bog. It will make famous timothy land. The deepest part we cannot reclaim, but our side is good. We will turn those stagnant ponds into shining lakes."

# American Husbands

BY ALEXANDER BLACK

THE sort of thing visitors to the United States say about us—to us—naturally falls into a formula. These visitors may come with a benevolent expectation or with a grouch; they may be going away happily reassured or in a state of bitter disenchantment; they may be hoping on in the face of the awful testimony or be nursing a verified exasperation. Such diversities do not greatly affect certain standardized comments. If the visitor is polite there is the impulse to say what is expected. Challenge works to the same end. Since what we expect also is standardized, we get what is coming to us.

Male visitors may vary prodigiously in endowment and in disposition, but they all say that American women are wonderful. Some of them say it shyly, and some slyly. Others speak with an emotional ardor that suggests an elated passion for discovery. As a device to please this is invariably successful. We know it has to happen. Yet we expect no real man to say less. Male visitors anywhere on the visitable earth have been saying something of the kind since times older than interviewing, in answer to instincts older than gallantry. The man who emerges from the jungles of Uganda will tell you about tribal belles whose beauty and charm are simply astounding. It is all part of a biological imperative. A man who did not think the women were a mitigation probably should not be trusted. Of course, if he goes too far, and peoples a South Sea island with dazzling and enterprising flappers, the misguided multitude of responsive men who scurry across the Pacific to find the paradise full of fat old women will have an opinion of their own.

The woman visitor to the United States, in this as in other particulars, is more complicated, not, perhaps, in her actual reactions, but in her expressions. Chiefly because women are less perfectly adjusted to formulæ, they often disappoint those who look for the established word. Plainly, they do not always feel that American women are wonderful, and they are hampered by a delicacy. A man-made tradition permits an exuberant "To the ladies!" But it is another matter to ask women to eulogize the men. This isn't done. Aside from the traditional awkwardness, is the question of discipline. In the crisis the woman visitor points impressively to the American husband. It is to be gathered that one may speak of husbands without seeming to expound men. There is, too, often an effect of implying that only the husbandly relation makes the traits of men of any importance.

It was a woman who first remarked that men differ but that husbands are all alike, and women from abroad who have studied us have doubtless made their analyses upon some such theory. Women who have been married several times admit sharpness of variation between one husband and another. Naturally, nearness emphasizes difference. The remote moves into a classification. Thus, the American husband has been noted by those to whom he is exotic as a specific appearance, as a kind of creature with special color and markings. Feminine commentators who began by speaking vaguely and appreciatively as guests, have frequently gone away to analyze and discriminate. From these cases we learn that the American husband can be not only bewildering but incredible. No European



training seems to help very much in any effort to understand him. He blends traits that do not belong together. He violates ethnological grammar. He is absurdly docile, yet fearfully self-centered. Professionally he has imagination. Domestically his mind is blankly plastic. Publicly he is a pusher. Privately he does what he is told to do. He is submissive without gallantry. He never really worships. He only offers sacrifice. Even his brutality, when it happens, lacks the grand style that belongs with a technic ripened under classical conditions. No woman with a cave-man complex can hope to do anything with him.

Such analyses have not prevented the foreign critic from saying that she does not blame the American woman. The assumption appears to have been that any sane woman who cared to marry at all would take advantage of such opportunities. Unless all signs were delusive, it was receiving odds in the wager to get an American husband if one could be had, and was known to be true to type. To be true to type he would, of course, have money. No man without money can prove that he is indulgent. Moreover, the foreign impression that the American husband talks about nothing but business implies that, in all fairness, a wife who has to hear inordinately about money-getting should profit proportionately. The listener is worthy of her hire.

Probably it is a waste of time to linger over foreign opinion, as much of a waste of time as eliciting it in the manner of so many of our interviewers. We cannot prevent foreigners from writing about us, and we cannot seem to prevent ourselves from reading the things they write. It may be true that social relationships ought to be measured from a distance. The notion would sound plausible. But where are the experts? Mr. Einstein's brief excursion into social relationships seemed to be no better than anyone else's. Quite like anyone else, Mr. Einstein extolled American women. The

movies have not needed to reduce this particular dictum to a diagram. He is credited, too, with declaring that American men are lapdogs of the women. This is doubtless full of meaning and suggests greater complexity of explanation. Assuming that it is meant to be a rebuke, or an admonition, it lacks something that we ought to look for from a scientist; or perhaps the thing it lacks is something that we ought *not* to look for from a scientist. I am not sure. Meanwhile I have the feeling that distance has not helped Mr. Einstein. In spiffing us he does not rise above the ordinary.

If we had in America a sociological Einstein, one who could fix for the common mind the parallels, curves, tangents, and nuances of matrimony, who could show how and why so many of our social straight lines are not straight at all, the part temperamental refraction plays in the incidences of the social system, and so on, we should be able to turn more hopefully to the study of a fascinating and painful problem. Of course, there is no such person. He would be married or not married, and either situation must disqualify him. Evidently it is ordained that we should grope.

The sheer drama of groping after new grounds for complaint against marriage is one of the marked excitements of American life. Rebels are ever busy searching for a novel uncomfortableness. They are slow to see that all marriages are marriages of convenience, that marriage is, indeed, the Great Convenience and still awaits the invention of something just as good; that other conveniences must, of necessity, come into competition with it. For example, the husband who agrees cordially that his wife shall keep her maiden name, knows that in the conflict of the two conveniences the greater will conquer the lesser. Except in the case of professional expediency, wherein only the stupidest reactionary resents the keeping by the woman of the name that is her very own, the acceptance of the "Mr. and Mrs."

is quite likely to win use as the easiest way out of a basically awkward situation. To be simply "& Co." in the social firm is, in view of woman's actual equalities, a paradox. The point is, that it is a convenient paradox. As usual, that is determinative. The social-unit idea may label the man as nominally the head of the firm, but sentiment should be able to get some satisfaction from the fact that "Co." in business is often the real boss. Obliterating her name is but one of the things a woman chooses to do in the interest of coherence for the family; and the name she obliterates is, after all, simply the name of another husband for whom her mother made the same sacrifice of identity.

It is as the titular head of the family that the American husband comes in for the sharpest criticism. Both foreign and domestic critics are, on occasion, glib in asserting that he does not properly act the part. We are told that the foreign husband, good or bad as an individual, holds his place; that foreign children may be brought up without fear of God but not without the fear of father; that foreign wives always know who goes first, whose tastes determine the dinner and the ventilation, who leads the conversation, whose slippers must be warmed, whose nap must not be disturbed.

Of course, these generalizations about the foreign husband would look funny enough in Europe, but they serve as a handle for the switch that is laid on the American husband. There is at times an effect of stirring the American husband to assert himself, not only in his own interest, but in furtherance of the unifying reactions, as if the happiest women and children would be those who wore wound stripes. The joke is, evidently, to pretend that the American husband is a sweet person, enamored of the cynical beatitude, Blessed are the meek for they shall be married. Yet the divorce-court records seem to show not only that he can be abstractly unsatisfactory, but that he can specifically fail in meekness. Evidently the lapdog no-

tion has something wrong with it. There may be something wrong with the whole theory of his self-effacing simplicity.

To be sure, we ought to remember, even in a parenthetical recognition of foreign comment, that foreign impressions of the American husband really began to happen in Europe and outlying parts. There is no probability that any visitor to these shores ever came without at least a slight prejudice germinated on the other side. The American husband has been too visible abroad to have escaped being seen. And if he has been seen he has suffered. Nothing could be less impressive than an American husband trailing after an American wife who is frantically occupied in checking up on all the things she will be asked about when she gets back. He would be brazen enough to admit that he hadn't seen the Sistine Madonna, or even the Venus of Melos. But she would know better. It will not do to say that she also may have excited prejudice in Europe, to cite the fact that, for instance, there have been a thousand allusions to her shrillness. Any resentment arising from her unabashed audibility would only serve to make his obscuration the more pitiful. In Europe as elsewhere a too patient boredom is often mistaken for meekness. When the American man is bored, as with teas, or study clubs, or picture galleries, and chooses not to make a row, the effect is stultifying and unseemly, though it may appear to him to be better than a row. He wants the price he pays for not doing or knowing the things he doesn't want to do or know to be a quiet price. He pays, and the picture of him paying is not imposing. I have witnessed his gentle bewilderment in the wake of a wife who was after Art, as patient with her culture as with her hat, perhaps knowing that both were quite new; and I could believe that no European was likely to guess him—not in the Uffizi. Perhaps Einstein had watched him, too.

A sociological Einstein would clear the



ground by showing, as he might without effort, that, as most of the complaints registered against marriage should really be registered against life, so most of the complaints against the American husband do not properly lodge against his Americanness, or even against his husbandly relation. He may have helped to invent democracy, but he is not wholly to blame for its inevitable effects upon wives and children as well as upon husbands. The American habit of trying to keep a jump ahead of trouble may, in fact, often account for a way the American husband has of relinquishing, and relinquishing with an honest cordiality of assent, that which must surely be taken away from him. Now that even the Turk has seen a light, it would be grossly out of character for the married male in the United States to brace himself against the new spirit. He shows no disposition to do anything of the kind. To recognize both children and wives as persons can involve heroic renunciations. The degree of the heroism must depend upon the inherited luggage of the individual, and upon the nimbleness of his sense of humor. Yet children who regard the old man as a good sport are probably better fun than children who pretend to be obliterated when the ogre stalks in. The traditional master of the house was a stark figure. He may have been logical, but he was lonesome. He was indispensable to novels and plays. His way of cutting off the son, and of banging the door on the disobedient daughter, especially when it had begun to snow, facilitated plots enormously. He is still good for a sob if it can be arranged so that the mother will do no more than look heartbroken in the crisis. Somebody really should hit him with a chair. This would cure him, but it would spoil the story.

It cannot be denied that the American husband is a great spoiler of heavy plots. He is better in comedies of exasperation. Recognizing a wife as a person leads straight toward those little annoyances that loom large in the critical effort to

keep the old outlines. Take the matter of his babbling about business. Romance has always revolted against the idea, and it has been shown again and again that keeping romance is essential. Nobody pretends that as between telling the truth about business and telling lies about love there is any real choice. But there ought to be no such alternative. A husband should have a better instinct for the things a fully recognized person will find interesting. He should himself have more than one interest. Even golf sticks are not a wholly satisfying variation. A proper education would enlarge his chances of being a good dinner companion. Like many another, I am acutely sorry that the American husband does not read more, or read better. Leaving the book-reading to the wife and worrying along on a radio culture lead to his ruthless elimination as a person. He ends by becoming only "Him."

A husband aesthetically inferior must ever be, as George Eliot said about a difference of taste in jokes, a strain on the affections. The habit of not noticing a wife's clothes, even when the trait is in no way aggravated by a habit of noticing other women's clothes, has forced many a husband to give disproportionate and less appreciated praise to spiritual qualities of the wearer. Every man knows that homage to a gown, as a gown, gives a woman more satisfaction than a masterpiece of compliment which includes the woman herself. Few husbands show any aptitude for utilizing this knowledge. Few avoid the blunder of being flippant about clothes. It does not matter that a husband's vaudeville jest, "That's a pretty dress you nearly have on," is used to conceal a real chagrin over the physical display. Such sarcasms are a bad investment.

Married romance is, indeed, as fragile as ever. The essential subtleties cannot be made light of. Yet a study of the nice points is precisely the sort of thing for which the American husband has no flair. Naturally, he shows to the least advantage where chance has mated him

with a fearfully feminine woman, as, for instance, with one of those women who shed handkerchiefs, gloves, and other objects on all occasions. He may have become accustomed to her shedding responsibilities. It is the fragmentary thing, that jerks him into awkward action, toward which he feels most savage. There are women whose facility in dropping reaches the dimensions of a gift. Usually they are women who become greatly preoccupied with interior and theoretically invisible, but piercingly evident, garments that often need to be tucked down, but that more often need to be pulled up, especially at the shoulders, to which, by design or neglect, they are always imperfectly adjusted. Hands upon which are imposed so many obligations of search and seizure inevitably lose control of other things, and a man invested, permanently or by chance, with the responsibility of picking up has to have a good deal of jumping-jack agility. He may, while possessing other talents in plenty, be inferior in this one, and come to recognize the fact. Or he may be resentful from the start. A handkerchief or a fan retrieved for the fourth or fifth time in one evening may begin to look damnable, and the woman owner to look like a disturber of the peace; in which case the perfect poetry of relationship must suffer a bruise.

The European husband probably knows what to do with a wife who is a shedder. He knows the sign language of the dropped thing when the dropping is an art, but he knows, too, that this art has not a promising place between husband and wife. The European husband may be versed in the theory that sustained romance implies sustained coquetry, but all husbands will be found to agree that a woman must choose, if not the kind of coquetry a man understands, at least the kind he likes. Naturally, the same compulsion applies to a man's technic. A husband with the wrong gestures of gallantry can be a severer trial than one without any. Brute simplicity is seldom a mere bore.

Women have died of it, but never in hysterics.

Although husbands hate to be told that being married is an art, they are, on the other hand, almost as much irritated at being reminded by a practical wife that it is a business. A man who wants to loll amid domestic comforts can be unreasonably impatient over the details of the effort by which these comforts are produced. He is willing to know, domestically, what time it is, but he doesn't wish to see or hear the wheels go round. This is the hazard of married continuity—the behind-the-scenes contact, the sustained attritions of intimacy by which we are sometimes on the verge of verifying William James' discovery that you can't have anything without having too much of it.

The American husband and wife can make a good public impression. At their best they publish well. The husband, as a husband, is seldom a strutter. The wife may lead rather too obviously on occasion, but unless the husband follows sheepishly instead of with the tolerant pride that is more characteristic, her effect of being advance agent and spokesman for the firm is never likely to be resented. Yet no success in public can greatly lighten those natural difficulties of private adjustment which have no nationality. A husband is more than a spectacle. Unless he is mated to a fashionable wife who is always somewhere else, he must be lived with. Few meet the test. American theories of equality and frankness serve to make the test harder. It is committing a triteness to remark that large considerations, such as Mr. Howells was examining when he decided that after so many centuries of effort man is imperfectly monogamous, are less poignantly present with the average woman's nerves than those minor but vital phases of the human animal that build the sum of Him. When she hears him sleep or clear his throat, or winces at sight of the soup in his mustache; when she sees his lips distorted by a reeking black cigar, watches



the ashes drop into the rugs and steels herself to tolerate the stale odor of tobacco; when she counts the crises of collar buttons and shaving, the tensions incidental to the 8.15, the fumbblings and forgetfulness of the man who is (by his own account) a miracle of efficiency in his business; when she detects in his complaint against circumstances the effect of a complaint against her—as if *she* had neglected to wind his watch; when she realizes his readiness to promote her to the office of unsalaried valet and to accept all her talents as natural features of feminine endowment, she may excusably doubt whether she is as much “spoiled” as Europe thinks she is.

The accusation that he spoils his woman is quaintly congenial to the American man. To feel lavish is to feel a kind of sultanic superiority. A man may bask in such emotions. He may feel as flattered as a German who is accused of having an iron hand. Traditionalists have no trouble in showing, to their own satisfaction, that American women really are spoiled, as much spoiled as the children. The American husband and father rises to say, “I did it,” perhaps with a good deal of complacency. Whether he goes on to explain that it is simply tradition that has received the blight will depend largely upon his interest in the subject. In any event, he is likely to be unrepentant. Smashed traditions cannot be put together again, and if it is too late to reintroduce the ogre role, it is too late to argue about it. If it is necessary to assume responsibility to justify his abdications, it is comforting to pretend that he prefers the results. He listens to the catalogue of the American wife’s sins. He has his own special catalogue of her peculiarities. He is foolishly annoyed, it may be, by profoundly little things. He may notice that at six paces the design in her veil looks like a hideous birthmark. He may wish that she had the sense to wear glasses when she needs them, that she had at least one pocket for her train

ticket, or that she wouldn’t eye him while he goes through twenty-one pockets after his own. He may review her sins, like the shrill-talking, and her follies, like the red clay on the lips, and decide to call it a day. Since it is all part of his very thorough job of spoiling her, who shall presume to complain? He doesn’t know anything about art, but he knows what he likes.

In his crude way the American husband is an idealist. It would deeply please him if he might be accused of filling the bill—if she happened to admit or contend that he measured up.

I can remember being shocked and charmed by an American wife’s analysis of the reasons why, to attain a perfected sublimation, she should have three husbands, three concurrent husbands. Under such an arrangement the Business Husband who went forth would have a splendid freedom of action. He could concentrate on office efficiency, production, distribution, road or mail-order sales, the entertainment of buyers, late-in-the-evening club conferences, out-of-town conventions, and the showy wives of purchasing agents. With his activities fully accounted for under an intensive specialization, there would be no need to decode his answers to any conjugal questionnaire. Where he had been, what he had done or had neglected, would involve no questions, would be of no more than academic importance so long as the returns were satisfactory. Any incidental uproar would mean simply more money. With his mind free to forget the furnace, he could start off in the morning on high gear, radiant with productive expectations. That the house roof had begun to leak would be to him a triviality concerning only the Handy Husband. The Handy Husband would be selected solely with regard to his versatility in tinkering. He would know all about hollyhocks and manure, laundry traps, hot-water bags, can openers, garbage pails, screw drivers, picture-frame wire, camphor chests, and Yale locks. He would know how to stop win-

dows from rattling, subdue the obstinacy of doors, turn mattresses, wire a lamp, air a rug, mend a doll, or rationalize a vacuum cleaner. For him the 8.15 would not exist. He would always have time. He would not have to synchronize with commerce. Nothing that he forgot would have to be explained by the insistent whisperings of a business conscience. His handy mind could expand. His imagination, kindled by a joyous freedom to putter, could rove through the uttermost recesses of house and yard, find pure poetry in potato knives, and attain a kind of religious fervor in polishing the piano. He could reach that destination of every liberal soul, unhampered individual expression. It would be a happiness to a wife, when not otherwise occupied, to watch him, to see him, dressed in becoming overalls, ecstatically concentrated, like an artist, in training up the peas, and to know that for every triumph of his genius she was the inspiration.

Then there would be, of course, the Lover Husband, a glorified Nice Man, tall, but not too tall, romantic, pleasantly emotional and, at times, perhaps even tempestuous, but a non-smoker, meticulous in the matter of clothes, though capable of a certain spirited casualness in wearing them. He would swear just enough to give him a manly effect, but his profanity would be refined as became a man who looked well in church. He would be a good dancer, bright at bridge, with the correct voice for reading aloud, a cheerful taste in ties, and a discerning interest in dinners. He would be moderately witty and a noise-

less sleeper. Being freed of the sordid distractions of the Business Husband, and having no diversity of duties such as must fall to the Handy Husband, he would always be right there. He would not want to read the financial page. He would not be ruined as a listener by any habit of wondering whether that noise meant trouble with the kitchen boiler again. He would, in fact, be no more subject to bedeviling distractions than either of the other husbands. Each, like an endowed specialist, would be, and could afford to be, winged by high purpose. In ensemble they would assure the perfect home. Automatically, the wife also would become perfect.

To the theory which I have here translated rather freely, the American husband makes an obvious response. With characteristic confidence he asks why he shouldn't be a candidate for the position of composite, why he shouldn't aspire to be a beautiful blend, to win the honors of all. Optimism could go no farther. I can fancy the wistful compassion of the Average Wife; her disenchantment, skeptically tolerant, with something of the maternal, as of one who has suffered all and chooses to go on. It would strike her as so like his cheek, this aspiration to be all things to one woman. It would remind her that a male creature can be ridiculous yet be capable at times of a certain magnificence; that one may smile at the graveside of Respect.

Yes, it is utterly true that the American wife respects the husband less than husbands used to be respected. But she seems, for some reason, really to like him more.



# The Happy Isles

A NOVEL—PART VII

BY BASIL KING

Author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Wild Olive*, etc.

## XXXIII

THE day after Honey was buried Tom went to Mrs. Danker's to pay what was owing on the room rent, and take away his effects. The effects went into one small trunk which Mrs. Danker packed while Tom sat on the edge of the bed and listened to her comments. A little wiry woman, prim in the old New England way, she was tireless in work and conversation.

"He was a fine man, Mr. Honeybun was, and my land! he was fond of you. He'd try to hide it; but half an eye could see that he was that proud of you! He'd be awful up-and-coming while you was here, and make out that it didn't matter to him whether you was here or not; but once you was away—my land!—he'd be that down you'd think he'd never come up again. And one thing I could see as plain as plain: he was real determined that when you'd got up in the world he wasn't going to be a drag on you. He'd keep saying that you wasn't beholdin' to him for anything; and that he'd be glad when you could do without him so that he could get back again to his friends; but my land! half an eye could see."

During these first days Tom found the memory of a love as big as Honey's too poignant to dwell upon. He would dwell upon it later, when the self-reproach which so largely composed his grief had softened down. All he could do as yet was to curse himself for the obtuseness which had taken Honey

at the bluff of his words, when the tenderness behind his deeds should have been evident to anyone not a fool.

He couldn't bear to think of it. Not to think of it, he asked Mrs. Danker for news of Maisie. He had often wondered whether Maisie might not have told her aunt in confidence of her engagement to himself; and now he learned that she had not.

"I hardly ever hear from her; but another aunt of Maisie's writes to me now and then. Says that that drummer fellow is back again. I hope he'll keep away from her. He don't mean no good by her, and she goes daft over him every time he turns up. My land! how do we know he hasn't a wife somewheres else, when he goes off a year and more at a time, on his long business trips? This time he's been to Australia. It was to get her away from him that I asked her to spend that winter in Boston; but now that he's back—well, I'm sure I don't know."

Tom had not supposed that at the suggestion of a rival he would have felt a pang; and yet he felt one.

"Of course, there's some one; we know that. It must be some one too who's got plenty of money, because he's given her a di'mond ring that must be worth five hundred dollars, her other aunt tells me, if it's worth a cent. We know he makes big money, because he's got a fine position, and his family is one of the most high thought of in Nashua. That's part of the trouble. They're very religious and toney, so they wouldn't think Maisie a good

enough match for him. Still, if he'd only do one thing or the other, keep away from her, or ask her right out and out to marry him . . ."

Tom was no longer listening. The mention of Maisie's diamond had made him one hot lump of shame. He knew more of the cost of jewels now than when he had purchased the engagement ring, and even if he didn't know much he knew enough.

A few days later he was in Nashua. He went, partly because he had the day to spare before he took up college work again, partly because of a desire to learn what was truly in Maisie's heart, partly to make her some amends for his long neglect of her, and mostly because he needed to pour out his confession as to the diamond ring. Having been warned of his coming, Maisie, who had got rid of the children for an hour or two, awaited him in the parlor.

A little powder, a little unnecessary rouge, a sweater of imitation cherry-colored silk, gave her the vividness of a well-made artificial flower. Even Tom could see that, with her neat short skirt and high-heeled shoes, she was dressed beyond the note of the shabby little room; but if she would only twine her arms around his neck, and give him one of the kisses that used to be so sweet, he could overlook everything else.

Her eyes on the big square cardboard box he carried in his hand, she received him somberly. Having allowed him to kiss her, she sat down at the end of a table drawn up beside the window while he put the box in front of her.

"What's this?"

He placed himself at the other end of the table, having its length between them. Because of his waning love, because of the ring above all, he had done one of those reckless things which sometimes render men exultant. From his slender means he had filched a hundred dollars for a set of furs. He watched Maisie's face as she untied knots and lifted the cover of the bandbox.

On discovering the contents her expression became critical. She fingered the fur without taking either of the articles from the box. Turning over an edge of the boa, she looked at the lining. It was a minute or two before she took out the muff and held it in her hands. She examined it as if she were buying it in a shop.

"That's a last year's style," was her first observation. "It'll be regular oldfashioned by next winter, and, of course, I shouldn't want a muff before then. The girls'll think I got them second-hand when they're as out of date as all that. They're awful particular in Nashua, more like New York than Boston." She shook out the boa. "Those little tails are sweet, but they don't wear them now. How much did you give?"

He told her.

"They're not worth it. It's the marked-down season too. Some one's put it over on you. I could have got them for half the price—and younger. These are an old woman's furs. The girls'll say my aunt in Boston's died and left them to me in her will."

Brushing them aside, she faced him with her resentful eyes. Her hands were clasped in front of her, the diamond flashing on the finger resting on a table-scarf of thin brown silk embroidered in magenta ferns.

"Well, Tom, what's your answer to my letter?"

At any other minute he would have replied gently, placatingly; but just now his heart was hot. A hundred dollars had meant much to him. It would have to be paid back in paring down on all his necessities, in food, in carfares, even in the washing of his clothes. He too clasped his hands on the table, facing her as she faced him. He remembered afterward how blue her eyes had been, blue as lapis lazuli. All he could see in them now was demand, and further demand, and demand again after that.

"Have I got to give you an answer,



Maisie? If so, it's only the one I've given you before. We'll be married when I get through college, and have found work."

"And when'll that be?"

"I'm sorry to say it won't be for another two years, at the earliest."

"Another two years, and I've waited three already!"

"I know you have. But listen, Maisie! When we got engaged I was only sixteen. You were only eighteen. Even now I'm only nineteen, and you're only twenty-one. We've got lots of time. It would be foolish for us to be married . . ."

She broke in, drily. "So I see."

"You see what, Maisie?"

"What you want me to see. If you think I'm dying to marry you . . ."

"No, I'm not such an idiot as that. But if we're in love with each other, as we used to be . . ."

"As you used to be."

"As I used to be of course; and you too, I suppose."

"Oh, you needn't kill yourself supposing."

He drew back. "What do you mean by that, Maisie?"

"What do you think I mean?"

"Well, I don't know. It sounds as if you were trying to tell me that you'd never cared anything about me."

"How much did you ever care about me?"

"I used to think I couldn't live without you."

"And you've found out that you can."

"I've had to, for one thing; and for another, I'm older now, and I know that nobody is really essential to anybody else. All the same—"

"Yes, Tom; all the same—what?"

"If you'd be willing to take what I can offer you—"

"Take what you can offer me! You're not offering me anything."

He explained his ambitions, for her as well as for himself. Life was big; it was full of opportunity; his origin didn't chain any man who knew how

to break away from it. He did know. He didn't know how he knew, but he did. He just had it in him. When you knew you had it in you, you didn't depend on anyone to tell you; you yourself became your own corroboration.

But in order to fulfil this conviction of inner power you needed to know things. You needed the experience, the standing, the rubbing up against other men, which you got in college in a way that you didn't get anywhere else. You got some of it by going into business, but only some of it. In any case, it was no more than a chance in business. You might get it or you might not. With the best will in the world on your part, it might slip by you. In college it couldn't slip by you if you had any intelligence at all. All the past experience of mankind was gathered up there for you to profit by. You could only absorb a little of it, of course. But you acquired the habit of absorbing. It was not so much what you learned that gave college its value; it was the learning of a habit of learning. You got an attitude of mind. Your attitude of mind was what made you, what determined your place in the world. With a closed mind you got nowhere; with an open mind the world was as the sea driving all its fish into your net. College opened the mind; it was the easiest method by which it could be done. If she would only be patient till he had got through the preliminary training and had found the job for which he would be fitted . . .

"But what's the use of waiting when you can get a job for which you'd be fitted right off the bat? There's a family up here on the hill that wants a shofer. They give a hundred and twenty-five a month. Why go to all that trouble about opening your mind when here's the job handed out to you? The gentleman-friend I told you about says that business has got college skinned. He says colleges are punk. He says lots of men in business won't

take a man if he's been to college. They'd want a fellow with some get-up-and-get to him."

He began to understand her as he had never done before. Maisie had the closed mind. She was Honey's "orthodock," the type which accepts the limitations other people fix for it. He registered the thought, long forming in his mind subconsciously, that among American types the orthodock is the commonest. It was not true, as so often assumed, that the average American is keen to forge ahead and become something bigger than he is. That was one of the many self-flattering American ideals which had no relation to life. Mrs. Ansley's equality of opportunity was another. People passed these phrases on, and took for granted they were true, when in everyday practice they were false.

There could be no breaking forth into a larger life so long as the national spirit made for repression, suppression, restriction, and denial. Maisie was but one of the hundred and sixteen millions of Americans out of a possible hundred and seventeen millions on whom all the pressure of social, industrial, educational, and religious life had been brought to bear to keep her mind shut, her tastes puerile, and her impulses to expansion thwarted. With a great show of helping and blessing the less fortunate, American life, he was coming to believe, was organized to force them back, and beat them into subjection. The hundred and seventeenth million loved to believe that it wasn't so; it was not according to their consciences that it should be so; but the result could be seen in the hundred and sixteen million minds drilled to disability, as Maisie's was.

A young man not yet hardened to life's injustices, he saw himself rushing to Maisie's aid, to make the best of her. Experience would help her as it had helped him. The shriveled bud of her mind would unfold in warmth and sunshine. This would be in their future

together. In the meantime he must clear the ground of the present by getting rid of pretense.

"There's one thing I want to tell you, Maisie, something I'm rather ashamed of."

The lapis lazuli eyes widened in a look of wonder. He might be going to tell her of another girl.

"You know, as I've just said, that when we got engaged I was only sixteen. I didn't know anything about anything. I thought I did, of course; but then all fellows of sixteen think that. I'd never had anyone to teach me, or show me the right hang of things. You saw for yourself how I lived with Honey; and before that, as you know, I'd been a state ward. Further back than that—but I can't talk about it yet. Some day when we're married, and know each other better—"

"I'm not asking you. I don't care."

"No, I know you don't care, and that you're not asking me; but I want you to understand how it was that I was so ignorant, so much more ignorant than I suppose any other fellow would have been. When I went out to buy that ring you've got on—"

He knew by the horror in her face that she divined what he had to tell her. He knew too that she had already been afraid of it.

"You're not going to say that it isn't a real diamond?"

To nerve himself he had to look at her steadily. Confessing a murder would have been easier.

"No, Maisie, it isn't a real diamond. At the time I bought it I didn't know what a real diamond was. I'm not sure that I know now—"

He stopped because, without taking her eyes from his, she was slipping the ring from her finger. She was slipping, too, an illusion from her mind. He knew now that to be trifled with in love, to be betrayed in a great trust, would be small things to Maisie as compared to this kind of deception. Her wrath and contempt were the more scathing





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

HE BOWED HIS HEAD AS A CRIMINAL DOES WHEN SENTENCED

to behold because of her cherry-colored prettiness.

The ring lay on the table. Drawing in the second finger of her right hand, she made of it a spring against her thumb. She loosed the spring suddenly. The faked diamond sped across the table hitting against his hand. He picked it up, putting it out of sight in his waistcoat pocket. For a fellow of nineteen, eager to be something big, no lower depth of humiliation could ever be imagined.

Maisie stood up. "You cheap skate!"

He bowed his head as a criminal sometimes does when sentenced. He had no protest to make. A cheap skate was what he was. He sat there crushed. Skirting round him as if he were defiled, she went out into the little entry.

He was still sitting crushed when she came back. She did not pause. She merely flung his hat on the table as she went by. It was a cheap skate's hat, a brown soft felt, shapeless, weather-stained, three years out of style. With no further words, she opened the door into the adjoining room, passed through it, and closed it noiselessly behind her.

#### XXXIV

For probating Honey's will he asked leave to come and consult Mr. Ansley. An appointment was made for an evening when that gentleman was to be at home.

Tom, who had some gift for character, was beginning to understand him. Understanding him, it seemed to him, that he understood all that old Boston which had once been a national institution, a force in the country's history, and now, like a man retired from business, sat resting on its hill.

Old Boston was more significant, however, than a man retired from business, in that it was to a great degree a man retired from the pushing of ideals. Generous once with the hot generosity of youth, keen to throw itself into the fight against wrongs, ready to be

slaughtered in the van rather than compromise on principles, old Boston had now reached the age of mellow-ness. It had grown weary in well-doing. It had done enough. Contending with national evils had proved to be futile. National evils had grown too big, too many, too insurgent. Better make the best of life as your people mean to live it. Keep quiet; take it easy; save money; let the country gang its own gait. A big turbulent country, with no more respect for old Boston than for the prophet Jeremiah, it wallowed in prosperous vulgarity. Let it wallow! With solid investments in cotton and copper old Boston could save its own soul. It withdrew from its country; it withdrew from its state; it withdrew from its own city. Where its ancestors had made the laws and administered them, it became, like those proud old groups of Spaniards still to be found in California, a remnant of a former time, making no further stand against the invader. With a little art, a little literature, a little music, a little education, a little religion, a little mild beneficence, and a great deal of astute financial and professional ability, it could pass its time and keep its high-mindedness intact.

To Tom's summing up this was Philip Ansley. He was able, public-spirited, and generous; but he was disillusioned. The United States of his forefathers, of which he kept the ideal in his soul, had turned into such a hodgepodge of mankind, that he had neither hope nor sentiment with regard to it. In his heart he believed that its governments were in the hands of what he called a bunch of crooks. With congresses, state legislatures, and civic councils elected by what to him were hordes of ignoramuses, with laws dictated by cranks and fanatics, with the old-time liberties stampeded by the tyranny of majorities lacking a sense of responsibility, he deemed it prudent to follow the line of least resistance and give himself to making money. Apart



from casting his vote for the Republican ticket on election days, he left city, state, and country to the demagogues and looters. He was sorry to do this, yet with the world as it was, he saw no help for it.

But he served as director on the boards of a good many companies; he was an overseer of Harvard, a trustee of the Museum of Fine Arts, the treasurer of several hospitals, a subscriber to every important philanthropic fund. His club was the Somerset; his church was Trinity. For old Boston these two facts when taken together placed him in that sacred shrine which in England consecrates dowager duchesses.

When Tom was shown up he found his host in the room where two years earlier they had talked over the place as chauffeur, but he was no longer awed by it. Neither was he awed by finding Ansley wearing a dinner-jacket simply because it was evening. The conventions and amenities of civilized life were becoming a matter of course to him.

"How d'ye do? Come in. Sit down. What's the weather like outside? Still pretty cold for April, isn't it?"

Though he stretched out his hand from his armchair, where he sat reading the evening paper, he stretched it out. It was also a tribute to Tom's progress that he was asked to take a seat. A still further sign of his having reached a position remotely on a footing of equality with the Ansleys was an invitation to help himself from a silver box of cigarettes.

Having respectfully declined this honor, as Ansley himself was not smoking, he stated his errand. If Mr. Ansley would introduce him to some young inexpensive lawyer, who would tell him what to do in the probating of Honey's will . . .

The business was soon settled. In possession of Ansley's card with a scribbled line on it, Tom rose to take his leave. Ansley rose also, but moved

toward the fireplace, where a few sticks were smoldering, as if he had something more to say.

"Wait a minute. Sit down again. Have a cigarette."

As Ansley himself lighted a cigar, Tom took a cigarette from the silver box, and leaned against the back of the big chair from which he had just risen. Once more he was struck by the resemblance between the shrewd close-lipped face, dropping into its meditative cast, and the lampshade just below it, parchment with a touch of rose, and an inner light. Ansley puffed for a minute or two pensively.

"You've no family, I believe. You haven't got the complications of a lot of relatives."

Tom was surprised by the new topic. "No, sir. I wish I had, but—"

"Oh, well, for a young fellow like you, bound to get on—" He dropped this line to take up another. "I'm thinking about Guy. Occurred to me the other day that while he'd been dragged about Europe a good many times he didn't know anything of his own country. Never been west of the Hudson."

Tom smoked and wondered.

"I've suggested to him to take his summer's vacation and wander about. Get the lay of the land. Could cover a good deal of ground in three months. Zigzag up and down—Niagara—Colorado—Chicago—Grand Canyon—California—Seattle—back if he liked by the Canadian Pacific. What would you think?"

"I think it would be great."

"Would you go with him?"

It seemed to Tom that his brain was spinning round. Not only was he too dazed to find words, but the question of money came first. How could he afford . . . ?

But Ansley went on again. "It's a choice between you and a tutor. My wife would like a tutor. Guy wants you. So do I. You'd have your traveling expenses, of course—do every-

thing the same as Guy—and, let us say, five hundred dollars for your time. Would that suit you?"

He didn't know how to answer. Excitement, gratitude, and a sense of insufficiency churned together and choked him. It was only by spluttering and stammering that he could say at last,

"If—if Mrs. Ansley—d-doesn't w-want me—"

"Oh, she'd give in. Simply feels that Guy'd get more good out of it if he had some one to point out moral lessons as he went along. I don't. Two young fellows together, if they're at all the right kind, 'll do each other more good than all the law and the prophets."

"But would you mind telling me, sir, something of what you'd expect from me?"

"Oh, nothing! Just play round with him, and have a good time. You seem to chum up with him all right."

Tom was distressed. "Yes, sir, but if I'm to be—to be paid for chumming up with him I should have to—"

"Forget it. I want Guy to take the trip. It's not the kind of trip anyone wants to take alone, and you're the fellow he'd like to have with him. I'd like it too. You understand him."

He turned round to knock the ash from his cigar into the dying fire.

"Trouble with Guy is that he has no sense of values. Thing he needs to learn is what's worth while and what's not. I don't want you to teach him. I just want him to *see*. What do you say?"

Tom hung his head, not from humility but to think out a point that troubled him.

"You know, sir"—he looked up again—"that when Guy and I get together we talk about things that—well, that you mightn't like."

"I don't care a hang what you talk about."

"Yes, sir; but this is something particular."

"Well, then, keep it to yourself."

"I can't keep it to myself because—because some day you might think that I'd had a bad . . . as long as we've just been chums . . . and I wasn't paid—"

Ansley moved away from the fireplace, striding up and down in front of it.

"Look here, my boy! I know what young fellows are. I know you talk about things you wouldn't bring up before Mrs. Ansley and me. I don't care. It's what I expect. Do you both good. You're not specially vicious, either of you, and even if you were—"

"It's not a matter of morals, sir; it's one of opinions."

He dismissed this lightly. "Oh, opinions!"

"But this is a special kind of opinion. You see, sir, I've always been poor. I've lived among poor people. I've seen how much they have to go without. And I begin to see also that rich people have more than they need—more than they can ever use."

"Oh, quite so! I see! I see! And you both get a bit revolutionary. Go to it, boy! Fellows of your age who're not boiling over with rebellion against social conditions as they are 'll never be worth their salt. Don't say anything about it before Mrs. Ansley, but between yourselves . . . Why, when I was an undergraduate . . . You'll live through it, though . . . The poor people don't want any champions. . . . They don't want to be helped. . . . You get sick of it in the long run. . . . But while you're young boil away. . . . If that's all that bothers you . . ."

Tom explained that it was all that bothered him, and the bargain was struck. He had expressed his thanks, shaken hands, and reached the threshold on the way out when Ansley spoke again.

"Guy tells me that out at Cambridge they call you the Whitelaw Baby. I suppose you know all about yourself—your people—where you began—that sort of thing?"



He decided to be positive, laconic, to do what he could to squelch the idea in Ansley's mind.

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Then that settles that."

### XXXV

Between the end of the college year and the departure on the journey westward there was to be an interval of three weeks. Mrs. Ansley had insisted on that. She was a mother. For eight or nine months she had seen almost nothing of her boy. Now if he was to be taken from her for the summer, and for another college year after that, she might as well not have a son at all.

Tom was considering where he should pass the intervening time when the following note unnerved him.

DEAR MR. WHITELAW,

Mother wants to know if when college closes, and Guy joins us in New Hampshire, you will not come with him for the three weeks before you start on your trip. Please do. I shall have got there by that time, and I haven't seen you now for nearly two years. We must have a lot of notes to compare, and ought to be busy comparing them. Do come then, for our sakes if not for your own. You will give us a great deal of pleasure.

Yours very sincerely,

HILDRED ANSLEY.

His heart failed him. It failed him because of the details as to customs, etiquette, and dress he didn't know anything about. He should be called on to speak fluently in a language of which he was only beginning to spell out the little words. It seemed to him at first that he couldn't accept the invitation.

Then, not to accept it began to look like cowardice. He would never get anywhere if he funk'd what he didn't know. When you didn't know you went to work and found out. You couldn't find out unless you put yourself in the way of seeing what other

people did. After twenty-four hours of reflection he penned the simplest form of note. Thanking Hildred for her mother's kind invitation, he accepted it. Before putting his letter in the post, however, he dropped in to call on Guy. Guy, who was strumming the Love-Death of Isolde, tossed his comments over his shoulder as he thumped out the passion.

"That's Hildred. She's made mother do it. Nutty on that sort of thing."

Tom's heart failed him again. "Nutty on what sort of thing?"

Isolde's anguish mounted and mounted till it seemed as if it couldn't mount any higher, and yet went on mounting. "Oh, well! She's toted it up that you haven't got a home—that for three weeks after college closes you'll be on the town—and so on."

"I see."

"All the same, come along. I'd just as soon. Dad won't be there hardly. The old lady'll be booming about, but you needn't mind her. You'll have your room and grub for those three weeks, and that's all you've got to think about. Anyhow, it's bats in the attic with Hildred the minute it comes to a lame dog."

While Guy's fat figure swayed over the piano, Isolde's great heart broke. Tom went back to his room and wrote a second answer, regretting that owing to the pressure of his engagements he would be unable . . .

And then there came another reaction. What did it matter if Hildred Ansley *was* opening the door out of pity? Pity was one of the loveliest traits of character. Only a cad would resent it. He sent his first reply.

Having done this, he felt it right to go and call on Mrs. Ansley. He was sure she didn't want him in New Hampshire, but by taking it for granted that she did he would discount some of her embarrassment.

As Mrs. Ansley was not at home, Pilcher held out a little silver tray. Tom understood that he should have

had a card to put in it. A card was something of which he had never hitherto felt the need. He said so to Pilcher frankly.

Pilcher's stony medieval face, the face of a saint on the portal of some primitive cathedral, smiled rarely, but when it did it smiled engagingly.

"You'd find a visitin' card very 'andy, Mr. Tom, now that you're so big. Mr. Guy has had one this long spell back."

It was a lead. In shy unobtrusive ways Pilcher had often shown himself his friend. Tom confessed his yearning for a card if only he knew how to order one.

"I'll show you one of Mr. Guy's. He always has the right thing. I'll find out too where he gets them done. If you'll step in, Mr. Tom . . ."

As he waited in the dining room, with the good-natured Ansley ancestor smiling down at him, there floated through Tom's mind a phrase from the Bible as taught by Mrs. Tollivant. "The Lord sent His angel." Wasn't that what He was doing now, and wasn't the angel taking Pilcher's guise? When the heavenly messenger came back with the card Tom went straight to his point.

"Pilcher, I wonder if you'd mind helping me?"

"I'd do it and welcome, Mr. Tom."

Mr. Tom told of his invitation to New Hampshire, and of his ignorance of what to do and wear. If Pilcher would only give him a hint . . .

He could not have found a better guide. Pilcher explained that a few little things had to be as second nature. A few other little things were uncertain points as to which it was always permissible to ask. In the way of second nature Tom would find sporting flannels and tennis shoes an essential. So he would find a dinner-jacket suit, with the right kind of shirt, collar, tie, shoes, and socks to wear with it. As to things permissible to ask about, Pilcher could more easily explain them when they were both in the same house. Occasions

would crop up but could not be foreseen.

"The real gentry is never afraid of showin' that they don't know. They takes not knowin' as a joke. Many's the time when I've been waitin' at table I've 'eard a born gentleman ask the born lady sittin' next to 'im which'd be the right fork to use, and she'd say that she didn't know but was lookin' round to see what other people done. That's what they calls hease of manner, Mr. Tom."

Under the Ansley roof he would meet none but the gentry born. Any one of them would respect him more for asking when he didn't know. It was only the second class that bothered about being so terribly correct, and they were not invited by Mrs. Ansley. In addition to these consoling facts Tom could always fall back on him, Pilcher, as a referee.

Being a guest in a community in which two years earlier he had been a chauffeur Tom found easier than he had expected because he worked out a formula. He framed his formula before going to New Hampshire.

"Servants are servants and masters are masters because they divide themselves into classes. The one is above, and is recognized as being above; the other is below, and is recognized as being below. I shall be neither below nor above; or I shall be both. I will *not* go into a class. As far as I know how, I'll be everybody's equal."

He had, however, to find another formula for this.

"You're everybody's equal when you know you are. Whatever you know will go of itself. The trouble I see with the bumptious American who claims that he's as good as anybody else, is that he thinks only of forcing himself to the level of the highest; he doesn't begin at the bottom, and cover all the ground between the bottom and the top. I'm going to do that. I shall be at home among the lot of them. To be at home I must *feel* at home. I mustn't condescend to the boys of two years ago





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

MRS. ANSLEY TOOK HIM AS AN AFFLICTION

who'll still be driving cars, and I mustn't put on airs to be fit for Mrs. Ansley's drawing-room. I must be myself. I mustn't be ashamed because I've been in a humble position; and I mustn't be swanky because I've been put in a better one. I must be natural; I must be big. That'll give me the ease of manner Pilcher talks about."

With these principles as a basis of behavior, his embarrassments sprang from another source. They began at the station in Keene. He knew he was to be met; and he supposed it would be by Guy.

"Oh, here you are!"

She came on him suddenly in the crowd, tall, free in her movements, always a little older than her age. If in the nearly two years since their last meeting changes had come to him, more had apparently come to her. She was a woman, while he was not yet a man. She was easy, independent, taking the lead with natural authority. From the first instant of shaking hands he felt in her something solicitous and protective.

It showed itself in the little things as to which awkwardness or diffidence on his part might have been presumed. So as not to leave him in doubt of what he ought to do, she took the initiative with an air of quiet, competent command. She led the way to the car; she told him to throw his handbags and coat into the back part of it; she made him sit beside her as she drove.

"No, I'm going to drive," she insisted, when he had offered to take the wheel. "I want you to see how well I can do it. I like showing off. This is my own car. I drove it all last summer."

They talked about cars and their makes because the topic was an easy one.

Speeding out of Keene, they left behind them the meadows of the Ashuelot to climb into a country with which Nature had been busy ever since her first flaming forces had cooled down to form a world. Cooling down and

flinging up, she had tossed into the azoic age a tumble of mountains higher doubtless than Andes or Alps. Barren, stupendous, appalling, they would not have been easy for man, when he came, to live with in comfort, had not the great Earth-Mother gone to some pains to polish them down. Taking her leisure through eons of years, she brought from the north her implement, the ice. Without haste, without rest, a few inches in a century, she pushed it against the barrier she meant to mold and penetrate.

As a dyke before the pressure of a flood, the barrier broke here, broke there, and yet as a whole maintained itself. Heights were cut off from heights. Valleys were carved between them. What was sharp became rounded; what was jagged was worn smooth. The highest pinnacles crashed down. When after thousands of years the glacial mass receded, only the stumps were left of what had once been terrific primordial elevations.

Dense forests began to cover them. Lakes formed in the hollows. Little rivers drained them, to be drained themselves by a nameless stream which fell into a nameless sea. Through ages and ages the thrushes sang, the wild bees hummed, and the bear, the deer, the fox, the lynx ranged freely.

Man came. He came stealthily, unnoted, leaving so light a trace that nothing remains to tell of his first passage but a few mysterious syllables. The river once nameless became the Connecticut; the base of a mighty primeval mountain bears the Nipmuck name Monadnock.

In this angle of New Hampshire thrust in between Massachusetts and Vermont names are a living record. The Nipmuck disappeared in proportion as the restless English colonists pushed farther and farther from the sea. They came in little companies, generally urged by some religious disagreement with those they had left behind. To escape the "Congregational way"



they fled into the mountains. There they were free to follow the "Episcoparian way." As "Episcoparians" they printed the map with names which enshrined their old-home memories. Clustering within sight of the blue mass of Monadnock are neat white towns—Marlborough, Richmond, Chesterfield, Walpole, Peterborough, Fitzwilliam, Winchester—rich with "Episcoparian" suggestion.

In the early eighteenth century there came in another strain. Driven by famine, a thousand pilgrims arrived in these relatively empty lands from the North of Ireland, sturdy, strong-minded, Protestant. Grouping themselves into three communities, they named them with Irish names, Antrim, Hillsborough, Dublin. It was to Dublin that Tom and Hildred were on the way.

The subject of cars exhausted, she swung to something else.

"You like the idea of going with Guy?"

"It's great."

"I like it too. I'd rather he was with you than with anybody. You never make game of him, and yet you never humor him."

"What do you mean by that, that I never humor him?"

"Oh, well! Guy's standards aren't very high. We know that. But you never lower yours."

"How do you know I don't?"

"Because Guy says so. Don't imagine for a minute that he doesn't see. He likes you so much because he respects you."

"He respects a lot of other fellows too."

A little "H'm!" through pursed-up lips was a sign of dissent. "I wonder. He goes with them, I know, and rather envies them, which is what I mean by his standards not being very high; but—"

"Oh, Guy's all right. The fellows you speak of are sometimes a little fresh; but he knows where to draw the line. He'll go to a certain point, but you won't get him beyond it."

"And he owes that to you."

"Oh, no, he doesn't, not in the least."

"Well, I —" she held the personal pronoun for emphasis—"think he does."

In this good opinion she was able to be firm because she seemed older than he. In reality she was two years younger, but life in a larger society had given her something of the tone of a woman of the world. This development on her part disconcerted him. So long as she had been the slip of a thing he remembered, prim, sedate, old-fashioned as the term is applied to children, she had not been a factor in his relations with the Ansley family. Now, suddenly, he saw her as the most important factor of all. The emergence of personality troubled him. Since she was obliged to keep her eyes on the turnings of the road, he was able to study her in profile.

It was the first time he had really looked at a woman since he had summed up Maisie in Nashua. That had been two months earlier. The place which Maisie had so long held in his heart had been empty for those two months, except for a great bitterness. It was the bitterness of disillusion, of futility. Rage and pain were in it, with more of mortification than there was of either. He would never again hear of a cheap skate without thinking of the figure he had cut in the eyes of the girl whom he thought he was honoring merely in being true. All girls had been hateful to him since that day, just as all boys will be to a dog who has been stoned by one of them. Yet here he was already looking at a girl with something like fascination.

That was because fascination was the emotion she evoked. She was strange; she was arresting. You wondered what she was like. You watched her when she moved; you listened to her when she talked. Once you had heard her voice, bell-like and crystalline, you would always be able to recall it.

He noticed the way she was dressed because her knitted silk sweater was of a pattern he had never seen before. It ran in horizontal dog-toothed bands,

shading from green to blue, and from blue to a dull red. Green was the predominating color, grass-green, jade-green, sea-green, sage-green, but toned to sobriety by this red of old brick, this blue of indigo. Indigo was the short plain skirt, and the stockings below it. An indigo tam-o'-shanter was pinned to her smooth, glossy, bluish-black hair with a big carnelian pin. He remembered that he used to think her Cambodian. He thought so again.

Having arrived at the house, they found no one but Pilcher to receive them. Mrs. Ansley had gone out to tea; Mr. Guy had left word for Miss Hildred to bring Mr. Tom to the club, where he was playing tennis.

"Do you care to go?"

Knowing that he couldn't spend three weeks in Dublin without facing this invitation, he had decided in advance to accept it the first time it came.

"If you go."

"All right; let's. But you'd like first to go to your room, wouldn't you? Pilcher, take Mr. Whitelaw up. I'll wait here with the car. We'll start as soon as you come down." Running up the stairs, he wondered whether it would be the proper thing for him to change to his new white flannels, when, as if divining his perplexity, she called after him. "Come just as you are. Don't stop to put on other things. I'll go as I am too."

This maternal foresight was again on guard as they turned from the road into the driveway to the club.

"Do you want to come and be introduced to a lot of people, or would you rather browse about by yourself? You can do whichever you like."

He replied with a suggestion. As a good many cars would be parked in the narrow space of the club avenues, he thought she had better jump out at the club steps, leaving him to find a space where the car could stand. He would hang around there till Guy's game was over and the party was ready to go home.

Having parked the car, he was in with the chauffeurs, some of whom were old acquaintances. True to his formula, he went about among them, shaking hands, and asking for their news. They were oddly alike, not only in their dust-coats and chauffeurs' caps, but in features and cast of mind.

"You got a job?" he was asked in his turn.

"Been taken on to travel with young Ansley. We stay here for three weeks, and then go out West."

"Loot pretty good?"

"Oh, just about the same, and, of course, I get my expenses."

"Pretty soft, what?" came from an Englishman.

"Yes, but then it's only for the summer."

These duties done, he felt free to stroll off till he found a convenient rock on which to sit by the lakeside. Lighting a cigarette, he was glad of a half hour to himself in which to enjoy the scene. It was a reposeful scene, because all that was human and sporting in it was lost in the living spirit of the background.

It was what he had always felt in this particular landscape, and had never been able to define till now its quality of life. It was life of another order from physical life, and on another plane. You might have said that it reached you out of some phase of creation different from that of Earth. These hills were living hills; this lake was a living lake. Through them, as in the serene sky, a Presence shone and smiled on you. He had often noticed, during the summer at the inn-club, that you could sit idle and silent with that Presence, and not be bored. You looked and looked; you thought and thought; you were bathed about in tranquillity. People might be running around, and calling or shouting, as they were doing now in the tennis courts on a ledge of the hillside above him, not five hundred yards away, but they disturbed you no more than the birds or the butter-



flies. The Presence was too immense, too positive, to allow little things to trouble it. Rather, it took them and absorbed them, as if the Supreme Activity, which for millions of years before there was a man had been working to transform this spot into a cup of overflowing loveliness, could use anything that came its way.

So he sat and smoked and thought and felt soothed. It was early enough in the summer for the birds to be singing from all the wooded terraces and the fringe of lakeside trees. Calls from the tennis courts, cries from young people climbing on the raft in the lake or diving from the springboard, came to him softened and sweet. It was living peace, invigorating, restful.

### XXXVI

A woman passed along the driveway, and looked at him. He looked at her. The rock on which he sat being no more than a dozen yards from where she walked, they could see each other plainly. It seemed to him that as she went by she relaxed her pace to study him. She was a little woman, pretty, sad-faced, neatly dressed and perhaps fifty years of age. Having passed once, she turned on her steps and passed again. She passed a third time and a fourth. Each time she passed she gave him the same long scrutinizing look, without self-consciousness or embarrassment. He thought she might be a lady's maid or a chauffeur's wife.

He turned to watch a young man taking a swan dive from the springboard. Having run the few steps which was all the springboard allowed of, he stood poised on the edge, feet together, his arms at his thighs. With the leap forward his arms went out at right angles. When he turned toward the water they bent back behind his head, his palms twisted upward. Nearing the surface they pointed downward, cleaving the lake with a clean, splashless penetration. The whole movement had been lithe and

graceful, the curve of a swan's neck, the spring of a flying fish.

Not till she was close beside him did he notice that the little woman had left the roadway, crossed the intervening patch of blueberry scrub, and seated herself on a low boulder close to his own.

Her self-possession was that of a woman with a single dominating motive. "You've just arrived with Miss Ansley, haven't you?"

The voice, like the manner, was intense and purposeful. In assenting, he had the feeling of touching something elemental, like hunger or fire, which wouldn't be denied.

"And you're at Harvard."

He assented to this also.

"At Harvard they call you the Whitelaw Baby, don't they?"

"I've heard so. Why do you ask?"

"Because I'm the nurse from whom the Whitelaw baby was stolen nearly twenty years ago. My name is Nash."

A memory came to him of something far away. He could hear Honey saying he had seen her, a pretty little English-woman, and that Nash was her name. Looking at her now, he saw that she was more than a pretty little English-woman; she was a soul in torture, with a flame eating at the heart. He felt sorry for her, but not so sorry as to be free from impatience at the dogging with which the Whitelaw baby followed him.

"Why do you say this to me?"

"Because of what I've heard from the family. They've spoken of you. They think it—queer."

"They think what queer?"

"That your name is Whitelaw—that your father's name was Theodore—that you look so much like the rest of them. Mr. Whitelaw's name is Henry Theodore—"

"And my father's name was only Theodore. My mother's name was Lucy. I was born in The Bronx. I'm exactly nineteen years of age. I've heard that Mr. Whitelaw's son if he were living now would be twenty."

Large gray eyes with silky drooping lids rested on his with a look of long, slow searching. "You're sure of all that?"

He tried to laugh. "As sure as you can be of what's not within your own recollection. I've been told it. I've reason to believe it."

"I'd no reason to believe that I should ever find my boy again; but I know I shall."

"That must be a comfort to you in the trial you've had to face."

"It hasn't been a trial exactly, because you bear a trial and live through it. This has been spending every day and every night in the lake of fire and brimstone. I wonder if you've any idea of what it's like."

"I don't suppose I have."

"If you did have—" He thought she was going to say that if he did have he would allow himself to become the Whitelaw baby in order to relieve her anguish, but she struck another note. "I hadn't the least suspicion of what had been done to me till the two footmen had lifted the little carriage up over the steps and into the hall. Then I raised the veil to take my baby out, and I—I fell in a dead swoon."

He waited for her to go on again.

"Try to imagine what it is to find in place of the living child you've laid in its bed with all the tenderness in your soul—to find in place of that a dirty, ugly, stuffed thing, about a baby's size. . . . For days after that I was just as if I was drugged. If I came to for a few minutes I prayed that I mightn't live. I didn't want to look the mother and father in the face."

"What did you tell them?"

"There was nothing to tell. The baby had vanished. I'd seen nothing; I'd heard nothing. Neither had my friend who was with me, and who's married now, in England. If an evil spirit had done it, it couldn't have been silenter, or more secret. It was a mystery then; it's been a mystery ever since."

"But you raised an alarm?"

"The whole country raised the alarm. There wasn't a corner, or a suspicious character, that wasn't searched. We knew it had been done for ransom, and the ransom was ready if ever the baby had been returned. The father and mother were that frantic they'd have done anything. There never was a baby in the world more loved, or more lovable. All three of us—the father, the mother, and myself—would have died for him."

He grew interested in the story for its own sake. "And did you never get any idea at all?"

"Nothing that ever led to anything. For a good five years Mr. Whitelaw never rested. Mrs. Whitelaw—but it's no use trying to tell you. It can't be told; it can't be so much as imagined. Even when you've lived through it you wonder how you ever did. You wonder how you go on living day by day. It's almost as if you were condemned to eternal punishment. The clues were the worst."

"You mean that —?"

"If we could have known that the child was dead—well, you make up your mind to that. After a while you can take up life again. But not to know anything! Just to be left wondering, asking yourself what they're doing with him—whether they're giving him the right kind of food—whether they're giving him *any* kind of food—whether they're going to kill him, and how they're going to kill him, and who's to do the killing! To go over these questions morning, noon, and night—to eat with them, and sleep with them, and wake with them—and then the clues!"

"You said they were the worst."

"Because they always made you hope. No matter how often you'd been taken in you were ready to be taken in again. Each time they said there was a chance you couldn't help thinking that there *might* be a chance. It didn't matter how much you told yourself it wasn't likely. You couldn't



make yourself believe it. You felt that he'd *have* to be found, that he couldn't help being found. The whole thing was so impossible that you'd have to go to his room and look at his little empty crib to persuade yourself that he wasn't there."

To divert her from going over the ground she must have gone over thousands of times already, he broke in with a new line of thought.

"But I've heard that they don't want to find him now—a grown-up man."

She stared at him fiercely. "I do. I want to find him. They were not to blame. I was. It makes the difference."

"Still he was their son."

"He was their son, and they've suffered; but they can rest in spite of their suffering. I can't. They can afford to give up hope because they've nothing with which to reproach themselves. If they were me—"

He began to understand. "I see. If you could find him and bring him back, even if they didn't want him—"

"I should have done *that* much. It would be something. It's why I pleaded with them to let me stay with them when I suppose the very sight of me must have tortured them. I swore that I'd give my life to trying to—"

"But what could you do when even the child's father, with all his money, couldn't—?"

"I could pray. They couldn't. They're not like that. Praying's all I've ever done which wasn't done by somebody else. I've prayed as I don't think many people have ever prayed; and now I've come to where—"

"Where what?"

The light in her eyes was lambent, leaping and licking like a flame.

"Where I'm quieter." She made her statement slowly. "I seem to know that he'll be given back to me because the Bible says that when we pray believing that we *have* what we ask for, we shall receive it. Latterly I've believed

that. I haven't forced myself to believe it. It's just come of its own accord—something like a certainty."

The claim in the look which without wavering fixed itself upon him prompted another question. "And has that certainty got anything to do with me?"

"I wonder if it hasn't."

"But I don't see how it can have, when you never saw me in your life till twenty minutes ago."

"I never saw you; but I'd heard of you. I meant to see you as soon as I got a chance. I never got it till to-day."

"But how did you know?"

"That it was you? This way. You see I'm here with Miss Lily. She's staying for a few nights at the inn-club before going to make some visits."

"Who's Miss Lily?"

"She was the second of the two children born after my little boy was taken. First there was Mr. Tad. Then there was a little girl. She knows Miss Ansley. Miss Ansley told her you were coming up, that you'd very likely be here this afternoon, so I came and waited. Even if I hadn't seen you drive up with her—if we'd met in the heart of Africa—I'd have known. . . . You've been taken for Mr. Tad already. You know that, don't you?"

"I know there's a resemblance."

"It's more than a resemblance. It's—it's the whole story. Mr. Whitelaw himself saw it first. When he came back after meeting you, in this very place, nearly two years ago, he was—well, he was terribly upset. If it hadn't been for Mr. Tad and Miss Lily —"

"And their mother too."

"Yes, I suppose; and their mother too. But that's not what we're considering. Whether they want you or not, if you *are* the boy—"

He tried to speak very gently. "But you see, I couldn't be. I had a mother. I don't remember much about her because I was only six or seven when she died. But two things I recall—the way she loved me, and the way I loved her. If I thought there was any truth

in what you—in what you suspect—I couldn't love her any more."

"I don't see why."

"Because I should be charging her with a crime. Would you do that—to your own mother—after she was dead?"

"If she was dead it wouldn't matter."

"Not to her. But it would to me."

"It couldn't do you any harm."

"I'm the only judge of that."

There was exasperation in the eyes which seemed unable to tear themselves from his face.

"But most people would like to have it proved that they'd been—"

"Been born rich men's sons. That's what you were going to say, isn't it? I daresay I should have liked it, if . . . But what's the use? We don't gain anything by discussing it. You want to find some one who'll pass for the lost boy. I understand that; and I understand how much it would lessen all the grief—"

She interrupted quickly. "Yes, but I wouldn't try to foist an impostor on them, not if it would take me out of hell. If I didn't believe—"

"But you don't believe now; you can't believe. What I've told you about myself must make believing impossible."

"Oh, if I hadn't believed when believing was impossible I shouldn't have the little bit of mind I've got now. Believing when it was impossible was all that kept me sane."

"But you won't go on doing it, not as far as I'm concerned?"

She rose, with dignity. "Why not? I shan't be hurting you, shall I? In a way we all believe it—even the Whitelaw family—even Miss Ansley."

He jumped up, startled. "Did she tell you so?"

"She didn't tell me so exactly. We were talking about it—we've all talked of it more than you suppose—and Miss Ansley said that you couldn't be what you are unless you were—*somebody*."

He tried to take this jocosely. "No, of course I couldn't."

"Oh, but I know what she meant." She moved away from him, speaking over her shoulder as she crossed the blueberry scrub, "It was more than what's in the words."

### XXXVII

Except for a passing glimpse in Dublin, Tom never saw Lily Whitelaw till in December he met her at the ball at which Hildred Ansley came out. As to going to this ball he had his usual fit of funk, but Hildred had insisted.

"But, Tom, you must. You're the one I care most about."

"I shouldn't know what to do."

"I'll see to that. You'll only have to do what I tell you."

"And I haven't got an evening coat with tails."

"Well, get one. If you look as well in it as you do in your dinner-jacket outfit—and you'd better have a white waistcoat, a silk hat, and a pair of white gloves. What'll happen to you when you get there you can leave to me. Now that I know you look so well, and dance so well, you'll give me no trouble at all."

Her kindness humbled him. He felt the necessity of taking it as kindness and nothing more. Knowing too that he must school his own emotions to a sense of gratitude, he imagined that he so schooled them.

With the five hundred dollars he had earned through the summer added to what remained of Honey's legacy, he had enough for his current year at Harvard, with a margin over. The tailed evening coat, the white waistcoat, the silk hat, the gloves, he looked upon as an investment. He went to the ball.

It was given at the Shawmut, the new hotel with a specialty in this sort of entertainment. The ballroom had been specially designed so as to afford a spectacle. A circular cup, surrounded by a pillared gallery for chaperons and couples preferring to "sit out," you



descended into it by one of four broad shallow staircases, whence the *coup d'œil* was superb.

By being more or less passive, he got through the evening better than he had expected. Knowing scarcely anyone, he fell back on his formula.

"I mustn't be conscious of it. I must take not knowing anyone for granted, as I should if I were in a crowd at a theater, or the lobby of this hotel. If I feel like a stray cat I shall look like a stray cat. If I feel at ease I shall look at ease."

In this he was supported by the knowledge of wearing the right thing. Even Guy, whom he had met for a minute in the cloakroom, had been surprised into a compliment.

"Gee whiz! Who do you think you are? The old lady's been afraid you'd look like an outsider. Now she'll be struck silly. Lot of girls here that you'll put their eye out."

When he had shaken hands Hildred found a minute in which to whisper, "Tom, you're the Greek god you read about in novels. Don't feel shy. All you need do is to stand around and be ornamental. Your role is the romantic unknown." She returned after the next bout of "receiving." "You and I will have the supper dance. I've insisted on that, and mother's given in. Don't get too far out of reach, so that I can put my hand on you when I want you."

He danced a little, chiefly with girls whom no one else would dance with and to whom some member of the Ansley family introduced him. When not dancing he returned to the gallery, where he leaned against a convenient pillar and looked on. It was what he best liked doing. Liking it, he did it well. He could hear people ask who he was. He could hear some Harvard fellow answer that he was the Whitelaw Baby. Once he heard a lady say, as she passed behind his back, "Well, he does look like the Whitelaws, doesn't he?"

The New York papers had recalled the Whitelaw baby to the public mind

in connection with the ball given a few weeks earlier to "bring out" Lily Whitelaw. Once in so often the whole story was rehearsed, making the younger Whitelaws sick of it, and their parents suffer again. The fact that Lily Whitelaw was there that night gave piquancy to the presence of the romantic stranger. His stature, his good looks, his natural dignity, together with the mystery as to who he was, made him in a measure the figure of the evening.

From where he stood by his pillar in the gallery he recognized Lily in the swirl below, a slim, sinuous creature in shimmering green. All her motions were serpentine. She might have been Salome; she might also have been a shop girl, self-conscious and eager to be noticed. Whatever was outrageous in the dances of that autumn she did for the benefit of her elders.

When she turned toward him he could see that she had an insolent kind of beauty. It was a dark, spoiled beauty that seemed lowering because of her heavy Whitelaw eyebrows, and possibly a little tragic.

He saw Hildred dancing too. She danced as if dancing were an incident and not an occupation. She had left more important things to do it; she would go back to more important things again. While she was at it she took it gayly, gracefully, as all in the evening's work, but as something of no consequence. She was in tissue of gold like an oriental princess, a gold gleam in her oriental eyes. An ermine stole as a protection against draughts was sometimes thrown over her shoulders, but more often across her arm.

He noticed the poise of her head. No other head in the world could have been so nobly held, so superbly independent. Its character was in its simplicity. Fashion did not exist for it. The glossy dark hair was brushed back from forehead and temples into a knot which made neatness a distinction. Distinction was the chief beauty in the profile, with its rounded chin, its firm,

small, well-curved lips, and a nose deliciously snub. Decision, freedom, unconsciousness of self, were betrayed in all her attitudes and movements.

Imperious, willful, and inconsiderate Lily seemed to him as she drank champagne and smoked cigarettes at supper. The party at her table, which was near the one at which he sat with Hildred, was jovial and noisy. Lily's partner, a fellow whom he knew by sight at Harvard, drank freely, laughed loudly, and now and then slapped the table. Lily too slapped the table, though she did it with her fan.

In the early morning—it might have been two o'clock—Tom found himself accidentally near her when Hildred happened to be passing.

"Oh, Lily! I want to introduce Mr. Whitelaw. He's got the same name as yours, hasn't he? Tom, do ask her to dance."

With her easy touch-and-go she left them to each other. Without a glance at him, Lily said, tonelessly,

"I'm not going to dance any more. I'm going to look for my brother and go home."

A whoop from the other side of the ballroom, where a rowdy note had come over the company, giving an indication of Tad's whereabouts, Tom suggested that he might find him and bring him up. Lily walked away without answering.

Hildred hurried back. "I'm sorry. I saw what she did. Try not to mind it."

"Oh, I don't. I decided long ago that one couldn't afford to be done down by that sort of thing. It pays in the end to forget it."

"One of these days she'll be sorry she did it. Your innings will come then."

"I'm not crazy for an inning. But time does avenge one, doesn't it?" He nodded toward the ballroom floor, where Lily, with a stalking, tip-toeing tread was pushing a man backward as if she would have pushed him down had he not recovered his balance and begun pushing her. "It avenges one even for

that. Two minutes ago she said she wasn't going to dance any more."

"Well, she's changed her mind. That's all. Come and take a turn with me."

The affectionate solicitude in her tone was not precisely new to him, but for the first time he dared to wonder if it could be significant. By all the canons of life and destiny she was outside his range. She could take this intimate, sisterly way with him, he had reasoned hitherto, because she was so far above him. She was the Queen; he was only Ruy Blas, a low-born fellow in disguise. If he found himself loving her, if there was something so sterling and womanly in her nature that he couldn't help loving her, that would be his own lookout. He had made up his mind to that before the end of his three weeks in Dublin in the spring. Her tactful camaraderie then had carried him over all the places which in the nature of things he might have found difficult, doing it with a sweet assumption that they had an aim in common. Only they had no aim in common! Between him and her there could be nothing but pity and kindness on the one side, with humility and devotion on the other.

He had felt that till to-night. He had felt it to-night up to the minute of hearing those words, "Come and take a turn with me." The difference was in her voice. It had tones of comfort and encouragement. More than that, it had tones of comprehension and concern. She entered into his feelings, his struggles, his sympathies, his defeats. In the very way in which she put one hand on his shoulder and placed the other within his own he thought there might be more than the conventional gesture of the dance.

"You don't know how much I appreciate your coming to-night," she said, when she found an opportunity. "If you hadn't come I should have felt it as much as if father, or mother, or Guy hadn't come. More, I think, because—well, I don't know why—*because*. I



only believe that I should have. It's been an awful bore to you, too."

"No, it hasn't. I've seen a lot. I like to get the hang of—of this sort of thing. I don't often get a chance."

"I thought of that. It seemed to me that the experience would be something. Everything's grist that comes to your mill, so that the more you see of things the better."

That was all they said, but when he left her she held his hand, she let him hold hers, till their arms were stretched out to full length. Even then her eyes smiled at him, and his smiled down into hers.

Having seen other people go, he decided to slip away himself. But in the cloakroom he found Tad, white and sodden in a chair, his hands thrust into his trouser's pockets, his legs stretched wide apart in front of him. No one was there but the cloakroom attendant who winked at Tom, as one who would understand the effect of too much champagne.

"Too young a head. Ought to be got home."

"I'll take him. Know where he lives. Going his way. Ask some one to call us a taxi."

Tad made no remonstrance as they helped him into his overcoat, and rammed his hat on his head. He knew what they were doing. "Home!" he muttered. "Home bes' place! Bed! God, I cou' go to sleep right now."

He did go to sleep in the taxi, his head on Tom's shoulder. Tom held him up, with his arm around his waist.

At Westmorley Court, where the younger Whitelaw now had his quarters, there was no difficulty of admittance. In his own room Tad submitted quietly to being undressed. Tom even found a suit of pajamas, stuffing the limp form into it. He got him into bed; he covered him up. Winding his watch, he put it on the night-table. All being done, he stooped over the bed to lift the arm that had flung aside the bedclothes, and put it under them again.

He staggered back. There flashed through his mind some of the stories by which Honey had accounted for the loss of his eye. His own left eye felt smashed in and shattered. He was sick; he was faint. He could hardly stand. He could hardly think. The room, the world, were flying into splinters. Only after a long, long time did the words which must have accompanied the blow reach his brain.

"You damn sucker! Get out of this!"

By the time Tom had recovered himself Tad was settling to sleep.

### XXXVIII

Nothing but the knowledge that the boy was drunk had kept him from striking back there and then. His temper was a hot one. It came, in fierce gusts, which stormed off quickly. The quickness saved him now. Before he was home in bed he had reconciled himself to bearing this thing too. It was bigger to bear it, more masculine, more civilized. He would never forget his rack-ing remorse after the last fight.

He didn't lose his eye, but he was obliged to see an oculist. The oculist pronounced it a close shave.

"Where in thunder did you get that?" Guy demanded, a day or two after the occurrence.

Tom thought it an opportunity to learn whether or not the boy had been conscious of what he did. "Ask Tad Whitelaw."

"What? You don't mean to say you've had another row with him! Gee whiz!"

"No, I haven't had another row with him; but all the same, ask him."

Guy asked him, with no information but that the mucker would get another if he didn't keep out of the way. It was all Tom needed to know. Tad had not been too drunk to strike with deliberate intention, and to remember that he had struck.

Guy must have told Hildred, because she wrote begging Tom to come to see her. He wasn't to mind his black eye,

because she knew all about it. She was tender, consoling.

"I don't believe he's a cad any more than I believe that of Lily," she said, while giving him a cup of tea, "but they're both spoiled with money and a sense of self-importance. You see, losing the other child has made their mother foolish about them. She's lavished everything on them, more than anyone, not a born saint, could stand. It would have been a great deal better if they'd had to fight their way—some of their way at any rate—like you."

"Oh, I'm another breed."

"Another figurative breed—yes. As to the breed in your blood—"

"Oh, but, Hildred, you don't believe that poppy-cock."

Her eyes were on the teapot from which she was pouring. "I don't believe it exactly because I don't know. It only strikes me as being very queer."

"Queer in what way?"

"Oh, in every way. They think so too."

"Then why do they seem to hate me so?"

"I shouldn't say they did that. They're afraid of you. You disturb them. They're—what do they call it in the Bible?—kicking against the pricks. That's all there is to it. When they'd buried the whole thing you come along and make them dig it up again. They don't want to do that. They feel it's too late. You can see for yourself that for Tad and Lily it would be awkward. When you've been the two only children, and such spoiled ones at that, to have an elder brother you didn't know anything about suddenly hoisted over you—"

"Of course! I understand that."

"Mr. Whitelaw feels the same, only he feels it differently. *He'd* accept him, however hard it was."

"And Mrs. Whitelaw?"

"Oh, poor dear, she's suffered so much that all she asks is not to be made to suffer any more. I don't believe it matters to her now whether he's found or not, so long as she isn't tortured."

"And does she think I'd torture her?"

"They haven't come to that. It isn't what you *may* do, but what they themselves *ought* to do that troubles them."

"I wish if you get a chance you'd tell them that they needn't do anything."

"They wouldn't take my word for it, or yours either. It rests with themselves and their own consciences."

"A good deal of it rests with me."

"Yes, if you were willing to take the first step; but since you're not—"

They dropped it at that because Mrs. Ansley lilted in, greeting Tom with that outward welcome and inward repugnance he had had to learn to swallow. He knew exactly where he stood with her. She took him as an affliction. Affliction could visit the best families and ignore the highest merits. Guy, dear boy, was extravagant, and this was the proof of his extravagance. He was infatuated with this young man, who had neither means, antecedents, nor connections. She had heard the Whitelaw Baby theory, of course; but so long as the Whitelaws themselves rejected it, she rejected it too. The best she could do was to be philanthropic. Philip, Guy, Hildred, were all convinced that this young man was to make his mark. Very well! It was in her tradition, it was in the whole tradition of old Boston, to help those who were likely to get on. Since she was obliged to play up to the family standard of beneficence, up to it she would play. She bore with Tom, therefore, patiently, never snubbing him except when they chanced to be alone, and hurting him only as a jellyfish hurts a swimmer, by clamminess of contact.

It was a cloudy afternoon with Christmas in the near future. All over town there were notes of Christmas, in the shop windows, in the Christmas trees exposed for sale, in the way people ran about with parcels. He never approached this season without going back to that fatal Christmas Eve when he and his mother had been caught shoplifting.

Partly for the exercise, partly to find



space to breathe and to think, he followed the Boston embankment of the Charles, making his way to the Harvard Bridge, and so toward Cambridge. In big quietly dropping flakes it had begun to snow. He tramped on alone, enjoying the solitude.

The embankment lamps had been lit when he noticed, coming toward him, two young men, their collars turned up about their ears. They were laughing and smoking cigarettes. Drawing nearer, he recognized them as Tad Whitelaw and the fellow who had slapped the table at the dance. It was not hard to guess that they were on their way to see Hildred. He hoped that under cover of the darkness and the snow he might slip by unobserved.

But Tad stopped squarely in front of him. "Let's look at your eye."

The tone was so easy and friendly that Tom thought he might be going to apologize. He let him look.

"Well, you got that," Tad went on. "Another time you'll get worse. By God, if you don't keep away from me I'll shoot you."

Tom was surprised, but it was the sort of situation in which he could be cool. He smiled into the arrogant young face turned up toward his.

"What's the good of that line of talk? You know you wouldn't shoot me; you wouldn't have the nerve. Besides, you haven't anything to shoot me for. I'll leave it to this fellow." He turned to Tad's companion, who stood as a spectator, slightly to one side. "I found him dead drunk the other night. I took him home in a taxi, and put him to bed. That's no more than the common freemasonry among men. Any man would do the same at a pinch for any other man."

The companion played up nobly. "That's the straight dope, Tad. Take it and gulp it down. This guy is a good guy or he wouldn't have—"

"Go to hell," Tad interrupted, in-

solently. "I'm only warning him. If he hangs round me any more—"

Tom kept his temper by main force, addressing himself still to the companion.

"I've never hung round him. He knows I haven't. Two or three times I've run into him, as I've done to-day. Twice I've stepped in to keep him from getting the gate, this time as a drunk, the other time as a damn fool. I'd do that for anyone. I'd do it for him, if I found him in the same mess again."

"That's fair enough, Tad," the referee approved. "You can't kick against it."

Tad tried to speak, but Tom went on with quiet authority,

"So that since he likes warnings he can take one. I shan't let him be chucked out of Harvard if I can help it."

Tad sprang. "The devil you won't!"

Tom continued to speak only to the third party. "No, the devil I won't! I don't know why I feel that way about him, but that's the way I feel. And anyhow, now he knows."

Still addressing the companion only, he uttered a curt "Good-night." The companion responded civilly with "Good-night" on his side.

He neither looked at Tad, nor flung a word at him. Wheeling to face what had now blown into a snowstorm, he walked off into its teeth. But as he went he repeated the question he had put to Hildred Ansley,

"Why do they seem to hate me so?"

Near an arc-light he stopped abruptly. The snow made a tabernacle for him; so that he was all alone. As he looked upward and outward millions of sweet soft white things flew silently across the light. Out of his heart, up to his lips, there tore the kind of prayer which in times of temptation the Tollivant habit sometimes wrung from him:

"O God, keep me from ever wanting to be one of them!"

*(To be continued)*

# Trails to Tiny Towns

## 4.—*The Poppies Blow*

BY GERTRUDE A. ZERR

I KNOW very well that poppies are only weeds, and of no ornamental value, since they fall to pieces as soon as you take them into the house; but, you see, orchids won't grow where we live, and poppies *will*. You have to take a lot of things into consideration, whether you're planting gardens or civilizations; and in the wild waste places of my desolate land you can depend on the poppies. The hail knocks out the wheat, and the frost nips the roses, and the sandstorms bury the pansies—but still the poppies blow! Weeds, of course, but colorful weeds, courageous weeds, breaking the dun desolation with the brightness of their hue and the strength of their persistence.

I ask you very humbly to consider this, because I know you will be impatient with me that I did nothing for Juliette. What I should have done is quite obvious, but I have not always done the things I should have done; when you live long in the wilderness you grow careless of obligations—things are born and they grow, and mate, and bear their young all by themselves, without any particular direction from me—and though I am supposed to lead my people into a higher and happier way of living, sometimes their own way seems to me much more attractive than the ways which I know.

I didn't want to teach the Belgians anything. Every time they took another step toward Americanism I was sorry—I couldn't help being so. The littlest boys came to school on the first day of the term in little blue knee-pants with white shirts and wide ruffled collars,

and tight little round hats with ribbons, set on top of their shocks of yellow hair. Their saucer-blue eyes stared innocently at me, and they bowed with quaint little gestures of boundless respect. The second day one of them had picked up on the road an old straw hat that some American child had thrown away, and Belgium receded a thousand miles. In another week the ruffled collars vanished; by Christmas there was nothing left of Flanders Fields except the wide blue eyes and the yellow hair, and the hurried utterance that spoke of insufficient acquaintance with a foreign tongue.

But on Tuesdays! . . . They had church on Tuesdays because the priest had to come out on that day from town to hold services, having his own parish to attend to on Sundays. All work was suspended, and by nine o'clock the long roads were all a-flutter with ruffles and apron-strings and neckerchiefs and ribbons—first the school children, leaving their buckets at the schoolhouse, and taking off their overalls and aprons there so that they might be properly dressed for church; then the big blond, golden-bearded men in quaint American clothes which did not fit very well, and the women leading their littlest children by the hand. I wish you could have seen those little children!

Belgian women do not devote a great deal of thought and care to their own costumes, and they are really not so very pretty after they've grown up, but the little girls are rapturous. They wear long velvet skirts reaching to their ankles, and little silk bodices of a lighter hue, and lace caps with blue rosettes;



and their yellow hair frames faces of roseate loveliness with placid blue eyes glowing reflectively—a part of the bright blueness of my blue, blue wilderness.

The little church was directly across the road from the schoolhouse; I stood hesitating in my doorway until I should be invited, and it is curious, but true, that there was a hard lump at the base of my throat as I watched the people gathering in the churchyard. They were so quaint! And it was not as if I had gone to seek them in a far land. If I had paid a guide to show me the historic villages of Belgium, I should probably have looked at them and smiled, as you do at any other spectacle; but that such an innocent, childish, primitive people should have braved the terrors of a barren land, from which the sturdiest had turned with a shudder, could not help but bring a sudden quickness of breath.

I love my bright blue land; I love it for its wildness and its terrors and for the unconquerable heart of it; for the courage of its people and for the splendor of its achievements—it's a Viking land; a sky-land; a star-land. But it's more than this—it's a land of earth-bound peasantry, of age-old traditions, of simple and primitive people, shining tranquilly and steadfastly as stars.

You couldn't help tears—no matter how giddy and thoughtless you were by nature. All without plan or deserving, you found yourself in a mediæval Belgian village, as if you'd gone to sleep in a Belgian picture gallery and all the pictures had come to life. The quaint little church with its pointed spire, the quaint little children in their quaint attire, the placid quiet women secure in the serenity of ages, the golden-bearded men, the eager-eyed youth—the bottomless blueness of a western desert sky!

And Juliette!

It was Juliette who finally came shyly across the road and said that they would be glad to have me come to church if I cared. She was nearly twenty, big and splendid, with a skin like chiffon and

eyes of astonishing innocence. Her hair was a mist around her face. Such a girl! All the women sat on one side of the church and all the men on the other, and although Juliette timidly proffered me her prayer-book, I didn't turn the pages very often. I could see nearly everybody from where I sat, and my eyes roved unmanageably over the little congregation. The bright yellow heads of the men were all uncovered now and bent over their prayer-books. I wondered which one stood high enough above the others to be worthy of Juliette. It's curious, you know, how in all these little settlements there is one who by some strange accident stands above all the others and presently breaks away to form a new society; but all the yellow heads were alike; and when we came out of church, though many eyes were turned on Juliette, nobody came forward to walk with her. She went over to the schoolhouse with me, shyly said good-by, and walked home with her father and mother.

So Juliette's lover had not come to church that morning. Sometimes, I found, he didn't.

I met him soon, and I could not fail to know him. Everybody was harvesting—that is, everybody who had anything to harvest—and life was a great festival. You know how it is in American harvest fields. The man says, "Well, gotta have the harvesters next week." The woman says, "Then you gotta go to town and get me some help. I've gone through about the last harvest I'll ever go through. I'm sick and tired cooking for hired hands, and I won't do it again."

So it was with Carrie Haydon, down on the Horseshoe Bar Stock Ranch. All they had to put up was hay, and they hired twelve men to work outside and two girls inside. But the Belgians loved harvest time. They were too primitive to think of hiring men. They began at one end of the settlement to help one another, all the men and women gathering at the farthest farm; and those women who weren't cooking in the house

worked out in the fields, and loved it. The boys at school were restless, but we hurried through lessons and went home early to the house where the harvesting was in progress. I went, too. I love harvesting; and I praised all the things we had to eat, and helped carry food out to the men, and even had the temerity to show the women new dishes, though I must confess this last proceeding was due more to a love for showing off than to a desire to be truly helpful. The women exclaimed in wonderment.

"But your hands are white!" they cried, "and still you can cook!"

We had five meals every day. There was breakfast at six, when everybody went out to the fields; at ten those of us who had stayed in the house went out with baskets and jugs and the men stopped their work and took our meek offerings; at twelve we served them humbly again; at three we took them more food; at six we again stood behind their chairs; and then we danced.

It was quaintly pretty. When I had on an apron and my hands full of baskets and jugs, I was a peasant woman, too, and the men regarded me with the same lordly indifference that they bestowed on their own women; quite different from the reverence they paid me as an officer of the law when I stood in the doorway of the schoolhouse. The older men never spoke to me—it wasn't being done. Sometimes they met me riding along the road with one of the men from the ranches, and they would stop to speak to the man.

"You go ride with our teacher?"

"Yes, a little bit."

"She like our school?"

"Do you like the school?" the boy would ask me.

"Yes," I would reply.

"She says she does," the boy would say.

"Tell her, glad she like our school," said the Belgian.

"He says he's glad you like their school," the boy reported, gravely.

"It's a wonder he wouldn't let me say so myself!" I'd grumble.

It's curious, you know, to be talked over in your own language as if you were a piece of wood.

But the young men weren't so particular about etiquette. They knew it wasn't proper to speak indiscriminately to the ladies; but youth is daring, and when it has a reckless leader then there are no bounds to its adventuring.

This leader was the gay, the dashing, the brilliant Jean-Baptiste—Jean-Baptiste of the shiny black hair, the glorious brown eyes, the daring confident smile! Jean-Baptiste, whose heart was wrapped around the heart of Juliette. Jean-Baptiste did not come to church, but he came to harvesting. He it was who ventured first into the parlor when he heard the music. I was playing with the baby. There was a phonograph with three records, one of them the Star Spangled Banner, which I did not put on. The baby crowed when I played one of the others, and being exhilarated by the excitement of the day, I picked her up and showed her a good time by spinning her around in a heady fox-trot. Jean-Baptiste came in.

"You can dance!" he exclaimed.

The other boys listened in admiration to the daring of their hero.

I put the baby down and presented myself. It was a serious amusement. Aside from the impropriety of talking much to the ladies, the dancing is too vigorous for leisurely conversation, and your partner never knows quite what he is going to do next, so you have to keep your mind pretty firmly on what you are doing, in order to avoid injury. And you can't go by the music very well either, because when there are only two records, they have to serve all purposes and must fit any kind of dance.

But Jean-Baptiste could talk and dance at the same time; he was an adventurous young man who often went on pretended errands down to the stock ranches, and watched the American boys out of his keen brown eyes, and learned things from them. He learned how to dress in red-and-green-striped silk shirts



with soft collars and knotted neckerchiefs; and though he never rode, he wore woolly chaps in the hottest weather when he plowed the fields; he had a big green beaver hat, very hot-looking but gorgeous, and with it all he had kept the innocent Belgian eyes that made you admire him in spite of yourself. The older people looked on him with dread. He filled the china-blue eyes of the girls, even though they turned their heads away from temptation; the boys admired him helplessly, and timidly followed where he led.

Juliette was not altogether kind to her countrymen. Girls have a great advantage over boys in the learning of new ways, and they are not slow to recognize their superiority. Every square mile of that country had at least one man on it, and every man knew that in the little Belgian community there were girls with placid blue eyes and yellow hair; and every girl had all the attention from regular men that she could well take care of in the limited amount of time at her disposal. So she learned with marvelous rapidity American ways and American speech and American dress, and affected a gentle tolerance or intolerance, according to the little variations in her temperament, of the quaintness of her own people. The boys were very humble. They had no one to teach them; the American men didn't have time to, and the American girls were too busy. Of course, there was a teacher occasionally, but the Belgians had always had men before I came, and the men teachers were naturally more interested in the education of the girls.

I was sorry for the boys. One of them would go to Juliette and ask her to dance.

"You can't dance," she would say, tossing her yellow curls disdainfully.

Then he'd come to me, all disconsolate.

"Juliette says I can't dance."

"But you can," I'd assure him, and to prove it, I would let him dance with me.

All radiant, he'd go back to Juliette.

"I can dance," he'd tell her. "Teacher says I can."

"But you can't," she'd repeat, and his poor, simple brain would whirl in bewilderment. I had said he could, and it must be so because I was the teacher; but Juliette had said he could not, and that was certainly so because she was Juliette.

We had a lovely time through the harvest; there was a great deal to do on the Belgians' farms, because there was not only the immense yield of grain, but great quantities of hay from the unplowed fields and all the berries and peanuts and fruit. The ranchmen had all their hay up and were already driving their stock in from the summer range before we were ready to sow the winter wheat; and they were sitting around their fires telling what a "helluva" country it had become since the range was gone, while the Belgians were out sowing the grain. It was a marvel to me to go by the great farms which we had always turned over to the range stock and see these primitive peasants walking stolidly along with a bag slung over a shoulder and a steady hand moving back and forth, scattering seed exactly as they have always done in the penny prints we show to children.

You'd have to know the Bad Lands truly to know the miracle of these Belgian farms. You get off the train at Big Sandbar, where there was a river once before it dried up, and you don't see a speck of green, or the shade of a tree; as far as the eye can reach are only the great bare wastes of sand and sagebrush, with the dark shadows of the coulees that break the surface of the land into those ungovernable hillocks. You drive hour after hour through the barren desolation which the most optimistic land-boomer dare not longer offer for settlement—pass the ragged holdings of a ranch man who ranges his cattle miles away—no water, no vegetation—sand and sagebrush.

All around the Big Sandbar land was taken up and settlements made and

abandoned, and the country reeled back into the wilderness from which it came; stockmen found better places with more water and sacrificed quantity of cattle to quality.

Then some Belgians living far back east heard that the government would give them six hundred and forty acres of land only for the asking. Think of six hundred and forty acres to a family that had lived in little Belgium! They hurried into this paradise. Their astonished eyes saw thousands and thousands of acres stretched out, such marvelous land, all for the asking!

Oh, dear, I love my wild state! It's so big and relentless and so perfectly able to take care of itself! Certain weakling states that I've read about have let themselves be ravaged by ignorant and improvident men, but not mine! It won't be ravaged; it must be wooed and honored and treated with servile deference; it's a king-state. Well! that's the kind of wooers she got when the Belgians came. They didn't break their hearts over her cruelty. They had ages of soil-love in them, and they were willing to put up with her wild ways. They fenced each six hundred and forty acres and built a house; plowed forty acres and built a barn; dammed up a coulee and bought a cow. They were so simple and matter-of-fact! The stockmen petitioned congress for an irrigation system, and continued to drive their cattle miles away to the water holes, while they waited; but the Belgians dammed up the coulees on their ranches and let the water collect in great drinking pools. The second summer they plowed another forty and let the first lie fallow. They moved the wheat field every fall to a new quarter-section, and plowed the clover under—all such simple things to do! They loved the land. Women tended it and nursed it with the passion of mothers. I love the sight of women working in fields, and peasants are alluring. When American women work out of doors they put on overalls, and they generally have short hair and wide hats,

and look hideous; but the peasants move about in their long skirts with their bright kerchiefs tied over their heads and their hair in hard little knots, and look like masterpieces. They loved even the rocks on their farms. You know the things ranchmen say about rocks! But the Belgians picked up all their rocks and saved them, laid them in neat piles and then carted them up to the buildings to make warm chicken houses in which grateful chickens laid twice as many eggs as usual. They saved the biggest and best rocks for the church. The upper part of the church was of wood, and it had a brave high steeple, but the foundation was of carefully fitted big bowlders, selected with a devotion that was touching and beautiful.

Always after harvest the boys painted the church. The entire surface was divided into sections, and lots were drawn among the unmarried men for the chance to paint these sections. Happy was the man who drew the steeple! He was a man of importance and could move with a self-assertion denied to other men. It was he who, in the courage born of an honorable position, danced with me the last night of the harvest festival and told me about it. I promised that I would come out on the following day to see him paint the steeple, and he was confused and shy in his happiness. I should have gone anyway; for where but in the primitive wilderness could you see so quaint a sight as eleven men with eleven buckets of paint all arriving at a given moment, each to paint his section of a little spire-pointed church, to pray in his heart that he be not too proud, and to go away again all glad and thankful that a great blessing had come to him?

I sat on the fence of the school yard with the children and watched the painting, and we stayed a long time after recess, but nobody complained, because it was a tribute in the nature of a devotional exercise. And when the men had finished, they shouldered their ladders



and walked away without looking at us. Well, the next dance we had Jean-Baptiste danced with me as usual, and then sat beside me to talk a little, although this was not at all a proper thing to do, and the older people looked askance and the younger ones breathless at the temerity of him. I said to him, "Jean-Baptiste, you were not lucky; you did not draw a section of the church to paint."

He looked at me startled. I saw that I had said something wrong, but I did not know how to recede.

"You are so lucky about everything else," I continued, "I thought surely you would draw one of the chances."

He twisted his hands, nervously.

"I—I didn't draw!" he stammered.

"But why?" I insisted. "Doesn't everybody draw?"

"No—not me!" He got up and moved away. I had asked too much. Almost immediately Juliette came and sat down beside me. Well, Juliette would know. I plunged into the subject. Her placid blue eyes swam suddenly in tears. "Oh, Jean-Baptiste doesn't belong!" her subdued cry was a wail of grief. "And that is why of everything! He doesn't belong!" Always and always the cry of disconsolate lovers! But oh, surely in so big a space as ours it didn't matter much! Juliette began to come to the schoolhouse. Now that she had told me so much it was easy to tell me more. They'd loved each other long and hopelessly, ever so long, because Jean-Baptiste was so different from the other men, so talkative and polite like an American, that she couldn't help loving him; ever so hopelessly because—he didn't belong—he came from the southern country; no church, no God, no family, so she mustn't love him.

She wanted Jean-Baptiste, but she must marry the man her father had picked out.

"But you can't do that!" I exclaimed. "That isn't the way people marry. You marry the man you love, of course."

She looked at me in astonishment.

"But my father says 'no'!"

"Well, what if he does?"

"You would marry a man when your father says 'no'?"

"My father wouldn't say 'no'; you're *supposed* to marry the man you love!"

She shook her head with a slow smile.

"You are a teacher," she said, with the deference due to official rank, "and I would not say you do not know; but—you have been mis-in-formed."

The Belgians were very sweet on the subjects whereon we disagreed. They would not tolerate any teaching adverse to their own; but they would not say I did not know.

"You must respect your teacher, for she is wise; but in this she has been mis-in-formed!"

Jean-Baptiste knew at once that Juliette had been to me; and he came after that with passionate pleadings for my help.

There was every reason why he should have had Juliette because he was heir to a splendid farm already broken up into plowed fields, where under his mother's hands the poppies had given way to pansies and hollyhocks, and the apple trees had long since begun to bear; whereas Brockveig was one of five or six sons, and would have to go farther out into the desert and break for himself a new farm.

Brockveig was very shy and humble; he knew quite well that Juliette was much too far above him, but he never dreamed of questioning the fate that selected her for him; he accepted her with meek gratitude, and plowed up his land patiently, and had a great building party out at the new homestead when the community harvesting was done. We all went. I made them some lovely marshmallow cake with little red-candy hearts for decorations. They thought it very quaint, and laughed merrily at the conceit. Juliette and Jean-Baptiste clung to my side as though I had the power to change all this. I talked to them a lot about it; I told Juliette she shouldn't let Brockveig go on with his

building, and I told Jean-Baptiste that he should take Juliette in spite of everybody; but I knew very well my words didn't ring true, and they were not deceived. When you undertake to solve people's problems you must be quite sure of what you are doing; and I was not sure. Juliette could not stop the building; Jean-Baptiste could not carry her off.

At that, there was an uneasiness, an unrest, in the little colony. I could see it in the faces of the older people as they looked at us. They were gentle people, and full of the love of the land and the law; they revered me as a representative of the law, and what I did was right. Yet there couldn't be any doubt in their minds that what they did was right also. Jean-Baptiste did not belong; therefore, he must not have Juliette. Was it not plain? Oh, so very plain!

But still, I had influence. I am not quite sure just how much power I had—the Belgians were in America in order to become Americans; that was never in doubt. They would study me, and learn from me; many of them approved of me. I wondered just how long it would take to win the approval of all of them—sometimes you can do it. I saw Juliette's father looking at me sometimes with an expression of doubt, and it didn't take a great deal of cleverness to see the birth of a great conflict behind the placid eyes. There was a thing he might do to save his child from me. Should he do it? Nobody had ever done such a thing before—it was almost a sacrilege—there was nothing in the prayer-book about it—but it must be a sin! Against such a good government! A government that had given him six hundred and forty acres of such wonderful land and sent them wise and noble teachers to make them Americans! I'm sure you can see the conflict that tore the heart of the father of Juliette. He must save his child, and if there were no other way, then he must commit this sin. It was decided for him in this way: You know how suddenly the blizzards come up

where we live. Maybe you're right in the midst of haying on a pleasant October day, and all of a sudden a wind whirls up out of the north, and flings a handful of snow through the air with a blindness, a stinging violence, which shatters the grain and stampedes the cattle, and tosses the calves into the creeks. Well, such a blizzard came up, only a handful of snow, but a wind as wild as all hell's fury; there wasn't enough snow to fling, so it picked up sand and pebbles, and tossed them about with the snow. The children laughed and clapped their hands, and ran in an out for the fun of being pelted; we were all bruised when we got home from school. But that didn't matter. When the storm was over, some one went down to open up the church and see that all was well there, and oh dear, oh dear, every window was broken! A pall fell on the village. The wrath of God had descended! God had forsaken his own! I think that was why Juliette's father was driven to his sin. If God was angry with his people it was because they had done wrong, and the only wrong of which they were aware was that one of their children looked with desire on a man who did not belong.

So Juliette's father came secretly to the schoolhouse and stole the dictionary!

*Don't* laugh at us! He thought the dictionary was the bulwark of the school—and that by removing this bulwark he was destroying the root of temptation.

I didn't notice its loss at first. I went over to see Juliette's mother on Saturday; the storm was over and the weather was lovely.

Rocks were flying in the newest forty next to the fence, and I thought there were at least six men working, so I slid by unobtrusively, but when I had almost got by, she called to me. She was picking them up with both hands, throwing them accurately onto piles which she was gathering for a pig-run. She was having a pleasant time, but she stopped work politely to go up to the house with me. I didn't stay very long. I saw that



both Juliette and her mother were uneasy and a little terrified; and Juliette's tranquil eyes were full of a dumb misery. I asked Juliette to walk on a little with me after we'd had our cake and coffee and she did, but she told me nothing.

When we said good-by, she held out her hands to me.

"You have been good to me," she cried, "and I have brought you only harm! Say you will forgive me. If you must go out in the winter because of me, only say you will forgive me!"

"I won't be going out," I assured her; "and how could I forgive one who has done me no harm?"

"But I will pray for you," she promised, "and perhaps I shall be given the wisdom to know what to do!"

I thanked her gravely and we parted.

The children were restless on Monday. I saw that something had happened, but I did not know what.

When I released them at recess they gathered in knots, and talked excitedly in their own language.

They hung about a little at four o'clock, and presently one of them came to me, and asked,

"Do we have school still yet?"

"To-morrow," I replied absently.

He rushed out with the news. They were plainly puzzled.

Juliette's little sister Rosalie came back after the others were gone, shyly patted my hand, and ran away without saying anything. I was not impatient. Things always adjust themselves, and this would too. But I was a little curious.

It was not till Wednesday that I had occasion to send some one to the Unabridged. He stood up, his eyes as big as moons.

"The big dictionary," I repeated.

"Miss Teacher, no—" he stammered. I looked at him inquiringly.

His eyes turned to the dictionary stand. Mine followed.

The dictionary was not there!

"Where is the dictionary?" I cried.

There was a relieved outpouring of words. Nobody had dared to tell me

before this because of the uncertainty of the law, but now they told me.

Juliette's father had taken away the dictionary because God was angry with his people. Now how could we have school any more?

I bowed my head in my hands. Dramatic occasions call for dramatic presentation. The children waited breathlessly.

Suddenly I looked up.

"But no!" I cried. "The dictionary is gone, and it will be hard for us to learn the American words without a dictionary. But see! We have the flag! Whenever we have the flag we have school, even without the dictionary!"

So we all went outside and put up the flag, which I had forgotten to do that morning, and we sang the Star-Spangled Banner, and made a great deal of the matter.

The children were very much relieved. School is a meeting place for children in the Bad Lands, and they are always restless and unhappy when there isn't any, because it is usually lonesome at home.

I wasn't quite sure what to do about the dictionary. If I went over and demanded it it would probably be given me, but it would be far better to have it restored voluntarily. I thought about it a long time, and the upshot of it was that I didn't do anything. I never do. As long as a thing is something of a game, without very much at stake, I like to play along, and pretend that I'm managing affairs, and righting wrongs, and adjusting difficulties; but when it's a real complication I'd rather let it worry along until it untangles itself: it's safer that way.

Brockveig went on with his building, in spite of snow and cold, and Juliette's mother wove linen sheets and wool blankets. Jean-Baptiste spread manure over his fields and tended his stock. It was a prosperous community and a happy one.

School went on, but the tragedy of the dictionary still stayed with us. I pretended that we'd suffered an irreparable

loss, though really we hadn't made much use of it, except for the little children to stand on when they couldn't reach the blackboard.

"But some day," I told the children, "if we are very patient and good, the dictionary will come back to us, and then we shall learn its words all the faster."

Juliette's father dropped his eyes when he passed me. He wouldn't have spoken to me anyway, because it wasn't proper, but he moved now under a great weight of guilt.

And now the house was done, and the barns, and sheets and blankets were woven, and Juliette had a new brown dress, very serviceable and un-American, though she had copied it out of a mail-order catalog; and there was a great baking and brewing in all the houses. Everybody made feasts and parties, and we went from house to house celebrating and giving gifts.

Jean-Baptiste came, too.

He did not speak much to Juliette, but their eyes found each other and spoke for them. It was quaintly sad, not the poignant, bitter misery that civilized people endure, but a plaintive breath of piteousness like that of a poem or picture.

"Juliette," I said, "you aren't going to marry Brockveig? Surely you won't leave Jean-Baptiste alone?"

She raised her astonished blue eyes.

"But what else can I do?" she asked. "Has not my father said?" She dropped her voice. "And you will see! When I have done what is right the dictionary will come back to you!"

And so she was married.

Brockveig was very happy, in his big, stolid way; he had a new blue shirt for the wedding, and a new American suit that contrasted oddly with his bright blond brawn; and I sang them a wed-

ding song which was partly happy and partly sad. Jean-Baptiste dropped his dark head in his hands when everybody prayed, and you would not have guessed that he did not belong. After church we all went out to the new house. We walked along the bare road, a party of merry villagers, laughing and chatting because of the happiness of a new home. The winter wheat was sown; the coulees were dammed up to make drinking holes; and another six hundred and forty acres were reclaimed out of the wilderness.

Surely, you see it couldn't have been any different?

I could have claimed the dictionary in the name of the law; but then it would have been a trophy of war and not the free gift of a grateful ally.

And I might have saved the hearts of Juliette and Jean-Baptiste by long insistence on the superior wisdom of American ways; but that would have been meddling in affairs I know nothing about.

I thanked Juliette for bringing the dictionary back to me.

"You have done a great thing for America," I said.

But I didn't mean the dictionary, though she thought I did.

I was seeing another generation of precious peasantry; another stretch of emerald fields; another vindication of my noble north.

That's why I ask you to remember about the poppies. They haven't the fragrance of roses, or the delicacy of orchids, or the piquancy of pansies. No housewife would take them into the parlor for ornament; no lover would send them to his bride.

But they fill the desert with color! They're the promise of crops and homes!



# A Lover in Waiting

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

**R**ICHARD MASSITER was in love. And as if that itself, in view of the whole theory and practice of his existence, were not a sufficient complication, he was in love with another man's wife.

As he strode along the deep Devon lanes that separated his house from hers, his rugged, intellectual face was set in its most tenacious lines; for, having at last overcome his own stubborn tendency to bachelorhood, he was on his way to match his will against Persis Jayne's, to beat down her resistance—her senseless resistance.

At the garden gate of her cottage he paused. She was there, as usual, among her flowers; and, as usual, she made him think of things that annoyed him with their suggestion of a youthful, lovesick extravagance in himself. Last time it had been "porte after stormie seas"; this time it was "my love is like a red, red rose." Yet there really was something about her, he excused himself, that clamored for heightened expression, for the relief of poetry. He recalled suddenly a thing that some one had once told him: it was a comment by her artist husband (in the days of his courtship) to the effect that whatever she did she "made a picture."

And it was true—true now of Persis Jayne at twenty-eight as it had been true once of Persis Bevan at nineteen; only, the flowerlike physical beauty which Lindley Jayne had fallen in love with had become, through the suffering that he had caused her, spiritually enriched to the point at which it had proved possible for Richard Massiter to fall in love with her. And now Massiter wanted that picture that she made, wanted the woman whom the picture

shadowed forth, always, always before him. . . .

He clicked the latch of the gate, and she looked up, waving a welcome with the sprigs of lavender that she had just picked.

"Bring the scissors along with you, will you?" she called. "I left them there on the wall."

He approached—with the scissors. This was the quality that had first attracted him to her, this simplicity and sincerity, the absence of all the usual feminine flutter and fuss.

"Any tea to-day?" he inquired.

"Yes, directly."

"Then until directly, whenever that may be," he said, "let us go somewhere where I can recover from the heat by looking at you." He began to look at her forthwith—keenly, provocatively, mischievously. "If you were anyone else, Persis, I should no doubt say you look as cool as a cucumber; but owing to a circumstance over which, by some extraordinary fatality, I have no control, the fact of your being yourself makes me wish to refer instead to the 'glassie, cool, translucent wave.' Ridiculous, isn't it? But there again!"—his voice was shot through with humor and teasing tenderness—"you've only to droop your dear dark head like that, and I think of a rose after rain. Nor is it any use your going on gathering lavender; because you move, Persis—you move as easily, as airily as a bird on a bending bough!"

"Richard!—you torment!" She led the way to the deep pool of shade under her cedar. "But, you know," she protested, "you *mustn't* say such things. Why, if anybody heard you, they—they might misunderstand."

"They couldn't," he assured her drily. "For they would believe the worst and they would be right. Persis—"

"Hush!" she implored. "Tea!"

He suffered the interruption, and allowed her to talk of what she would while the meal lasted. Then he returned to the charge. "It's no use, my dear. You've got to hear me out some time, so it may as well be now, mayn't it?"

"Why?—why?" she urged, with a sudden break in her habitual self-control. "Am I so rich in friends here? Must you say what may spoil our friendship?"

"Yes," he insisted with a certain grimness. "I'm not ashamed of what I'm going to say. It's only conventional morality that makes you think I ought to be. When a man, Persis, experiences the one genuine love of his life for a woman, it's not an unclean thing; it's a pure and a holy thing, and he has a right to tell her about it. After that, it's for her to accept or reject it, as she will."

"Accept?" she murmured. "I? When there's Lindley?"

His eyebrows rose. "Ah," he said deliberately, "that certainly might make a difference. Only, the question arises, is there Lindley?"

She winced, averting her head. "Cruel," she breathed.

"But true, Persis. How many times in the last six years or so has your husband forgotten that there is *you*? Ah, you needn't answer, my dear: the heart knoweth its own bitterness. But there's the fact. Up in that studio of his in town, painting portraits of lovely women, philandering with one, finding a twin soul in another and losing it a few months later—Lindley, you can't deny, has no use for you; so, as far as he is concerned, you are free to consult your own wishes."

"Richard, must you so hurt—so humiliate me?"

"Now there's where we differ," he asserted roundly. "You can bear, it seems, the fact of your humiliation; you cannot bear the expression of it, even by

one who loves you, and speaks only with a passionate longing to end that humiliation. Persis! Be brave! Come to me."

"Come—to you?"

"Of course. What other way is there? For all that you have suffered is not, by law, enough to rid you of him. Whereas, if you take the justifiable and self-respecting step of coming to me, it will be enough to rid him of you. There will be the scandal, of course; I can't save you from that. But at least I have money enough to ease it for you as far as it may be eased. We can go away—far away—until the divorce business is all settled. And scandal blows over; it even blows over quickly, Persis, if"—he twinkled—"if you have money enough to get a hustle on the wind!"

She made no response to that rallying note. She was crying quietly, hopelessly, heartbrokenly.

It tortured him both that she cried and that he could not divine the source of her tears. "Do I need to assure you, Persis," he asked gently, "that I am a man of honor—that, although you must burn your boats behind you, you would have nothing to fear?"

She put out a hand blindly, and its quick pressure answered him. He sat thinking. And presently he spoke again, this time with a touch of uneasiness. "I wonder, Persis, whether this means that by any chance you've got at the root of the matter?"

She raised her head.

"Yes, the root," he repeated, weighing the word. "The question of whether *I'd* really be constant to you. That's what floors me, too, I confess. For I can't be certain; I simply can't be certain."

She had a faint smile for that. "Richard—dear Richard! As if any woman wouldn't know that she could trust you!"

"I don't mean that," he explained. "Your rival wouldn't be another woman. But it might be my work; it might be science." His brow furrowed in perplexity. "You see, I've loved that pretty whole-heartedly for years. Even now, when I love you and want you



more than anything else on earth, there's a bit of me deep down which resents that fact. It's the bit which has made me try hard not to love you; it is what made me intend never to love any woman. Because of it, if I could, I'd stop loving you this minute. Only I can't, that's the confounded thing! Yet which would win in the end—whether you'd always come first, or whether I'd swing back in time to my old ways? . . . Well, Lord only knows! I may as well be honest with you, that's all. There's the risk. It's the only one, I really believe. I'll never cease to love you, but I might presently—yes, I almost certainly *should* presently—be less wholly absorbed in my love for you, and take up old habits with an old intensity . . . You were thinking of that, Persis? You're afraid of it?"

"No." She did not hesitate. "That's nothing, Richard. No woman worth her salt wants to take her man from his job. It's not that—not that!"

He was relieved. "What, then?"

"Richard." Her eyes, her voice were appealing to him to understand. "It's that I love him."

And he could not understand. "You don't," he answered ruthlessly. "What you love is your memories, and in particular your memory of having once loved him. Come—confess!"

She shook her head. "It's the same thing, Richard. I—took him to my heart when I was a girl, and he's there. As you say, he goes his own way now and forgets me, but one day he will need me again, and then—he must be able to find me."

He made a grimace of acute impatience and scorn. "Well, of all the insensate folly—the wild, irresponsible altruism gone to seed! Anything, Persis, bearing a closer spiritual resemblance than you to a doormat is inconceivable."

She nodded, not even piqued by his violent onslaught. "Yes, of course. I knew you'd think that."

"Think? It is that." He stood up. "Persis—look at me! I'm thirty-eight;

I'm destitute of the social gift; my face would never make my fortune to the extent of a penny piece; I'm not an elegant popinjay like Lindley. But—with your hand on your heart, mind, Persis—which of us two is the better man?"

Her reply, though oblique, left the matter in no doubt. "But that's why, Richard, don't you see? You can stand alone. He needs me. He doesn't realize it yet, but some day he will. And when he does I must be there. You're kind; you're good; you're clever and strong; oh, you're dear, Richard! But you're too late. I've given Lindley everything I had; not lent it for as long as he was good and deserved it, but given—given. . . . One doesn't take *gifts* back, does one?"

He stood staring down at her. "The Lord gave," he mocked abruptly, "and the Lord hath taken away." Well, the Lord, it seems, can do a thing like that—but not a really nice woman. Is that it, Persis? Setting yourself up above your Creator?"

Still she was careless of his malicious tongue, absorbed in her search for the simple truth.

"Richard," she said presently, yet more to herself, it seemed, than to him, "I knew a woman once who had to go abroad to join her husband, and leave her little boy in England. She dreaded the good-by, and asked if she might bring him to a children's party that we were giving (he was to stay with us for a while) and then slip away quietly before the end of it. She did it; and Owen, the child, was so excited, so happy with all the games and toys and laughter, as long as he thought his mother was *still* there—somewhere in the background—within call. But from the instant he realized that his mother had *gone*, it was all over; the party was dust and ashes to him; we could do nothing to comfort him. Richard, it was dreadful; I've never forgotten it: the—absolutely *stricken* look in his eyes."

"Well?" he demanded.

"Well, that's how it is with Lindley,

Richard. He doesn't know he depends on me; he's happy with the name he's making and with all the society and flattery in London; but, all the same, if I were to fail him, the rest would be nothing to him; he would—go to pieces. Perhaps you think I deceive—flatter myself; but it *is* so, Richard; I know it. Lindley is like that, and I am his wife; I shall never fail him."

He was silent.

"Richard?"

"Yes?"

"You know I'm right. You know love isn't—desire. If it's the real thing, it's service."

Service. Not desire. The real thing, service. The words rang their changes in his brain, daring him to deny them, defying him to accept them.

"Richard, I—"

"Be quiet," he said brusquely. "I'm thinking."

She read the struggle, the anguish in his set face, and did not resent his rudeness.

He looked at her at last. There was for a moment bewilderment in his eyes, as though he had traveled from far and did not immediately recognize his surroundings. But it passed, and he assumed his usual manner of crisp raillery. "Very well, Persis. The highest form of love is service, is it? And you think you've got the monopoly of that superior brand of the article, do you? Well, you're mistaken; I propose to set myself up in it, too. You've decided to stick to Lindley, it seems, and I'm not to have you at my desire. But at least you can't prevent my popping a red-hot coal of service on your obstinate head."

"I don't understand—"

"Then listen. What I mean to—"

But his sentence, too, was never finished, for he perceived that she was not listening; her attention had been caught by something behind him. He turned. A telegraph boy was fumbling with the latch of the gate.

"Lindley!" There was a panic of apprehension in her voice; she flew to meet the boy.

She returned with the open telegram in her hand and a happy color in her cheeks. "It's all right; there's nothing the matter. But he's coming! To-day, by the 6.40."

"Really?" Massiter made no attempt to keep derision out of his voice. "Been ill last week, didn't you tell me? Wants cossetting up, no doubt. Lovely ladies all very well in a studio at afternoon tea, but not much of a hand at the ministering-angel stunt, I shouldn't wonder. Well, as long as *you* don't object—"

But again, he found, she was not even listening; she was absorbed in something else connected with her telegram. "The cab!" she cried in dismay. "I was just going to ring up, but I've remembered—it's the school treat; there's not a thing on wheels left in the village. What shall I do? The luggage—and then the walk up after that long journey. He'll be so tired, so hot . . ."

"And in such a deuce of an artistic temper?" Massiter surmised with appreciation.

"Richard!" She looked at him with a sudden hope. "I wonder—your car—would you—?"

"Fetch him for you?" He had seen it coming, and was ready for it with a sardonic grin. "All right, my dear. The Lord is positively delivering you into my hand for the application of that coal of fire!"

"I don't see what—"

"I'll show you. You've asked me to meet Lindley, haven't you? Very well; I'm going to. And, having met him to please you, I'm going to say a few plain words to him to please myself. No, don't interrupt; I'm not going to appeal to him, on the score of his better nature, to return to his sorrowing wife, or anything of that sort. On the contrary, I shall make it clear to him that his wife has no occasion to sorrow for a moment longer than she chooses." He reflected. "Only, you'll have to do your part, too, you know," he warned her. "If I'm to make mincemeat of my chances like this (for I maintain that I still have chances,



and that a few more years of Lindley—as-he-is-at-present may tire you out) you'll have to control your own natural and disastrous tendency to tell the pennyplain truth!"

"But, Richard, I still can't see what you're driving at."

"Your happiness. That's why I'm going to tell Lindley that I love you. Oh, yes, I know perfectly well, thank you, that the first thing he'll do will be to laugh—so sure does he feel of you at present. And after he's laughed he'll be angry for a little while; I know that, too; angry at the thought of my confounded impudence. But, after he's laughed and after he's been angry, he'll begin to wonder just a little. He'll remember (and for that matter I shall tell him) that, though he's the husband, I'm that deadly enemy to absent husbands—the man on the spot. And he'll remember that this time he's been absent for five months, and that a good deal can happen in five months; he'll wonder whether it's not only that I love you, but that you love me. And, after wondering, he'll try to find out. He won't find out from me, so he'll come to you. Now, Persis! Are you so lost to all sense of your sex, so deficient in its bamboozling stock-in-trade, that you'll immediately give the show away—or can you contrive for once to be a bit of a *mystery*?" He challenged her with gay and reckless eyes. "You see, there's another thing you haven't a monopoly of, and that is knowing Lindley's sort. I know something about him, too; though why I should be telling you what I know I can't imagine—unless it's because I, too, have a suicidal affection for the truth, or because—because your eyes, Persis, are still as innocent as flowers, though not as happy. Lindley, my dear, is the sort who wants what he hasn't got—not because it's desirable in itself, but simply because he hasn't got it. Let him only wonder whether he hasn't got *you* . . . You take me? In other words, I'm the man to supply Lindley with the matchless zest of competition—provided you back me up. So,

if you're a woman at all, Persis, and not only a spirit of delight—keep him wondering. All right, I'm off; go in, then, and *see* to the creature's dinner, as you're pining to!" He gave his shoulders an impatient shake, and was gone before she could frame in unwounding words the fact that, despite all he had said, she had no intention of keeping Lindley wondering.

Nevertheless, it was what, in the event, she did.

If Lindley had arrived as usual—carelessly affectionate in a good mood, querulous or sulky in a bad one, and in neither case seeing her any more than he saw the familiar tables and chairs—she could have been as usual, too, smoothing away his grievances, ignoring his irritable acrimonies, letting him be aware of her unchanging love.

But he was different; and something about that difference suddenly outraged her pride past bearing. For he was examining her curiously, looking at her with a sort of wonder and quickened interest that had nothing to do with *her*; she recognized it for the immediate effect upon him of Richard's disclosure. The revelation, then, of another man's feeling for her could work this change in Lindley, where she herself had failed? Richard had been right? She sickened.

"What's all this that Massiter's been telling me, Persis," Lindley was asking her within his first half hour, "about being in love with you?"

She could have satisfied him with a word, a smile, a look—and of a sudden she did not choose to do it. Instead, she stood unresponsive, though his hands were on her shoulders. "It's true, I believe," was all she said.

"True?" He laughed. "Of course it's true! A blind man in a cellar at midnight could see that, after hearing Massiter talk. What I want to know is how much *you* come into the affair!"

He was confident, however; he had not the least doubt of her utter fidelity. What he really wanted, she saw, was to

have his vanity soothed with passionate protestations. . . . But how did she come to see so much—and why did she feel this new, obstinate disinclination to give him what he wanted? Was it that she now had a standard of comparison in love? She was silent.

"Persis!" He stooped, trying to force her to meet his eyes. He simply could not believe yet that he was not, for once, to have what he wanted.

But still she was silent, steeling herself with her comparisons. "Innocent as flowers," she remembered; "glassie, cool, translucent wave," she remembered; "rose after rain . . ." "bird on a bending bough . . ." "spirit of delight . . ." How long—how long since *Lindley* had cared to say things like that to her? Had he, indeed, ever said things one half as sweet?

"Persis!" He was in earnest now; she let her eyes meet his steadily. And beneath the shock of that steadiness his mind visibly staggered. "You don't mean—you're not telling me, Persis, are you, that you—love *him*?"

And for that direct question, too, she found that she had instantaneously the answer that she needed. "Have you any longer the right even to ask, *Lindley*?" she said quietly.

He took it as she had known that he would take it, as she had told Richard that he would take it. Alarm, incredulity, panic chased their way across his eyes, and gave place to that look which she had so dreaded—lost, helpless, stricken. She knew that she could not bear it, could not look on it and remain unmoved. Yet a strong instinct warned her not to undo her work of the last few moments. Her heart throbbed painfully, threatening to play traitor to her mind: she fled with it from the room, up the stairs, out of temptation's way.

It was after sleepless hours that she heard *Lindley* come slowly to her door, hesitate, turn the handle, grope his way through darkness to the bed. If he had touched her then—if he had dared—she would not have softened. But he did

not touch her; he did not speak; presently she realized that he did not even know whether she was awake or not. He had simply found himself where he wanted to be—on his knees beside her. He made no sound there, but every few minutes she felt the bed quiver. . . .

"What is it?" she breathed at last.

The quiver ceased; he had raised his head. "I didn't know," he answered. Yet it was not an answer. He spoke absently, distractedly, like a man who, wandering without end through purgatory, makes hopeless explanations to himself. "I didn't know," he repeated.

She sat up, leaning forward toward him. For it was so utterly true! As she had said—as she had said to Richard—*Lindley* hadn't known. He hadn't known what she meant to him, and now he did: that was all. He was a man; he was an artist; but he was also a child. He loved to play with toys—but only as long as he knew that the one human being on whom he relied had not gone away.

Her hand searched in the darkness for his face, and found it. It was wet. A wave of tenderness thrilled its way up through her and surged at her lips. "*Lindley!*" She let it break on his name.

"Well, Persis? Can I come in? To say good-by?"

She turned from happy dreaming among her flowers to see Massiter, as she had seen him twenty-four hours earlier, coming up the garden path.

"Of course, Richard." She went to him with outstretched hands. "But—how did you know?"

"That you were leaving?" He grinned reminiscently. "I met *Lindley*."

"And he told you?" She could not keep surprise out of her voice.

"Certainly not. I used my conspicuous intelligence on the tricky problem of adding two to two. What sort of a fool do you take me for, Persis? Didn't *Lindley* get his whipping yesterday? And isn't he therefore a good boy to—



day? Precisely. And doesn't that mean that he's going to make a home for you at last in London? Marvelous divination on part of jaundiced onlooker! And doesn't *that* involve Lindley's present errand of going into Saintscombe to see Hanson and Legge (oh, no, he didn't tell me that, either) about letting this house, while you get on with the packing? (And finely you were doing it, I must say.) Colossal brain power of lovelorn scientist! Well, my dear, fooling apart, you're happy? Ah, what a fool to ask, when you sparkle like a dewdrop." His eyes softened, his voice dropped.

"Perhaps they'll take and make her again into the wind or a drop of rain—Happy again, happy again . . .

"To the very last minute, you observe, Persis, I am reduced to lisping in numbers, for the numbers come. Well—when do you go?"

"The day after to-morrow."

He nodded, drinking his cup of imminent loss steadily to the dregs. Then with a wry face he set it aside. "I shall come and look you up," he warned her mischievously. "Whenever I'm in London. Three times a year, at the very least."

She had the slightest of hesitations before she replied, "You know we'll always be glad to see you, Richard."

"Liar," he returned pleasantly. "Lindley will never be glad to see me, and we both know it. But I shall come, all the same, and he won't dare to prevent me, lest worse befall him. You'd better not prevent me, either, you know. Your volatile Lindley is the sort of good boy who remains good only by being given a glimpse of the cane now and then. If his new devotion is to be kept in thorough repair, he's got to be reminded from time to time that you have still and always a lover in waiting. And that, my dear, you can count on as long as I live. I've loved one woman, and it's been a lesson to me; you can depend on my never loving another."

"Richard—dear Richard," she said

with a shining sincerity, "you mustn't misunderstand. Lindley shall never keep you away. It isn't that. But I was thinking of *you*. Don't you see that I mustn't let you do it—that you must, for your own sake, have a chance now to forget me? It's all I can do in return for—what you have done for me. No, no! you shan't prevent my thanking you this once. No one ever did a thing more noble, more generous, or made more light of nobility and generosity." Before he could guess her purpose, she had raised his hand to her lips, kissed it, let it go.

His expression wavered between joy and embarrassment, and compromised finally on ruefulness. "Dash it!" he complained, "why the dickens can't I lap all this up like cream, as I want to? It's delicious, Persis!—only the truth happens to curdle it. Rotten luck, I call it."

"The truth?"

"Certainly. The particular truth that I've discovered since yesterday; the truth that Lindley must on no account ever know; the truth that you—well, I'm not sure about you."

"Tell me, Richard."

"I wonder. Dare I risk it?" His eyes searched hers half dismayed, half humorously pleading. "Oh, well, here goes! If you can't stand it you're not the woman I love. Which is absurd. Persis!—this thing isn't best only for you and Lindley. It's best for me, too—*really* best in the end, you know. Hard enough now. But best."

"Is it, Richard?" There was eager, generous hope in her voice. "Oh, I'm so glad! But how?"

"Which is absurd . . ." he repeated below his breath, and for once his glance met hers without its veil of mockery, with only tenderness in it. "How? Why, here's the truth, then, my dear, about us three—you, Lindley and me. Each of us depends on the other two, and we cut our lives wholly apart at our peril. For you were born, Persis (that I should have to own it!), to be happy

as long as Lindley loves you. And Lindley was born to love you as long as he has to fight for you, as long as there is danger of anyone else snatching you from him. And I—"

"Yes? You, Richard?" she urged gently, as the silence lengthened.

His face was drawn with his suffering, but now *diablerie* flickered over it again. "Well, I, Persis, am a scientist. Since

yesterday I have perceived that I am a scientist before I am anything else whatever. And so I, it seems, was born to love one woman truly—"

At her low sound of distress he turned quizzical eyes upon her. "Born," he insisted dryly. "Not just condemned, you know, but *born* to love one woman truly all the days of my life—and never possess her!"

## Laus Autumno

BY ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

WITH apples comes the smell of burning leaves  
Mixed with the spice of fallen fruit, sun hot  
And burred with the sharp wings of yellow wasps.  
With apples comes the memory of skies  
Benevolently blue, and dusty lanes  
Where cattle raise about their humble feet  
A radiant haze at evening. With them come  
The thoughts of homely and familiar things—  
New milk, the crowing of the shining cocks,  
The blushing of a happy country girl.

But pears bring fancies of a different sort:  
Long arbors shadowing to a patterned blue  
The limbs of statues, and high brick walls,  
Where, stiff as an infanta in her jewels,  
The pleached trees take the sunshine, dropping leaves  
Upon some peacock's coroneted head.  
With pears come thoughts of all things reliquary—  
Old ivories, laces, gowns sumptuous and frail,  
And families worn by the slow rub of ages  
Down to the rigid skeleton of their pride.

And, last of all, come with the tasseled grapes  
The soft outlines of hills, and oxen moving  
Stately and slow, and the stained hands of girls,  
And poplars thin as smoke on a still day.  
Grapes grow in dreaming places, lost in haze,  
And gather madness sphere on close-pressed sphere.  
With them come antique frenzy, the curved throats  
Of panting mænads, and these the thin,  
Dry lips of goblets—but more than these  
The brooding peace of sloping afternoons.



# THE LION'S MOUTH

## MAN'S PLACE IN CIVILIZATION

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Man's mission here is to be the Boss. Otherwise, he serves no useful purpose, but only a vicious one. He has swept away the forests; he has blackened and gashed the mountainsides; he has disfigured the landscape with ungainly cities. He has enslaved as many of the beasts as he could, and destroyed, or tried to destroy, the others. He is the only creature that deliberately sets out to murder his own species, to which end he has invented war, with a multitude of ingenious and hideous devices to make it more deadly. But he is *Boss*, which alone must justify his existence.

THE SAGE OF WESTCHESTER

IT all happened some thousands of years ago, or some millions, it does not matter; time exists only with civilization; the Cat was responsible.

The Cat was then wild—a wildcat—and unfriendly to the Man. When the Man visited his neighborhood the Cat laid for him, and sometimes had portions of him for dinner. Sometimes it was the other way round, the Man being also wild, at this time.

The forest was not comfortable in those days. It was rather squishy and dark, and there were things in it that had designs on the Cat, especially at night, and made his life precarious, and burdensome. It was due to this that his eyes became night-eyes, though this is really another matter.

On the particular morning that has to do with this story the Cat was more than usually discouraged. The jungle was dripping with unhealthy moisture, and a number of leggy creatures had crawled round and over him during the night. Moreover, the thing which he had slept on, considering it to be a particularly smooth round mat, had proved

to be nothing more than a large coiled boa-constrictor, that had only remained docile because another cat had tried to sleep on him the night before.

In the patch of sunlight at the edge of the jungle the Cat meditated upon the discomforts and insecurities of the wild free life. Then he got up, put out his fore feet, arched his back, stretched himself and opened his mouth in a yawn that expressed *ennui*.

"I'm sick of this sort of thing," he said; "I'm going to become civilized."

Then he set out to get the other creatures to help him.

He spoke of his plan to the Lion—at long range. Also, to the Tiger and the Leopard, members of his family whose acquaintance he did not care to cultivate too closely until some of the civilization had become effective. They did not approve of the Cat's idea. They said he might disarm and become sociable, if he wanted to, but for them good hunting and a full stomach was better than good manners and short diet.

It was not until the Cat approached the Horse that he met with any real encouragement. The Horse was suspicious at first, but said at last that he was ready to withdraw to some more quiet place and dwell in comparative harmony if enough other subscribers could be obtained to make it worth while. He said he would mention the matter to the Dog, who was a friend of his, and who was possibly tired of being chased up and down by those fiercer creatures and of picking up a precarious living from their left-overs. He spoke of the Cow, too, and then the Cat recalled that the Elephant was a decent creature for his size, and might come into the scheme. The

Cat estimated that his (the Cat's) savage relatives would be less likely to interfere with a civilization which included the Elephant.

So the thing was done, according to the Cat's plan. The Cat, the Horse, the Dog, the Cow, and the Elephant became civilized. They withdrew to an upland corner of the world where there were green things for the Horse and the Cow and the Elephant, and for the Cat and the Dog some small rodents which had not been invited to join in the agreement. It was all very pleasant for a while, but there was still something lacking; there was no good place to go when it rained. They had not minded this so much in their savage state, and had been pretty well contented with a tree or an overhanging cliff. But getting in out of the wet goes with civilization. I can't explain the reason of this now, but any way you look you can see that it is true. The more we civilize, the tighter houses and the stronger houses we have to have—also the more burglar alarms.

"I think," said the Cat, one day, "we have made a mistake in not inviting the Man. He is a greedy and unpleasant creature to have about, and far from clean, but he is handy about making things. He has something he calls Imagination. He could build us a shelter."

So the Elephant, who was not afraid of the Man, went back to the forest and broached the subject. The Man did not respond at first; he was savage by instinct and preferred to feel that his hand was against Nature in her various forms. The thing which he called Imagination had given him a club and a stone knife which made him a sort of bully of the woods. The Elephant proffered inducements: he offered to carry the Man on his back when he wished to travel. He promised that the Horse would do that, too, when the Man wished diversion. He further agreed that the Cow should contribute a part of the Man's food, that the Dog would gallop up and down and bark when intruders were passing, and that the Cat should destroy such small

animals as the Man did not wish about the premises.

Then the Man saw his chance. He would have to give up a good many things that he cared for, but in time he would make terms. He had never really been able to do that before, except in his own cave where he ruled with his club. He said that he would go. He got on the Elephant's back for that purpose. His wives and the children walked.

So the Man became civilized, too. He had been invited into the scheme as a housebuilder, a sort of employee, but it turned out as he had planned. He built a house for himself first, to get his hand in. Then he built one for the Elephant, and for the Horse, and the Cow. He was going to build houses for the Dog and the Cat, but these two looked at the Man's house, and the things he had in it, and said it was plenty good enough for them, too, that there was no use to build any more houses, that they rather guessed they would live there with the Man. The Elephant and the Horse and the Cow would have been willing to live in the Man's house, too, but the Elephant was too big to get in the door, and the Horse and the Cow were treated coldly when they offered to gather about his fireside. The Man led them back to their own houses and put ropes round their necks. Then he shut the doors and fastened them from the outside.

That was the beginning. Man's place in civilization was established: he was Boss. These other animals had begun by fetching and carrying to oblige him; they had ended by being tied up with a rope and obeying orders. The Man was Boss even of his friend the Dog. Only the Cat was exempt. He refused to obey orders. He also declined to work, though he chased the small rodents, when it was his pleasure, and he sometimes sang for the Man, even when his music was not appreciated. The Man had his own ideas about music, and they did not agree with the Cat's. So the Cat sang at unusual hours, and in places where the Man could not reach him. The Cat



became domesticated, but never really civilized. He recognized no authority, and he selected the warmest and driest places in the Man's house as his own.

Which was as it should be, for in the beginning it was all the Cat's idea.

## VOCATIONAL JOURNALISM

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

THIS is an era of renaissance in chiropody.

You may be skeptical, but only because you don't read widely enough in what are technically known as class and trade publications. The renaissance is a fact: I have it on the authority of one of the chiropodists' own periodicals.

You can picture my wonder when, like stout Cortez, I first gazed upon my discovery. Books and articles on current history had spoken of the twentieth century in varied terms, but this was the first time I had ever been aware of the onward and upward tendency in matters chiropodal. Surely, I thought, Mr. Wells should have told me of this; or had I missed something as, breathing heavily and with teeth clenched, I struggled through the final chapters of the *Outline of History* and fell exhausted across the index? Suddenly I faced the future more cheerfully. What if my friends continued to point to the ominous condition of Europe and talk dolefully about civilization racing to its doom? Now I had my answer. "Ah, yes," I could say, lifting an optimistic forefinger, "but what of chiropody?" And I resolved that thereafter I would make a more consistent practice of imbibing the knowledge which is to be found in trade journals.

Since that time I have scanned many, ranging all the way from the *International Sheriff* to the *Soft Drink Journal*, and my horizon has been notably broadened in many directions.

It takes a little time, of course, to adjust yourself to the special point of view of some of these trade publications. Assume for the moment that you do not

happen to be an undertaker. On the cover of *Sunnyside* (a magazine for embalmers) an advertisement displays a persuasive slogan, "See yourself owning this big beautiful car." Illusions of ownership are pleasant; but begin to picture yourself rolling in luxury to the 8.13 train, when you glance at the accompanying picture and behold an unmistakable hearse. The shock is slight, perhaps, but distinct. And there may be a similar difficulty for the mere layman in accommodating himself to the point of view of the *Phrenological Age*, which declares itself to be devoted to "Human Nature, Health, Character Analysis, Morals, Education, Vocations, Right Wedlock, and the Improvement of the Race." (I like a good broad purpose like that: it gives the editor elbow-room.)

In a recent issue of this particular magazine I find a series of line cuts representing human heads, with instructions as to how the business man should approach men with the temperaments represented by these heads. No. 1 is a bearded gentleman, resembling somewhat the present Secretary of State; next to him is No. 2, a boyish fellow with a stupid expression and a bow tie. No. 1, says the text, "would not be much interested in plows, coal picks, or railroad shovels, but would listen to something in art, literature, or finance. And he likes to do things on a big scale. He would like to be the proprietor, or principal, or at least a professor, of a large business college. No. 2 would delight in baseball, pitching quoits, or a railway locomotive, but wants very little 'school education' in his. If the corners of the mouth of your prospective patron turn up, and the upper corners of his forehead are full, crack him a joke and introduce your wares. If his forehead is high in the crown and dark hair on it, you will have an impression that it is better to suggest and ask opinion rather than to try to advise or dictate."

The vistas opened up by such a passage are extensive. One pictures a salesman trained in the phrenological method

entering the State Department, and after one glance at the Secretary, laying aside in some confusion the coal picks and railroad shovels which he had expected to sell, and offering instead a set of Shakespeare and a professorship in a business college. I myself become uneasy at the thought of the important people whom I have met whose mouths doubtless turned up at the corners and yet in whose presence, dolt that I was, I cracked no jokes. But that, of course, is because my acquaintance with phrenological journals is so recent.

An ever-varying picture of modern life may be derived from the pages of the trade papers. The chiropodists, as already indicated, give us a message of hope. But there are clouds upon our twentieth-century horizon. The *National Hairdresser* calls attention to "a growing injustice which is menacing the well-being and prosperity of the hair-dressing profession." This, it seems, "is the tendency of barbers to encroach on the ladies' hairdressers' business." In Kansas this nefarious movement has actually gone so far that ladies' hairdressers may, it is said, be obliged by law to secure barbers' licenses in order to engage in hair-bobbing. A distressing state, Kansas. From such dismal reports we turn instinctively to the *Ice Cream Journal* for refreshment, only to learn from an advertisement therein that "Ice cream has not attained its rightful place as a food product. Potatoes, bread, and meats have reached the saturation point. Has ice cream? *It has not!*" Our relief is profound when we discover that even in a world not yet safe for the hairdresser and not yet saturated with ice cream, there are still those who can enjoy life without stint. On July 27th, says the *Sunnyside*, the Syracuse Undertakers' Association held their annual outing, and "the married men's ball team defeated one made up of single men. Fred Gorham was umpire and Coroner Jones watched the bases." Let the heavens fall; our fun-loving coroners will still have their sport.

Trade journals are full of accounts of trade conventions; but do not be deceived into thinking that this makes for monotony. The variety of conventions and of topics discussed thereat is sufficient to please the most jaded taste. The National Hairdressers' Association, in annual conclave, is regaled with papers covering all the ground from "Permanent waving, past, present, and future," to such more inspirational topics as "Life is what we make it" (I am sorry to have missed that one). The assembled chiropodists engage in what is described as a very interesting extempore debate on the subject, "Are bunions hereditary?" The American Poultry Association, after a hot argument over the question whether or not "the legs of Anconas be yellow only," finally reaches a masterly compromise by voting to have the "description of legs 'yellow or yellow mottled with black'"; proceeding thereupon to a consideration of Rhode Island Whites, for whose admission, we are told in the *Poultry Gazette*, "Mrs. Ponsonby spoke very feelingly." We find it a little difficult to make out exactly what it was that the Rhode Island Whites were to be admitted to, but apparently it was not the convention itself, or we should question whether Mrs. Ponsonby's show of feeling was not ill-directed.

The leisure hours of convention-goers, too, are sometimes very prettily spent. The program of the convention of the Pennsylvania Funeral Directors' Association, to be held at Erie, contains the item, "Social hour, when the Erie morticians will tell what they are doing." That sounds a merry note all of its own.

As anybody who has ever attended a convention is aware, the big event of the day is the discussion following the report of the committee on revising the constitution. Revising the constitution is a major sport at conventions. When the suggestion is made that Article 6 of the constitution of the International Baby Chick Association shall be changed to Article 7, and that the word "active"



shall be inserted in line two of section one, following the word "nine," one knows that the Baby Chick men are approaching a crisis. Not that poultry raisers are a particularly combative group; if you want to see human passions at white heat, watch an association of university alumni in the throes of changing its constitution. Get two hardened convention-goers into an argument over the language of the preamble to the by-laws, and it is an even thing whether the police reserves won't have to be called out.

Perhaps you think that the accounts of these arguments, as they appear in the trade journals, might not be enlivening to read. But don't let that turn you away from the trade-periodical field. These accounts have a value of their own; they are highly suitable for late evening reading. Perhaps you are a poor sleeper. It doesn't matter. Before you turn out the light and compose yourself for rest, pick up any trade journal and turn to the account of the last convention:

"Delegate Brackett then submitted as an amendment to the amendment that the word 'active' be placed after the words 'provided, however, no' in the fourth line. On roll call the amendment to the amendment was carried. The amendment as amended was then carried."

Sheep jumping over a fence simply aren't in it. Read these constitutional adventures for just about five minutes, and you will find yourself ready to sink into a deep and dreamless sleep.

## THE WORLD AND THE POET

ANONYMOUS

**F**RANÇOIS VILLON, railing at the world, after the manner of his tribe, complained that

They grind you to the dust with poverty,  
Then build you statues when you come to die.

In his case there is reason to think that the anomaly went farther, and that the monument erected in his honor was a gallows. However, as a statement of the general attitude of the world toward its poets, his lines are approximately accurate. And when the world has not either starved or hanged its poets, it has for the most part laughed at or despised them. Of course, it has sometimes honored them during their lifetime, brought them both wealth and laurels. A good deal depends on where a poet is born, what nation he belongs to. In spite of Villon's complaint, France and Italy are good countries for a poet to be born in. Scandinavia also. I remember once being seated in a café in Christiania, when there entered a white-whiskered, irascible-looking old gentleman, clothed in black broadcloth, shiny silk hat, and white tie, and carrying an umbrella. He had hardly crossed the threshold when the whole café was on its feet, and, grimly acknowledging the deference thus paid him, the hero made his way stiffly to a table reserved for him in perpetuity. "That," said my host, "is our great poet Henrik Ibsen!" and I could not help reflecting how differently England treated her poets, trying to imagine any such happening were Mr. Swinburne suddenly to turn out of Regent Street into the Café Royal. No, England and America reserve such honors for their prizefighters. Even in Greece and Rome the treatment of poets was by no means uniform. One day they would be hailed as gods, and another buffeted as fools. Indeed, from Aristophanes to Gilbert and Sullivan, the poet has been the butt and laughing-stock of society. Plato, as we know, though essentially a poet himself, would have none of them in his Republic. His exclusion of them emphasized a certain fear of their influence which has also accompanied that social contempt. However society may value poetry—and, in spite of itself, it has always valued it highly—it has always had an uneasy feeling about the men who make it.

Some men have made large fortunes by poetry, and a considerable number of poets have been born rich or comfortably off. But, as a rule, at least in the popular imagination, poverty is as much the badge of all their tribe as long hair and eccentric hats. Beneath this particular solicitude, however, I think there lurks, too, a certain feeling that there is something not quite manly—as certainly not quite respectable—in being a poet.

If the willingness to bayonet or “pick off” one’s fellow-man be an indispensable sign of masculinity, we have nothing to complain of in our poets; and if Horace ran away at the battle of Philippi, he only followed the example of his non-poetical comrades.

The charge against poets of unmanliness may then be dismissed with confidence as a “vulgar error.” That other long-standing notion that poets are not quite respectable is another matter, and, to be frank, I consider it a charge which the poets may honorably allow to go by default, for what we usually mean by “respectability” is the opium of modern life. But here, again, the poet is little worse or better than his fellows. He is, however, more outspoken, less given to hypocrisy, and his life is more subject to censorious observation. There have, of course, been highly respectable poets. One of the greatest of such acknowledged that

The passionate heart of the poet  
Is whirled into folly and vice.

“Miss Alfred” he was nicknamed by his fellow-collegians at Cambridge, and, dying in the odor of respectability, he was buried with romantic pomp in Westminster Abbey. Yet it must be remembered in his favor that it was he who in his youth addressed the “plump headwaiter at the Cock” in those ringing lines that called for “the poet’s pint of port.” Milton is another example of the great respectable poet. Yet, again, “L’Allegro” and “Comus” were never inspired by the practice of Puritanism. Milton was a beautiful love-locked cava-

lier in those days, and may there not have been some sowing of wild oats in those early romantic years of his in Italy? Moreover, it will be remembered that in his famous tractate on divorce, there are to be found some very “advanced” ideas on the subject of marriage. Goethe, again, was a highly respectable pillar of Weimar society, and yet his way of life in some important respects can hardly be regarded as satisfactory to the moralist.

There are other characteristics of the poet which make him a tainted wether of the flock for his fellow-citizens, and of these I will write later; but I am inclined to think that perhaps the most vital cause of the social feeling against him lies in that general misconception of the nature of poetry which finds expression, of all places, on the lips of Audrey, in “As You Like It.” Says she, in answer to Touchstone’s wish that the gods had made her poetical: “I do not know what *poetical* is: Is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?” There is the average individual’s suspicion of poetry in a nutshell. *Is it a true thing?* Is it not mere dream stuff, pretty nonsense, sentimental moonshine, a sugar-coating of the real facts of life? Money, now, is a reality. You can hold it in your hand. It will buy things. Pain is a reality. You can feel it, and cry out. And so with a hundred “useful” things you can see and touch. But poetry, what “use” is it? *Is it a true thing?* Is it not, indeed, rather a lie, a dangerous dream distortion of the facts of life, a pleasant glazing of hard realities it were better to face as they are?

Now, curiously enough, this average person’s point of view and Audrey’s point of view are almost exactly Plato’s point of view also. It is because of this alleged, or suspected, unreality of poetry that he will exclude poets, and all but the most literal and realistic poetry from his Republic.

“The truest poetry,” says Touchstone again, “is the most feigning”—in short, beautiful lying to give pleasure; and



therein, in Plato's opinion, lay its danger for the citizens of his Republic.

Here, perhaps, is the crux of the difficulty between the poet and the public, the reason why the average "hard-headed" citizen is suspicious of him, and cannot quite take him seriously. To him the poet is a charming, recreative liar, whereas the poet, in his own estimation, is (to quote Mrs. Browning) "the only truth-teller now left to God."

No aristocrat of the *ancien régime* ever looked down upon the *canaille* as the poet looks down upon so mere a clod as, say, a multimillionaire. He conceives himself, and has been encouraged to do so by his brethren of the mutual admiration society of the poets from the beginning, as a being apart, a *vates*, a sacred vessel, mystically sensitive to those "intimations" of the divine meanings and values of life, its wonder and beauty, to which his average fellow-man is as blind and deaf as an ox in its stall. Through him the ether tells its secrets—a sort of wireless operator of "the Divine"—and the visible beauty of the world on which the ordinary taxpayer glances with uncomprehending eye, is for him luminous with an inner expressiveness which gives it a sacerdotal importance, that he feels himself chosen to convey. An old Connecticut farmer was once showing a lady over his old farm, with a view to his renting it to her for the summer. By the porch was a particularly beautiful bush of white lilac, gloriously in flower. The lady remarked upon it enthusiastically to the farmer. He looked at it carefully, as though he was just seeing it for the first time. "Well, I see nothing the matter with it," was his characteristic Connecticut reply; and he looked at the lady curiously, as though wondering whether she was quite right in her head. He saw nothing to make such a fuss about. Lilacs were lilacs, as in the case of the Wordsworth yokel, to whom

A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him  
And it was nothing more.

Faced with this prosaic attitude at every turn, the poet bursts forth with furious and despairing impatience. Fools and dolts!—not to see that lilacs are not merely "lilacs," but a veritable Moses bush, ablaze with all the mystery of the starry heavens. Clods! Money-grubbers! Eyes that see not, ears that hear not! Always, like Hamlet, he is exclaiming, "Do you see nothing there?" and, as Hamlet by the Queen, he is constantly being answered, "Nothing at all; yet all that is I see." Whence results mutual exchange of compliments between the poet and the bat-eyed world. "This is the very coinage of your brain," and so on.

Thus, so clearly aware of his own vision and the purblindness of his fellows, the poet puts on airs of superiority which have not added to his popularity, dresses oddly, lets his hair grow, walks as though the earth were his footstool, and generally

Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod  
And seems to shake the spheres.

The truth, of course, is that the mischief of misunderstanding between the poet and your average man has been made not by the real poets, but by the poetasters, the "poet-apes," as Ben Jonson scornfully calls them, "that fill up rooms in fair and formal shapes." With these all ages have been infested, nor has the most powerful "poeticide" employed by the fiercest satirists, from the epigrams of Juvenal and Catullus to the ridicule of "Patience," been able to disinfect the literary *salons* of their presence. Perhaps, indeed, there is only one created thing more prolific and more offensive. The present age is by no means an exception and perhaps, too, there were never so many poetasters on the face of the earth as now; though, in fairness to the times in which we live, it must, I think, be allowed that there is also a higher percentage of real, though minor, poetical achievement than ever before. A "minor poet" is not neces-

sarily a poetaster. The "minor poet" has always had his place. What would our anthologies do without him? But at present he is too frequently elbowed aside by the vociferous, posturing poetaster, who, with no reverence for the noble art he affects, noisily announces innovations that have not even the novelty claimed for them, but which were

already old  
When Homer still was young.

I was recently talking with a young actress who, but for a saving grace of common-sense, might well have had her pretty head turned by her newspaper clippings. She was commenting on some of the seniors in her profession, and among them she mentioned a well-known actor of respectable, though not brilliant, gifts. She spoke of him with a particular kindness. "Of course," she said, "he is a little bourgeois . . . but, then," she added, "I am beginning to like nice bourgeois people . . . they are such a relief." The addition was as refreshing as unexpected from her fair lips. The poor old scorned and baited "bourgeoisie"! That so young and flattered a creature had a good word to say for them was news indeed, and I could not help feeling that her words held something of a portent. I am inclined to think that she is not alone in her point of view. "They are such a relief . . ." She meant, of course, relief from the wearisome horde of posturing "artistic" and "temperamental" persons. Oh, for a new Molière to write for us a new "*Les Précieuses Ridicules*." Verily, the field is ripe unto the harvest. Never was such a crop of transcendental bores and humbugs. To-day, surely, affectation has

attained its apogee. How soothing, indeed, by contrast, is the companionship of quiet, sensible folk afflicted with no form of fashionable "neurosis," unecstatic, appreciating the good and great things of art without hysteria, like ordinary ladies and gentlemen, untroubled by "soul states" or fourth dimensions, untouched by weirdness, preferring the art they can understand to the cryptic lunacies of the modern artistic madhouse; believing in "the old perfections of the earth," and subscribing to stable standards of morals and manners . . . yes! "a little bourgeois."

No wonder that, misrepresented as the poet so constantly has been by his imitative parasite, the poetaster, there should have been so long a misunderstanding between him and the world. At the best, being a strange, translunary fellow, with all his warm and erring humanity, he has always been, and always will be, a little strange and *difficile* for his sublunary companions; but, as I said before, the world he has too lavishly maligned is coming to understand him better, sincerely trying to make allowances for his vagaries and even worse. In fact, he is many a time "let off" where the non-poet would scarcely escape whipping. Would it not, therefore, be a good idea for him, instead of continuing the rather outworn pose of anti-Philistinism, to leave off his traditional bourgeois-baiting, for a while at least? The world would seem to be genuinely trying to meet him half-way. Would it not be both gracious and sensible for him to try and follow its example? After all, it is the world that reads him. His brother poets, as a rule, are too busy reading themselves.





## Uncle Sam and Europe

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE bright and friendly lady who met the Easy Chair at the china mender's late in May, and hoped, after a cheerful exchange of matutinal nothings, that the Chair would have a very pleasant summer, said all one could expect, to be sure, and said it with kindness. But somehow it was not enough, and that was not the fault of the Easy Chair because he was grasping, nor the fault of the lady because she grudged anything in her kind wishes, but the fault of these times and the state of the world. One wanted more than a pleasant summer this year. He wanted reassurance about what was going to happen when summer was over. He wanted some good reason to believe that improvement in the deportment and relations of mankind had set in, and not the contrary.

Listen to what one of the editors of the London *Daily Mail* put into the discourse that he made to a reporter on arriving in New York on July 4th. He talked gloomily about the state of France, and said this and that about Germany, and something else about England, and wound up with this:

The next war will last but a few days. I mean it literally; and in those few days, with the new air and gas attacks which have been planned by headquarters' staffs, London and Paris will be wiped out in a night.

In the next war the civilian populations will die, men, women and children. It will be short, and the losers will be hurled back into slavery.

That is the kind of information or expectation which lies low in the back of one's head and made it seem last May that merely to wish one a pleasant summer was not enough.

Of course, there may never be another war big enough to involve the use of these immensely destructive gases and explosives that the *Mail's* representative talked about, but then again there may. These destructive things really do exist. Every one that knows about such things knows it. Every one that is acquainted with the habits of this world knows also that there may be another war. The difference of opinion about that is the difference between people who are sure there will be another war and people who hope maybe there won't.

But are we doing anything effective to prevent it? Here now is this wrangle between France and Germany going on in the Ruhr, and daily discussed in newspapers everywhere, and nothing coming of it at this writing except more wrangling, loud calls for an increase in airplane construction, and all that. It is doubtless true that almost nobody wants to fight—that what is left of the men who fought the last war do not want another on any terms. Even we Americans, who got off comparatively lightly, had all the war we wanted, and are inconvenienced now about paying for it, and by the wake of disturbance, crime, and unsettlement which has followed it. Even we do not want any more war. But are we doing anything to prevent it?

Mighty little! Mr. Harding at this writing is talking his way from Washington to Alaska, and saying very pacific things and expressing the most benign desires and intentions; but even his very modest proposal of the participation of the United States in the World Court is thought to have been effectually blocked by the concessions he has felt it necessary to make to the opponents of it. For there is an intense objection in certain quarters to the United States getting in with the other nations to work out a plan that will show some fair promise of preventing war. Everybody knows that war is possible, everybody believes that the next big war will be unimaginably destructive; but the danger signals seem to have no effect on our engineers, who run blithely past them, and seem only to fear that our government will get into such a position that it will have to think about something besides itself.

Edward Bok, who edited a magazine for a long time, and doubtless in that employment got a sense of what people ought to be thinking about at any given time, evidently thinks that nowadays they ought to be thinking of world peace, for he has offered a prize of a hundred thousand dollars to the American who devises the most practical plan for the co-operation of this country with other countries to attain world peace and keep it. The fact that Mr. Bok thinks this matter presses on attention is even more impressive than the fact of the liberal prize he offers. For, indeed, it is not a plan that has been lacking, but the spirit to back it. There was a plan, and four-fifths of the country approved it, nevertheless it was beaten, and if Mr. Bok's prize plan would have to run a gauntlet just as Mr. Wilson's did, would it survive any better?

It looks as if a much larger prize would have to be offered for the solution of this peace problem—no less, indeed, than the Presidency of the United States. Until it is settled in some way, no other issue that can be put up to the voters is comparable to it in importance. The world

cannot settle down until some barrier that at least looks effective, is put up between it and future wars. The Ruhr situation is an open sore. France wants money and ought to have it, but above all things wants security; and until she can get some assurance of that, the sore will not heal but apparently will grow worse. Congress will meet again presently and something might be done, and conceivably the politicians who have wrecked plans heretofore may think it better to allow something to be done than to go to the country with the issue of world peace. But that issue will not down until it has been adequately handled. Events and situations constantly drag it into public attention; markets languish, stock values recede, highly qualified observers insist that business even here is on the down grade, and when business falls off it is apt to get attention even from statesmen who are not much affected by moral issues.

But whatever happens, the world is changed and goes on changing. It struggles to get back to its old habits and it does not succeed. The old-fashioned people, unless they are very rich, are coming to a slow and painful realization that life in the old fashion is no longer worth what it costs. Even if they have the money to buy it, it costs so much that they look about for better values in something new. All the creature comforts have come to be fabulously dear, cooks, for example, when they are to be had at all, and coal—stars above!—and housing. Everything costs more than one can spare for it, and the one thing that abounds in unfailing plenty and ever-faithful recurrence is taxes. The wage-earning people must like it, but the wage-paying people don't. They may like high wages in theory and grudge no man or woman whatever pay he or she can capture, but when it comes to paying them, they note that the birds, who live in trees, go south in winter, pay no bills, and live untaxed and unassisted. They would like to live like that, and it gives them an interest in the new breed



of small airplanes which hop about in small spaces and go an incredible distance on a gallon of gasoline. All that is trying, but after all, their sorrows and repinings make for the simple life, and that, we have been this long time assured, is good for us. We do not need so very much to eat, and if we can't get what we think we want, we can cultivate new tastes and possibly be the better for it. Drink is excessively dear and none too good, but we don't need much, and scarcity encourages us to live in the country where we can make our own, thereby reducing congestion in cities and impeding, possibly, the all too precipitous rises of the bricklayers.

Now all these changes are the result of war. If people do not like them they must prevent war. If the nobility and gentry of England cannot get cooks and housemaids because war has changed everything and the unemployed prefer doles to domestic service, it is up to them to be more intelligent about preventing war. In the same way it is up to all the rest of us who are troubled by the inconveniences of life as it now proceeds. If we do not like it, we should try to prevent war. If we are bricklayers or cooks and do like it, still we should try to prevent war, for another war might spoil everything and so damage the solvency of mankind that nobody would be paid. There is enough of the old machinery left as yet to pay bricklayers and to pay cooks, but look at what happened in Russia where they made a clean, thorough job, and pretty much everyone starved.

The great laggard in all the world now is Uncle Sam, who hugs isolation, distrusts his faculties, and won't even try to co-operate with the other nations to secure peace. The encouraging thing about that is that our Uncle is not very comfortable either in mind or in body. His conscience pricks him more or less, and he also gets pinched in other and unaccustomed places. He may stir when Congress meets again, but probably the only way to get him started on a better

course is by a presidential election. Our fathers provided us with that means of getting a move on him. They also provided us with the Senate to keep our movements from being too forward, and the Senate has certainly discharged that function.

The London editor above quoted who talked so gloomily about the prospect and quality of the next war, wound up by saying that it will be short, and the losers will be hurled back into slavery. He doubtless meant that they would have to take orders from the victors and work for them and turn over to them the results of their labor beyond mere subsistence, which is really about what a good many Frenchmen would have the Germans do as it is. But slavery of nations is a very uneconomic and unpalatable prospect. We know about slavery and that it does not pay. We know also that it is at least as bad for the master as for the slave; that they are tied together, and neither of them is free. Another big war would doubtless set the world back enormously, but the suggestion that it would bring back slavery on a large scale into human life implies a more destructive setback than is quite thinkable. One is safer in admitting that the effect of it is incalculable, but this much we know: that to have any going system of law and order upset is for the time being very prejudicial to liberty. A state of fear results, and fear takes readily to tyranny. When the administration of law breaks down, what happens? Force presently takes its place. We have seen that done in Russia, and there is a modified but impressive exhibition of it a little nearer home in Italy, a country now apparently managed, and not without merit, by a vigilance committee under a dictator. Order in Italy has improved, but liberty is not doing so well. But the kind of liberty that was active in Italy probably did not deserve to do better than it did. So much self-government as they can handle will doubtless come back to the Italians in due time, for the Mussolini government, though remarkable as an

emergency provision, seems hardly likely to outlast the conditions which produced it. Mr. Wilson said the object of the war was to make the world safe for democracy. Undoubtedly, it contributed to that end, though the peace of Versailles did not, but if we had another war it would have the opposite effect. The way now to make the world safe for democracy is by abolishing fear and by a co-operative effort to establish peace on something like a durable foundation.

It is curious how hard it is to do it. In every country the majority of the people want it done; the difficulty is to make the managers of governments agree on the action to be taken. Some that have the disposition to act have not the power; some that have the power have not the disposition. Only men in office can act, and the need of holding on to office may easily corrupt the springs of action.

What, at the bottom, is really the matter with this world? The more one reads about it, the less one knows. It is not going right; it is going ominously wrong. At the bottom, what is the great ailment? Is it industrialism—the over-production of commodities with resulting over-population in the industrialized countries and competitive struggles to sell what is not needed in order to feed increasing numbers of workers, and thereby provide for a still greater production of unnecessary commodities? Is that what ails our world? Is it that human beings have ceased to be reckoned with as souls, and come to be thought of primarily as makers, buyers, and consumers of objects? There is an argument for that view, but acceptance of it invites a mighty gloomy prospect of dismantled factories, decaying trade, starving populations, and general ruin. If it is the industrial civilization that has played hob with Europe, what will it do to the United States? If it is a disease, it is one with which we are thoroughly infected, and if it is mortal, we might as well contemplate our finish. We can, of

course, rub along for a time, because our country is so favorably located and has still so much room in it, but the malady, if fatal, will fetch us in the end.

Meanwhile we have a choice of two courses: to give up the industrial civilization and cease to invent and use machines and to inquire and experiment and try to simplify and expedite life, or to go on with our industrial civilization over the top, and try to grow big enough to handle it and ride in it, instead of letting it ride over us.

There is no question which of these courses we shall follow. We shall go ahead with the industrial civilization, and try to spiritualize it so that it will not destroy us prematurely. And that being so, it behooves us to walk the great hospital of Europe and watch the patients there, and learn from observation as much as we can about curing the disease. And more than that, we must lend a hand in the cure, for it is not safe to let these world diseases run their course.

The most encouraging sign of the times is the current thought of the leading candidates for the Presidential nomination. Mr. McAdoo says the world is bankrupt and that we are the only solvent nation in it, and if we do nothing to help the others get solvent we too shall be insolvent presently. Mr. Underwood says, that "we seem to be standing in respect to affairs of Europe without a policy, without courage of conviction, without anything that goes to make a man a man or a government a government. We seem to be just observing and drifting." That gentlemen who contemplate the possibility of appealing to the voters to send them to the White House should put out views like these is a comforting sign which implies confidence that there is that in the American people which is ready to respond to such suggestions, and furnish the popular support for a much more vigorous and generous foreign policy.



## EDITOR'S DRAWER

# The Persistence of Perneb

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

**J**UST what kind of a time he had while he was alive no one knows; but the adventures he had after his death were—startling.

He was a dignified-looking man. He had a fine, slightly arched nose, and firm mouth. He married a lady of somewhat nobler birth than himself; and one of his sons was a clergyman. So much for his family.

As to his possessions, he had been fortunate. He had several country estates, and a position at court. On one estate he raised onions, on another figs; and he kept powerful cattle. He used to go out in a litter to see them.

This isn't an imaginary story. Perneb really existed. He had his work to do and his worries, like everyone else. One thing that bothered him, for instance, was the matter of death. People told him that after death his spirit would keep right on living; and—this was the awkward part—would continue to wish food and shelter. It was up to him to make all the arrangements for this before dying.

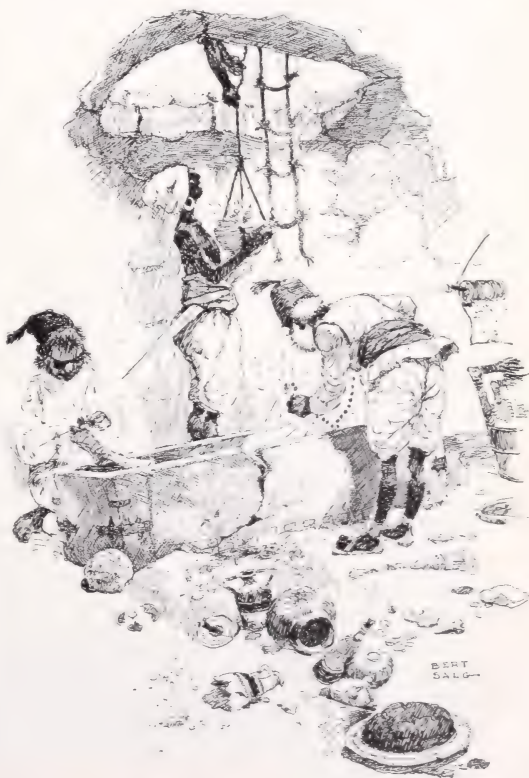
Perneb put it off and put it off. He planned it out, but he didn't get round to it. There are a good many other things to do while a man is alive. But everyone round him was arranging as best they could for their future, buying land and building mortuary chambers; and at last he too did this.

His home was in Memphis, on the west bank of the Nile, south of Cairo. Along the edge of the desert, near by, a cemetery stretched out for miles. It had streets and broad avenues, and long rows of tombs, and some pyramids. Perneb bought a nice plot of land there, near a pyramid, and began to put up a fine building on it.

And then Perneb died.

They had to complete the thing in a hurry. This was rather unfortunate. Some of the decorations couldn't be finished, some were left out altogether; and the walls of the south part were hastily put up any which way, in a cheap and inferior manner.

Still, it was a good tomb. A stately stone structure, fifty-odd feet long, forty wide, with inner chambers which were high-ceilinged and handsome and cool. There was one reserved especially for Perneb, which no one could enter, the door being



THEY LOOTED HIS HOME

merely a slit in a thick wall of stone. Perneb didn't need even this slit himself, being a spirit, but they wanted the smell of food to drift in to him when dinner was ready.

This walled-up chamber was fairly private, but not private enough for all purposes. It would do as a sitting room for the spirit, but not as a bedroom for sleep. So the builders dug down through the floor and through the building's foundations, and down and down into the solid rock under the ground. At a depth of about fifty feet they stopped, and hewed out a room deep in the rock, a secret subterranean chamber, which they furnished completely; and when Perneb died they lowered him down the shaft and laid him to rest in this room. Then they walled up the door of this hidden place, and they filled in the shaft, putting back all the stone which they had excavated, till it was completely blocked up and sealed.

Perneb took all the pains that he could to keep out visitors.

Instead of leaving his fortune to others, such as to his family or charities, Perneb left a good part of it to himself; that is to say, to his tomb. He arranged to endow it, to make sure he would get proper care. The salaries of several priests were provided for—it is not known how many, but one of Perneb's fellow-officials provided for eight—beside which there was food and drink, and maintenance and repairs, and incense, and so forth. He assigned the income from his fig farm and his onion farm and some other estates to keep the place going forever. He seemed safely fixed.

Generation and generation passed by and the tomb stood in peace. The priests conducted services in it, the farms sent in food. But gradually, as the cemetery grew, the old parts were neglected, and a time came when Perneb's tomb was no longer properly cared for. Thieves began to rummage round at night, to secure things of value. They broke into the sitting-room chamber and ran off with its ornaments. And as things grew worse they came back and actually dug down into that shaft; yes, dug out all the stone again, and got down into that deep secret bedroom. They hacked at Perneb's sarcophagus and jerked him out and stripped off his gold. They knocked down and broke his little dishes that stood on a shelf. They didn't wreck his home, but they looted it, and mussed it all up.

Perneb felt done for and shattered. Those

were rough days to live in. There were political fights going on in Memphis, law and order seemed dead. To the conservatives in the cemetery it must have seemed like the end of the world.

Then Memphis decayed. Men grew listless.

And then the sands drifted in . . .

In jungles it is the rank vegetation that swallows men's work. On seacoasts, the sea. In dry, barren countries it is the sands that sift in from the desert: that thick inland sea which forever is shifting its borders. The old plundered cemetery disappeared, buried from sight.

Perneb's spirit, which had been so unsettled, had a fresh chance to rest. His food and attendants were gone, but the robbers were too. He wasn't having as luxurious an after-life as he had arranged for, but at least it was quiet enough for a person to sleep.

As the years went on the city recovered. New kings ruled in Egypt. Also, new vulgar rich men sprang up who seized the old farms. These lords needed stone for their edifices. But the quarries were distant. They dug instead in the sand in the cemetery—there were fine old stones there. When they struck the roof of a tomb in their digging they lifted out its great blocks, and carried them off to use for new buildings. It was so much less work.

The earlier plunderers had been bad enough; but this seemed the end. Many a respectable old spirit was now left with no home at all. Perneb was in the greatest peril. Nevertheless, he escaped. A few blocks were taken from his roof, but then the diggers found other structures; and, in turning aside to strip these, they threw the debris and rubble on Perneb's. This saved him. It was not a dignified road to salvation, to be used as a dump; but Perneb accepted it as one of his many adventures.

A great mound of rubbish was left above him which stood there for ages, protecting him far more effectively than anything else could have done. Nobody suspected there was anything under the dump-heap. Century after century passed, while the vast cemetery still yielded stone to the lazy, degenerate generations that lived after Perneb's.

For he belonged to old times. Far older times than King Tut-ankh-amen's. Perneb was born over a thousand years before that usurper. Even in Perneb's day, the tombs weren't built as solidly as in his predecessors';



the masons used facings; but they weren't as cheap as those who came after.

Meanwhile in other countries, other groups of men grew up with fresh hearts, and created new beauties, building solidly and well—for a time. The marble temples of Greece, the Parthenon; the Colosseum of Rome; Roman aqueducts; strong Roman roads running over the world. Then these mighty men too had their climax, leaving lesser descendants, who strut about unabashed, even to-day, past their ruins. To the north there were newer men still, who built Gothic cathedrals. Their descendants are using their energies to fight immense wars. . . .

Along in the eighteen-hundred-and-forties, as we count the years, Perneb's spirit was again made uneasy. *He* didn't know what year it was; he looked at time in a large way, he was getting the geologic point of view and learning to count time in eras; but a new era seemed to be coming in, and Perneb was bothered. Not by his fellow-countrymen this time, but by a small group of foreigners, who came poking around in the graveyard, talking about archaeology.

In the squalid little villages round about, the successors of Memphis, these foreigners had noticed many houses built of blocks from the cemetery—blocks bearing inscriptions or relief which made each of them precious. The head foreigner, Lepsius, wrote a letter home:

It is really revolting to see how long lines of camels from the neighboring villages come here daily, and march off again, loaded with building stone. . . . Yesterday a beautiful standing pillar, covered with inscriptions, which was just going to be sketched, was overturned by the robbers behind our backs. They do not seem to have succeeded in breaking it to pieces. The people here are so degenerate that their strength is quite insufficient, with all their assiduity, to destroy what their great predecessors have erected.

These wretched natives had never bothered Perneb, because of the dump. But the foreigners seemed to be especially attracted by dumps—they kept pecking at him inquisitively—they made a man nervous. Lepsius went to work, digging, and unearthed the tomb right next to Perneb's, cleared the sand from its chambers, and studied the scenes on its walls. However, he left without looking farther. Another escape!

In the next decade a foreigner named Mariette appeared with more diggers. They cleared several more tombs, near the dump-heap. But then they too stopped.

After this, strangely enough, things grew quiet once more. Half a century drifted by, peacefully. There was no more disturbance. The new archaeological danger appeared to have ended—or, at least, to have passed over Perneb, and gone on elsewhere.

But just as he had gone to sleep an American Expedition marched in.



THE AMERICAN EXPEDITION LET THEMSELVES DOWN AND DROPPED IN

The leader of this expedition fixed his eyes on the dump-heap. He ordered his men to attack it. Perneb listened inside. Thud, thud, came the sound of the picks and the spades, growing nearer. Perneb saw that this would be a close call for him; but he was used to close calls. He still had a chance of escaping, as so often before. But no! These Americans kept on. They found Perneb's roof. One of the blocks had been broken by the weight of the dump-heap. Through this opening, the American Expedition let themselves down and dropped in.

Perneb groaned.

They found the chamber half full of sand, and the walls in bad shape. The weight on top had buckled the south wall, which had partly collapsed. But there were the stately courtyard, and the rooms with colored figures and scenes, and the portrait of Perneb, standing in full dress at the door.

Those painted scenes told the Americans much about Perneb. One scene was a family-group picture, showing Perneb comfortably seated on cushions, and his family all crouching before him in the most subservient manner. A man's family seldom really crouch to him as much as he'd like, but there's no reason why he shouldn't have them painted that way for his pleasure. Perneb evidently had wished to give this tomb of his an ideal home atmosphere. He had even had himself painted very large and his wife and sons small in this picture. A modern psychologist would probably call that an effort to compensate; it would make him suspect that as a matter of fact Perneb was smaller than any of them. But anyhow, he knew how he wanted things to look in his tomb. It is a picture that any husband's subconscious mind would be soothed by.

Another scene showed him carefully inspecting the food men were bringing. His secretary stood by, with a piece of papyrus ready for notes. Two other accountants were near, with reports under their arms. The men of his day, it is said, were intensely fond of good living—they enjoyed dancing and yachting, for instance, and they delighted in banquets. Perneb hadn't expected to do much yachting apparently or to dance, after death, but he certainly had intended to continue the pleasure of eating. The pictures on the walls showed what a banquet he had planned for himself. There were long strings of figures, all walking toward his inner chamber, carrying baskets

and jars, and large joints of meat, and live birds, and bread, and trayfuls of figs, and many fruits and drinks, to keep Perneb busy. Some men would have preferred long strings of postmen, bringing them letters from friends; but Perneb was too self-sufficient to care about that. Other figures were bringing him calves to eat, and gazelles, and whole oxen. Groups of butchers were sharpening their knives, and carving, and saving the blood; a slave was taking the cover off an incense-burner to make the place fragrant. And in addition to this enormous commissary, all for one man, there were pictures of additional piles of food, which he could turn to when needed. One pile, for instance, had lettering above it, describing its contents: "one thousand portions of wild-fowl, one thousand portions of beef, one thousand loaves of bread, one thousand jars of beer."

As the Americans examined things, Perneb's spirit saw they admired his residence. But their admiration was so great that it led to something that filled him with horror. They asked the Egyptian Government to allow them to buy his home, and walk off with it! They wished to take it to America, a land that Perneb had not before heard of; so new a place it had only been discovered a few hundred years.

The government accepted the money, and Perneb lay stunned by this utterly unexpected move on the part of his tomb: that tomb which he had certainly thought would stay where he put it "forever." Bit by bit, the fine-grained limestone blocks were all taken apart. On the backs of them the Americans found the masons' marks, scrawled in red ochre; and finger-prints left by the workmen were still in the mortar. Under a heap of plaster in an inner wall, where a workman had thrown them, were the scattered shells of the nuts he had had for lunch, all those centuries back.

The blocks were packed into six hundred boxes, and loaded on camels. The procession started off across the desert. Imagine the feelings of Perneb! But suddenly he found that he, too, was being packed in a box. He had been sold by the Egyptians, and was going across the desert himself.

Two steamers were waiting at Suez. Perneb and his home went to sea. He sailed all the way through the Mediterranean, and on past Gibraltar, out into a wide, stormy ocean, beyond any land. They came at length to





WHEN VISITORS PEER THROUGH THE SLIT THEY CAN SEE THIS STRANGER

the weird modern Memphis which men call New York.

In New York things were active. Learned experts carefully unpacked and treated the stones, to preserve them, so that the change to a strange climate should not make them decay. They worked on them a year. Then men began re-creating the tomb in the great Metropolitan Museum. To get room, they had to break open one of the museum's long walls, and construct a special building large enough to house the old edifice: an edifice which was erected in the lifetime of Noah.

Biographies are interesting, but how short they are: they end with one's death. A necrography of all that comes afterward—that's the real story. Columbus's biography is most incomplete without his necrography. Napoleon's, too: he died as an exile, defeated and lonely; but after that, he left St. Helena in triumph for Paris, receiving more glory than ever, to rest in a shrine.

Perneb's tomb is now a shrine, in one sense. Visitors come at all hours. They walk in and stare at its massive dignity and the scenes on its walls. Perneb ought to be happy and thankful that he has come through so well. But it isn't all sunshine. He had planned to be exclusive, for one thing, and there's none of that now. Anybody at all can come right in without his permission. And another thing: as the statue of Perneb was destroyed by those early plunderers—the one that used to stand in that inner sitting room in great

state—the museum authorities have put in another man's statue instead. When visitors peer in through the slit, they can see him, this stranger, making himself entirely at home there, as though he owned the whole business. He is a broad-faced, flat-nosed looking fellow, no resemblance to Perneb; but there he stands in Perneb's nest, like a confounded cuckoo. And those long strings of figures on the walls now bring *him* Perneb's dinner—the joints of meat and live birds and beer and the traysful of figs.

And where then is Perneb? Well, he isn't in his tomb—he's outside. There was no other place for him. He is by his front door in a show case.

There isn't much of him—only part of his head and some bones. Those robbers who broke into his bedroom knocked him about pretty hard. But, never mind; at least there is some of him left—he's still there.

A museum attendant keeps Perneb company during the day. He leans over the case and sells pamphlets to a mixed lot of visitors. Perneb never sees a familiar face among them. Not a single old friend.

However, at night the museum is closed, and Perneb has a chance to be quiet. Even then there is the mental annoyance of that man in his sitting room, but that probably isn't the principal thing on his mind. He is wondering how long this place will last.

A man of Perneb's experience knows that great changes come unforeseen, and that the

life of the average museum is only a few hundred years. New York may last longer—it might last, say, a couple of thousand. But that's only chicken feed, to Perneb. What will come after that? Will he then be carried away to some other distant civilization? Suppose they took his tomb and the stranger and left him behind?

Well, that's all of this story. He hears us moderns talking resignedly about dust to dust, like a lot of ephemeral insects; but he isn't that kind. His outlook is not rosy—the museum is bound to fall to pieces, and he himself has more or less fallen to pieces already. Yet there he still sticks, what is left of him. He isn't through yet.



THE DYED-IN-THE-WOOL BOOK SALESMAN: "*Can I interest you in a book of recipes?*"

#### Bumped

A GROUP of British navvies was proceeding along a street, all convulsed with laughter. Every now and then they would stop and slap one another on the back. A policeman, seeing them, wished to share in the joke, and going up to them asked: "What's the game?"

This occasioned another outburst from the navvies, and then they explained:

"You know that 'igh buildin' at the end of the street? That was on fire. Not a blessed stair was left, an' old Bill 'e was on the top an' dancing abaht like a bantam. So I yells to 'im, 'Bill, jump, an' we'll catch yer in a blanket,' an' 'e jumped, but we 'adn't got no bloomin' blanket."

#### John Bull Abroad

A FRENCHMAN now in this country tells of the discovery in Paris of the most "nervy" of all tourists, an Englishman, who entered a well-known café, accompanied by two little girls, ordered a bottle of mineral water and three plates, and began to eat sandwiches, which he had brought with him in his pockets.

The manager, overcome by this outrage, approached the Briton, and said, "I should like to inform you that this is not a—"

"Who are you?" interrupted the Englishman.

"I am the manager."

"Oh, you are the manager, are you? That is good. I was just going to send for you. Why isn't the band playing?"



## The Women of Thirty

WHEN first I loved at pink fifteen,  
 I sang mature Mathilda's ways;  
 Of all my sweethearts she is dean  
 And wears the Senior Sister's bays.  
 Who writes her now pervivid lays?  
 Mattie was Grannie o'er and o'er  
 Ere I forsook romantic phrase:  
 Ladies, alas, I'm forty-four!

Poor Fanny was my second queen;  
 Grave Gertrude next, in Quaker grays;  
 Ere Jane two months had monarch been  
 My earliest Paris crowned Gervaise:  
 I left her to the cabarets;  
 Fanny on earth survives no more.  
 Jane? Gertrude? Long since lost  
 estrays!  
 Ladies, alas, I'm forty-four!

It's twenty years since Sue I've seen;  
 In some stock company Bet plays;  
 Vic vanished in the Argentine,

Doll in divorce-courts' dust and haze.  
 Dear ghosts, not one of them I'd raise  
 By private prayer or witches' lore;  
 Old Father Time my wages pays:  
 Ladies, alas, I'm forty-four!

## L'Envoy:

Princesses, those were golden days;  
 If now your years you count threescore,  
 What of the lad who sang your praise?  
 Ladies, alas, I'm forty-four!

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN



Next!

*"You're next, madam. Just as soon as I finish with this gentleman, I'll bob your hair. Sit down and look at the 'Police Gazette.'"*

## His Only Regrets

"I SUPPOSE Henry is still taking life easy?" said the woman in the wagon.  
 "Yes," answered her neighbor on the road who was carrying an armful of wood. "Henry has only two regrets in life. One is that he has to wake up to eat, and the other that he has to quit eating to sleep."



*"This commutation book expired some time ago, Mrs. Cummuter."  
 "No wonder, with not a single ventilator open in this car."*

## Surprised to See Him

THE Governor of one of our Southern states was asked to visit the coal-mines where convict labor is employed. Two guards escorted him to the lower regions, showed him what was being done, and finally conducted him to the place where the convicts were at work. As they approached the force in striped garments, one of their number looked their way and rushed up to the Governor, saying,

"Bill Smith, as sure as I live! Why Bill. I never expected to see you here. What on earth did you get sent up for?"

## Cause and Effect

ON a very hot day when grandfather made repeated visits to the veranda to note the state of the thermometer, little Louise trudged along with him and listened very attentively when he explained it to her. Late in the afternoon he said, "Well, it has gone down; it's a shade cooler."

A few minutes later Louise remarked to grandmother: "It's surprising, grandma, how cool it has grown since that thermometer went down."

## The Next Centenary

MISS FLOBELLA MERKINS, of Klinkerville, had been over to Martbury to attend its centenary, and she was tired out.

"How did you enjoy it, Flobella?" asked some one.

"Oh, it was pleasant enough, if anybody likes such goin's-on," replied Miss Merkins, loftily. "Once seein' is about all I want of it. I made up my mind last night I wouldn't ever go to another centenary in Martbury, not if I lived to be eighty years old!"

## Mozart and Others

A CERTAIN musical composer of much talent and popularity—we will call him Jiffers—has a happy appreciation of his own work, as his friends all know.

So highly does he estimate Jiffers's compositions that some of his friends were much startled the other day when he said gravely, "Did you ever notice that the names of all the great composers begin with M?"

"M!" ejaculated his astonished audience.

"Yes, M," said the composer, "Mozart, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moszkowski—and Me!"



CONSTABLE: "See that sign?"  
 "Yes. See that basket?"







*Painting by Frederick R. Gruger*

Illustration for "The Land of the Sybarites"

THE STREETS OF COSENZA ARE A FIT SETTING FOR A MEDIEVAL DRAMA



# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## Freedom Reconsidered

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of *The Mind in the Making*

THE words Freedom and Liberty are gracious and sunny, suggesting vast prospects and dear possibilities. They are sweet to every ear. They have similar genealogies, whether Teutonic or Latin, going back to desire and love, favor and friendliness. What is more precious than doing as one pleases—*potestas vivendi ut velis*, as Cicero puts it! There are, however, so many old and new ways of being bound and of getting free that "Freedom" has now and again to be reconsidered. As the word Liberty on a newly minted fifty-cent piece caught my eye the other day it occurred to me that its significance escaped most of us, and that we receive and barter it away quite as carelessly as we take and surrender the coin.

Through human history, down almost to our own days, men and women have been owned by others, like cattle or furniture. So long as chattel slavery persisted, to become free was to escape from the possession of one's former owner. The freeman was one who had never belonged to another. In this sense of the word we are all free now,

and the old primitive form of enslavement and emancipation need not concern us here.

The Liberty on our coins has quite another origin, and appeared there some time before the buying and selling of human beings had been brought to an end. It does not represent personal independence but the repudiation of a tyrannical head of the state with his court and courtiers. This kind of freedom from a public and remote master might be traced back to the heroes Harmodius and Aristogiton who won eternal fame five centuries before our era by slaying a Greek tyrant. *Sic semper tyrannis* came to the lips of Booth as he shot Lincoln.

Just how the divine majesty and Olympian license of a king are on occasions transformed into the hateful specter of a despot is hard to explain. In general, mankind has joyfully accepted a public master and exulted in all the expensive glory which surrounded him, connived at his unlimited and superhuman indulgences or, at least, uncomplainingly accepted them. The Bible tells us how King Ahasuerus, who ruled from India

even to Ethiopia, was offended by the refusal of his queen, Vashti, to make a public spectacle of herself, how he was advised by his wise men in the interest of family discipline to put her away, and how his officials sought out in all his vast provinces fair young virgins from which he might make a new choice—and how “the thing pleased the king.” In turn, each of the maidens visited the king’s apartment and on the morrow departed never to return again unless the king delighted in her and called her by name. In due time came the turn of the Jewish orphan girl, Esther; and she obtained grace and favor in the king’s sight more than all the other maidens, and he set the royal crown on her head and made her queen instead of Vashti. He also made a great feast, gave gifts, and displayed a bounty for which the public paid.

And what appealed to King Ahasuerus seemed good in the eyes of later western, as well as eastern, rulers. Charlemagne availed himself freely of the privileges of kingship, and so have most of the best-known sovereigns of England, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy down until the nineteenth century. And their conduct has been approved, condoned, or overlooked by their faithful subjects.

The Liberty on our coins implies our righteous and indignant repudiation of kings, royal courts, idle courtiers, and their gaudy sins. We can regale ourselves Sunday morning by seeing the President of the United States riding on a farm tractor, or the Senator from Minnesota milking the cow, or the Mayor of New York sunning his gracious form at Palm Beach. We too have to pay—and mayhap in some ways get a shorter run for our money.

There have been many solemn philosophers and churchmen to defend monarchy by the grace of God, and I suppose that our Liberty consists in no slight degree in flattering ourselves that we see through their arguments. England prides herself on laying the foundations of political freedom, and rightly.

Yet in the days of Elizabeth the English clergy inculcated in their official sermons that the monarch was God’s direct lieutenant and earthly representative. Consequently, it was “an intolerable ignorance, madness and wickedness for subjects to make any murmuring, rebellion, resistance, commotion or insurrection against their most dear and most dread sovereign Lord and King, ordained and appointed of God’s goodness for their commodity, peace and quietness.” Even one who dared to complain of the ruler or his officials “never so privily in his privy chamber by himself,” would be seen of God and suffer terrible punishment. To obey God was to obey the king, and to fear the king was to fear God.

Much water has run under the bridge since Latimer and others drew up The Homilies in which people were warned of God’s wrath should they murmur against the doings of the government. The sovereign people has been exalted to God’s place, and parliaments and presidents have become its lieutenants and regents acting in its divine name.

Whether this implies any considerable increase of personal freedom and self-determination, compared with Elizabeth’s time, is hard to say. The dramatists and pamphleteers of her day were more outspoken in most ways than we are. The old traditions of government remain. We can have our money taken from us with no say of ours in regard to the amount or method, or the uses to which it is put. Our sons can be drafted into a war, just as conscripts were in Napoleon’s time, whether we approve of it or not; we may be arrested for traveling across a state line with a woman friend whose fare we have paid. We may be fined and imprisoned for innumerable offenses determined without our concurrence and sometimes against our hearty protests. We can be harassed for drinking a glass of sherry, or have our baggage ransacked on the pier, or our writings excluded



from the mails, or be arrested for making a speech, quite as well and more irritatingly under a free government than under one by the grace of God. But these are rare grievances, and no one of us is much afraid that the lightning will strike him or his. The rules are assumed to be made and carried out by the elected representatives and officials of the people, and most of us seem successful in the rather troublesome task of identifying ourselves with the people.

We also flatter ourselves that we enjoy to the full the inprescriptible and inalienable right to murmur, not only "privily in our privy chamber," but on the housetop or soap box with no fear of offending God or contracting leprosy or being devoured by a fiery serpent, as Elizabeth's clergymen threatened. So into the Liberty on our coins we read that freedom of speech is the bulwark of our government and of all free, modern, self-respecting governments. Congress is to make no law abridging the freedom of speech, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for redress of grievances. Treason, moreover, must be a proved overt act in levying war against the government or lending aid and comfort to the enemy. This was no new precaution of the enlightened founders of the Constitution, but goes back nearly six hundred years to Edward III's time, and was supposed to preclude "constructive" treason in which mere murmurings were interpreted by the zealous as forcible attacks on the government—even as they still are.

Religious liberty is also ours, so far as government interference is concerned. We may go to church, or no as we will; believe or disbelieve. The minister is no longer directly or indirectly a government official. We can advisedly state that there are more gods than one, if we be so disposed; or deny any of the three persons of the Trinity, or question the divine authority of the Old and New Testaments without penal conse-

quences. And this is a recent form of freedom, and it seems to have had very few of the terrible results that its former opponents feared.

So our political liberty seems on inspection to consist in ridding ourselves of a king and his court and making ourselves sovereign; we no longer have to escape from our manorial lord by remaining a year and a day unreclaimed or to buy our freedom; we do not have, as the Roman Law prescribed, to agree with Peter of Alexandria about the equal majesty of the three members of the Trinity. We can reconcile ourselves to occasional inconveniencies and absurdities in our government by reflecting that we live under a free constitution and have a vote along with all the other ignorant and careless people, both men and women, who happen to live within the boundaries of the United States. And these are no small things to be compressed into the word Liberty on the face of a fifty-cent piece!

Yet some of us do not feel free—we do not feel so free as we used to. In former days I seemed to myself to be writing for the most intelligent people with little regard—perhaps too little—for those who, I should have known, had I thought of it, would by no means agree with me. Now it seems as if in everything I put down I must take account of all sorts of unintelligent sensitivenesses, prompt intolerances, and ancient misapprehensions. I experience a certain humiliation as the result of this caution and timidity, and I do not appear to be alone in this.

In the pages of *Harper's Magazine* Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould has dealt bravely and refreshingly with freedom in "*The Land of the Free*." She says that "We are becoming a nation of Vigilantes; and whether or not lynch law in the physical sense is decreasing, lynch law in the moral sense is making a tremendous and appalling growth." There are mobs ready to coalesce on

every side and call you names without stopping to find out what you have said or done—as is the precious privilege of mobs. The mobs have their organs and these support themselves by reckless vilification and calling names. Even the most prudent and mild-mannered person who likes to think about things can say but little worth while without the risk of being called socialistic, unpatriotic, irreligious, immoral, dangerous, and an enemy of the republic, by some group who pose as defenders of the Constitution, of the rights of property, the noble traditions of our land, or of righteousness and purity in general. While Mrs. Gerould is wholly fair and reasonable, she expresses the doubt as she completes her article whether any editor will dare publish it, and warns the writers of ugly letters of protest that she will not engage to read them.

Altogether too few of us realize just what is going on. It is not necessary to read "The Call" or "The Nation" or Upton Sinclair to get a notion of the present intolerance. There is on the one hand the so-called Lusk report issued by the State of New York in which self-styled defenders of liberty explain and justify at length their warnings and precautions—which sometimes suggest threats and persecution. On the other hand, one can turn to the laws and trials brought together narrated by Professor Chafee of Harvard in his carefully collected information on *The Freedom of Speech*. These two works amply justify Mrs. Gerould's impressions, and they tell only a small part of the story.

Freedom, like so many other things, is lauded in moods of rhetorical exaltation but is suspected of easy abuse. It is something that has to be carefully watched, particularly in others. And even in our own bosoms there is a certain dread of so magnificent a privilege—as if we had been invited to assume the purple and occupy an imperial throne with its burdens of

responsibility. When "liberty and license" are set over against each other, there is always a confession that liberty is readily overdone. So before proceeding farther, we would better stop and see whether there is any sense in which the word liberty can be used which will purge it of these misgivings.

There is supposed to be a wild kind of apostle of liberty who advocates the escape from all restraints of custom, morality, and ordinary consideration for others; who makes the gratification of immediate impulse our supreme and rightful privilege. I do not know whether any such person exists. I have never met one or read any work in which liberty is so conceived. But the timid believe that such exist in large and dangerous numbers and seriously threaten the whole social structure. Even if they be as imaginary as gnomes and witches, their supposed existence serves to re-enforce the heavy suspicions which we have of liberty. As John Dewey has said, "The urgent need for a transvaluation of morals is caricatured by the notion that an avoidance of the avoidances of conventional morals constitutes positive achievement." Of course, to yield immediately to any primitive impulse would be the most debasing form of slavery.

One suggesting the expediency of reconsidering morals is sure to be accused, as I have often been, of holding (and I quote a letter) that "whatever is wrong and any innovation is an improvement." I not only do not believe this but I know of no one who does. On inspection, the so-called "emancipated soul" would be found to be accepting without question a great part of the prevailing rules of conduct. No one could possibly develop sufficient energy and patience to escape even in theory from any great part of the habits of the people and time in which he lives. There are romantic rebels who appear to the scandalized onlooker to be bent on overturning everything—but what they really desire is to give as



violent a shock as possible to those who have heavy vested interests in particular phases of the existing system. Any reconstruction which the most radical innovator could possibly conceive would be based upon our present accumulations of knowledge and skill, which he would turn into new directions with a hope of doing away with old abuses and realizing new possibilities.

It is not really necessary to classify oneself as a conservative or radical—both of which are much abused terms. If we view life as essentially a daily and hourly accommodation, we shall gladly use all the knowledge we can get to make the wisest readjustment and expedient modification of existing customs, habits and expectations. Quoting Dewey again, "To view institutions as enemies of freedom, and all conventions as slaveries, is to deny the only means by which freedom in action can be secured." To-day we perceive the nature of conventions more clearly than formerly; we have new conditions, new possibilities, new knowledge of the world and of ourselves, and finally, are escaping old superstitious sanctions; so that the great and glorious freedom would be the sense of emancipation from unintelligent restraint in freely criticizing conditions as we find them and making or advocating readjustments and accommodations in the name of new knowledge.

We are only at the beginning of a really scientific study of what is called social psychology. We have only recently got free enough from old prepossessions to look at the relations of the individual to society with a new open-eyed wonder. Older sharp distinctions between the individual and society can no longer be made. The antithesis is proving, like so many ancient antitheses, to be a false and misleading one. The individual is essentially a social product; part and parcel of his fellow men who make him what he is. We make one another in a sense hith-

erto hardly dreamed of. The individual cannot be set off against society. It is the association with and dependence on others that gives us the very idea of being an *individual*, and reveals to us that I am I.

We are, in short, a gregarious creature. This may be explained either on the supposition that there is a dominating gregarious instinct in the human race, as William Trotter assumes, or that the circumstances of infancy and childhood and human civilization would all combine to make us gregarious even if we were not so by nature. This I infer is the view of John Dewey in which I am inclined to concur. But be this as it may, the gregariousness is clear enough and some of its implications in our reconsideration of Freedom are brilliantly described by Mr. Trotter in his *Instincts of the Herd*.

Man "is intolerant and fearful of solitude, physical or mental. This intolerance is the cause of the mental fixity and intellectual incuriousness which, to a remarkable degree for an animal with so capacious a brain, he constantly displays. Physical loneliness and intellectual isolation are effectually solaced by the nearness and agreement of the herd."

Man is either by nature or nurture "more sensitive to the voice of the herd than to any other influence. It can inhibit or stimulate his thought and conduct. It is the source of his moral codes, of the sanctions of his ethics and philosophy. It can endow him with energy, courage and endurance, and can as easily take these away. . . . Not merely can it make him accept hardship and suffering unresistingly, but it can make him accept as truth the explanation that his perfectly preventable afflictions are sublimely just and gentle."

Accordingly as a gregarious creature, man is ready to accept leadership and to merge his passions in those of his panic-stricken fellows. This tendency is to be observed not only in actual mob

panic but is to be seen equally in the hue and cry set up by newspapers and politicians to which it is impossible for one who does not steel himself to resistance not to yield.

We all recognize these truths but we rarely see their full significance in our discussions of liberty. According to Mr. Trotter, we are not made for liberty but for conformity. If, on the other hand, Professor Dewey is right and it is the experience and training of childhood which produce this indiscriminating gregariousness, something might be done, when once we saw through the situation, to reduce the excesses of gregarious timidity by a kind of education different from that which has hitherto prevailed. This opens up a vista of speculation which will have to be reserved for another article. We need a new kind of gregariousness, which shall give full weight at once to our social dependence on the one hand and on the other to the role of individual creative thought and criticism, in bettering the situation.

Now in all plans of general betterment we have for the first time in the history of the world to take in everybody. We have to listen to everyone's objections and take account of everyone's prejudices and make head against everybody's ignorance. We have to meet the tastes of the most tasteless and overcome the fears of the most cowardly. So, in addition to man's natural or acquired awe of the herd, we have to face the implications of Democracy, which is our new and troublesome ambition to admit everyone into the game. What is the relation of the democratic sentiment to Freedom? That is a question we can by no means dodge.

When the First French Republic was proclaimed in 1792 a discussion arose in regard to whether there should be a president and how he should be housed. The suggestion was hotly denounced by some of the members of the National Convention. One of them said: "It is not only the *name* of king that we would

abolish but everything that suggests pre-eminence. . . . You cannot look for any other kind of dignity than associating with the *sans-culottes* who compose the majority of the nation. Only by making yourselves like your fellow citizens will you acquire the necessary dignity to cause your decrees to be respected."

We are all *sans-culottes* now. Class distinctions of dress have pretty nearly disappeared, and our legislators do all they can to remain as like their humblest fellow citizen as they can not only in the matter of pants, but in their ideas and discussions and recommendations. To rejoice in the discovery that God must have loved the common man since he made so many of them, the ambition to be just plain folksy reflect a quite lovely sentiment with which I have no quarrel. I have no quarrel with it partly for the scientific reason that we are yet pretty ignorant of the capacities of human beings and I suspect that, in a less benighted scheme of things, the common man and woman might prove to be creatures far richer in possibilities than would now appear. None the less, there can be no doubt that our contemporaneous consideration for the unintelligent sentiments of the multitude is a source of new embarrassment to those whose knowledge or insight outruns that of the common man.

Now who are the "People?" They are in the United States every human creature—man, woman and child—who inhabit its borders. They number a hundred and ten millions—black and white, Gentile and Jew, Catholic and Protestant. Practically all of them are busy with their own intimate affairs; running hither and thither morning and evening, from home to business and from business to home, later to crowd the movie theaters or seek such distractions as are within their reach. We can see samples of the constituents of the People on Broadway or Michigan Avenue or Market Street, and they



do not seem to be very promising stuff for the building up of what we call public opinion. Can most of them be said to have anything like an opinion on any public concern? Some few have, and that quite regardless of their race, sex, or wealth. Yet we make the fatal mistake of at least talking as if practically everyone were interested in the larger problems of human regulation.

And when interests begin to extend and reach out beyond the scope of Main Street business and Main Street breakfast tables, what form do they inevitably take for the overwhelming mass of the population? One joins a church, or the Rotarians, or the Kiwanis, or the Shriners, or the Ku Klux; one becomes a Moose or an Elk or an Eagle, or is admitted to some association for protecting the country and its constitution, "business as usual," or Christian "fundamentals." In these various spontaneous coalescences there are refreshing good fellowship, appealing rituals, honorific titles and degrees, or the sense that one is defending his country or his God from anarchists and infidels. There are daughters of this and sons of that, whose notions of modern embryology are too embryonic to disturb their genealogical pride.

It is probably not hazardous to conjecture that associations with so miscellaneous a membership as those referred to, recruited from the great mass of prudent respectable citizens, are usually engaged in maintaining existing standards rather than in dreaming of innovations. They may also be counted upon to sense a "radical," however ingeniously disguised, and to treat him as a wilful disturber of the peace.

This is the state "public opinion" has now reached, and all those who wish to be widely beloved have in their sayings and writings to avoid offending not only the general sentiment of complacency but the special prejudices of

certain of the more militant defenders of existing ideas. We are at present organized, even the radical groups, almost solely on the basis of confident attack or defense, almost never on that of welcoming new information and pondering thereon.

Re-enforcing these timidities of great and little herds, is modern business with its craving for customers and its fears begotten of its disingenuousness. It so often takes the form of a conspiracy that it cannot but dread the light. Now the two great sources of popular information are the newspapers and widely disseminated periodicals on the one hand, and our school and college textbooks on the other. Both of these groups are commercialized. The editor has to keep his eye not only upon his subscription list but upon his advertisers. The text-book writer, if he is to reach large numbers, must say nothing contrary to the generally sanctioned notions of man's nature, origin, and obligations, his race prejudices, creeds or business habits which might offend the most careless onlooker. To revise the old-fashioned notions of the Boston tea party, or omit Molly Pitcher, or explain somewhat sympathetically the position of the Tories, or the heavy inducements offered to patriots to enlist may offend some one with a Revolutionary ancestor, may seem pro-British to an Irishman, or appear to be treason against the noble traditions of our country.

I was once accused of being pro-German because I included in one of my books a picture of the Reichstag building along with the humble cot of a French peasant of the eighteenth century. This was a form of Franco-phobia which it took a lawyer in an obscure Michigan town to point out to the Department of Justice. An aggrieved citizen of Albanian extraction wrote to a colleague of mine, protesting against the invidious neglect of his country in a general review of the nineteenth century. Another historical

writer, who after the most patient study ventured to place the origin of our Constitution in its economic setting, was vilified by newspaper editors and received violent and obscene letters from some lovers of their country who felt that an attack had been made on the purity of the motives of the Fathers. Editors and writers often have such experiences, and they learn to accept them as incident to the day's work in the Land of the Free.

Ours is an age of commercialization and of mass production in education as well as in business, whether commercial, industrial, and literary. This means that the greatest feelings of the greatest number must be considered. This is not a proposition to attack or defend or necessarily to lament—it seems to be just an unmistakable fact which must be taken into all our calculations and estimates of the world in which we must live and strive.

There is an old discussion, which will arouse interest in any mind that has not considered the matter somewhat closely, whether anyone ever does anything that he does not wish to do. The answer must be conditioned by remembering that our wishes often seem in conflict with one another and below the surface of conscious desire are the depths of unconscious longings, hidden scruples, and fears. But on the plane of conscious wishes we have constantly to make choice between two undesirables. In such cases we always do what we *prefer*. We may not like to spend days in a hospital with a sick relative, but prefer to do so. We may not relish walking a couple of miles in a heavy storm to reach cover, but we prefer doing so. It seems as if these homely observations were essential in grasping the practical bearings of Freedom.

Human timidities, routine, and lethargy, re-enforced by our modern comprehensive tenderness of the mob's feelings, and the hazards of the counting house put all thoughtful writers in a

position they dislike and often resent. But mob feeling is there and the counting house is there, and I do not blush to say that I think that effective Freedom is opportunist in its nature. One has to make his decision according to the particular circumstances of the occasion. His knowledge, insight, prevision, and organic bravery will play their respective parts. As yet intelligence is by no means respectable, and those interested in its increase have to be as wise as serpents and (apparently) as harmless as doves.

There is some exhilaration in the terms of the game, its hazards and successes. Gibbon managed to write in such a way that the devout can read his pages with the agreeable assurance that he is one of them. Voltaire delighted in evading the censor, who is like the stupid bull, susceptible to few and simple stimuli.

To the sophisticated, truth is no easy thing to win, and fundamental tolerance comes with seeing things as they are—so far as any of us are permitted to do so. And with fundamental tolerance comes Freedom, a sense of making the best terms possible in the various quandaries in which we find ourselves by no fault of our own.

In an age in which human knowledge and the possibilities of mitigating human woe are increasing at an unprecedented rate, our democracy and our business, with all its particular advantages and hopefulness, establish new bunkers over which we must drive; new hurdles over which we must leap. We have a tremendous task, and our failures and disappointments seem less tragic in view of our unheard-of aspirations.

There would be a way of bringing up the young which would cultivate minds much more appropriate to our age and generation than those now found in Main Street or the tents of the Ishmaelites. Our present radicals are too often conservatives turned inside out.

Public opinion is, as has been hinted, the outgrowth and widening of domestic



opinion. Before there can be an intelligent public opinion to which appeal can be made and which will tolerate honest discussion, a revolution must take place in our methods of rearing the young. The free citizen must be trained from his cradle. And this matter of the relation of private to public liberty must be left for a later essay.

## Two Poems

BY W. H. DAVIES

### EARTH LOVE

I LOVE the earth through my two eyes,  
 Like any butterfly or bee;  
 The hidden roots escape my thoughts,  
 I love but what I see.

A tree has lovely limbs, I know,  
 Both large and strong, down under earth;  
 But all my thoughts are in the boughs,  
 That give the green leaves birth.

My friend, his thought goes deeper down,  
 Beneath the roots, while mine's above:  
 He's thinking of a quiet place  
 To sleep with his dead Love.

### THE RIVALS

PLEASURE is not the one I love:  
 Her laughter in the market place  
 Makes every fool her echo there;  
 And from her finger tips she throws  
 Wild kisses in the open air.

Give me that little miser, Joy,  
 Who hoards at home her quiet charms;  
 And offers with her two soft lips  
 A warmer kiss than any thrown  
 By Pleasure, from her finger tips.

# Affairs of the Morgans

BY EVELYN GILL KLAHR

"HETTY!" Miss Alice Morgan called her niece.

There was a note in her voice that was not there when the world went well with Miss Alice and when her charming heart was free from worry. Not that you could call it irritability or irascibility or tartness or acerbity or protervity or any of the other words in your thesaurus. It was simply that, for a certain reason, her nerves were taut. So far, no one in the house had noticed it except the fourteen-year-old Hetty, who, spending the summer in the country home, being tutored in trigonometry and Virgil, had plenty of time to notice everything.

It was curiosity as well as obedience that brought her so promptly to the room they always called "Aunt Alice's room" whether Aunt Alice happened to be visiting them or not.

Miss Alice Morgan sat at her desk with a box of her best note paper before her—creamy, smooth, delicious white. She held a sealed envelope, creamy and smooth, in nervous fingers. She was slim and dark and more beautiful than she had been at twenty—now she was thirty-four—and was likely to be even more beautiful at forty, since hers was the sort that is derived chiefly from the spirit within.

"Hetty," Miss Alice Morgan began, and then stopped suddenly and thoughtfully as if she had half a mind not to say it.

"Yes, darling?" Hetty encouraged her, for after all it would be a pity not to hear what it was.

"Hetty, this is the morning you go in town to the dentist, isn't it?"

Yes, it was.

"James going to drive you in?"

Yes, James was going to drive her in.

"Now, Hetty, your father and mother are away to-day. So I am taking all the responsibility of this myself. I will explain everything to them. You won't even need to mention the matter to them. If they want to blame anyone I am the one they are to blame."

She stopped again.

"Yes?" Hetty encouraged her again. This sounded good, whatever it might be. Very, very good, indeed!

"After you go to the dentist's will you please have James drive you around to my apartment: Mamie is there and she will give you your lunch. But before you have your lunch there will—probably a—a gentleman will come. And I want you to give him this letter and tell him I was ill and could not come. You understand, Hetty? And I *am* ill. You can see for yourself, Hetty, that I am ill to-day."

Hetty regarded her with cool interest. "It isn't an awfully showy kind of illness, Aunt Alice," she admitted. "But I'll take your word for it. I would take your word for almost anything."

"Well, I am," said Miss Alice Morgan firmly. "I *am* ill. That is why I am sending this note instead of going in person. And there isn't any other way of getting word to him because he will already have started from Boston. And when you have explained all this and have given him the note, you are to ask him very politely if he will stay to lunch. I know he won't—after he reads the note. But he will have come expecting to stay, so you must at least go through the form of asking him. Do you understand, Hetty?"



"Yes, Aunt Alice," said the calm Hetty. But to herself she added, "But just the same it would be nice to have him stay for lunch."

Then her Aunt Alice, after she had given her the note, made a motion as if to take it back again. And then, although she let it go, she put her hand over her eyes and said, "I don't know. I don't know. I just want to be let alone."

As Hetty drove into town with James she thought it all over with interest. "Aunt Alice has lost her nerve about something," she decided with conviction and curiosity.

After the dentist's James drove her to her aunt's apartment and reminded her that he had had instructions to come back for her at two-thirty.

"Yes, but a great deal could happen," she replied, apropos it would seem, of nothing at all, "between now and two-thirty."

It was July and it was hot in the city. But she could not remember ever before being in town in midsummer, which made it all the nicer, like an adventure, like being in a brand new place where she had never been before.

And Aunt Alice's flat was like that, too. It was lovely in winter, to be sure, so lovely that she never had enough of it on the occasional winter Saturday when she had come there to lunch; for it always seemed that no sooner was lunch over than they dashed off to the matinee or a concert or a charity fair. This time she would have a

little while at least to get acquainted with it.

The elevator whisked her up to the sixth floor.

Up on the sixth floor the city was not hot, for a little breeze that refused to drop to street level played around the windows of her Aunt Alice's apartment.

Hetty turned on the electric fan, not because she needed it, but because it seemed a pity when it was there not to use it.

Mamie was not especially glad to see her, although she expected her, because Miss Alice had telephoned her the change of plan.

Mamie did not mind in the least coming in from her vacation on her married sister's farm to dust up the apartment and get in provisions and



"YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF THAT I AM ILL TO-DAY"

altogether upset the careful arrangements which had been made when the apartment was closed for the summer. It would have been all right if the lunch had been for Miss Alice herself, but she rather resented so much disturbance for the sake of feeding this chit of a thing.

Hetty didn't expect Mamie to be very glad to see her. It was well known that Mamie cared nothing for anyone but Aunt Alice. She had been Aunt Alice's nurse when Aunt Alice was a tiny thing and, as Aunt Alice was now thirty-four, that made Mamie—according to Hetty's arithmetic—somewhere in her fifties. And as Hetty liked to be very gentle with the old, she gave Mamie a nice kiss on the cheek.

Mamie did not seem very appreciative.

Hetty looked about the kitchen to see what was being prepared for lunch. "Oh yummy, yum!" she cried. "Broilers! Mamie! And French pastries! Mamie, I adore you! Mamie, did you know I adored you?"

"You adore your stomach," said Mamie coldly.

Hetty turned that over thoughtfully. "Not that," she decided. "It isn't my stomach I adore. It is the things that go into my stomach."

Then she went over to the table and examined the pastries with joyful anticipation. "Oh, the white-cherry tart!" she exclaimed. "And this precious chocolate, and the pie-crusty, whipped-cream one!"

She put her arm about Mamie's waist, and this time the kiss she gave her was a resounding one. "Mamie," she told her, "you are my heart's treasure. You are my one love." She ignored the way Mamie shrugged her shoulders and went on shelling peas. And speaking of love, something else came into her mind. "You know, Mamie," she said, "I am going to tell you something I have never told anyone before: Mamie, do you know that I have never had a real affair in my life?"

Of course, there have been the boys one meets one place and another. All that sort of thing. But not an *affair*. Not a real affair!"

Mamie gave a faint sniff. "Miss Alice seem pretty well?" she wanted to know.

"Oh, she is well," Hetty assured her. "She is as well as anything."

She drifted back to the living room to taste again the flavor of its midsummer strangeness. She had never liked it so well as in its present wrappings. Chairs and desks and sofas and pictures were masked in covers of gray and green-striped crash. It made of it a delightfully strange and unfamiliar place. It made it into a stranger's room. It was also like being at a masquerade ball, trying to recognize all these masked forms. The writing desk and sofa, of course, one knew. And the Italian chair between two of the windows was not hard to guess. But which was this slim little fellow over by the door? And which the subtle nondescript beside it?

And the pictures! One could never penetrate through those green and gray stripes to see where hung the painting of the blooming plum tree, and where the sunny strip of road, or which was the black and white print that looked half a castle and half a boat. Then suddenly she found it amusing to see those squares of striped crash hanging on the wall as if they themselves were *objets d'art*.

She walked to one, holding up an imaginary lorgnette. "Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Wonderful tones. Wonderful lighting." But she soon gave up that game because she kept thinking how much more fun it would be if there were two of them to play it.

One mirror was unswathed. But she gave only a casual glance at the large, solid-looking, fresh-colored girl of fourteen who, in spite of her length of limb and her hundred and twenty pounds, looked only an extraordinarily good-natured child. She was not en-



thusiastic about what she saw. "I must do something about that sometime," she reflected.

Then the bell rang and the man arrived.

Hetty Morgan fell in love with him the minute she saw him. He was not too old; he was nice and slim; his clothes were above reproach; and his manners made her feel at once the grown lady. But in spite of his grown-upness there was a look in his eyes that made her think of her little brother when he was afraid the pup was going to be put out in the rain.

His look grew very worried when Hetty delivered her aunt's message and his reading of her letter was almost feverish. When he had finished Hetty saw that the hand that held it so tightly shook a little. And she thought no less of him for that. Her woman's intuition told her what had happened: he had been hoping to marry her Aunt Alice, and Aunt Alice, as he might have expected if he had really known her, had suddenly been afraid to go on with it. Aunt Alice was like that.

He picked up his hat to go. But having so pleasantly fallen in love with him, she did not at all want him to go; he was so lean and dark and handsome! He was so impressively grown—and at the same time so like her little brother!

"But you are to have lunch with me," she remonstrated. "My Aunt Alice spoke of it specially—told me to be sure to ask you to stay. And there are French pastries and broilers. And I should hate to eat all by myself."

He hesitated.

She permitted her eyes to mist appealingly—a gift that she had.

That conquered him; he released his hat again.



"MAMIE, YOU ARE MY HEART'S TREASURE"

She linked her arm within his and gave it a little squeeze.

"You are a perfect darling to stay," she said. "And I'll do something for you some day."

She led him to the wall to where the biggest painting hung, concealed by its green and gray crash.

"Isn't this a lovely thing!" she cried to him.

She had never before known any human being to take so promptly to "fooling." He stood back a little as if to see it the better. "Lovely!" he exclaimed, with a delightful awe in his voice. "Lovely!"

She drew him to another of those flat green and gray suspended packages.

"I don't care so much for this one," he announced promptly.

She drew away from him with a shocked little murmur. "My dear!" she reproached him. "Why, it is a

superb thing. It has been exhibited and everything."

"I can't help it," he told her.

She cocked her head on one side as if to see it from his point of view. "Just what is it, dear," she asked him, "that you don't like about it?"

He closed one eye and held his hand at arm's length before him, his palm almost against the crash—a most professional-looking gesture. "It is all in through there," he told her presently, waving his hand at one whole side of the picture. "Very crude. Very strangely crude."

She chuckled inwardly and led him to another square of green and gray.

"My dear girl!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "This is you! This is a

portrait of you! What an extraordinary likeness!"

She was convulsed. She turned so that her head was against his shoulder and shook with laughter.

Then a sudden resolve came to her. She knew definitely and finally what she wanted.

She drew him over to the sofa. She sat down beside him and linked her arm with his.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" she asked him by way of a preliminary.

A troubled reminiscent look came into his eyes.

She began a long and intimate monologue: she told him the kind of man she intended to marry; she told him of her secret sins—how greedy she was

over a candy box and how she hated to make her bed and hang up her clothes. She told him what sins she most hated in others: she hated other people to be greedy and she hated shirkers. She gave him scandalous bits of autobiography—how she had almost been suspended from school, how she and her brother Dick had taken out the roadster before either of them had properly learned to drive and of the disaster that had befallen them and the car. She spared herself in no way. She gave herself to him at her worst in the most humiliating and most sinful part of her history.

He listened gravely and respectfully and if sometimes there was the shadow of a smile about his mouth she did not mind.

"Now tell me about you," she begged.

He started a little. "Oh! Me? There is nothing about me that is interesting at all. I am only a prosy old man."

"Oh, not so old!" she assured him. There was almost a query in her voice—as if she were inquiring just how old.



"BUT YOU ARE TO HAVE LUNCH WITH ME"





SHE TOLD HIM THE KIND OF MAN SHE INTENDED TO MARRY

She waited a little to see if he had any confessions to make or any personal history to tell.

It seemed he had not.

"Of course, I am ready to take you on faith," she told him.

He gave her a startled look.

"I knew," she went on, "from the first minute you came into that room that we were meant for each other."

His eyes opened wide in alarm. "Dear little girl," he began protestingly.

"I am almost as tall as you are," she reminded him gently. "I know I am only fourteen years old, but I think I am the sort that would marry young. Say, seventeen or eighteen. I don't mind waiting for you at all. And it would give you time," she added delicately "to get over—er—anything else."

"But that is just it," he told her bravely. "I am the sort of fool who

doesn't get over things. I have cared for only one woman and I am not likely to care for another one."

"Isn't that very rare?" she inquired with interest.

"So rare," he replied, "as to be almost bad form."

Her heart ached for him and she adored him for his loyalty. She admired that aunt, who in spite of her years, could amazingly evoke constancy like this.

"I appreciate the honor very much," he was going on. "I feel it more deeply than I can tell you and I shall count it always one of my most precious memories."

She liked that immensely. It seemed to her at that moment that there was nothing she would rather be than a most precious memory. It set one up so, it gave one confidence and satisfaction.

"You are not going to take this to heart, I hope," he begged her. "You are young and you may in time come to care for some one else."

"I may," she said. "And besides there is something distinguished about being disappointed in love. It is something I've always rather craved."

"But not to brood over it and pine away," he begged.

"No-o," she assented thoughtfully, almost reluctantly. "That isn't being done nowadays, is it?"

"It is not considered the thing any more at all," he instructed her.

"I know," she admitted. "It is a sort of dashing heartless devil-may-care age."

"It is," he said. "It is, indeed."

Then Mamie announced lunch.

She had forgotten that Mamie's

luncheons were so lovely. There were little lettuce sandwiches and tall glasses of iced tea with a cherry floating on top of each. She did not notice that Mamie put all five pastries on the table. She did not notice that while she ate three the gentleman ate but one. She only saw with self-approbation and a vague regret that one was left on the plate.

After lunch there was an hour before James would come.

"I want to ask you to let me do something for you," he begged her. "You have done something very wonderful for me: you have softened for me a bitter hour. And besides I cannot forget that I am the cause of your first disappointment in love. Isn't there some little souvenir you would like?"

She considered it thoughtfully.



"MY AUNT ALICE IS AN AWFUL COWARD"



"Shoes?" she suddenly suggested inspirationally. "I am crazy for a pair of sand-colored sports but mother thinks I don't need them. I should adore having you get me those."

Mamie did not know they were gone until they returned, each of them carrying a box that looked suspiciously like a shoe box.

The time came for saying good-by, and it was then that she had her inspiration. She caught him by the lapel of his coat to detain him.

"You know," she explained to him, "my Aunt Alice in some ways is the bravest lady I know, but she really is an awful coward."

He had winced a little at the name.

"You know," she went on, "once when Dick and I were out in the sail-boat with Aunt Alice and a man who was visiting us, the boat capsized and some one got Dick and me both to shore and when we got there we found it was Aunt Alice who had saved us and not the man. It was Aunt Alice."

"She would," he said simply.

"But she gets cold feet," her niece confessed for her. "Sometimes they ask her to speak at clubs and things, and she says she will, and then when the time comes near, she gets scared and tries to back out. If my father is there he won't let her, because if she doesn't back out she goes through it beautifully."

A strange sudden hope came into

his eyes. "You think," he began with a sort of desperate eagerness.

"I am practically sure," she told him.

"Then what should I do?" he asked her humbly.

"James will be here in just a moment," she told him. "Why don't you come out with me and *make her*?"

His face was radiant now. "Would I have time," he begged her humbly, "to dash out and get a few flowers?"

"Certainly," she assured him. "It won't hurt James to wait. Or candy. We have oceans of flowers in our garden."

While he was on his errand she went out to Mamie in the kitchen. "Mamie," she said, "this has been a real day. I have been to the dentist and had my teeth cleaned and two small fillings put in. I saw a gentleman have his heart broken. In fact, I handed him the letter that broke his heart. I had lunch with a strange man. I offered him my hand and heart in marriage and was refused. A man that I never saw before to-day bought me two pairs of shoes, sports that I asked him for and dancing shoes that I didn't. I have brought—or I think I have—brought together two people who thought they had separated forever. I have changed their whole lives. Mamie, if you can think of anything I haven't done I wish you would tell me."

Said Mamie with asperity, "there is one pastry left that you didn't eat."

# Kings of the Waters

BY HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

WHEN we drove up to Medway House one sunny afternoon in early spring we found the master of Medway preparing to wage war. The warm weather had brought the alligators out from their winter dens and they had begun to take their annual toll. Some of them had been shot, but the grim reptilian raiders were still harrying the plantation hogs, and more effective measures were needed to teach them a lesson. Even wise old 'gators, which have learned how to take care of themselves against men with rifles, will often succumb to the lure of a dead gallinule or squirrel suspended a foot or so above the water with a large steel hook, attached to a length of stout rope, concealed in its carcass. It was this method which was to be employed at Medway, where, in all likelihood, it was known and used more than two centuries ago when Landgrave Smith, one of the great barons of early Carolina and sometime governor of the Province, lived in the strong brick house on Back River, the first brick house built in the vast forest that covered the whole Low Country outside of Charles Town.

If the old Landgrave were not sunk in such deep slumber in his tomb under the Medway live oaks and cedars, he might hear now and again on warm spring evenings a familiar sound—the hollow, reverberant bellowing of the big bull alligators trumpeting their love songs by the reedy shore of the winding river and along the shadowy banks of the still lagoons. It is a sound not easily described—resonant, tremulous, mournful, menacing, yet, to the understanding ear, sweeter and more grateful than any other sound to be heard

to-day in the wild places of the Low Country.

This fantastic, melancholy music is a voice out of the romantic past. It is a reminder of those adventurous early days when, according to the old chroniclers, a man could scarcely sleep in the woods near one of the great swamps because of the hideous and terrifying chorus of the wild beasts. The wolf and the puma have vanished and, while the black bear and the bay lynx still survive, they are now prudently silent. The 'gator, lower in the animal scale and seemingly less fitted than these others to meet the changed conditions due to the coming of the white man, has fared better than any of them in the struggle with the new foe and still boldly lifts up his voice along the rivers and backwaters, the wildest and strangest of all the voices of the Low Country woods.

Strange as that voice is, the creature to which it belongs is stranger still. The 'gator has not received his due. He has not been invested with the glamour which has been thrown round certain other American animals such as the moose, the elk, the deer, the grizzly, and the puma or mountain lion—the "panther" of so many thrilling and generally unveracious tales. Yet, because of his size and strength, his grotesque and "prehistoric" appearance, his odd and interesting habits, and the wild, uncouth loveliness of his chosen haunts, he should appeal to the imagination as powerfully as any of the other denizens of the American forests. He is not, under ordinary conditions, dangerous to man, but neither is the grizzly bear himself as we now know him; and there was a time when the 'gator, not yet

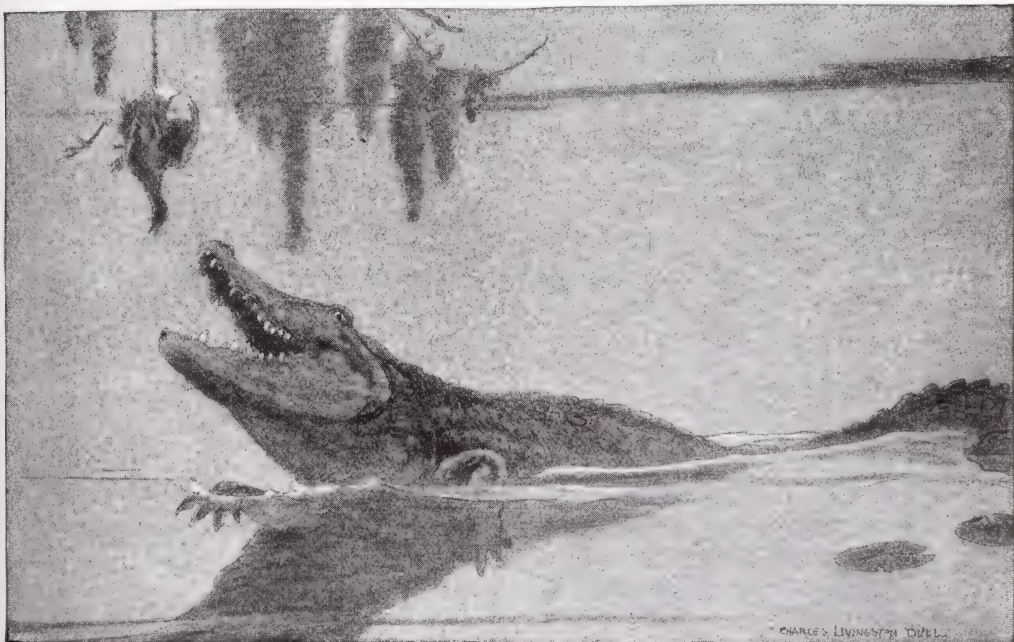


rendered cautious by sad experience of the white man's weapons, was an antagonist with whom no liberties could be taken. William Bartram, the botanist, one of the most trustworthy of the early travelers, tells how his boat was attacked by huge alligators during his journey through the South, and doubtless it is a reasonable conjecture that the long armored saurians were not much afraid of the Indians' arrows. To-day, as in the case of the grizzly, the 'gator has ceased to be a menace not because he lacks strength to kill men but because he has acquired wisdom.

A big 'gator in his native wild, gliding slowly across the lagoon like a half-submerged submarine, the craggy upper-half of his huge, misshapen head and eight or nine feet of his jagged, plated back showing above the smooth surface of the water, is an impressive and memorable spectacle. Seen in the misty dimness of dawn or amid the shadows of dusk, in the grotesque and gloomy setting of a cypress swamp gray and ghostly in its shrouds of Spanish moss, the grim black monster, forging silently

through the still, wine-colored water, seems a direct and worthy descendant of some mighty dinosaur of the Jurassic inland seas. He looks appallingly formidable; and these old bull dragons of the landlocked lagoons are in truth masters of their watery domains, acknowledging no overlord except Man. In the larger rivers of the Low Country, however, through which the sea tides sweep inland for many miles, the alligator's sovereignty is less secure. Up these rivers herds of big dolphins, or porpoises as they are universally miscalled, occasionally make long voyages in quest of food or adventure, and I have often wondered what happens when these wanderers from the inlets and marsh creeks of the coast meet the saurians that live in the upper reaches of the winding waterways.

A large porpoise is nine feet long; a large alligator may be twelve feet or even more. The alligator has a more impressive array of teeth, his tail is as dangerous a weapon as his jaws, and he carries a heavy coat of defensive armor to boot. Yet in a fight the porpoise would almost certainly win, and



EVEN WISE OLD 'GATORS WILL OFTEN SUCCUMB TO THE LURE



THE PORPOISE LEAPED THROUGH THE MAINSAIL

the reason why such encounters are so rare as to be almost unheard of probably lies in the 'gator's unwillingness to face an antagonist whom he knows to be more than a match for him. In the earlier days, when alligators were more abundant in the larger rivers and came in greater numbers down to the brackish portions of the tidal streams, there was doubtless better opportunity to observe their attitude and behavior toward the invaders from the sea coast. When Sir Charles Lyell, the great English geologist, visited America for the second time, the alligators of the South

Carolina and Georgia lowlands interested him deeply, and among the notes which he made regarding them is the following, perhaps not generally known to students of alligator lore:

Mr. Couper (Lyell's host at Darien, Georgia, and a naturalist of distinction) told me that in the summer of 1845 he saw a shoal of porpoises coming up to that part of the Altamaha where the fresh and salt water meet, a space about a mile in length, the favorite fishing ground of the alligators, where there is brackish water, which shifts its place according to the varying strength of the river and the tide. Here were seen about fifty alligators, each with head and neck raised above the water, looking down the stream at their enemies, before whom they had fled, terror-stricken, and expecting an attack. The porpoises, no more than a dozen in number, moved on in two ranks, and were evidently complete masters of the field. So powerful, indeed, are they that they have been known to chase a large alligator to the bank and, putting their snouts under his belly, toss him ashore.

If the kings of the fresh-water rivers are still subjected from time to time to this humiliating treatment by the masters of the salt-water inlets and creeks, I have never met with any man who has witnessed it, though that is hardly in itself sufficient reason for rejecting Couper's story. Probably the porpoise's marvelous skill and agility in the water and his superior swiftness would be as important as his strength in giving him a decisive advantage over his reptilian opponent. By comparison, the alligator is clumsy and slow. Thus, in capturing his prey, the 'gator simply engulfs it in his wide jaws, whereas the



porpoise, racing at express-train speed, seems able to calculate almost to a hair's breadth the exact spot on the body of the small poison-finned catfish at which it must be bitten in two. Some time ago, in an article containing some notes about porpoises, I ventured to repeat a story told by a negro fisherman, who declared that a porpoise, cut off in a narrow creek, had leaped clear over a twenty-foot scow and thus made its escape. Although it is not unusual to see porpoises make considerable leaps out of the water when badly frightened or at play, I had never seen one compelled to utilize its swiftness and strength to the utmost in long-distance vaulting, and I was rather doubtful of the negro's story. I have still to see for myself a feat as impressive as that one, but not long since a planter of the coast, who has known porpoises all his long life and who is not a spinner of yarns, sent me the following narrative:

Two porpoises were seen to enter a long creek on high flood tide. A large wood sloop being at hand, it was fastened across the

creek near the mouth. After some considerable time, the porpoises came down and repeatedly raised their heads out of the water, carefully inspecting the boat. They went back up the creek. Later they came down with a rush, the creek being in a turmoil. When near the sloop, the large one leaped out of the water and passed through the mainsail, which had been pulled up as an additional barrier. A flat ten feet wide was tied alongside the sloop. The large porpoise cleared the sloop and the flat and went free. The smaller one followed and cleared the sloop but not far enough to clear the flat. He lashed and jumped furiously, gradually tiring, until he died. The larger one—which was apparently the mother—waited outside, continually looking back for its kid, until, hope having died, it slowly and reluctantly bobbed down the stream. It had jumped about thirty feet.

The porpoise is a common sight in the innumerable waterways that wind everywhere through the wide marshes of the Low Country coast. To the coast dweller it is one of the most familiar of all wild beasts—though he seldom thinks of it as a wild beast and can scarcely be persuaded that it is not a



THE BUCKS SOMETIMES TAKE TO THE WATER WHEN THE 'GATORS ARE STILL ABROAD

fish. There were no men in the world in that remote epoch when the fore-runners of the porpoise underwent the slow evolutionary process through which they forsook the land altogether and made the water their home; but man was coming long ages afterward to take possession of the land, and it was the porpoise's good fortune to get off of it before the two-legged destroyer arrived. Thanks to that change from land to water far back in the dim dawn of its race history, the porpoise, although among the largest of the mammals of the Low Country, is perhaps the most abundant of them all with the exception of little fellows like the 'possum and the cottontail. The bear have been driven to the deep swamps, and the deer, though still numerous and now holding their own or increasing, no longer show themselves in droves in every woodland; but the salt creeks and rivers of the coast behind the barrier islands and the open waters of the ocean along the lonely sea beaches are still a fairly safe hunting ground for the porpoise herds.

Not long ago I sailed up a broad beautiful marsh creek on the bank of which stands a fine old mansion where Lafayette was entertained in regal fashion by the great planters when he visited Edisto Island after the Revolution. From the windows of the house, set in a grove of handsome trees on the island shore, he might have watched the porpoises rolling and sounding in the creek before him; yet I doubt whether he saw more of them than I saw that afternoon as our launch passed by the old house toward the Edisto landing.

There were fifteen or twenty in the herd. Now here, now there, a dark curved back showed for a moment above the water as the big sea mammals pursued their undulating course. They were attending strictly to business—in other words, looking for a supper. There was no spirited dashing back and forth, no frisking about at the surface, no headlong leaping out of the water,

such as one sometimes sees, especially just outside of the surf of the barrier islands. But it was pleasant to watch them as, I said to myself, Lafayette might have watched them at that very spot; and they enhanced immeasurably the charm and interest of the scene as the sun dropped down behind the far-off woods of the South Edisto swamps to the west where the deer on Jehossie Island, and perhaps a big black bear in the Ti-Ti jungle, were bestirring themselves after a long day's rest in their safe retreats and making ready for the night's activities.

In that strange jungle of Ti-Ti, as I watched the porpoises, alligators too were stirring. Ti-Ti, with the waters round-about it, is the home of many 'gators, as, for that matter, are all the big swamps of the Low Country, swamps whose ponds and pools and sluggish watercourses, swarming with fish, never go dry even in the driest weather. On high ground in these swamps, generally near water and in some fairly open place where the sunlight can strike down through the trees, the female saurian makes her nest, scooping out a shallow depression in the sand or earth and, after the dull white eggs, which may number as many as forty, have been deposited in it, piling dead leaves and trash over her treasures until she has made a mound two feet or so in height and about four feet in diameter. The sun performs the work of incubation, and, in this region at any rate, the process is seldom interrupted by man because comparatively few men go into the swamps, in the warm season. When the cool days come and the hunters take to the woods, the young 'gators are well able to take care of themselves, and the members of the 'gator tribe in general, big and little, are already retiring to the secret dens where they will spend the winter.

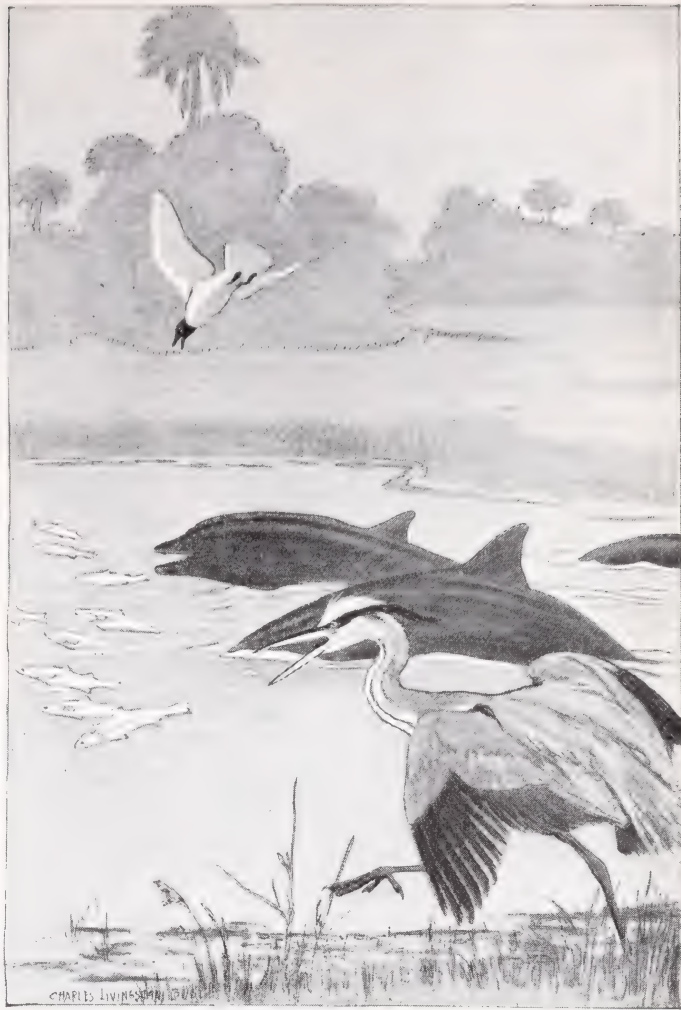
It is probably to this habit of "denning up" in the fall and remaining in seclusion until the return of the warm weather again closes his favorite haunts



to all except the hardest of human intruders that the alligator owes his survival in such large numbers in the Low Country. Occasionally an alligator may be found abroad in winter, but this is a rare occurrence and is always due to accident of some kind. This king of the reptile race shares in the fullest measure the typical reptilian fondness for hot weather, the hotter the better. His active life is lived at a season when his watery fastnesses, steaming in the sun, are not tempting to most white men—a season when few hunters or fishermen, white or black, are inclined to spend much time on the inland rivers and lagoons or in the swamps: and this fact, even more than the wisdom and knowledge of man's ways which have somehow crept into his little brain, has helped him to hold his own in the struggle against the relentless foe of the wild creatures, so that he

still lives on in goodly numbers in the Low Country to give an added touch of wildness and mystery to the beautiful, slow-flowing, serpentine rivers of the old plantation region, so rich in story and legend, and to the teeming waters of the swamp ponds and lagoons.

Only occasionally do the alligators come down the rivers to the salt creeks and inlets close to the sea where the dolphins are at home. When they do come, they sometimes cause consternation among the negroes of the coast, less accustomed to the big reptiles than their brethren of the inland fresh-water country. Not long ago a 'gator, which had traveled downstream in time of



THE BLUE HERON TRIED TO KEEP PACE

freshet, appeared in the midst of some boys and girls bathing on the shore of a large river near its mouth. It was only a small 'gator, but when it darted between the legs of a little colored boy swimming in the water the boy collapsed in a faint. Upstream, in alligatorland, the plantation negroes, while they will not go swimming in 'gator ponds, know the saurians too well to be much afraid of them. The white man treats them with still less respect; yet under certain conditions the most timid of 'gators may become a menace to life and limb. It is not a good plan to approach too close to the jaws or tail of a wounded 'gator, and the man who places himself

directly between a big saurian and his watery refuge assumes considerable risk.

One day last spring, in an old plantation house near the Santee, I sat in a chair from which, it might almost be said, Francis Marion, the Swamp Fox of the Revolution, leaped full tilt into the waters of a wide creek which was and is a famous 'gator haunt. While his troopers had ridden on some distance through the woods, he had stopped at the house and asked for a cup of coffee; and tradition says that he was resting in one of the downstairs rooms, sitting in one chair with his feet cocked up on another, when a negro rushed in.

"De Redcoats! De Redcoats!" cried the panting black; and through the windows they could see the glint of steel along the edge of the woods across the wide lawn. Out of the back door sped the Swamp Fox and down the path to the creek a hundred yards or so behind the house. Whether it was the season of alligators I do not know, but, even if it was the very heart of summer, it is

highly improbable that the thought of hidden dangers in the creek waters ever entered Marion's mind. He had been reared among 'gators and knew them well; the mightiest saurian of the Santee was an angel of light compared with Tarleton; and the swampy island-wilderness beyond the creek, an alligator-stronghold, seemed at that moment as lovely as the Promised Land. So, thinking of Redcoats behind him rather than of 'gators in front of him, the Swamp Fox plunged in, swam the creek, and lived to fight many another battle.

Over and over again, since the earliest days of deer hunting in the Low Country, the hunted deer have taken the same chance that the hunted patriot leader may have taken that day. Writing to his son John, in October, 1774, Elias Ball, of Kensington Plantation told how "a stout Buck" was started by Joseph Bell, who "gave him a long chase; at length he took the river and came where Stepney was minding rice, and he heard a noise in ye river,



THE EAGLES FIND THESE CATFISH-HALVES FLOATING ON THE SURFACE



he looked about him and there he saw this stout Buck; up he starts and runs up to Cupid, who immediately went and got a shot, and Laced him from stem to stern." The Wednesday following another "stout fellow" was roused, "and he came Blundering down ye River as ye other had done." A man on the bank saw him coming but had no shot for his gun; so he "broke his Pipe in pieces and put that in his gun and got so close to the Buck as to shoot him in his ear, and got him; and just as I came home . . . lo, he came swaggering with him. I do assure you, John, he was a stout fellow, much stouter than the other."

To-day in the Low Country, where the deer are hunted with dogs just as they were hunted then—though they are seldom killed nowadays with fragments of the hunters' pipes!—the "stout Bucks" sometimes take to the water to elude the pack even in the early autumn weeks of the hunting season when the 'gators are still abroad in large numbers. Yet, although a big alligator is amply powerful enough to crush a buck's bones, I have never met with a hunter who had witnessed such a tragedy.

The hounds are in greater danger. The alligators seem to consider dog meat a special delicacy, and many a too venturesome leader of the pack has been dragged under, never to emerge. Once gripped in those terrible jaws, there is scarcely a chance of escape; yet I heard only the other day of a plucky hound that saved himself after he had all but descended into a big 'gator's maw.

The dog had not returned after a deer hunt, and the hunters, unable to wait for him longer, pushed off across a river that lay between them and home. They were in midstream when Butler appeared on the river bank and, seeing the boat headed the other way, plunged in and began swimming after it. Well out from the shore, a big alligator seized him. The hunters saw the reptile pull him under and gave him up for lost, but,

to their surprise and relief, he bobbed up again after some moments and swam ashore, not much the worse for his experience. The eye is the alligator's Achilles' heel, the tenderest, most vulnerable spot on his body; and Butler's owner believed that the dog, a large and powerful animal, struggling frantically in the grip of his assailant under the water, bit or scratched the monster in the eye and thus won his freedom.

On another hunt last September the pack jumped a large buck, which soon took to water, swimming across an abandoned rice field converted by the heavy rains into a lake. A hunter rode around to the other side of the rice field to stop the dogs, which appeared in a few minutes, all of them swimming. One hound, however, was missing, and in a moment the hunter heard him yelping about two hundred yards distant, crying out as if in great pain and fear. Riding along the rice field bank, he presently saw the dog some thirty feet away in the water. The hound, his head and neck above the surface, was struggling desperately as though trying to free himself from something which held his body fast.

Dismounting quickly, the hunter laid his gun on the bank and waded as swiftly as he could to the dog's rescue. It did not occur to his mind that he might need his weapon, his first thought being that the hound had placed his foot in a steel trap set by some negro when the rice field was partly dry. He had forgotten, however, that a dog held by a trap will almost invariably try to bite anyone who approaches, and the frantic creature's snapping jaws prevented him from laying hold of it. Wading back to the bank, he cut a long stout stick with a crotch at the end, and with this he probed in the mud beneath the terrified animal. As well as he could make out, a submerged log was responsible for the hound's predicament, and, placing the end of his pole against the log, he pushed it vigorously.

This method brought results. Almost

immediately the dog was released and struck out for the shore, and the next moment the "log" also rose to the surface—an alligator which, to the startled hunter, standing within a yard of it, probably seemed fully fifteen feet from nose to tail tip, though in reality it was just seven and a half feet in length. At all events, it was a very truculent, a very stupid, or a very sluggish 'gator. Instead of vanishing instantly on finding itself at such close quarters with a man, it remained motionless on the surface, staring at the hunter, and it never moved while he waded to the bank, returned with his gun, and proceeded to blow a hole in the saurian's head with a load of buck shot.

Life swarms, during the warm season, in both the fresh and salt waters of the Low Country. When we wanted some silver fish for black bass bait at Wappaoolah Plantation the other day, the first cast of a six-foot net in an old rice field canal brought up, in addition to many "shiners," eleven perch and nine catfish. The alligators, which are almost omnivorous, vary their usual fare of fish whenever the opportunity offers, ducks, other waterfowl, and small mammals being swallowed whole; but the feathered and furred denizens of the salt-marsh creeks need fear no such fate, the porpoises confining themselves to a fish diet.

It is often a fine and spirited sight to watch them at their hunting. Seventy feet upstream from our little square-nosed bateau the placid surface of the winding marsh creek suddenly heaved and swirled. Next moment the waters divided, and three large dark objects, shaped somewhat like torpedoes, came rushing side by side down the creek. Snatching up the paddles, we struck them sharply five or six times against the sides of the boat. The porpoises might capsize us if they collided with our punt, for they were moving at high speed and they were so intent at the moment on their own affairs that we were not sure they would see us. On

they came, swimming almost abreast, their smooth, curved backs showing well above the surface of the stream; and all about them, as they rushed toward us, hundreds of silvery-white fish, six or eight inches long, flashed upward from the surface, curved through the air, and rained down again into the water.

The porpoises had overtaken a large school of mullet, a school which seemed to fill the wide creek from shore to shore and from bend to bend. So swiftly were they moving, that in a few seconds more they would have struck the bateau, and, although they would probably have seen us in time, it is possible that only our vigorous rapping with the paddles saved us from collision. At any rate, they dived when they were about fifteen feet from us, passing nearly under the boat and swerving out toward the deeper water of the channel, and when they came up again they were two hundred feet away down the creek.

A little later, when we had dropped downstream to another fishing place, we saw them again; and now they no longer hunted alone. As they rushed along through the marginal water, sending the mullet flying above and round them in a silver rain, a laughing gull hovered close overhead, while along the soft muddy bank sloping down from the marsh, a great blue heron, half as tall as a tall man, hopped and flapped in desperate haste, trying to keep pace with the swift sea monsters that were making such a commotion in the quiet creek. He was a remarkable spectacle, that heron. All his accustomed dignity was gone. His long legs seemed to get in his way as he stumbled forward, and his wide wings belabored the mud as he strove to keep his balance. It was easy to see why he was in such a hurry. His object was the same as the gull's and he was afraid that the latter would get ahead of him. Some of those panic-stricken mullet, leaping helter-skelter out of the water in front of the charging porpoises, were likely to leap in the



wrong direction and fall upon the shore, and it was a question whether the heron or the gull would reach them first. Which of these two satellites of the porpoise pack outdid the other I do not know, for in a moment the chase swept around another curve of the creek and the tall marsh grass hid them from view.

The porpoises can safely employ these dashing tactics while raiding the mullet schools. When they prey on catfish, the most abundant fish of the creeks with the exception of the mullet, they must be more circumspect. The long, sharp spines in the dorsal and pectoral fins of the catfish can inflict an ugly wound; and instead of swallowing the fish whole, the porpoise chops him neatly in half, dividing him, like the celebrated Clong-locketty, "close to the waist," and swallows the rear portion only. The forward half may live on for some little time, paddling slowly about on the water until life ebbs away. A planter on one of the sea islands of the coast once described a remarkable sight which he had witnessed—several score of these catfish-halves swimming feebly about on the surface of Combahee River, pathetic mementoes of a porpoise raid which had evidently occurred at that spot only a little while before. Yet, although many catfish must meet death in this strange manner, it is very seldom

that one comes upon these halves of catfish, either living or dead, in the creeks, rivers, or inlets, or along the island beaches. Evidently nature's scavengers dispose of them quickly; and some of them have an odd and interesting history.

Under the huge nests of the bald eagles, which breed in the thick, semi-tropical jungles on the barrier islands stretching in a long chain up and down the coast, are often to be found many catfish heads. These are not the remnants of catfish which the eagle has captured alive, for the monarch of the feathered tribes rarely fishes for himself; nor are they the heads of catfish taken by the eagle from the osprey, for the latter is not present in this region during the winter months when the eagles breed. They are evidently the heads of catfish-halves left floating on the surface of the offshore waters by porpoises and the large sea fish which prey on the cats when the latter forsake the shallow creeks and inlets for the ocean depths upon the coming of cold weather. The far-ranging eagles find these catfish-halves floating on the surface and carry them home to be picked to pieces as food for their young; and so it is that the porpoises, the kings of the coastal waters, help in some measure to support the kings of the air.

## White Lilacs

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

**W**HITE lilacs and spring dawns commingled make  
 A blanchèd mystery. Who reads it knows  
 What wines the thirst of the Olympians slake,  
 And where the soul of sweet Isolde goes.

# In the Service of Art

BY CLARENCE BRAY HAMMOND

LEAVING the path a moment, he stepped over the dusty fringe of weeds and in among the corn. It was a spot where the soil was uncommonly good and the bearing usually was heavy. But the "tossels" and ears both showed how the plants were crowding their little remaining vitality into a yield that would be only a fraction of what it should have been. The man who had planted them reflected their hopelessness without any of their agonized energy. Being intelligent, he knew that effort beyond a certain point was useless. So he gave up.

In the dust that spurted from his steps were the hoof pits of a pair of work horses he had driven away that morning and sold. The ground they had plowed was dead for rain, and the corn they had drawn the cultivator through was "firing" with the fatal red of stalks that were racing with drought to a stunted maturity. And even the money they brought wasn't his. Besides, it wasn't really money, but a check. He never saw money any more—the banks kept it all. Of course, it was the same thing, they said; but he wondered. He used to get long green for his crops when he was young, and now it was always checks—and all the time the farmers were more and more hard up. It couldn't be all right for the money to disappear so. They were pretty foxy about it, too, keeping it out of sight. Last summer when he gave a chattel mortgage on some of his stuff and asked for the cash and wouldn't take a check, just so him and the missus would know what they were getting for signing their property away, the banker looked at him queer—didn't want to give up the money—but finally

did. Things was rotten. That money was spent anyway—the hogs he bought was most of them dead, and the rest probably soon would be. Well, as the old saying was, what was the use? They let Chet Watkins alone now since he hung himself in the haymow last fall. None of that for him—how he had to hack at that rope!—there were ways a damned sight less disagreeable.

He stopped a moment by the hedge to cool himself in the shade before he went on up to the house. Back from where he had come, the fields were wavering in the heat that radiated from the ground. "Never see the lazy Lawrence so close," he muttered.

From inside, as he neared the kitchen door, he heard the bang of a sadiron being released from its handle onto the stove and the rattle and click of another one being picked up. He went in without speaking and sat down at the window farthest from her ironing.

Behind his chair on the window frame was a combination match-holder and calendar, conveying promiscuously the compliments of Watlin and Sons, Farm Implements, Hay, Grain and Seeds, Muskalooma, Iowa. As he tilted back his chair his head struck the combination and knocked it off the nail where it had hung beside the reflector lamp.

"Damn it," he said.

He picked up the combination and some of the matches. There was a woodland scene pictured upon it, just trees and pasture and a few cows—nothing really going on. Its colors were bright, and in the midst of a sky of Prussian blue was a bland disk representing either the sun or moon. He had often wondered which. He had also often won-



dered how such pictures were made and what was to be thought of them. They were no part of his world.

"Why don't you hang this contraption somewheres else?" he asked, as he put it back exactly where it had been; and then gingerly tilted himself again into the position he liked.

"How much did you get, Hen?" she asked.

"Two-fifty."

"What? Then I don't get that noo—"

"Noo nothing. You git along with what you got, same as I do, and blamed lucky it ain't less."

"You got to pay three hundred, ain't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"How you goin' to do it, Hen?"

"God knows."

"Maybe they'll give you more time."

"Time—what'd I do with more time? The crop's gone a'ready."

"Well, Hen, what are you gonna do? They won't foreclose, will they?"

"Like as not."

She ironed rapidly and carelessly, her face red with heat, and dry—without respiration and without tears.

"Surely it ain't so bad. The crop's never failed entire. They'll be some-thing'. It might rain to-night."

"You bet; and then likely the roads'd be so's I couldn't git in town to the bank."

She paused from the ironing and took down an almanac from a nail by the window.

"'Middle western states.' That's us, ain't it? It says, 'Much dry hot weather in the latter part of July extending into August.' They certainly hit it there, Hen. 'Around the eighth to the tenth of August look out for rains and in some sections decidedly cool temperatures.' There now, Hen, that certainly sounds reasonable. I know it'd be bad for the corn, but I certainly wisht it would turn cool like it says."

"Supposin' it did rain, and supposin' we did git a crop, all we git out of it, we

got to pay to- Burbank and his crowd. Even the hogs ain't ourn."

"Well, it's somethin' to keep the place, I says; 'n next year . . ."

"Yeah, next year! Grubbin' for more cash to pay out. Us farmers has got a snide deal an' no mistake. The papers is full of talk about all these crooks an' doods in the cities eatin' our grub and spendin' our cash. Why, doggone it, that's what they do—we raise the stuff an' sell it to 'em, an' we no sooner 'n git the money for it 'n we got to march into the bank an' pay it all back—an' more, er they'll foreclose an' take the damned farm too. God-a-mighty! It makes a man want to shoot himself."

"Now, Hen, it's gonna be all right. I was jus' thinkin' of a sign Paw allus set a great store by, an' he said it'd allus work. You take the noo moon, or any moon I guess, anyways they's a noo moon to-night, an' if it's got a ring aroun' it, an' they's any stars inside the ring, it's gonna rain in as many days or nights as they is stars."

"Gosh, Maw, what's gonna put a ring aroun' the moon weather like this? The air ain't got as much wet in it as your cook stove."

"All right; but I'm gonna watch fer that sign. . . . Say, Hen, 'll you get me some more wood? The fire's most out."

"Wood? No. Let it go out."

The screen door slammed behind him as he stood looking toward the road.

"Here's the mail comin', I guess."

A roll of dust like a long swelling wind-row covered the length of road from the turn at his corner and came closer and closer to his gate, rising up from the earth as if it were alive. There was something funny about the way it rose and stretched forward, and he couldn't help watching it. While he was crossing the lot toward the road, the carrier called to him,

"Say, Hen, can I get some water for Lizzie?"

Hen made no answer until he was right at the gate, but continued to stare

at the postman as if he had never seen him before.

"Hell, no," he finally said, when he was a few feet from him. "Go on to White's, Ed. I'm about dry."

"That so?" the other commented. "Well, I'll let her cool here a minute. How's how? Hear you just sold yer grays?"

Hen nodded, as he took the bundle of catalogues and farm papers under his arm. There was one letter.

"Yer gonna need 'em, Hen. Wha'd you sell 'em fer?"

"Sold 'em fer the money, a' course. Eatin' their damn heads off, an' no use fer 'em the ways things 's gone to hell."

"Hard lines all right," the postman said. "Never see the beat a' this summer. As the feller says, I don't see what's gonna come of it. Of course, I never see a real crop failure, but . . ."

"What's the guv'ment say?"

"Weather? 'Fair and warm.' Least that's what they said yesterday. Ain't seen to-day's."

"Lazy doods! An' us taxpayers is a payin' them to set around an' forecast the weather. God-a-mighty!"

"Well, they can't say anything else, I guess. As the feller says, the—"

"Dry an' hotter'n hell." They might say that, you bet—only they ain't got the guts. But they don't tell us farmers nothing useful. Why—member how it was in June—wet, good God—the corn hadn't no growth—Fourth a' July, as the ol' sayin' is, corn ought to be big enough to hide a fox; but they warn't no corn between here an' Bethel that'd hide a muskrat."

"No, by jolly, I never see the beat a' this summer, dummed if I have."

"But I was goin' to say—the weather reports kep' comin' and kep' comin'—'rain, cloudy 'n cool, cloudy 'n cool, with probably showers,' right up to the Fourth which was, let's see, that's—"

"Let's see—five weeks ago, come Friday."

"All right, say five weeks. Well, I'd

been watchin' the ground below the pump every day, an' I see there hadn't been no 'vaporation—ground was stayin' wet as a soused cat. I figgered the rain couldn't last forever without they was 'vaporation, and that we was in for a dry spell. You bet. But the guv'ment never see it. Kep' singin' the same toon, till the weather was plumb changed. God-a-mighty! The blood-suckin' politicians. Now Capper—"

"Say, Hen, this here's interestin', but Lizzie's cool enough, an' I gotta go. Jus' one thing though—as the feller says, it ain't never so bad they ain't some crop—I ain't sayin' much, but some."

"Yeah, an' who gits it? You know who gits it; it ain't us farmers. Well, so long, I gotta git in."

"You bet, I gotta get along too. So long, Hen."

The dust rippled away from the wheels, and threw up an arid mist, which drifted slowly, and then settled back upon the velvety ridges of the wheel tracks; or desolated still further the weeds along the roadside that were choked with it already.

With the bulky mail under one arm and the letter in his hand, Hen walked back to the house.

"Here's yer mail, Maw, an' a letter."

She glanced eagerly at the catalogues and papers first, and then at the envelope, before she settled herself to read the letter to her husband.

"It's from Mis' Wing," she said. "Wha' does she think she wants?"

"Money, a' course," he said. "Let's hear it."

Mr. Henry Eastern,

Bethel, Iowa.

DEAR SIR: Needless to say, I was very sorry to hear from Mr. Burbank that you had not made the past due payments on the mortgage. I know times are very hard, but I thought if you understood what the situation was, maybe you could make the payment somehow, so I asked Mr. Burbank not to start any action of foreclosure just yet. I am having a hard time myself to make both ends meet because I am helping my son, who



is in Paris studying Art, and I have arranged to send him all the income from this mortgage, for as you can imagine, he needs considerable. But he is getting along so finely that I can't bear to have the money give out, and I thought if you understood how important it was you would try to make the payment. Of course, you don't know my son, so I am enclosing a clipping from a New York paper which tells what a fine artist he is going to be. You can see how necessary it is for the money to be raised somehow I am sure, and both of us will be very grateful to you. You may keep the clipping, as I have another copy.

Yours respectfully,

(MRS.) GRACE L. WING.

There was a pause, while Mrs. Eastern looked all over the letter.

"Is that all of it?" asked Hen. "Does she want me to raise money—fer her son—in Paris—studyin' art? Is that it?"

"Yes, I guess that's it."

"Well, God-a-mighty!"

"Let's see what the paper says:"

Of the younger American painters spoken of in Paris this year, the most promising is said to be Mahlon Wing. He comes from one of the Middle Western States, and going into a *milieu* at once similar to that he had known and profoundly different from it—the farming villages of Brittany—he is painting with a remarkable blend of conservatism and individuality. However, he has won so far no conspicuous awards. This is undoubtedly because of his youth and the suddenness with which he has gained attention. It may also be partly because he has not yet achieved the skill with color that he has in composition. Nevertheless his *succès d'estime* is considerable. His "Breton Carters" has won the spontaneous praise of both Marcel Inrey and Gustave Marie Pollin, particularly for his sense of rhythm. Some of his pictures will be exhibited in this city next winter.

"Studyin' art in Paris—and us—" The thought was a large one. "You bet; loafin' around an' paintin' naked women, most like."

"Do you suppose so?" his wife breathed. "I wonder how they—"

Hen rose from his tilted chair and

went to the water pail. It was almost empty.

"If that's where the money is goin', Burbank an' ol' lady Wing an' her paintin' dood of a son can go to the devil. I'll pay 'em nothin'."

"But you got to, Hen."

He marched out with the pail to the pump. The valve retched for stroke after stroke and finally brought up a small flow of roily water. He dashed it back into the pipe and strode off to the lower well.

She was right, of course. They had him.

When he returned she was setting out some food for him on the table.

"Minnie just telephoned that the baby is frettin', an' she wants I should come over. I'm leavin' a snack fer you."

He saw her off with relief. He was crowded—too many things to think about. This here was getting under his skin. And it was so blistering hot.

He went into the barn and sat down to think awhile and let the sun get lower. When the two hundred and fifty was paid to-morrow—if he paid it—what then? What then? More interest some day, and taxes, and more stock to be bought somehow, and fed, and what then? What then?

They could take the place and try gittin' interest out of it themselves. The ol' woman—she could stay with Minnie and her husband—it was their turn now—while he . . .

What made it get so damned black all the time?

With a headache like this he couldn't raise any more money. The earth was rotten. He'd git his feet offen it. He needed a rope, er somethin'. Well, there was one. He climbed the polished rungs of the ladder into the haymow, and stood there, letting his eyes grow used to the dark. But he felt himself choking in the close air, and there was something hanging over in that dark corner. Good God! He stood holding the timber beside him, unable to move. Then he half

fell down the ladder. Some other way—and quick about it. The sun was on the horizon now. But that meant the chores must first be done. There'd be a lot of people most likely and the place needed redding. He dragged hay into the spare stalls, fed the hogs, fetched more water to the house from the lower well, brought in wood, dusted off the car and filled her with gas—and all the time the rotten ground hunched up against his feet, and his head ached. He must be crazy. It was getting toward dusk now, but the air was still sultry. He sat down on the timber sill of the barn and held his head. It was aching less, but they was still lots to do—lots to do. He slipped back into the hay behind him and fell asleep.

It was dark when he awoke. He heard the wind—queer, like it is when you hear it but can't feel it. But when he went round the corner of the barn he felt it strong and cool, and saw the dark maples bending before its gusts. On the horizon were flashes that were not heat lightning. And as the top of the biggest maple bowed he suddenly saw the new moon; but just for a second, for the branches swung up and hid it at once. That was bad. However, the arc of a ring was still visible above the tree tops and barely within it was a star. The

cool rushing of the wind was fine. He felt it through his thin hair and whisking at his beard. With eyes mostly on the sky, he stopped absently beside the pump, for he was thirsty. But the sucking racket the valve made reminded him as soon as he pushed the handle down that there was nothing there to drink, not yet.

He went indoors to answer the frantic telephone. It was Maw, to tell him Minnie wanted her to stay all night.

"'N, Hen, they telephoned the weather report an' it's goin' to rain."

"What fool don't know that?"

"Jess says it's comin' in time to save considerable corn."

"O sure, they'll be a crop."

"Yeah, that's jus' what he says."

He put up the receiver and felt for matches in the combination calendar-matchholder with the ambiguous orb. He struck one and blinked in its sudden flare, his eyes gradually focusing on the pictured scene. Sun, or moon? An' was that funny lookin' stuff grass?

Suddenly and brutally, he snatched the picture down, spilling the matches from the holder over the floor and with the jerk of his arm extinguishing the one he had lighted.

"Damn that paintin' dood," he snarled.

## Spirit

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

HERE is one who passed through life a seeker,  
But having found, comes back to try if he  
Can catch again the zest of not quite knowing  
And hoping for what seems about to be.

For since he was, above all things, a seeker,  
He knows now that he never wished to find.  
And, being secure, he longs for the old wonder  
Of the uncertainty he left behind.



# Our Chained Prometheus

## *The Coal Problem and its Solution*

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Bureau of Industrial Research, New York

IN the year 1950 what we now call our coal problem will have passed into history. For Americans of the next generation it will be one with the maze of new problems brought into being by the giant forces of the Industrial Revolution. When through the steam engine and the power loom the elemental energy of coal first poured out into the world it overwhelmed old habits and modes of life, uprooted millions of peasants from the soil and herded them into factories, drove other millions from their ancestral homes to strange new lands across the seas. We are in the preliminary stages of another such technical revolution today. Forces are abroad certain to transform the technical structure of our contemporary civilization, and radically alter our habits and modes of life. As in the eighteenth century, so in the twentieth the new revolution awaits the unchaining of the Firebringer, coal.

Even among experts it is the present fashion to attribute our fuel and power difficulties to what they call the overdevelopment of the coal industry. This is a superficial and misleading explanation. It is like explaining hunger by excessive agricultural production. The experts stress the fact that the coal industry is equipped to produce eight hundred million tons annually, although the market has never taken more than some five or six hundred millions, which could easily be mined by some two hundred thousand fewer men than the industry now intermittently employs. This they call the disease of the coal industry which breeds unrest and strikes among the miners, harasses the operators

with the problems of a periodically glutted market and subjects the consumers to the penalties of intensely speculative competition in a basic commodity. But these evils will not be remedied until the technicians grapple with the coal problem as fundamentally one of underutilization and remove the barriers which now check the free flow of the stored energy of coal. To fulfill the legitimate aspirations of the great masses of mankind toward a richer and more abundant life we need a steadily increasing volume of mechanical energy applied to the production of all those things upon which the advance of civilization depends. The riddle of the coal problem lies in the odd fact that, with the largest coal deposits in the world, with reserves footing up into the thousands of billions of tons, we yet perennially suffer from fuel and power shortages.

Why is this so? John Maurice Clark of the University of Chicago proposes that we take as a working hypothesis what he calls a non-Euclidean view of certain of the orthodox economic axioms, stand them on their heads and examine them upside down. Take the orthodox proposition: Capital, including machinery, consists of instruments of production utilized by human beings for the production of wealth. Inverted, it becomes: Human beings are instruments of production utilized by machines for the machines' increase and biological development. More startling than the heresy itself is the aptness of the inversion to the present state of our coal industry which staggers under the load of a mechanical equipment inherited from

the eighteenth century, an equipment grown gouty and hardened of artery, and utterly incapable of meeting the needs of our contemporary life. The old race of machines, our servants of yesterday, have become a crushing incubus; they are choking the channels of energy whose free flow is the very life of our civilization.

Their paralyzing influence is most glaringly manifest along the Atlantic seaboard—the Finishing Shop of America—although it is spreading rapidly into the industrial life of the communities dependent upon the coal fields of the Mississippi Valley. Our richest veins of high-rank coal underlie the Appalachian trough, probably the greatest single reservoir of mechanical energy in the world. Out of them have come in sequence cheap power, iron and steel, the rails that bind the United States together, the machines that produce our wealth. Since they were opened population and industrial activity both within and without the trough have enormously increased. In spite of the depletion of some of the best mines, the immediately contiguous industries do not suffer from fuel and power shortages, though their costs of production have increased. But their prosperity depends upon the prosperity of industry outside the trough and upon the increase and prosperity of the consuming population. The Appalachian trough, as the name signifies, is surrounded by mountains whose steep and narrow passes set definite limits to the number of tracks that can be squeezed through them. Moreover, the demand for coal reaches its peak at the very time when the farmers need cars and engines to get their harvests to market. The result is that year after year, especially when mining is uninterrupted by lock-outs or strikes and industry is generally prosperous, the railroads are jammed; perennially at the time of greatest demand they become a barrier to the essential flow of the heat and mechanical energy of coal.

On either side of this barrier, and because of it, the currents of life grow stag-

nant, the fiber of the body politic becomes anæmic and flaccid, the pioneering vitality of the nation is balked. In this sense of strangulated accumulation the coal industry is indeed over-developed. But our coal-producing capacity, although it is now far in excess of what our antiquated machines permit us to use, would not exceed our requirements if we could maintain a consistent rate of industrial and social development. In business boom times, as in war time, the giant under the earth is aroused by our clamor for all the fuel and power he can give us, but the moment he puts forth his full energy the railroad barrier rises, transportation breaks down, industry is alarmed by threatened fuel shortage, business boom turns to business depression, the industrial cycle plunges down from peak to valley, and the discouraged giant sinks back into demoralized sloth. Other elements, of course, enter into the business cycle, but this is not the least of them. So the miners become the victims of intermittent employment, the operators swing from feast to famine, and the consumers pay the piper but cannot call the tune.

For both the miners and the operators service to what should be the steadiest of all industries turns into a gamble. Everybody comes to play for the boom. The expectation of high prices when the boom is on infests the industry with speculators whose interest in coal is on a par with the bookmaker's interest in horses. Outside of the monopolistically controlled anthracite field and a few bituminous areas subsidiary to the steel mills and the larger public utilities, the coal trade has become a crude kind of Monte Carlo. The chances of a lucky hundred-to-one shot lead the speculators not only to risk the cost of the minimum necessary equipment of mines they may never take the trouble to set eyes upon, but also to entice thousands of miners into remote mining camps on the lure of boom prices and wages, although the chances of regular operation match the chance of a lucky draw in a lottery.



During the thirty years prior to 1919 the average number of days worked in the bituminous fields (bituminous is our industrial fuel, anthracite almost exclusively domestic) was 215 out of a possible working year of 308 days. Since this was the average, the actual working year for many thousands of miners was necessarily far less. In 1919 the average was 195 days; in 1921, only 169 days. Such intermittency largely accounts for the twin phenomena of bankruptcies and profiteering, high-wage scales and low per-annum earnings. It is because of the uncertainties of their employment that the miners demand a per-diem wage that is often regarded as high in spite of the excessive hazards of their occupation. Their phenomenal endurance as strikers when their wage scale is threatened is due to their knowledge that any cut in the scale would result in less than a bare subsistence for most of them in terms of annual income. There are flourishing and attractive mining towns, but the typical mining village is drab and desolate beyond belief. In the midst of the richest stores of mechanical energy in the world, energy that should be liberating mankind for the cultivation of the good life, millions of men, women and children struggle in a slough of brutalizing poverty, unable to escape not only because they live remote from all other industries, but also because when their industry slackens all other industries slow down or stop.

The endemic speculative fever necessarily leads to the wasteful gutting of the best and most easily worked mines. Shortsighted methods of driving headings and entries into the seams and the generally crude organization of underground work not only limit the effective working-time of the miners to a fraction of the time which they spend at the face of the coal, but also put beyond recovery at least one ton for every ton brought to the surface. Forty years ago the mammoth vein at Pittsburgh was thought to be good for at least a hundred years, but the United States Geological Sur-

vey now warns us that with present methods of mining it will be done for in a single generation. The part of this same vein underlying Georges Creek, once certified as good for one hundred and fifty years, is practically worked out. Since the present commercial value of coal depends largely upon the thickness of the vein and its nearness to the market, the gutting of these best seams means that in spite of the almost limitless reserves spread out over the country as a whole, the amount of coal within economical reach of the market has seriously decreased.

Such waste goes on at the mines. But the wastes at the points of consumption, due to the perpetuation of our inherited raw-coal consuming mechanical equipment, are greater still. The Director of the United States Geological Survey has demonstrated that of every 2,000 pounds of coal mined, 600 pounds are lost in the processes of mining, 31 pounds are consumed in these processes, 95 are used in transportation or lost en route to the boiler room, 446 go up the stack, 102 are lost in radiation and in the ash pit, 650 are lost in converting heat into mechanical energy, and only 76 pounds—slightly less than four per cent—are finally converted into mechanical energy. Values that should be capitalized to improve mining methods and equipment, reduce mining accidents, electrify the railroads, cheapen power in the factory and in the home and so advance industrial efficiency and raise the national standard of life, the old machines squander for their own parasitic perpetuation.

What are the values so lost and which must be salvaged if we are to overthrow the old race of machines? Everyone who has used a gas lamp or stove, or has turned an electric switch, has a clue to the answer. Everyone who has seen the great steel standards bearing the high-tension wires from the dynamos of Niagara, or the Keokuk Dam on the Mississippi, or the Roosevelt Dam at the headwaters of the Salt River in the Arizona Desert, or the harnessed waters

of California, has some prevision of the technical revolution that is destined not only to put our rivers to work in the economic service of mankind, but also to remove the barriers from the path of coal upon which even after our available hydro-electric energy has been developed the progress of our industrial civilization will continue to depend. For coal is no more simply coal to burn than the food we eat is simply raw grain or cattle or fish. Bituminous coal is electricity, gas, coke, benzol, tar, and their countless derivatives. According to Gilbert and Pogue in their analysis of the Energy Resources of the United States made for the Smithsonian Institution, one short ton of bituminous coal contains 1,500 pounds of smokeless fuel, upward of 10,000 cubic feet of gas, 22 pounds of ammonium sulphate,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  gallons of benzol, and 9 gallons of tar. This is not entirely true of all coals, which differ greatly in character and the volume of their constituents. But it is approximately true of most coal entering commerce. The primary uses of gas and smokeless fuel are obvious; but it is not generally realized that more than a thousand by-products of coal, ranging from high explosives to medicines, from dyes to moth balls, from roofing to fertilizers, have established themselves in the world's markets. Yet the money value of these commodities wasted by our present methods of burning coal, Gilbert and Pogue, taking the market prices of 1915, figured at a total of two billion dollars a year—almost a half billion more than the total selling price at the mines of the entire bituminous coal output in 1920.

It was this situation created by our continued adherence to an antiquated mechanical equipment that led the late Franklin K. Lane as Secretary of the Interior to say that, if the war had lasted until 1920, America, with all her coal and other fuel reserves, would have faced an acute power shortage. He foresaw that the normal evolution of our economic and social life must create such a shortage, more slowly than the high-

keyed pressure of war, but quite as certainly. He, therefore, prevailed upon Congress to finance a survey of the power resources of the Finishing Shop of America, the region along the Atlantic from Washington to Boston and one hundred and fifty miles inland. The commission charged with this survey worked out a superpower system based primarily upon the conversion of coal into electricity via the turbine steam engine either at strategic centers in the coal fields or at strategic industrial centers, but integrating steam electricity with hydro-electricity from the dynamos at Niagara and similar generating stations to be built on the Potomac, in the Berkshires, and elsewhere. So rapid has been the progress of invention, that this superpower plan, though hardly three years old, is already in many particulars out of date. It was pivoted upon generating plants already existing or to be established in the principal seaboard towns to which raw coal would have to be carried, apparently on the assumption that long-distance transmission of electricity was not feasible and that the by-product coal industry had not become commercially established on a sufficient scale to make the by-products an important factor in the solution of our power problem. But already the demand for by-product coke crowds the supply, manufactured gas is being piped for long distances under pressure, and the inventions of men like Steinmetz have largely overcome the difficulties thought to be inherent in the economical transmission of heavy currents of electricity. It becomes increasingly clear that the solution of the power problem, both of the great eastern manufacturing region and also of the growing manufacturing region of the middle Mississippi Valley will come principally by way of giant power steam electric plants, designed for by-product recovery, and established at the mines.

For throughout these major manufacturing regions coal will always remain the primary source of power; physical



limitations will keep hydro-electricity simply an auxiliary of coal. The total energy requirement of the zone covered by the Lane survey, as calculated by the commission for 1930, will be thirty-one billion kilowatt-hours, of which at most one-fifth can be supplied from water power. This is not to discount the very great importance of necessary hydro-electric development. It has been estimated that complete utilization of the available water power of Niagara would yield energy equivalent to the total actually developed by the steam engines of New York State and reduce by millions of tons the present necessary transportation of coal. The future industrial and agricultural development of regions like California, which have little or no coal, will depend very largely upon water-power electricity and upon the irrigation which the projected hydro-electric dams will make possible. The magnificent enterprise of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario is drawing hundreds of municipalities and townships together into a vigorous co-operative commonwealth. But for the thickly populated areas of the United States, both in the Mississippi Valley and in the eastern states, the technical revolution is coming by way of the integration of hydro-electric energy with the vaster energy to be derived from coal.

These are not theoretical speculations. The building of the new technical structure has been in process for more than a decade. Already the results obtained from the increasingly scientific production of steam electricity are startling. The classic price of electric current to the domestic consumer, established when electricity was produced in small experimental plants and was regarded as a luxury, is 10 cents per kilowatt-hour; many domestic consumers outside of the metropolitan area still pay 12 to 14 cents, sometimes more. Recent engineering studies have demonstrated that under the best available conditions steam electricity can be produced at not

to exceed two mills per kilowatt-hour, exclusive of fixed charges at the points of delivery. Within the more thickly settled territories this should mean that electricity can be profitably furnished to large industrial consumers at considerably less than one cent, and to domestic consumers at a third to a fourth and less of the present price. While even at this price experts are unanimous in saying that the use of electricity for house heating is economically impractical, for all purposes requiring mechanical motion as well as for cooking its use should become practically universal. Thousands of homes in the mild climate along the Pacific are already being heated by electricity. The substitution of electricity developed at the mines or even at a few generating stations in strategic centers of population will not only relieve the consumers of endless inconvenience and the devastating cost of raw coal, but will also lift from the railroads what is at present their heaviest burden.

It will relieve the railroads in a double sense. For not only does coal constitute one-third of the present freight load of the railroads, but they themselves consume almost a third of the coal annually produced, most of which the steam locomotives carry about on their backs. Moreover, the steam locomotive appears to have reached the limit of its efficiency as a power plant on rails. Like the rest of our antiquated machine equipment, it maintains its ascendancy by virtue of human inertia. If statistics of actual performance mean anything, it is only a question of time when it will either sap the life of our transportation system or yield to the electric locomotive driven by current from giant-power stations. The electric locomotive carries no coal on its back. It can work twenty hours a day, whereas the limit of the steam engine is eight. It regenerates energy by its own weight descending a grade where the steam engine burns not only its brakes but also burns coal to no purpose. During cold weather, which chills the steam engine, the electric locomotive

is at its best. The electric locomotive starts and stops more quickly and smoothly than the steam engine and is a more responsive tool in the hands of the engineer. The electrification of a division of the Norfolk and Western, compelled by the recurrent jamming of steam traffic in the bottleneck of the Elkhorn Tunnel, is reported to have increased the average train load and the average train movement by approximately thirty-three per cent, equivalent to the doubling of the track capacity. The comparative costs of steam and electric operation, taken from the performance records of eleven railroads by the Lane superpower commission, show a saving, among other items, of almost ten million tons of coal. But such coal as was used had to be carried by rail from the mines to comparatively small and unco-ordinated generating stations. Had the electricity been developed and distributed from central giant-power stations, not only would the saving on coal have been greater, but an additional load would have been lifted from the railroads. The importance of this relief is obvious, especially when it is remembered that the weight of the coal carried by the railroads exceeds the combined weight of wheat, corn, oats, hay, lumber, steel and iron ore, and that during recent years thousands of tons of foodstuffs have rotted in western agricultural regions for lack of adequate transportation facilities.

Electricity developed at giant-power plants at the mines and equipped for by-product recovery is the key to our liberation not only from the coal problem but also from the dead hand of our inherited machine equipment. But just as coal is more than raw fuel, so our fuel and energy problem is more than a coal problem. I can remember the incredulity with which some twenty years ago I heard Charles M. Manly, then chief assistant to Langley in his flying experiments, tell a group of friends that the abortive flight of the Langley machine had conclusively demonstrated the prac-

ticability of the heavier-than-air airplane, that the conquest of the air only awaited the approaching development of a somewhat lighter and more efficient internal combustion-gas engine. That was the time when the wizardry of Edison had inspired most laymen with the belief that electricity alone could solve the problem of flight as of the automobile. But the event has fulfilled Manly's prediction. To-day the internal combustion engine has outrivaled both steam and electricity on the highways and farms, and is sole master of the air. Petroleum and the internal combustion engine have been partners in the creation of these new wonders.

The rapid development of automobile transportation, while cutting into the earnings of the railroads at some points, has also helped to tide the country over what has steadily threatened to become a disastrous transportation crisis. But this gain has not been without serious evils. The rapid and spectacular rise of the automobile has tended to retard the necessary technical revolution especially on our railroads and has, indeed, retarded the introduction of more economical types of internal combustion engines in the automobiles themselves. We are using our petroleum resources with an almost criminal prodigality. For the streams that run the hydro-electric dynamos will run on forever, while, at our present rate of production, the life of all known pools of petroleum must be measured in a few decades. Oil wells are being shot senselessly, without rhyme or reason except from the point of view of the gold brick stock jobber. Wells have been opened without tank car, pipe line or storage facilities, the oil poured out on the ground with nothing but earth banks to hold it. Instances where oil has been burned at the well to make room for more oil are not unknown. Apart from the fact that petroleum supplies the only known lubricant upon which the wheels of the world can be kept turning, its use as a fuel should be reserved for the internal combustion



engine to which it is peculiarly adapted. To burn it as a substitute for coal on locomotive engines is a social and economic crime. Moreover, with the internal combustion engine, it should be used not as a rival but as an ally of hydro-electricity and coal. The solution of our fuel and power problem depends upon the wise integration of all our energy resources.

But given the full by-product utilization of coal, the integration of steam and hydro-electricity with our other fuel and power resources into a giant-power system, there is always the possibility that the conditions of living for the great common run of mankind may be debased by the new technical revolution as in so many respects they were debased by the Industrial Revolution. One of the committee of engineers who participated in the Lane superpower survey writes that the object of that survey, as he understood it, was the interlinking of the various existing public utilities and private generating plants "solely and entirely for the purpose of reducing the cost of power." In other words, these engineers were primarily, if not exclusively, concerned with securing cheap power for the further massing of population and industries in the great metropolitan centers. The use of giant power for this purpose would simply intensify the evils which ever since the Industrial Revolution have attended the withdrawal of population from the land and its brutalizing concentration in juggernaut cities. The impending technical revolution might free the flow of coal's energy while at the same time it made the new race of machines more destructive of the aspirations of mankind toward a civilized life than was the old. Even more than before, human beings might become the instruments of production utilized by machines for the machines' increase and biological development. If this new tragedy is to be averted, we shall have to reverse the usual process of making the factory our first consideration and focus atten-

tion upon the farm, the small community, and the home. The new technical revolution will work disastrously unless it makes for decentralization of population and the liberation of individual initiative and invention from the dehumanizing influence of crowded factories where men are mere adjuncts to machines.

Pogue and Gilbert, in the study of the Energy Resources of the United States, already cited, make the same observation that the logical point of attack upon the coal problem is the home, "for here lies the greatest weakness in the present system of coal utilization, it is in the home that conditions are most discomfiting in times of stress, that trouble, whether it be of high price or actual shortage, has the least chance of remedy by industrial enterprise." To the domestic consumer, coal usually means anthracite coal. The fact that anthracite has a high thermal efficiency and that it is relatively clean has established it as the favorite domestic fuel. But the intrinsic value of anthracite is far less than that of all the better grades of bituminous, because the only commodity value of anthracite is its carbon, while bituminous contains not only a high percentage of carbon, but, as has been pointed out, benzol, tar, gas and ammonia as well. Our anthracite deposits are limited to an area of approximately five hundred square miles in a single section of Pennsylvania. It is a far more costly fuel to mine than bituminous. Even for domestic purposes it is little better than coke, from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds of which can be derived from every ton of bituminous subjected to the treatment of the by-product oven. Fifteen years ago by-product coke was scorned by metallurgical engineers as inferior to coke from bee-hive ovens which wasted all the ingredients of coal except the carbon. In 1921 sixty per cent of all metallurgical coke came from by-product ovens. Last year, these ovens produced three-fourths of our entire coke supply and the de-

mand for by-product ovens is steadily increasing.

By-product coke is already advocated by the United States Bureau of Mines as a substitute for anthracite in domestic heating. But the probabilities are that even coke and by-product gas, could, like the smaller sizes of anthracite, be most efficiently used for generating electricity at the mines. Such a development of the giant-power system would enable manufacturers in small communities to get necessary power in competition with the large industrial centers; it would yield cheap power to the farm and urban home; there is good reason to believe that it might ultimately so cheapen electricity as to make it economically available for domestic heating at least in spring and autumn, if not in the cold winter months.

The engineers of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission have gone very thoroughly into this question of electrical house heating. For seven and a half months they maintained a nine-room house in the city of Toronto at a temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit from 6.30 A.M. to 10 P.M., and slightly lower during the remainder of the twenty-four hours, using electricity only. They found that, with electricity at nine cents per kilowatt-hour, the lowest net domestic rate in Ontario, the cost of heating the house by electricity was \$474.30 as compared with \$192.00 which would have been the cost of the heating equivalent in anthracite at \$16 a ton. The cost of the two fuels would balance, they found, only when the price of electricity fell to .53 cents per kilowatt-hour and anthracite rose to \$23.22 a ton. Moreover, to replace the 900,000 tons of anthracite used in the homes of Toronto would require 2,000,000 horse-power, whereas the entire maximum demand of the city for all present power, lighting, and traction purposes is less than 150,000 horse-power. To heat all the homes of the province of Ontario would require more than twice the capacity of all its water-

powers developed and yet to be developed.

This does not mean that electricity is barred as an economical domestic fuel. It is only in the coldest months, when it is operated at or near its capacity, that the coal furnace is economically superior. In mild weather, the balance inclines the other way. It is for this reason that the Canadian engineers say that electrical energy may advantageously be used in mild weather with little or no extra cost, and with great gains in comfort and convenience. It is for this reason, too, that in the moderate climate of the Pacific Coast homes without chimneys are rapidly increasing in number. Moreover, all present considerations against electrical heating take no account of the fact that the large-scale storage of electricity is still an unsolved problem. If that problem were solved and the theoretical difficulties to its solution can hardly be greater than those of heavier-than-air flying machines seemed only two decades ago—the day of year-round electrical heating would be at hand.

Meanwhile, it is well to remember that anthracite represents less than one-fifth of our present coal production, less than one-ninth of the total present capacity of our mines. Bituminous coal is the prime source of our mechanical energy. It is our antiquated method of using bituminous that overburdens our railroads and involves an annual waste in unrecovered by-products which experts measure in billions of dollars. The next great advance in our industrial civilization will come through the large-scale conversion of bituminous coal into electricity at the mines. Already the state of Pennsylvania has created a Giant Power Survey Board with this object in view. Its attainment will mean the electrification of our railroads, the wide diffusion of cheap light and power by wire to small industrial communities and even to farms. It will mean the replacement of the old race of machines by the progeny of the new technical revolution.



# The Country of the Sybarites

BY HENRY JAMES FORMAN

TO any part of Italy you may go without giving any particular reason. But not to Calabria. If you go to Calabria you must give some good utilitarian plausible object or be branded an eccentric. You must say, if you are an American, that most of our Italian immigrants come from that part, and that you are curious about that habitat in order "to understand them better." You must say—something—give some colorable reason.

Speaking for myself, I went to Calabria without any worthy reason whatsoever. I knew that nobody goes there. Even Italians discouraged me from going during the winter. Only a George Gissing now and then, or a Norman Douglas, or an archæologist like Lenormant, ever travels in the toe of the boot that is Italy.

But an irresistible whim drove me to Calabria. I said I wanted to see the site of ancient Sybaris, the city that gave the world a synonym for luxury. I wanted to see the old Cròtòna, where Pythagoras, the first of the Greek moral teachers, established almost a city of God in pagan Greece. I don't know what I said. But Fred Gruger, like the good sportsman he is, agreed to accompany me, and we went.

We went like tenderfeet. We were told to carry our own food, and we did nothing of the sort. We were told to carry our own drink, and we didn't. In addition to a handbag apiece, Gruger was equipped with films and sketching paper and I with a small box of insect powder. We reminded ourselves of the Caliph Omar who conquered Arabia with a small bag of meal at the saddle-bow. If trains run in Calabria, we said,

we shall do well enough. We had much to learn.

We left Taormina in a rain, shooting down the steep magnificent zigzag road to the station at Giardini, at breakneck speed, in which Gruger cheerily encouraged the chauffeur. The most placid of men in ordinary life, Gruger, I soon discovered, had at least two fatal weaknesses. He became hungry on the slightest provocation and—he was a speed maniac. To him an automobile is a meteor and a railway train a contrivance that goes very rapidly. In Calabria, however, things proved otherwise.

At Giardini we grandly took first-class places for Messina and very promptly abandoned them for third, because the third was vastly cleaner.

"Never mind," said Gruger, still cheerful because Messina and breakfast were only little over an hour away. "We are going to the country of the Sybarites, where they lived purely for pleasure—didn't they?"

"Well, they lived for pleasure," I told him.

It is curious that no sooner do I mention Gruger than I have to speak of food. The high thinking to which from earliest infancy I have naturally been accustomed, could prosper in Gruger's presence only on a full stomach, and even then future food lured him more.

The very first thing we did in Messina was to get breakfast at the station. The next was to get money at the bank. We were going into the country of the brigands, but still we were compelled to carry cash. For express checks, tourist's drafts, or letters of credit are

as unknown in Calabria as is Thomas Cook himself.

The Straits of Messina, which we crossed in a modern American ferryboat that takes two entire trains aboard, seemed to thrill Gruger strangely. With agile movements he swung himself out of the window of the car to the deck of the ferryboat, darted about hither and thither in order to gaze round at the pictures of Scylla and Charybdis. Those formidable monsters so potent in Homeric times are utterly subdued by the modern screw propellers that navigate between them. Or perhaps the wine is weaker to-day. Crossing to Reggio, Calabria, from Messina was like crossing to Hoboken from the Twenty-third Street slip.

"There are legends of a mirage peculiar to the Straits," I told Gruger, "a mirage of wonderful sparkling fairy palaces seeming to stand upright on the face of the waters. Do you see them?"

"No," said Gruger, "I had only one pint of white wine at lunch. But if you had mentioned the palaces sooner . . ."

Of Reggio at this time we saw nothing but the station. After taking the trouble of ferrying a train across the Straits, the authorities make you change into another at Reggio. It is a point of honor in Italy to change trains as often as possible.

On a sudden, after we had settled in the first-class carriage, Gruger felt a little stinging sensation at the back of his neck. He brushed at it as though it were a fly and felt something more solid.

"What is that?" he cried, jumping from his seat and wheeling about.

A green lizard about eight inches long was reposing on his back. It seemed poignantly funny to me as I tried to brush it off, and poignantly serious to Gruger as with its sharp talons it continued to cling to his good woolen coat. I don't understand now why a lizard on another man's shoulder can be so funny. I laughed so hard that my efforts were prolonged, and even the

lizard seemed to be grinning. Finally, I managed to flick it off outside the window to the platform. The lizard looked grieved. All the rest of the afternoon Gruger's hand kept gingerly stealing to the back of his neck, his mind running on St. Paul and the adder. But such is Gruger's saintly piety that no harm resulted even to me.

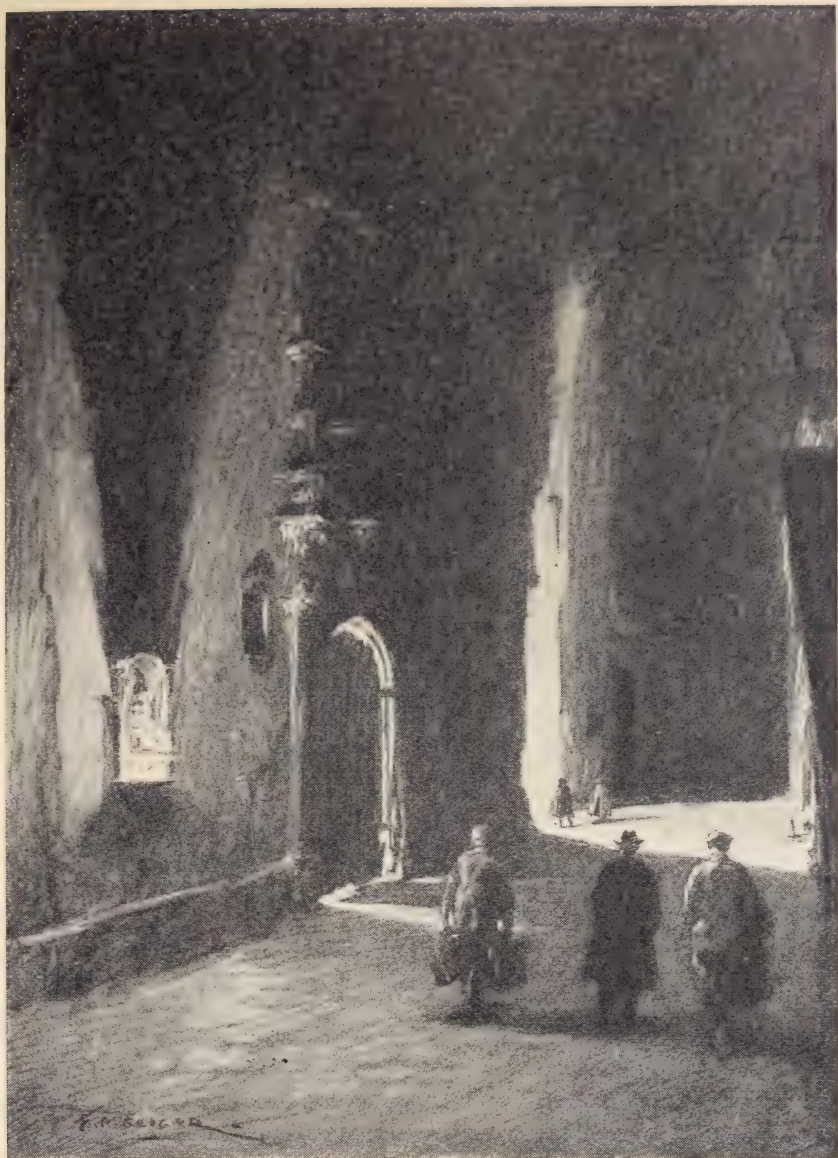
I tried to show Gruger Scilla—the ancient Scylla—shortly after we left Reggio. It is a town that thrusts a massive beetling rock into the sea, a sort of little Gibraltar, which seems to defy ships to make a landing there. The rock is surmounted by a castle, which oddly seems to make it more savage. I tried to tell Gruger the Homeric legend of the monster Scylla that, like the dog described by a certain child, kept "emitting short whelps." But Gruger was still under the influence of his lizard, and nothing could cheer him. It was obvious that he wished both Scylla and me at the bottom of the sea. And yet every time his fingers stole unobtrusively to the back of his neck I could not help laughing when I pictured the adventurous lizard, like something in Hawthorne, some secret sin, mysteriously, symbolically, blazoned on his back.

Our destination for that day was Cosenza. Theoretically, we were to arrive there between eight and nine o'clock. But the rachitic, asthmatic Italian train had no sooner started than we knew that we were building on sand. We knew where we were going, but we were not on our way. We were seemingly on everybody else's way. We would stop at some small station and the guards, conductor, engineer, fireman would descend and hold converse with the idle straggling population. Then we would move on for a few miles and stop perhaps to let a freight train pass.

"Yes" a guard would cheerfully respond to my anxious question. "We are accumulating a *ritardo*."

Accumulating a *ritardo* is the best, indeed, the only thing an Italian train





WE THOUGHT OF BANDITS, FOR THIS WAS A BANDIT COUNTRY

can do well. It does it easily without effort, with genius, like a virtuoso. It was on this journey that Gruger whose intellect at times astounded even me, his warm admirer, uttered the brilliant suggestion that if only one of these trains accumulated *ritardo* to the extent of twenty-four hours it might be on time—the next day. So penetrating was this observation that a day or two later I offered it to a train crew, for

what it was worth, between Sybaris and Cotrone. They laughed at me.

"It has been tried over and over," said one stalwart Socialist of the crew. "But what will you do if a train is twenty-six or thirty hours late? It is all in vain then. Why, *signor*," he clinched his speech, "there are records of trains that have never arrived at all."

We were going to dine (Gruger fondly repeated) somewhat late, at Cosenza.

But by nine o'clock we were at Paola, a little more than half way to Cosenza. The chill brisk air along the Tyrrhenian Sea had made us sharply hungry, and avidly we had consumed the few sandwiches we had brought from Messina. At Paola began our martyrdom, defraying all our disregard of good advice. From a cheerful companion, Gruger had sunk rapidly like the mercury in a thermometer to a skeptic, a pessimist, a man, finally, of sorrows. As dinner became more dim and recessive, his bitterness flared out at the dismal little station of Paola.

Men, train officials, station masters, workmen, were lounging and chattering, heedless of the stalled train, heedless of the time, of the passengers. We had changed trains, of course, and, wretchedly, we were sitting in dark cars, waiting, waiting.

"Suppose you find out what's keeping us," muttered Gruger after a miserable silence. Obediently, with docility that always rose up in me before the terror of his hunger, I strolled over and engaged the officials in talk.

"What is the matter with the train?" I inquired in my politest Italian.

"*E chi lo sa?*" smiled the guard.

"But surely you know why we are not moving!"

"*E sempre così*" was his patient answer.

Always thus!—my heart sank. I saw tragedy before us.

"But where is the *macchina*—the engine?" I insisted.

"It has gone to the roundhouse and has not returned," he shrugged placidly. The roundhouse, I learned, was a hundred and fifty meters away, and it would occur to nobody to go there and inquire. I had a brilliant idea! Why not telephone, I suggested. There was no telephone. So we waited. By 10.45 the wheezy locomotive came squeaking toward us, and it took only fifteen minutes to couple it and to start over the densely wooded hills to Cosenza.

We sank into a sort of coma, both of us, emerged at the gnawing of hunger, drowsed again and so, after three ghastly hours, arrived at Cosenza.

"What is the best hotel at Cosenza?" I asked of a new guard.

"How should I know?" came the answer in Pittsburgh English. "Think I'd live in a dump likea dat? I coma from Pittsburgh to fight in da war—now no money to go back. I worka here—gotta live."

He was at pains, however, to find out that we must go to

the Hotel Vetere. That was the Ritz of Cosenza.

"Where are the cabs?" we queried petulantly as we finally stood on the platform.

Of cabs there were naturally *niente* at one o'clock in the morning, but there was a half-witted lad of sixteen or seventeen who consented to carry our bags.

Solemnly, silently, with Gruger three-quarters asleep, we set out into Cosenza.

Under the argent light of the full



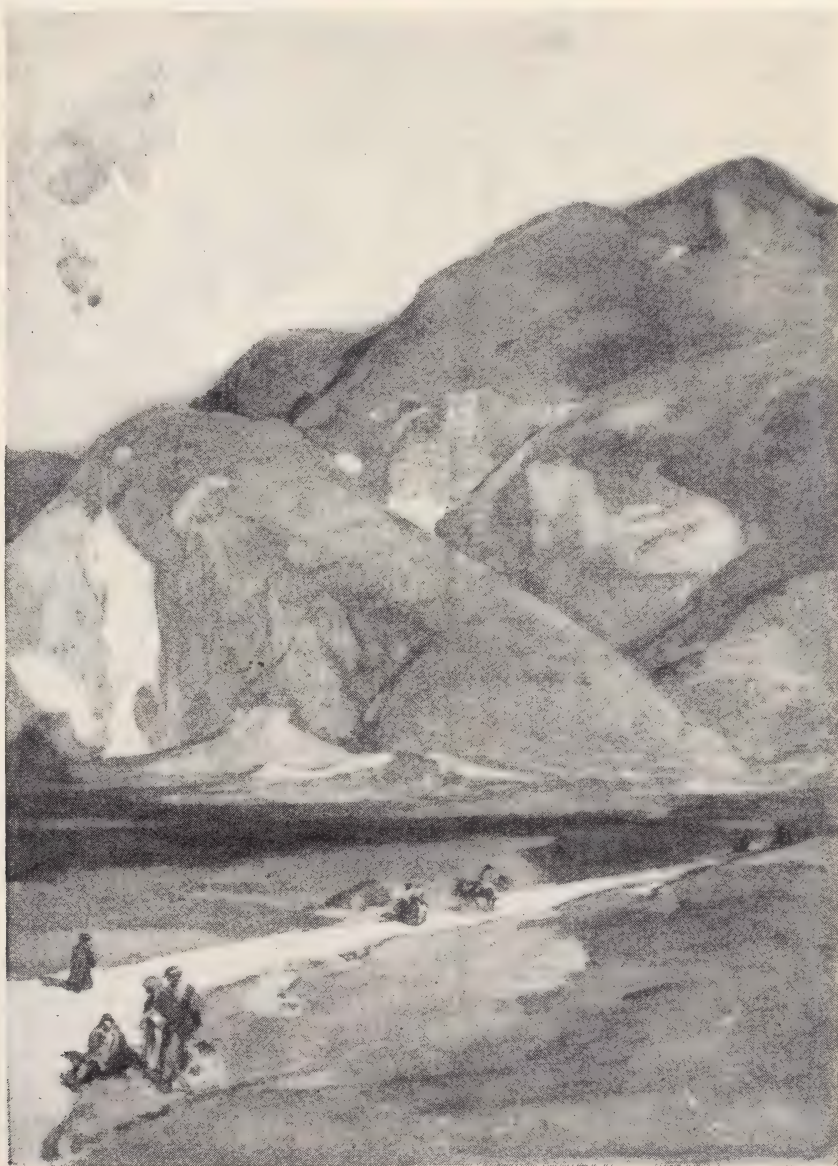
BREAKFAST SEEMED A JOKE



moon this mediæval town suddenly assumed a romantic, a magical aspect that made us both thrill from head to foot. Or possibly it was a shiver in the chill of a February night. Anyway, as the town with the narrow streets and massive stone buildings that somehow looked crenellated, began to climb upward, dead silent, deathly still, we had a feeling that mediæval ruffians or drunken soldiery might fall upon us at any moment, and unconsciously we looked

for the lanterns and halberds of the watch. Also, we thought of bandits, for this was the bandit country. Gruger was wide awake now. He gazed about him with grunts of artistic satisfaction. Cosenza by moonlight was a superb spectacle.

We started from our reverie to realize that we were absolutely alone in the hands of the half-witted lad in the middle of nowhere—a dream city, as unreal as a fairy tale.



A CALABRIAN LANDSCAPE

"Are we still far from the hotel?" I inquired.

"Già" said the boy. "Già" was his only word of conversation, the universal Italian affirmative, though we always think of "*si*" as the proper word. Its similarity to the German "*ja*"—it occurred to me—may be a legacy of German Holy Roman emperors in Italy. But I was too tired and hungry to carry on the speculation.

On a sudden a little old man came shambling along, and the boy, in reply to a muttered query from him, answered, "Già."

There, I thought, is the first bandit and now our time was come. The stone walls of the dead moonlit town looked peculiarly baffling and menacing.

"Come along, *signori*," snuffled the old man.

"Where to?" I demanded, startled.

"To the hotel," he mumbled, "to the *albergo*"—as a spider might soapily suggest—"to my parlor." Gruger looked strangely alert, and I hope he was as scared as I was. I never asked him. But we went—now a procession of four. The balance of the walk was long, and we seemed somehow utterly oblivious of the scenery. Why, the query kept throbbing in my brain, should this nightbird come out to meet us when he knew nothing of our arrival?

"There is the *albergo*," snuffled the old man cajolingly, and as we approached a darkened building I felt like Childe Roland—if that was the way Childe Roland felt. He opened a vast creaking door upon cavernous darkness and—we followed. I know no one is going to give us a Carnegie medal for heroism, but if "they" knew how we felt that moment "they" surely would.

By the light of sputtering sulphur matches we were led upstairs, broad shabby stone stairways, and how hollow, were the echoes of our tread!

A room finally—a huge room in this stone barn of a place, and an electric-light globe that made a lot of light! Then it *was* a hotel. A great sigh of

relief left me, and even before asking the price, I turned to the little old man:

"How did it happen you came to meet us, *signor*?"

"I didn't come to meet you," he croaked with the aged phantom of a grin. "I do not live here. I live at home. I had locked up and was going home. I am the *concierge*. It is lucky you met me, *signor*, or you could not have got in."

This porter, night clerk and watchman combined, lives in a decent hut somewhere in the town. At a certain hour he locks the guests, if any, in the hotel and goes home to a better fate.

Once we saw he was not a bandit, our American arrogance or, let us say, aplomb, returned apace and we demanded the cleanest and best he had.

"It's clean—all clean," he mumbled defensively, but as for the best, that is costly. This is the best. This room with two beds will cost twelve lire the night."

"Twelve lire for both of us?"

"Già!"

That made thirty cents apiece.

"The old Get-rich-quick Wallingford," I muttered to Gruger. "I knew he was a bandit." We made him show us the beds. I laid my insect powder like a weapon on the table and he again reassured us, "*E pulito, è pulito*." And the beds really were clean, though you hated to touch the door handles, the tables, the chairs. We got rid of him and the boy finally and we heard the lower door slam as in a prison. But how we shook and rocked with laughter once we were securely alone in that room! And we did not again worry about bandits in Calabria.

The horrors of morning ablutions in a Calabrian hotel may not be described. But when we asked for breakfast they laughed at us. The little old bandit was back on the job. Breakfast, he intimated—and a maid making beds laughingly supported him—might almost lead to having a kitchen and keeping servants. No hotel keeper in Calabria would be



so bothered for so trivial a meal as breakfast. Breakfast! It seemed a side-splitting joke. The odd thing was, all foreigners talked in exactly the same strain as we did.

We found coffee and bread at a sort of bakery, and equipped with a two-horse hack, we set out to explore the town. It looked much less romantic and a good deal dirtier than the night before and seemed dedicated chiefly to the retailing of small German-made goods. I know Gruger and I each bought a folding pocket corkscrew and other German trifles for small sums.

We had fore-sworn cathedrals, so we refused to enter the Gothic church with a front of colored marbles which Cosenza boasts, and we drove instead to the Bridge of Alaric, where the Goth of that name was buried after sacking Rome at the beginning of the fifth century. Where the Busento and the Crati rivers meet that victorious Goth, who had sickened and died, was buried under the yellow waters, together with all his treasures.

"That is all very well," remarked Gruger gloomily, but where are these here now Sybarites? Isn't that what we came to see?"

"Wait," I pleaded with the hard-hearted artist. "Give me time. Do

you know that in this town was published a mystery by a certain Salandra called *The Fall of Adam*, some eighteen years before Milton published *Paradise Lost*, and that Norman Douglas and others prove that Milton cribbed from that book?"

"I always thought *Paradise Lost* too good to be original," observed Gruger.

"Applying the deadly parallel, the thing is uncannily flagrant," I told him. "Suppose we could find a copy of the *Adamo Caduto* in this burg!" The thing was hopeless, however, and I knew it. The bookshops revealed only the shoddiest kind of modern literature.

"You better buy some decent drinking water," admonished Gruger. "That would be more to the point."

The only place we could buy bottled water was at the chemist's. At the chemist's I timidly broached my quest for Salandra. The town gossips of Cosenza, crowd-

ing the place and discussing politics, shook their heads.

"No one of that name now lives in Cosenza," they informed me.

A stout woman with a shawl, who had been dogging our footsteps, attracted, I thought, by Gruger's manly beauty, now rushed in and begged the druggist to beg from us for her, because, she cried, "she had a creature in the hos-



HOTEL CONCORDIA. COTRONE

pital." We gave her a small bill, but she was unsatisfied. The chemist looked coldly at her. Intelligent Calabrians are exceptionally self-respecting.

"What will the strangers think?" he grumbled angrily. We added another small bill and the woman stalked away.

"Poor devil! Ought to have given her more," said Gruger. His hardness of heart was only for me and the sight-seeing. At a touch of sentiment or suffering he wanted to spend all our store of traveling money. For a good meal and a good hard-luck story no price was too high for Gruger.

"Let's get out of this place!" he demanded suddenly, "Let's find out about trains."

Tyrant that he was, I could not possibly resist him. I despaired of finding Salandra. I found a time-table instead. There was a train at noon.

"Where do we go from here?" he asked.

"To Sybaris."

"That's the ticket!" he exulted. "A little luxury won't hurt us any after this."

Equipped with bread, butter, water, and wine, we embarked in a red-plush compartment upon the very heart of our quest Sybaris!

The greatest city of her time, greater than Athens and the most luxurious! If anything was taxed there, it was necessities, but never luxuries. Invita-



THE PALACE OF THE LUCIFERI



tions to dinners and banquets there were sent out a year ahead. They crowned with a golden wreath a man who gave the best dinner, just as in other places they crowned a man for great or heroic deeds. Great cooks were more royally treated than great generals or statesmen. A cook could patent his dishes and draw royalties on them.

"Think of it, Gruger," I cried, "doesn't that appeal to you? It was the Sybarites who invented the anchovy sauce!"

"Only lead me to it," whispered Gruger, his mouth watering.

"All the streets," I told him, "were covered with silken awnings from roof to roof, so no one would get sunburned. Their motto was, If you wish to live long, never see sunset or sunrise. All blacksmiths and cocks and all noisy trades were banished outside the city, so they wouldn't wake or disturb anyone. The children were all dressed in purple silk, with gold bands upon their heads. And there were women professors in the art of husband-winning engaged for the daughters of every house. Only one Sybarite ever won in the Olympic games, because it was too much like work. A Sybarite walking in the country one day saw some men plowing.

"The sight almost gave me a feeling of effort," he narrated in horror.

"Your very story almost disturbs me," replied Mr. Bones."

"Will you tell me again what you said about the cooks and the dishes?" put in Gruger.

The train crept on languidly along the valley of the Crati and the Coscile, a lovely valley, sunlit and warm with the rich meadowland that anciently fed the Sybarites, with miles of mulberry plantations for the silkworm whose silk no longer clothes the Sybarites. Beeches and willows and poplars fringe the river, and everywhere is the Australian eucalyptus, planted against the malaria. At every station was the ubiquitous lad who had been to America and wanted to air his English; and the honest bare-

legged girls, to whom the daily train is the one event, stared at us candidly with bovine eyes.

"Sibari! Sibari!" finally cried the guard.

"Where is it?" inquired Gruger huskily.

We gazed with incredulity. Except for the station, some railway shops, and a few houses of railway employees, there was nothing—literally nothing. Nothing but a plain, flat as the palm of one's hand, spreading under a twin-peaked mountain—that was the site of ancient Sybaris. Bullocks were grazing peacefully and clumps of sage showed in the distance. It was green—not a plain of salt. But otherwise the plain of Sodom and Gomorrah could not have been more traceless. Only the distant snow-clad hills seemed eternal. They had doubtless known the silk-clad Sybarites.

"Are there no excavations?" we inquired.

"*Niente* excavations," we were informed by the station master. "Who would excavate here? This is not Sybaris, but Siberia. The railway employees are sent here by the Government and in a short time they sicken and die.

"But why?"

"The malaria, *signor*. There is a government quinine station here. But neither quinine nor eucalyptus trees help us. We come, we sicken, we die. It is the malaria."

Is that, one wonders, what happened to the inhabitants of Sybaris, before the eucalyptus came and before the quinine stations?

Of course there was a war, the usual war of Greek and Greek—between Sybaris and Crotona, a little farther south. Some Crotonian ambassadors, sent to Sybaris to settle a dispute, were slain without even a hearing. Then, of course, there was a war and Sybaris was systematically destroyed. Her arrogance left her no sympathizers. Those who escaped founded other cities nearby, but always there was the invisible foe—the malaria. The destruc-

tion of Sybaris was the death-blow to Greek civilization in Europe.

Sir Charles Walston (Waldstein) and others have offered to excavate the site of Sybaris, but the Italians would neither permit others nor excavate it themselves.

"All this is very well," said Gruger, "but, man, we've got to eat!"

For a wonder this isolated malarial railway station had a buffet which served bean soup. No bean soup, it is safe to say, had ever tasted as that bean soup tasted. It was a relic, surely of that bygone Sybaritic cookery upon which some patent had lapsed. It was a dish fit to offer Lucullus, or Gruger, or Sybaris. Gruger's radiant cheerfulness suddenly lighted up that dingy lunch room like a ray of sunshine. I mentioned to him Joseph Hall's satirical *Utopia*, where it was a capital crime to drink alone and where a man who so far erred as to go four hours hungry was instantly haled before a judge and sentenced to a heavy supper. Gruger's smile expanded broadly.

"Tell me, honestly," he cajoled, "is that the place where you are leading me to? I don't care where it is—I am going."

"Wait and see," I told him.

That afternoon we took a train for Cotrone—the Crotona of Pythagoras.

Yes, we fled from Sybaris—now Siberia, with its gray oxen, gray folk, gray life, gray malaria.

"Do you think," said Gruger thoughtfully, "Fifth Avenue is going to look like that some day?"

"Not on account of malaria," I told him, "but if we keep on having wars, it probably will. And so will Piccadilly, and so will the Champs Élysées. The Sybarites might have learned how to conquer malaria, but the attack by Crotona was too much for them. The survivors founded cities afterward, but never again a Sybaris."

Along the Ionian Sea our train went sauntering southward, past olive groves and meadows and willow-hung pebbly streams, through a rich-bosomed peaceful land basking in the February sun.

"This country appears so rich," I remarked to the guard, "why are the people so miserably poor and wretched?" He laughed bitterly.

"Why? Because, *signor*, only two or three families own all of this province. They spend their time and money in Rome, at Monte Carlo, while all the population works for them and derives a bare subsistence. That is why all our young men go to America and Argentina, *signor*. There is no spirit or enterprise left in the people."

"And how is Cotrone," I asked, "is it like Sibari?"

"No—*signor*, but—" and he grinned, "*è un paese sporco*."

I did not translate this to Gruger. To tell him we were going to "a filthy burg" after Cosenza and Sibari, might, I feared, dampen his spirits.

On we ambled by the Ionian Sea, beautiful as a dream, through a land rich yet wretched and dead. The train began as usual to accumulate its *ritardo*. At every station the cynical guard would loaf on the platform and smoke, or chat, or play with a child or the station-master's shoat, thus carrying on the good work of the *ritardo*. Hunger entered our compartment again. From gay cheerfulness, Gruger changed to monosyllabic moroseness. From pleasant philosophic discussion, the conversation turned into irritable grumbling. Talk about an army moving on its belly! Everything living moves in the same manner.

"That was terrible about that city being destroyed like that," mourned Gruger lugubriously—"wiped out."

"Cheer up," I implored him, "that was twenty-four hundred years ago." But I could not be very cheerful myself. We had no food and nearly all our drinking water was gone. It was nine o'clock—dark and chilly.

"What is the best hotel in Cotrone?" I asked the guard.

"Oh, the Pythagoras," he assured me blithely. "It is the newest. That is where I should go."



"Cotrone! Cotrone!" he shouted suddenly. We had arrived.

"Shows"—muttered Gruger a shade more cheerily—"if you stick long enough to a train here—no telling—you may even arrive at the place you started for."

A miserable skeleton of a horse from the boneyard, hitched to a ramshackle paintless vehicle from the junk-heap and driven by a puny withered gnome out of an Albrecht Dürer illustration, conveyed us to the Hotel Pitagora.

"You wait," I told him, "and I'll see if they have rooms."

"There are always rooms," he snuffled oddly, in a queer ventriloquial voice. I mounted unspeakable stone stairs and came to a table at the top of them where a family quarrel was going on between a woman and two shabby bearded men. A ten-cent Bowery lodging house with such conditions as were there visible would be closed by the police.

On the plea that I had come to the wrong hotel, I turned tail and fled.

"Drive to the Concordia," I ordered the gnome savagely. Gissing had stayed at the Concordia and Norman Douglas and Lenormant. They must have been more discerning than the railway guard. The exterior of the Concordia was much the same. But at the desk sat a woman with a proud and tragic countenance and her face relaxed somewhat as we entered. She announced to the atmosphere in general:

"These *signori* will want Number One."

The room was clean for Calabria and the beds seemed clean enough, except that one dreaded the idea of getting into them.

But there was food downstairs in the restaurant—dingily served, but excellent food and wine, a dry light wine, that seemed to penetrate our vitals like music.

"This is the place, boy," chuckled Gruger, the color coming back to his countenance. "I move we don't go far away from this table."

We ordered everything, from fish to

nuts, as the phrase goes, and I thought of the bizarre characters Gissing saw in this café. They were not bizarre now, mostly commercial gentlemen who talked of ships and cargoes and ate their macaroni with unrivaled efficiency.

I don't know why I feel romantic about Gissing, since I have read only a few of his novels, and those in general depressed me. But Gissing has stayed here, had been ill here, and had written *By the Ionian Sea* about this region—that somehow thrilled me. Later, in London, a great bookseller in New Oxford street, showed me the original thin manuscript of that book, in its inimitable microscopic script, and I thrilled afresh—despite my experience of Calabria.

Even under the glare of electric light, the town was not inviting to stroll about in after dinner. We took a turn under the heavy colonnade of the hotel and retired to our massive wooden twin beds with uneasy expectations. We opened the windows on a squalid back yard adorned with a solitary fig tree, hung thickly with clusters of the golden fruit.

The morning when we awoke was bright without being brilliant. It seemed as though nothing could be brilliant in Cotrone. The very sun himself had a tarnished look. The arrangements for the toilet were outside the pale of probability. Breakfast presented a problem in engineering. A German maid, stranded here in some mysterious fashion, was terrifically sweeping the musty corridor between the rooms and, like some creature accursed in a fairy tale, she seemed doomed to make more dust than she could clear away. A Calabrian hotel is a place that you leave with eagerness and re-enter with regret. I asked the proud and tragic landlady about ways and means of getting to Capo Nao or Capo Colonna—the Cape of the Column, as it is called. Upon that headland stands a solitary column remaining from the temple of Hera, of Pythagoras' time, a temple famous throughout the Hellenic world.

"How should I know about that?" retorted the landlady. "Does the *signor* imagine," she added with bitter contempt, "that I belong to this place?" I intimated that such had been my mild assumption.

"No, *signor*, I come, thank God, from a real place—" I think she mentioned Salerno—"I too am a stranger here. You are, I take it, a Calabrian with an American fortune come back to see the sights?"

I disavowed that identity modestly, but I looked at Gruger haughtily. If he entertained any light notions concerning my manipulation of the vernacular, now was my brief moment of triumph. Hastily I translated the landlady's remark.

"Lord!" said Gruger with pious sincerity. "I never said anything to you half so unpleasant as that—even when I was hungriest—now, did I?"

It was useless to attempt to triumph over Gruger. We fared forth into the city. This was the city whose women had been the most beautiful in Greater Greece and the men, according to Strabo, were all cut out for soldiers and athletes. On one occasion all the seven victors at the Olympic games were Crotonians. So salubrious was the city that it passed into a proverb—"healthy as Crotona."

To this spot had come Pythagoras after his long studies in Egypt and the East to found a religion, spiritual instead of physical. He was the definite point of departure from the remnants of the neolithic cults, with the savage elements of blood-sacrifice in them, toward a religion of the spirit, based on justice, harmony, charity, peace. From the Mosaic tablets he brought the commandment, Honor thy father and thy mother; and he preached charity. Like the first American colonists, the Pilgrims, he went to Colonial Greece because he could not make headway in Ionian Greece. The materialism there was too strong for him. And from this magnificent city, whose walls were twelve miles in circumference, his influence

soon spread and became enormous. It reached even Gruger and myself, for here we were.

We wandered out among the squalid winding streets toward the harbor, thinking we would take a boat and sail out to the Cape of the Column. The enormous Castle built by Charles V with vast walls and battlements overlooking this harbor, seemed like some grotesque fortress guarding something that was not worth guarding. Everything was dead. The walls were dead; the streets, the houses, the harbor—all were lying as under a deathly spell. An old weather-beaten sailor about four feet tall lay on the sand and greeted us cheerfully.

"*Tedeschi?*" he queried good-humoredly. No, we were not Germans. Ah, English, then. He knew England. He had sailed to Hull and Bristol. . . . Not English? Americans. *Per Dio!*" That is far—and it is a warmish day. No, there were no boatmen available to-day. A voyage to Capo Colonna—that must be arranged well in advance.

Gleaming on the distant headland, we discerned the solitary column of Hera's temple pointing skyward. That was the Lacinian promontory that guided Æneas, and all that remained of the temple where the beautiful women of Crotona left their jewels and pledged themselves to lead a better life under Pythagoras' influence.

We wandered on by the palaces of the Berlinghieri and the Luciferi, the families who own most of the region, back into the squalid streets and to the public square, near our hotel.

In the square, before the ugly cadaverous Cathedral, a throng of people were gathering. An important funeral, the obsequies of a good lawyer, was being held. That throng of people sealed the fate of our stay at Cotrone! Nowhere on earth, not even in the flood area of China, have I seen a population so stricken, so stunted and sickly as in the piazza of Cotrone.

"And they call this the country of



the brigands!" muttered Gruger contemptuously.

The malaria-ravaged faces of young and old, often distorted, mounted upon puny undersized bodies, alternately struck pity and chill terror into our hearts.

"Look at their eyes," I whispered Gruger. Every second person almost was either blind of an eye, or had some disease like trachoma, or other eye afflictions that made us shudder. The plumed hearse drove up. The tarnished sun shone overhead. The populace stood mutely gaping or talking in low tones. But more and more our spirits recoiled from the place. The very air seemed *infected*, unwholesome, in need of a vast cleansing process that will probably never be administered.

"I can't stand it," muttered Gruger hoarsely. "I can't breathe this air. It's unclean." And, oddly, I also experienced some of the feeling I remembered in the catacombs at Malta. We turned away toward the colonnade of the hotel. The natives stared after us and murmured information to one another behind our backs. On a sudden I saw the picture of the thin sad face of Gissing, lying sick with the fever in a Concordia room. Gissing saw some wonderful fever-visions of ancient life there—"thronged streets, processions triumphal or religious, halls of feasting, fields of battle." But he had nearly died there, and I had no desire to emulate him.

"Must we stay on here?" demanded Gruger.

"Well, I should like to see the Cape and the Column," I murmured.

"But we did see that—at a distance. A bare rock with a post—after all the gorgeous temples we have seen!" . . .

We inquired about trains. Early that afternoon a train was leaving for Reggio.

"Let's order lunch put up"—Gruger uttered the thought nearest his heart. An expensive lunch was put up, with inedible meat, with goat's butter sealed

in little cone-shaped cheeses, with sticky raisins kept in dry leaves from last year, with wine and drinking water. We took another look at the melancholy fig tree in the back yard, at the palaces of the rich, who were entitled to all the riches for living there at all, opined Gruger, at the ancient city of Hellenic light that was now so desolate and squalid. We paid our score, and the landlady looked triumphant, as though she had laid a wager we would stay no longer. The aged, stunted cabman cracked his whip over the pitiful protruding bones of his aged, stunted horse and we were off. Once again we crossed the bridge over the Esaro with its fringe of palm trees trimmed very high, so that their tips were like bouquets held up in the air. There Pythagoras may have walked meditating his Golden Verses.

"First, serve the gods as by the laws decreed,

And next, to keep your sacred oath take heed."

But Pythagoras was not walking there now.

"I am glad we are leaving," said Gruger as we approached the dingy station, "or we might have knifed each other." Once in the train, no power on earth could have called us back. Yet, Norman Douglas, a cultivated modern Englishman and an excellent writer, spent many days at Cotrone, at the Concordia, in midsummer. Tastes diverge widely.

All that day we rolled dustily southward and ever southward, to round the toe of Italy's boot, with Reggio as the objective. A young Italian from America, visiting relatives in these parts, attached himself to us as we promenaded dully during long waits at stations, and industriously kept apologizing for the poverty and squalor of Calabria. Catanzaro—Squillace—Virgil's Scylaceum—Locri (Gerace), and Caulonia, that once sheltered Pythagoras when he was a fugitive—all famous places of Magna

Græcia, but now poverty-stricken, meaningless aggregations of small stone houses and hovels that lool as though civilization had never touched them since neolithic times. The home of luxury, the home of wisdom, of a rich and varied culture—dead, all dead, because mankind has not yet learned how to live. Is that, one could not help wondering, what in turn would happen to our present great cities? Does the Tree of Knowledge bear so corrupting a fruit that none who partakes of it may survive?

We were, of course, unbearably late and we consumed all consumable food and grew first philosophical, then morose, then irritable. But we had left the malaria behind us and at every spot farther south the breezes from the Aspromonte were more and more chill and bracing. We grew weary finally of the eternal Ionian Sea and glad when we rounded Cape Spartivento and our dismal locomotive turned toward Reggio.

A splendid motor from the Albergo Centrale was at the station, and Gruger, like the citizen of the world he is, promptly climbed into it as though it had been waiting for us. And it seemed

that if only you knew how to claim a thing it was yours. For further guests who came politely asked for our permission to enter the car. Like the wind, we were driven through the electric-lighted streets of this earthquake-shaken city to a hotel that was at last passable—on a par, say, with a fourth-rate hotel in America or China. There was dinner still to be had in a dining room filled with spruce Italian business men and commercial travelers, and the waiters served us with quite cosmopolitan indifference. For the first time Gruger felt at home. The wine was good, the food filling, and the almost white table linen intoxicating.

Across the Strait of Messina, as we stepped to a window, we could see the lights of Sicily blinking and there, perhaps, were the lights of our own apartments in Taormina with our families around them. To-morrow we should be there.

"Do you know," chortled Gruger as though his good humor had never left him, "now that it's over, I wouldn't have missed this trip for a great deal?" Which shows that much of the charm of travel lies in retrospection.

## A Prayer

BY E. DORSET

POWERS of the wheeling Universe,  
If ye know more than I,  
I pray ye lift no common curse  
That bids me live or die;

Answer no secret, new or old,  
Nor fend my sacred skin  
From foes that gather, manifold,  
Without—or just within;

But if ye hear me, promise me  
I shall not have to dwell  
Too long—much less eternally—  
In Heaven, in Earth, or Hell.



# Chains

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

WAS that . . . ?  
Yes! That was Marion's step, long waited for! Helena McGrath rose from her low chair by the window in quick startled recognition of it. She stood listening, an intent instant. Yes, it was Marion, of course, who else?

Yet it was not Marion's step, after all, that she was listening for so acutely, rather the kind of step . . . slow, tired, indifferent, or less slow, less tired, less indifferent than it had been. That was the important matter.

Then, finding herself standing there so intently listening, with her bit of sewing still in her hands, she seated herself again hurriedly, and bent over her stitches. What an absurd thing it was for her to have done, to get to her feet like that in a startled way, with a bit of sewing in her hands! Of late she had caught herself often doing just such absurd things; as one catches a child doing a thing absently, without meaning, or in a way he cannot account for. Sensible mothers do not behave in that foolish headless manner—the way a girl of sixteen might behave! Fancy her getting to her feet all in an instant like that, with her heart beating, beating, beating, and her sense of hearing opening out suddenly like a wind-blown door, and all this at the mere click of a latch—and with her sewing in her hands!

Yes, if one is a mother one must behave like a mother—not like a girl of sixteen. When would she ever be rid of these frequent absurdities of hers, when would she be consistently what she ought to be—a real everyday mother, with a mother's practicality and common sense?

Well, no, God defend her, and God preserve to her her more romantic idea of motherhood! She longed to be not merely a mother—she wanted to fulfil her own destiny. She wanted to be Marion's mother. She longed to be to Marion everything that an ideal mother could be. Especially now.

She put her hair back from her forehead with one slim hand—the one with the wedding ring on it, and bent with new resolution to her stitches. Marion had gone down the hall, to the pantry; presumably to see if there were cookies there. Well, there were. Marion would stuff some in the pocket of her sweater, and presently, presently, she would be here, in this very room. A sort of sentimental terror assailed Helena as she put her needle in and out. How was she to be to Marion what she wanted to be; and what precisely did she want to be?

Once she had tried to explain one of her indefinite longings of another sort to her husband; and he had listened patiently while she had tried to fit gossamer into words, inarticulate silences of long duration into immediate sentences—and had succeeded only, at the last, in throwing him a look of pitiful appeal. And he had said to her, with that dreadful directness of his, the directness of men who take almost a kind of pride in their inability to understand women: "But Helena! Good Lord! What *is* it you want?"

He had gone to his grave, indeed, without ever having quite made out what it was his wife "wanted." She remembered this now, without resentment. There was little wonder he had not been able to fathom what she

wanted; for in all these six years since his death she had not been able to fathom it fully herself.

Her mind turned wearily from its own indefiniteness and from her husband's remembered words. She knew now what it was she wanted—she wanted motherhood that really was motherhood. This affair of Marion's with young Hervey Whitridge—this affair so indefinite, so only partly guessed by Helena, but so lingeringly surmized, was held now like a light flickering across a dim passage, revealingly. Yes, that was what she wanted: she wanted to be the kind of mother (Her acute ear was remarking meanwhile the fact that Marion's approaching step was *not* less listless)—the kind of mother to whom a daughter is drawn as steel to a magnet, sure, true, confident; instead of which she and Marion lived in the same house always missing each other; their lives never really touching; like strangers almost; strangers at least who respect each other, but could never be intimates.

"Intimates!" that was the very word! Intimacy! How far she and Marion were from it. She had found in books from time to time a relation such as she had in mind; and the finding of it was like the sound of a far-off bell, summoning all her possibilities. In a Russian novel, left at the house by mistake by some one who was making a study of Russian novelists for a literary club meeting, she had come by chance, turning the page, upon a mother and daughter who were vividly, really, mother and daughter. The girl had some love affair that the mother divined, and they talked of it, and their two hearts ran together like water. But in books, the relation was different, especially in Russian books, for in these there were words of endearment used easily, commonly, that American mothers would never dream of using. "*Golubchik*"—was that it? Or was it another? She had forgotten—that meant "dear heart," "my darling," "beloved one," "little

pigeon." Yes, "little pigeon!" Fancy there being real daughters like that, in a foreign land, who would fling themselves weeping on their mother's hearts; and mothers who could smooth their daughters' hair and say, "There! there! little pigeon! my darling!" Fancy, being as free as that! Fancy knowing nothing of inarticulateness, nothing of these terrible chains of timidity and pride and silence unbreakable that bound her and Marion and kept them dreadfully yearningly apart! Imagine! if there were no chains at all! Think of that!

Marion's hand was on the door now. Then as it opened, listlessly, the bright beauty of her, familiar to her mother as the bright beauty of the moon, was gradually revealed. Yet it was dimmed, too, by the unmistakable tiredness—that visible evidence of the secret something which Marion was bearing alone.

"Hello, mother!"

Her glance swept over her mother and went on to the fireplace.

"Oh, you've got a fire!"

"Yes," her mother said, "it seemed chilly—I don't know—these spring days—I love the spring, but—it seemed a little raw. I thought we'd like one."

It was a pitiful effort, that plural pronoun; but it spoke of some courage, and was something done.

"Bully!" said Marion going listlessly, slow foot after slow foot, to the fire.

She disengaged clatteringly the poker from the tongs and seating herself on a hassock facing the fire, began poking and breaking up the big lump of soft coal.

Her mother recognized a certain unspoken defiance that this might be said to stand for; because—oh, well, the extravagant breaking up of a large lump of coal when the room was already fully warm enough, for the mere improvident pleasure of seeing the released gas, as it rushed out, flare into windy flame, was childish; and for years now one of the important lessons to be impressed upon Marion had been that she must not be childish.





*Drawn by E. F. Ward*

SHE STOOD LISTENING, AN INTENT INSTANT



"Don't be childish, dear! You are getting to be a grown girl now!" That had been said, beginning when she was eleven or twelve, perhaps too frequently. It was Marion's father who had originated it, and his wife had kept up the fashion of it.

"Oh, getting to be a grown girl!" Marion had flung out one day, when she was about fifteen, "I *hate* being a grown girl! I *want* to be childish!"

"Perhaps so," her mother had said quietly, and not unkindly, "but I don't believe you should. Your father was right. You must grow up, you know, some day!" So she had maintained the absurd admonition when circumstances seemed to require it, as though it had a very real value.

She looked at Marion now, all slithered and humped together on the hassock, being "childish" again; but to-day she could not bring herself to a rebuke. It seemed to her, rather, that soft coal was made for Marion to break up, if she chose to.

What a slender little pathetic figure Marion was! Something of a fairy about her, too. And how absurdly bent the shoulders were, giving an unreal, wilful, fairy look in one so young.

In Helena McGrath's own girlhood days girls took a pride in holding their heads high, haughtily even. They looked you direct in the eye, if they did not look over the top of your head instead, and there were those among them whose grace was notable, they *glided*! Whereas the girls nowadays carried themselves like pothooks, their shoulders bent, their stomachs out, their arms limp and there wasn't a glide among them; they either minced on high heels or swung vulgarly from the hips like South Sea dancers. They did not carry themselves at all, really, but seemed rather to be carried along in that bent unlovely way like puppets, limp inert, waiting for the strings to be pulled. To see Marion really straighten up, and carry herself well would have been frightening almost, like seeing an inert

doll come to life and step out into reality.

Marion looked into the fire, conscious of her mother's silence, but more conscious of a certain remoteness amounting to pathos, in which her mother so often seemed to sit enveloped. Marion's first sweeping glance as she came into the room gathered up this pathos fully, noting it. Her mother sitting there in the gathering twilight, pale and worn, sewing! Not sick looking at all, not that, but aging, clearly aging, year in year out. Oh, why were mothers so forever pathetic!

Then, her thought came back a little rebelliously to her own pathos, and her own need. Why, why were mothers so silent, so critical, so self-contained, so terribly sure of themselves, so utterly unable to enter into their daughters' lives? So unsympathetic . . . Heavens! Here she was with her heart full of pain and bitterness and there was her mother, only a few feet from her—and her mother a woman who presumably knew something of such things—yet Marion could no more have traversed that little space and flung herself at her mother's feet, as she longed to, than if iron chains had bound her.

If only her mother were not so vague, so neutral! If only she were vivid, moving, real, like the mothers who live in books! She thought of Mrs. March, in *Little Women*—now that sort of a mother . . . No, something better than that. Mrs. March was all right for the old-fashioned times in which she lived, but to have a mother who would be adequate now—the sort of mother who would make you feel that she *was* your mother . . .!

A wave of self-pity swept over her. She had thought in a wild way sometimes that she would force a new and different relation—would fling herself into it, would cry out wildly, "Oh, mother, mother, *mother*," and then everything old would melt—all the years of their being so reserved, and well behaved toward each other would roll



away like something in the Apocalypse, leaving a new heaven and a new earth and she would be folded in her mother's arms, and would sob and sob on her mother's heart, and her mother would smooth her hair, and say, "There! there! I know! I know!" Oh, the comfort of that, if only it could be!

Her eyes filled. She fumbled for her handkerchief, but before she found it the tears were already falling. She wiped the rest away, with little dabs that her mother could not have seen.

Helena McGrath, unsuspecting of tears at all, took another look at the bent shoulders of the slouchy little figure. If only the times had not changed so! If only the girls of to-day had something of the feelings of girls of her day. Why, she had longed, longed, mind you, to have her mother take her in her arms! Her mother had not been the kind who would, of course. No, but at least Helena would have done her part. She was not independent, and sullen, and cold, like the girls of to-day—like Marion.

If only some real and important issue would arise and bring them suddenly together! But it would not, in all likelihood. Marion's listlessness was probably due to some slight misunderstanding with Hervey Whitridge—hurt pride or something of the sort. But, if some real issue could arise. If she could find Marion some day, why, right there in that very room, on the hassock in front of the fire, as she was now—but really in need of her. If Marion would show some sign of need, no matter how small—why just Marion's eyes filling with tears—if ever that could be! And then—then!—she could see herself laying down her sewing hurriedly, and going to the child with a quick step, sureness, an indisputable right. And when she got to Marion, there on the hearth rug, she would slip down beside her and say, "But Marion! Marion! What is it, my darling!" And Marion would not be able to speak for tears. But that

would not matter. It would be all the better. She would enfold Marion's little slender form. "Little Pigeon!" and she would wait for the tears to pass by; and meantime, she would stroke the child's head and say, "Little Dove! My dear! My dear!" And they two would be perfectly what it was their right to be: what they were meant to be—mother and daughter—an older woman ready to pour understanding and help out of the sorrow and experience of her heart, and a girl thirsty for these things.

She remembered Marion waking one night feverish when she was a little child. She remembered holding a cup of water for her, and the way Marion's lips had sucked the water in, her large eyes never leaving her mother's face. She could feel Marion's head against her heart, the way it used to be when Marion was little. How had they ever become separated as they were now? What jealous persistent trick of life had accomplished this thing slyly, unsuspectedly, day by day, year by year? Wide seas had indeed rolled between them since the "old long since" when she had held Marion, a baby in her arms, and Marion's baby hand had rested so imperially on her neck. It seemed like a dream, an absurd dream almost, that she really used to gather the little fingers and kiss and kiss and kiss them.

Marion's tears were still slipping over, still being wiped away secretly, but fewer of them; while to disguise the fact altogether, she poked the fire with her left hand.

Oh, but some mothers would understand, she thought wistfully, bitterly. If only her mother would come and sit there on the little old rosewood sofa and say, "Marion! Why my dear, what is the matter!" If only she would. But she wouldn't! You might as well expect the moon to come rolling down from the heavens!

Marion's mother let her sewing lie untouched in her lap. She began to dread the silence, silences were so cold.

so unsympathetic. Something must be said—something.

"Did you get the brown linen thread for your dress, dear?"

"No; they are to have it to-morrow," Marion answered.

She felt chilled, rebellious! Oh, *mothers!*

The room was still. That question of her mother's had the effect of suddenly cutting off all hope of sympathy. She knew now how ununderstanding her mother was. She had the sense of the closing of doors.

She got up, pulled her hat rakishly over her eyes to hide any redness of them.

"I'm going over to the gym for a while."

The door, when she went, closed with an unintentional bang after her.

Helena McGrath sat in the twilight alone.

Oh, Little Pigeon!

That evening a party of Marion's friends, swinging gay young people, who were laughing at everything as though it were nothing, and at nothing as though it were everything, lilted across the perfumed freshness of the April evening. They drifted, as by a nonchalant chance, into the McGrath house and were asked to stay and Helena brought out cookies for them. She was thankful they had come. In the midst of their gay chatter and banter (not very dignified, to be sure, Helena compared it with the gayety of evenings more mellow and courteous and restrained, shared by young people in her day) Marion's listlessness was almost sure to drop away. Hervey was there. He was indeed a tall and beautiful young man. She seemed to see that fact freshly, and it offered her a new hope. There was no one else there to compare with him, really; and for Marion and him to care for each other was the most natural thing in the world. And by and by they would marry, and Hervey's friendliness and gayety and ease would help matters

immensely; and she would be to them such a mother as she had dreamed of being. There seemed promise of bright days ahead for her.

Then suddenly she felt as dull and bewildered as an owl in daylight. One of the girls was asking her if it wasn't wonderful and interesting that Hervey and little Jessica Manners were engaged! So then he was not in love with Marion after all. How could she have been so mistaken. But Marion—did Marion care for him? Was this the sorrow and the lagging step? Oh, yes, yes, of course!

It hurt her like a physical pain to see Marion's overeager manner, her feverish flushed effort toward brightness. Oh, after every one had gone, she would somehow get close to her and fold her to her heart. Helena had been hurt like that herself long ago. Now she would break the miserable chains.

There was another young man whose name she had forgotten. She had seen him often enough before, but had not liked him. Nothing so clear and frank and boyish about him as about Hervey. He seemed old, very old, though he was obviously young. Was it that he was too dashing, too sure of himself; not bold exactly, but a little too assured; she thought even a trifle cynical? He stood out among the rest, as more experienced. He limped slightly. And he had a way of half closing his eyes and smiling when Marion talked to him, as though he would hardly be bothered with listening to what she was saying, so eager was he to drink in, drink in and enjoy the beauty of her. He had a little free, possessive way with her, too, that disturbed and troubled Helena; and once when she was near them she heard him say to Marion, "Hello, little girl, did you drop this handkerchief?" and when she reached for it, he slipped it possessively into his coat and said, "Oh, no you don't! I'm going to keep it."

Well, the young people were gone now. Helena was very glad in a dim way to see





*Drawn by E. F. Ward*

WHY WERE MOTHERS SO UNSYMPATHETIC?



the limping young man go. He had said good-by with a long, too long look into Marion's eyes, and the remark half bold, half light? "Will you come? I'm in earnest. I mean it. I'll be there!" Then he had limped away—as Helena disapprovingly, remembered, with Marion's handkerchief in his pocket.

It was a comfort to be alone with the child again; to have her in her care; although the moment had not come, was indeed more than ever far away when she could break through the reserve that lay between them. Yet they kept close to each other. Once Marion stopped her, directing her.

"Don't, mother, don't put the chain up on the door. Don't you remember? Betty is out, at prayer meeting, or something."

"Oh, yes, to be sure, I forgot."

At her own door Marion put up her face to be kissed.

"Good-night, mother!"

"*Golubchik*,"—"little pigeon,"—"my darling," "dear heart"—all these swam through Helena McGrath's mind; but how absurd it would have been to use any of them.

"Good-night," she said and kissed her.

Marion did not undress or light the light. There was moonlight, white moonlight in the room. She lay down and turned her face to the pillow to shut it out. Her cheeks were hot and the tears on them hotter still. Once she turned her head in anguish as though to ease a hurt. Oh, if only, only her mother understood, and, understanding, if only her mother would come!

When she had lain so quite a while she heard her mother's voice in soft inquiry,

"Marion, are you awake?"

Marion held her breath, making no sound. She pretended to be asleep, and her heart hardened like stone. Oh, it would be unendurable to have her mother come and ask some commonplace question, when life was so bitter! What she longed for more than all the world was just to be loved, and held close.

The moon had come up high in the heavens now. The night was full of the odor of the lilac flowers in the garden, great massive bushes of them pouring out their fragrance in the white stillness. What a night, what a night for love, and the pouring out of the heart!

Getting no response when she stood at Marion's door, Helena McGrath had returned softly to her room, and had lain down, as roused by the white moonlight as Marion, but roused in a different way. How still and large and mysteriously open the night seemed; open and free, no chains anywhere! Spacious! Open! Then—— Was it a passing shadow, or a sound. She sat up, on the edge of her bed, aware suddenly of a figure on the balcony outside her room. Marion standing there in the moonlight.

"Marion, is that you?"

"Yes, mother."

She reached quickly for a white shawl that lay across the back of a chair, and stepped into the full clear free moonlight, with a kind of wonderment. Yet not wonderment. For she understood perfectly, perfectly. It was the moonlight night that had called to Marion so; called with an insistent longing, and beauty that must be obeyed; yet it was the moonlight night precisely, with its memories and its yearning, that Marion could not endure; that smote upon her heart and brought the tears into her eyes. Too beautiful, too dear.

"Marion, my dear."

"Yes"—without turning.

"It is chilly."

No reply.

"Let me put this shawl about you—my Beloved."

There! the word was used at last!

Marion submitted to have the white warmth put about her shoulders, but with her head still turned away. Then as Helena McGrath drew the soft woolly stuff together with trembling fingers, Marion turned. They looked full into each other's eyes.

Her mother opened her arms to her, and Marion slipped into them, slipped



into them, quickly, quickly, completely as a silver raindrop on a bright window pane slips and runs and is lost, is lost.

Helena held her close. They clung to each other, as she had thought some day they must do. Then, there was a smothered cry, half sob, against her heart.

"Oh, mother, mother! *Mother!*"

Helena bent to her and with one hand smoothed the fond head. It was a supreme moment. It was for this that all the years had been lived. Her life had not been wasted. It had not been a notable life in any way, but it had gathered suffering and knowledge as it went, and the suffering and knowledge were to be used; yes, were to be used.

Oh, the blessed thing it was to have the hateful chains broken at last! She put her lips to Marion's hair.

"Little Pigeon, dear heart! My dear! You don't have to speak. I know, I know, Beloved!"

Finally, the drooping head was raised.

"Oh, mother, I never knew you'd know! How wonderful!"

"Well, there, there! I do, I do! It's the moonlight you love, my Precious, but that you can't quite stand!"

Marion nodded and hid her face anew.

"It hurts," she murmured.

"Yes, exactly! I know, my Beloved!"

Something—was it the slight clank of a chain—broke on the stillness. They were disturbed. The sound roused them, gradually separated them.

"What was that?"

Helena came back to reality as from some spell. Of course! It was very probably Betty coming home, and that was the click of the swinging chain on the front door.

She drew a hand across her eyes, and looked about her. What had happened? The balcony was empty. Marion, shy of the unwonted scene, had fled, but she herself had fled, too. She was not on the balcony. She was—

She felt the nearest object in a quick startled manner. A cool fabric met the

tips of her fingers. She turned and saw what it was she felt. The cool white of her pillow! She sat up farther, with a start, in the full moonlight. She had not then been on the balcony at all! This had been only a dream! (What a fearful thing!) That dear, that satisfying moment, that epitome of all her life had had no reality—no reality!

Accepting this slowly, but fully, at last, she sat absorbed in a dull defeated despair on the edge of her bed. Perhaps her husband had been right. What was it that she wanted, after all? Impossible things, perhaps; foolish things, no doubt!

At last she began unfastening her clothes; slipped out of them, and into her nightdress; knelt for the habitual short prayers she always said, then rose and lay down. She looked longingly for a while at the moon. How she had loved the moon when she was Marion's age! Then she closed her eyes; really very tired. After all, life must be accepted as it is. And a girl's reticence must be respected. She had always been so reticent herself. Yet it was good even in a dream once to have called the child "Little Pigeon."

Marion closed the front door with great care, that the chain might not swing again. The moonlight was whiter, if that were possible, whiter than ever on the porch. And down the two steps, and across the path, the lilacs—great branched plumed bushes of silver, in a silent silver land—were pouring, pouring, pouring out perfume! What a night! What a night for love, and the pouring out of the heart!

In the deep shadow of the perfumed lilacs, a dark form moved slightly, yes, came toward her, with a slight limp.

The next moment her hands were in his and he was bending to her boldly, delightedly, possessively.

"Hello, little girl! I said I'd be here! I was in earnest! I meant it!"

He folded her passionately to him.

# The Problems of India

BY JAMES W. GARNER

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ONE who approaches the study of the problems of India would do well to bear in mind the saying of Sir John Strachey, himself a high authority on Indian civilization and institutions, that in reality there is no India. What we call India is in fact a vast mosaic—a conglomeration of peoples of different races, languages, creeds, of sharply differentiated social classes and of widely varying stages of culture. The area of the country exceeds that of all Europe exclusive of Russia, and it contains within its far-flung boundaries more than three hundred and nineteen million people, or about one-fifth of the total population of the globe. There are said to be more than forty distinct races. Bengalis and Rajputs, Pathans and Santals, Sikhs and Madrassis, Gurkhas and Mahrattas have lived together without fusing and without losing their physical or cultural characteristics. The encyclopedias tell us that there are some one hundred and fifty languages, twenty of which are said to be spoken each by more than a million people. The introduction of English as the language of higher education and its employment in the government service have gone far toward making it the *lingua franca* of the country, and Indians are not lacking who predict that it will ultimately become the universal tongue of the Indian peoples. Ghandi throughout his campaign of non-co-operation and agitation against everything English, advocated the replacement of English by an Indian vernacular, preferably Urdu or Hindi; and through his influence the All-India National Congress at its annual meeting in 1920 ventured upon the experiment of conducting its

proceedings for the first time in Hindustani. But it is said that large numbers of delegates, especially from Southern India, were unable to understand the speeches. Whatever may be the facts as to this, the congress at its subsequent meetings reverted to the use of English. The languages of Northern India are as unintelligible in Southern India as they would be in England or America. It would not be difficult perhaps to introduce Urdu or Hindi throughout the Northern provinces, but for Southern India it would probably never be acceptable. The great majority of the educated Indians are not in sympathy with the proposal to replace English with a vernacular; they know very well that English is the key with which the treasures of Western science and culture can be unlocked and the door to public employment opened. Ghandi himself admits that the prediction of Raja Ram Mohan Roy that India will one day be an English-speaking country has "many stars in its favor."

Religiously, as racially and linguistically, India is a conglomeration. Some other countries, it is true, have a multiplicity of religious sects, but in India the lines of cleavage which separate some of them have a social and political significance which is largely lacking in Western countries. This is especially true of the two principal religions, Hinduism and Mohammedanism. The perennial "cow controversy" which, I was told, was one of the biggest questions in India—Ghandi says it is the "greatest of questions for the Hindus"—has produced an antagonism between the two most important sections of the popula-



tion and kept up a constant state of tension that has defeated all efforts to bring about a *rapprochement* between them. At bottom, the question is, whether the cow shall be slaughtered and eaten by the Mohammedans as their religion allows and as they do in practice. As is well known, the cow is deeply venerated by orthodox Hindus; she is regarded as the mother of millions of the human race, though Ghandi taunted his Hindu countrymen with the charge that nowhere else in the world was she so "ill-fed and ill-kept." That a Mohammedan should be willing to slaughter and eat her very nearly puts him outside the pale of toleration among Hindus.

Indian nationalists frankly admit that *swaraj* (self-government) can never be attained without the mutual co-operation of Hindus and Mohammedans, and that this co-operation will never be possible until the cow question has been settled to the satisfaction of both parties. To that end Ghandi during his campaign for non-co-operation appealed to the Mohammedans to desist from a practice which deeply wounded the religious sentiments of their Hindu brothers, reminding them that the cow was "as dear as life" to all orthodox Hindus. It cannot be said, however, that his appeal was successful, and he frankly confessed his disappointment at the result.

On the question of home rule, the Mohammedans have never shown much enthusiasm, as Ghandi was compelled to admit, and when Mr. Montagu came out to India in 1917 to consult Indian opinion, Mohammedan memorials were laid before him urging that it be not granted. Mohammedans realize that they constitute a hopeless minority, and that home rule will therefore mean simply Hindu rule. Now their rights have been protected and their religious customs respected by the English government, whose policy has been that of a disinterested neutral, and they cannot feel sure that they would be equally protected and respected by the Hindus. In short, home rule would mean for them

merely an exchange of masters for one perhaps less benevolent and tolerant.

The racial, linguistic, and religious cleavages which divide the Indian people are hardly more sharp, though less numerous, than those which result from the caste system—a system which has broken India up into a large number of more or less artificial, mutually exclusive social aggregates. A well-known English authority on Indian institutions, Sir Bampfylde Fuller, has remarked that "it is hardly too much to say that by the caste system the inhabitants of India are differentiated into more than two thousand species of mankind which in the physical relations of life have as little in common as the inmates of a zoölogical garden." Socially, professionally, and to a large extent, occupationally, they are kept apart by rules which forbid them intermarrying, eating and drinking together and following certain occupations. The most regrettable feature of the system is that some fifty-two millions of the population—about one-sixth of the total—are outcastes—are "untouchables," the "pariahs" who are forbidden to live in Hindu villages or to use the public wells and bridges. They are limited to the most degrading occupations, such as street sweeping, scavenging and leather working; and in many communities of Southern India their very shadow still pollutes a passing Brahmin. They are specially detested by orthodox Hindus because they eat beef and work in leather industries.

Ghandi, although a believer in the caste system himself, denounced the treatment which they have received at the hands of the Hindus as a "foul blot" on Hinduism and a "crime against humanity." No charge of inhumanity, he said, could be made against the English, of which the Hindus themselves were not guilty in their treatment of the depressed classes. So long, he added, as they regarded untouchability as a part of their religion, *swaraj* would be impossible of attainment. The caste system has been equally attacked by leaders like

the late Mr. Ghokale and the poet Tagore. Tagore in particular has pointed out that such a social system is glaringly inconsistent with the essentials of true freedom and democracy, and he has reproached the nationalists with trying "to build a political miracle of freedom upon the quicksands of social slavery." The influence of Hindu reform organizations like the Arya Samaj and the Brahmo Samaj and of newspapers like the *Social Reformer*, published at Bombay, has likewise been directed against the system. Certain conditions of modern life have also tended somewhat to undermine its foundations. Thus, the introduction of street cars and railway trains as means of transportation has made impossible strict observance of the rules against intermingling. Increasing foreign travel and attendance of Indian students at foreign universities have more and more caused the rule forbidding caste Hindus from crossing the ocean, to be relaxed. The hundreds of thousands of Indian soldiers who broke caste by crossing the ocean during the world war were not even required to undergo purification upon their return to India. Educated young Indians assured me that the caste system was rapidly disappearing, and so far as intermingling among the upper classes is concerned I saw few evidences of it myself. Among the uneducated masses, however, the system still persists in its main essentials, and if it ever disappears it will certainly not be in the near future.

Such are some of the cleavages which divide Indian society and which have prevented the development of any real sense of Indian nationality. They have greatly accentuated the difficulty of government and even now they complicate the problem of home rule.

From the outset, English opinion has been divided in respect to the moral duty of the British government toward the people of India. There have always been Englishmen who have considered that they were the best judges of what is best for the Indians and that it is their right and duty to govern them indef-

nitely in accordance with their own conceptions. On the other hand, there have always been some like Lord MacCauley who have considered that the English were in India only as trustees charged with maintaining order and guiding the Indian people until they were themselves able to stand alone. As time passed the number who came to hold this view increased until now it may be affirmed that it probably represents the view of the majority of the English people. Until the end of the nineteenth century, however, the British government of India was a benevolent despotism in which there was some show of deference to Indian opinion, but on the whole, it acted on the principle that its own judgment as to what was best for the Indians was decisive. It preserved the peace, maintained order with reasonable effectiveness, and, in the main, governed the country wisely and efficiently. But before the present century was well on its way, Indian opinion had become restless and even militant and violent agitation succeeded passive submission. As a concession to the Indian demand, the Minto-Morley Reform Act was passed in 1909 creating councils in which the Indians were given some representation and through which they were afforded an opportunity to ventilate their opinions, but without any real responsibility or power, since the Indians always found themselves confronted by an official majority against which they were powerless to make their will prevail. It soon became evident that the concession thus wrung from the English did not satisfy the rapidly increasing political consciousness of India. For the moment, agitation became less violent, perhaps, but the signs of discontent and unrest multiplied, the intensity of racial animosity increased, and the denunciation of British "tyranny" became more subtle and widespread. At this juncture the world war broke out and Indian loyalty was put to the test. The response to the call of the British Raj was immediate and surprisingly spontaneous. More than a



million Indians voluntarily enlisted—a larger number than were furnished by Canada, Australia, and New Zealand combined. Hundreds of thousands of Hindus broke the rules of their caste, crossed the ocean, and fought with Europeans on the battle fields of Belgium and France, and there thousands of their bodies lie to-day. Mohammedans called upon to fight against Turkey and the Sultan, the head of the Mohammedan religion, responded with almost equal loyalty.

Whatever may have been the dominant motive, the Indian response deeply touched English pride. The Empire could no longer deny to a people who had given such evidence of loyalty and who had made so many sacrifices for a cause which was only very remotely theirs at least a portion of that for which they asked. Accordingly, on August 20, 1917, the Secretary of State for India announced in the House of Commons that the government was in complete accord in the policy, not only of an increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration, but also of a gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India—that is, government responsible to Indian legislative bodies elected and controlled by Indians themselves. This announcement, “the most momentous utterance ever made in India’s checkered history,” was intended to be a solemn pledge from the British government and people that henceforth India was to be held in trust for the Indian people, and that at last the great venture was to be entered upon of giving them a large measure of self-government and eventually full responsibility and freedom from English control and tutelage. In pursuance of this promise the Montagu-Chelmsford Reform Act was passed by Parliament in December, 1919. This act increased the number of Indian representatives in the Viceroy’s executive council to three (the total number is eight), established a legis-

lative assembly at Delhi, a large majority of whose members are elected by the Indians, a council of state with an Indian majority and councils in all the provinces, themselves elected by Indians, so that, except for the Viceroy’s council, all these bodies will be, and are now in fact, controlled by the Indians. Extensive powers were devolved upon the provincial governments. They are divided into two categories: “reserved” matters such as police, criminal justice, land revenue, etc., and “transferred” subjects such as education, sanitation, roads, bridges, and other matters which are regarded as being primarily of local concern. In respect to this second group of matters, the Indians now have full self-government. Regarding the first group of subjects, the governor, who is practically always an Englishman (Lord Sinha is the only Indian who has been appointed to a governorship), may override the will of the Indian councils. Thus, if they refuse to enact a measure which he recommends or to appropriate money which he thinks should be appropriated, he can himself enact the measure or make the appropriation through the process of “certification.” The Viceroy retains similar powers over the legislative assembly at Delhi.

On the part of the English, these concessions, coupled with the promise of ultimate Indian responsibility, were considered most generous—so much so that they caused grave concern among the English population of India who were alarmed at the threatened “Indianization” of the civil service and the eventual transfer of control to the Indians themselves. To the extremist Indian element, however, they were highly disappointing. They complained that the local matters over which the Indian councils were given full control were few and relatively unimportant. As to other matters, the English governor’s power of certification and veto enabled him to override the will of the Indian majority and govern according to his own notions. It amounted to little, they said,

to give the Indians legislatures of their own choosing and in the same breath to paralyze them by reserving to an English governor the power to overrule them and to pass such measures as he thought ought to be passed. In short, the Act gave the Indians only the shadow of self-government and not the substance. It must be admitted that with an English governor undisposed to respect the wishes of an Indian majority, the system leaves the Indians little more than the power of discussion and obstruction. Happily, however, two years' experience under the Reform Act has shown that the fears of the Indians that they would be governed by the process of executive certification and veto against the will of their own majorities have not been justified. Fortunately for both sides, the Indian representatives chosen to both the legislative and provincial assemblies two years ago, in the face of Ghandi's appeal to the Indians to abstain from taking any part in the elections, belong to the class of moderates and they have shown a commendable disposition to co-operate with the English governors and to refrain from obstruction or the insistence upon extreme measures which would necessitate the use by the governor of the extraordinary powers at his command. The English governors, on their part, have manifested an equal disposition to respect the will of the Indian majorities and to defer to their wishes, within reasonable limits, and in fact there have been few or no instances of government by certification or veto.

But Indian extremists are not satisfied, as I have said, with a system in which, legally, an Indian majority can always be overridden by an English governor; they are unwilling that in fact the power to make their own will prevail must always depend upon the benevolence and deference of an alien executive.

Recently there has been a succession of rather unfortunate occurrences that have served to accentuate racial animosity, to shake the faith of large num-

bers of Indians in the sincerity of the English promise, and to intensify the demand for immediate home rule. The more important of these were the Rowlatt Sedition Act, taking away jury trials in sedition cases—an act passed against the united opposition of the Indian members of the legislative council, and, it must be said, against the judgment of many Englishmen themselves; the establishment of martial law in various parts of the country; the arrest and imprisonment of large numbers of so-called political offenders; repressive measures against the press and a number of alleged outrages and massacres (*e.g.*, that of Jallian Walla), in some of which large numbers of innocent Indians are alleged to have been shot without cause, subjected to shameful humiliations (the crawling order at Amritsar), or otherwise inhumanely treated. Indian indignation was aroused to a high pitch, especially at the refusal of the government to punish those whom the Indians regarded as the chief culprits, or to punish them adequately. The government, however, justified the measures of repression to which it resorted as being necessary to deal with an extremely dangerous situation. If the military and police were sometimes unnecessarily severe and committed acts of cruelty, the provocation under which they acted was in some degree a justification. Such acts were extremely regrettable, but the ultimate responsibility rested with the agitators rather than with the government. It is impossible here to examine the question of actual responsibility for these occurrences or to evaluate the merits of the charges and counter-charges made by each side. Whatever may be one's view as to this, there can be no difference as to the result upon Indian opinion. It unchained more than ever the forces of discontent and hatred for the English, led to the organization of the non-co-operation movement and brought hundreds of thousands of recruits to its ranks.

Ghandi's program, as is well known,



contemplated the destruction of English political power in India, not through violence, disobedience to the law or physical resistance to any command of the state, but through the exercise of what he called "soul force." It was to be accomplished through the non-participation of Indians in all the processes and agencies of the government. They were to take no part in the elections or to hold any public office; those who were holders of offices were to resign; bearers of titles were to surrender them; lawyers were to abandon their practice in the courts and litigants settle their disputes by arbitration; Indian parents were to withdraw their children from government-supported schools, and send them to newly established "national schools," and the people were to abstain from wearing clothes made of English cloth. The optimism of Ghandi concerning the possibilities of the scheme was very great. A boycott of the courts alone, he said, would put the government of India out of commission in a day. A boycott of the councils would ultimately wreck the whole system set up by the Reform Act, and the refusal to use English cloth would not only save India sixty million rupees a year, but by destroying the English market, would remove one of the reasons which had originally brought the English to India.

In the early days of the enthusiasm which the movement aroused there were bonfires of foreign cloth, large numbers of Indians appeared in Khaddar dress, some lawyers (Ghandi says "hundreds") abandoned their practice, a good many students withdrew from the colleges and in some instances threw themselves upon the steps of college buildings to prevent others from entering, and some "national schools," untainted with British money, were opened in various parts of the country. Large numbers of Indians joined the movement, but other large numbers, realizing that it would never prove effective, declined to give it their support. Tagore denounced it as "undignified" and de-

clared that it was the embodiment of "the doctrine of negation and despair." Non-co-operating Indians followed the advice of Ghandi and refused to participate in the council elections, but enough "co-operators" were found who were willing to become candidates and they were duly elected. This was Ghandi's first great defeat. It soon appeared also that the factories were able to produce an imitation cloth which could not be distinguished from Khaddar, and at less cost. In these circumstances many non-co-operators did what consumers do everywhere: they bought the less expensive article. Most of the lawyers who had abandoned their practice now resumed it; the students returned to the colleges, and the national schools largely disappeared. No Indians surrendered their titles and few resigned their positions in the government service.

Ghandi is undoubtedly a visionary, though he denies it and asserts that he is a "practical idealist." Some of his proposals for the destruction of British power, such as the boycott of the courts, were childish, while others like the withdrawal of the children from government-supported schools, as Tagore warned him, were suicidal. His distinction between civil and criminal disobedience and his effort to restrict the action of the non-co-operators to the former broke down in practice. He soon found that his preaching had unchained forces which he was unable to control and the violence which he condemned and sincerely deplored could not be prevented. And no amount of penance, fasting, and self-inflicted punishment on his own part proved effective to deter his followers from committing acts which he consistently disapproved and which were no part of his scheme.

While the non-co-operation movement has failed to bring *swaraj*, it would be a mistake to conclude that it has been without result. Ghandi's success in raising a *swaraj* fund of ten million rupees (how much of it consisted of cash and how much of promises makes little



difference) through the voluntary contributions of his countrymen, was itself a striking illustration of their faith in his leadership. His stirring pleas for more humane treatment of the depressed classes, for the abolition of the drug and liquor traffic, his denunciation of social vices which he believes are degrading the Indian people, his appeal to his countrymen to live lives of abstemiousness, and his inculcation of the virtues of morality, of discipline, of self-reliance, and of courage, are not likely to be without wholesome effect upon the future conduct of the Indian people.

Finally, it cannot be denied that he has awakened a feeling of self-consciousness, a spirit of patriotism and a sense of national unity among the conglomerate peoples of India, the like of which India has never before known.

One who attempts to weigh judiciously the merits of the nationalist demand for immediate self-government will find himself in the presence of an array of argument and a formidable bill of grievances. The nationalist leaders will tell you, first of all, that if self-determination as it was proclaimed by the allied statesmen during the world war and as it was given effect to in part by the treaties of peace in the political and territorial rearrangements of Europe, means anything at all, it includes the right of India to self-government. That three hundred and nineteen million people inhabiting a country which is itself a continent should be ruled by a few thousand aliens is contrary to any reasonable interpretation of the doctrine of self-determination. Even admitting that government by the English has been efficient, economical, and in the interest of the Indian people, that constitutes no argument for its indefinite continuance; for good government is no legitimate substitute for self-government. In fact, they will not admit that the rule of the English has been economical or entirely in the interest of the Indians themselves. They complain of the large expenditures for the upkeep of an army for which, they assert, there

is no real need; for the erection and maintenance of costly government houses and capitals such as the slender resources and poverty of the people do not justify (one hundred million dollars have already been expended on the new capital at Delhi and it is still very far from completion), and for the maintenance of an overpaid, overpensioned, and largely anglicized civil service. These and other drafts upon the treasury leave too little for education, sanitation, irrigation, railway extension, and for social and economic improvement generally.

In the administration of justice the Indians have long felt keenly what they regard as the discriminatory distinctions made between them and Europeans. A European offender, no matter what the charge, has the right to be tried by a jury, the majority of whom are Englishmen, and every Indian can cite instances in which English culprits are alleged to have escaped punishment through the leniency or sympathy of English jurors. It has always been one of the principal grievances of the Indians; happily, as I now write, the press dispatches announce that the legislative assembly at Delhi has passed a bill abolishing the more important of the judicial distinctions between Europeans and Indians.

When we turn from the inventory of Indian grievances to the British defense we find ourselves in the presence of the usual argument of those who have assumed the white man's burden. First of all, the English will tell you that they are in India largely by force of circumstance and that they are so deeply in that they cannot safely withdraw—at least not yet. They went there originally, not as conquerors and colonizers, but for purposes of trade—a trade which benefited the Indians as well as themselves. They became governors only by accident, as it were. They succeeded to the regime of anarchy following the dissolution of the Moghul Empire and from that anarchy they rescued India. They introduced law and justice, they maintained order within and protected the



country from without; and under their rule the Indian people have made immense progress along all lines. When the English took over the government of the country there were no roads worthy of the name; no canals, docks, or harbors; few or no schools, colleges or universities; no police system; and famine and plague were uncombatted.

The country was like a vast domain in dilapidation with few of the appliances of a modern state. They can now point to the thirty-seven thousand miles of railway and telegraph lines which the government has built, a splendid system of highways, seventeen million acres of irrigated land, a dozen universities, a system of public schools, modern docks and harbors, many hospitals and dispensaries, a modern sanitary service, an extensive forestry service, a system of famine relief, efficient civil and police services, a modern system of justice and modern codes of law. Altogether it is a remarkable record and no one has told the story with greater pride and sympathy than an Indian himself—Mr. N. N. Ghose in his book, *England's Work in India*. If the expenditures for the support of education and other social and economic services have not been adequate, it has been due to no lack of interest on the part of the government, but rather to the immensity of the task and the slender resources of a country whose people are unable to bear the burden of heavy taxation. The very fact that the expenditures for public education have increased two hundred and seventy-seven per cent during the last thirty years is evidence of that interest and of the progress that has been made. Every rupee of taxes collected in India, it may be added, is spent in the country; none of it goes to England in the form of tribute. The Indian complaint that an undue proportion of the revenues are devoted to the upkeep of the army is a familiar one in all countries—even those which are self-governed. The maintenance of an army in India is a necessity, not only to keep the peace among the

various races and sects, but to protect the country from the invasion of Afghans, Bolsheviks, and the warlike tribes from the Northwest. The small size of the army—200,000 men, of whom less than 80,000 are English soldiers—one only for about every four thousand of the total population, is itself an answer to the charge that it is kept there to maintain English power. Englishmen point out that if the Indians really desire to put them out, bag and baggage, they can do it; that they have not done so is proof enough that English power rests on moral and not on military force.

The English also emphasize that they have in recent years admitted the Indians to a very considerable share in the government of the country—a larger share indeed than most Indians are willing to admit. Indian members sit in the Secretary of State's council at Whitehall; three of the eight members of the Viceroy's council at Delhi are Indians; a majority of the members of the council of state are Indians; they are in the majority in all the legislative councils of India, both central and provincial; and there are Indian ministers in both the government at Delhi and in all the provincial governments. There are Indian judges on the bench of all the high courts; the greater part of the work of the civil courts is now done by Indian judges; and Indians are frequently appointed advocates-general of the high courts. In the district governments nearly all the local officials are Indians; the district magistrate and collector, the health officer, the engineer and the members of the local boards. Altogether, it is said that more than a million and a half Indians, exclusive of those in the army, are in the employ of the government. But to this the Indian nationalists reply that the more important executive officials—all the provincial governors in fact—that is, those who really determine public policies, remain English. As to judicial positions, the Indians, considering the wealth of Indian judicial material, are very inadequately

represented. As to their majorities in the councils, that amounts to little so long as they can be overruled by an English viceroy or governor.

Finally, the English point out that they have solemnly promised to "Indianize" more and more the civil service, to develop as rapidly as possible self-governing institutions, and ultimately to transfer to the Indians themselves complete responsibility for the government of the country. With the existing amount of illiteracy and the Indian lack of experience in self-government, the transfer cannot yet be safely made. But the promise has been made and no honorable Englishman will ever repudiate it. In obtaining this promise the Indians have already won more than half the battle.

Unfortunately for the Indians, they are themselves badly divided, as the memorials submitted to Mr. Montagu when he went out to India in 1918 to consult Indian opinion clearly show. Among those who appeared in opposition to the proposed introduction of home rule were the representatives of the non-Brahmins, especially numerous in Southern India, including the untouchable millions, who realize that home rule will mean Brahmin rule, that is, the rule of those who have refused to treat them as brothers. They therefore prefer English rule because they believe it would be less oppressive.

Another group of memorialists, who appeared before Mr. Montagu in opposition to the home-rule proposal, were the larger landlords who in their conservatism took fright at the thought of a sudden political change of such magnitude that it might jeopardize their own economic position. Then there were the representatives of large numbers of Moslems who, as I have said, distrust the Hindus who, under a regime of self-government, will be the ruling class. Finally, there is a large number of moderate Indians of different races and classes who, while they look forward to ultimate home rule as something to

which India has a right, yet do not feel that the time has arrived when the experiment can be safely ventured upon.

The most important division is that which has recently arisen between the nationalists of all races and creeds. There are the followers of Ghandi who believe that the most effective way of destroying British power in India is through a boycott, especially of the councils, that is, by having nothing whatever to do with them. On the other hand, Mr. C. R. Das, a leading Bengal lawyer, has organized a large following which advocates participation in the elections with a view to getting control of the councils and of destroying them through the process of obstruction. This done, the whole machinery set up by the Reform Act will collapse and Parliament will be obliged to replace it by an Act granting a system of real self-government. The issue of "council entry" was brought before the All-India National Congress at its annual meeting during Christmas week last, and the Ghandi non-co-operationists won out by a substantial majority, whereupon Das withdrew and organized a new party whose avowed object is to bring about a reversal of the decision in favor of council abstention. It has thus come to pass that the nationalists are divided into co-operators and non-co-operators and the latter are again divided into absolute non-co-operators and qualified non-co-operators. These divisions in the ranks of the Indians themselves have served to postpone whatever prospects there may have been for extorting in the immediate future further concessions from the British parliament. According to their own admissions, *swaraj* can never be attained until Brahmins and non-Brahmins, Hindus and Mohammedans, and the other important sections into which India's conglomerate population is divided, are able to reach a common agreement and confront the British Raj with a united demand. This they have not yet succeeded in doing and it remains to be seen whether they ever will.





## Beata

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

**T**HE town of Siena lies, five-pointed within its walls, like a star on a mountain. It is a green mountain—an amazingly green mountain—and Siena is rose and plum-color and white; and above both the mountain and the town you have the Italian sun, superb but benign, in the verily blue sky. Siena, that once was powerful, is no longer powerful; Siena, that once was famous, is no longer famous; but Siena, that once was proud and beautiful, remains to this day proud and beautiful, which is more than can be said of some of her ancient and neighboring foes. No jarring modern dissonances have crept into her melody: she is as she was when, almost four centuries ago, Don Garcia's Spaniards overcame her and presented her, an incomparable jewel, to be added to the rapidly growing necklace of Florence.

Siena has not risen from her ashes, for she has no ashes from which to rise. Rather she lies as she fell, beautiful within her star-shaped walls—beautiful

and superlatively proud. Perhaps there are times when she rouses herself and, gazing out beyond the broad-shouldered, grayish-purple hills of Chianti, smiles enigmatically down on great Florence, industrious beside the Arno; and it is not impossible that she murmurs to herself: "There, but for the loyalty of one man, lay a tributary of Siena." And, of course, she would be not far from the truth. One remembers the daring Farinata.

If you choose to enter Siena by the road from the north, you must pass through the Porta Camollia, one of the five gates each of which terminates a ray of the star. You will doubtless follow the main thoroughfare which, as in all Italian towns, is sooner or later called the Via Cavour, but in this case you should not follow it to its end. If you do you will pass blindly and ignorantly by a little shop standing on your left a few doors beyond the Via Garibaldi; and if you pass by this shop you will not see Filippa; and if you see not Filippa you

will not have seen a girl with hair the color of maize and eyes the color of jade and a skin the color of a white rose with the sunset upon it. You have decided, I see, to stop. You are wise.

Filippa was accustomed to sit behind a semicircular counter in the middle of the shop, whence she could with a turn of her head follow the movements and almost forestall the wants of the customers who loitered about the walls. On two of these walls hung reproductions of the old Sienese masters, colored—and beautifully—by Filippa's own slim, unerring hand. The third wall was devoted to shelves of Italian, French and English books. The fourth wall was, of course, not a wall but a show window in which stood the choicest of Filippa's handiwork: Sodoma's *Descent From the Cross*, for instance, the coloring of which had occupied her almost incessantly for two weeks, and the large reproduction of Girolamo del Pacchia's fresco representing St. Catherine kissing the foot of the dead St. Agnes of Montepulciano.

Filippa, then, sat behind the semicircular counter with her box of water colors before her and a small white pot of gilt within easy reach of her brush, for the Sienese masters, you remember, were very partial to gold. She was a tall, slender, virginal young girl with those inscrutable, almond-shaped eyes, screened by heavy lids, which Matteo di Giovanni gave to his somewhat exotic Madonnas. Indeed, she might have posed for Matteo himself had she been born four hundred and some years earlier—the oval face, the high, narrow eyebrows, the long straight nose, the ascetic mouth, red but thin lipped, and the sensitive, nervous hands. Add to those what I have already told you of her coloring, clothe her in black and embroidered gold, and you will see her likeness throughout the churches and galleries of Siena.

When I came into the shop she gave me a nod and a smile, for she and I were friends. That I was precisely half a century older than she, that I was a man, an American, and wore a white beard, in

no way retarded the growth of our intimacy. Did we not both love Siena and all that was therein?

I had been commissioned by an exceedingly rich personage in New York to obtain for his collection a Matteo. Why a Matteo, much as I admire that artist, I cannot imagine. He has never been greatly advertised, and your stern, inflexible, dust-covered art critic passes him over with a damning word of faint praise. Perhaps the exceedingly rich personage had a daughter or a son who did not shudder at overmuch beauty.

"Filippa," I said, drawing a chair up beside her as was my custom, "Filippa, I am making no progress. I am no nearer to my Matteo than I was a month ago, and it is now May and each day I grow older."

Before answering she carefully dried her brush on a piece of muslin and then she smiled gravely at me and said, "One does not grow older in May, signore—one grows younger. But I am sorry that you have not succeeded. The authorities will not listen? The officials of the Accademia?"

"They can do nothing," I answered, "It is nearly impossible to get an old master out of Italy. And the private owners fear to sell, much as they desire the money."

I was discouraged—deeply discouraged, and I suppose I showed it in my face and in my attitude. There was a space of silence—we were alone in the shop—while I sat dejectedly in my chair, tracing imaginary patterns with my stick on the rough floor boards.<sup>1</sup>

"Do you know no one, Filippa," I besought her—"no poor, starving person, who has a Matteo tucked away somewhere in his cellar or in his attic? In all of Siena is there not a man whose ancestors handed down to him from one generation to another just a scrap of a Matteo, and who either through stupidity or through intense devotion for it has forborne from exchanging it for gold? Is there no such man, Filippa?"



"Yes, signore," she said quietly, "I think that there is."

While I stared at her she slipped off her chair, crossed the shop in four swift, goddess-revealing strides, and took down from a peg in the corner of the wall a yellow straw hat with a wide, flapping brim. She did not put it on at once, but stood, swinging it idly in her hand; and she said: "If you will come with me, signore, I will lead you to the house of one who owns a Matteo di Giovanni."

Astounded, unbelieving, yet eager to believe, I followed her out to the Via Cavour, where the sun was smiting the pavement with heat. She locked the shop door and turned to the left.

"Filippa," I begged, "will you not give me a hint—a word to enlighten my darkness?"

She nodded absently as though so occupied with her thoughts that she had but half heard my request. Her eyes were on the ground but I am convinced that it was not the ground she was contemplating. On her face lay the gravity born of great decisions.

"Yes," she said, "it is necessary that I should explain; but if we walk slowly I shall have time to explain before we reach the house."

"Where do we go?" I ventured.

She hesitated and quick color came to her face. Then: "To the Provenzano quarter," she said. And she added, "It is where I live."

Now the Provenzano is the least savory district of Siena. It is the home of those who gain their livelihood by begging, by stealing, or by worse; and the honest and virtuous who reside there are a poverty-constrained minority. And yet nowhere will you hit upon so pious, so sincerely credent a community. Their Madonna in the church of Santa Maria di Provenzano is to each of them not so much Our Lady as My Lady. She is to them as a peculiarly glorious and powerful member of the family—as one who is splendid and above them but of whom they have the right to ask a favor and expect it to be granted. They address

her intimately but respectfully, this poor mutilated, armless Madonna, high in her niche above the altar; and that they do not address her in vain is evidenced by the multitude of tinsel hearts and gaudy badges and flaming tapers, placed before and about her by the grateful hands of her sinful children.

"We are very poor," said Filippa simply, her head and her color high, and her eyes challenging.

"So," I agreed, "are the best of us." "My mother is dead," she continued, "I have a father who—" she hesitated—"who does not work. I have a sister, a younger sister, who is too beautiful to be contented with our poverty. Her name is Beata but I fear she was wrongly named. Will you permit, signore, that I tell you of Beata, for otherwise you will not understand?"

"My dear child," I said, "tell me anything you wish."



SIENA REMAINS PROUD AND BEAUTIFUL

We were approaching the more crowded portion of the Via Cayour, and our leisurely progress was made the more leisurely by the narrowness of the sidewalk. For the most part the Sieneese choose the street, but the street itself is none too wide, and in consequence one is continually dodging from under horses' heads or being brushed by some reckless tourist's mudguard; and at best I walk with difficulty and a stick. So Filippa and I, sacrificing speed for safety, cling tenaciously to the house walls on our left and usurped the sidewalk in Prussian fashion.

"Beata," she began with a frown of concentration, "is to me a cause of grave anxiety. She is two years younger than I—she is seventeen. You will see her yourself when we reach the house and you can judge her for yourself. I have told you that she is very beautiful. Of that, too, you can judge for yourself. Elders, it is no sin to be beautiful; but when you are beautiful and poor and have not the means to dress your beauty suitably, then, signore, your beauty becomes no longer a gift of God but, rather, a gift of the devil. For the devil is always at your elbow, saying, 'Stupid one, why do you not sin and get for yourself silks and jewels and nice faces with which to adorn the splendor of your body?' Yes, that is what the devil says night and day at your elbow; the devil is very shrewd when he is about his business."

"Yes," I agreed, "and he understands women."

"Does he not?" said Filippa. "And men, too," she added after a moment's reflection. "At least he has sent a man, or has come himself in the form of a man to tempt Beata."

"*Le porcoso*," I murmured.

"It is the world," said Filippa wisely. "Without temptation there could be no righteousness and there would be no glory in virtue. But Beata is young and, I fear, vain, and the man comes to her with great riches in each hand. He comes every day to her. You know him,

signore—it is Leandro, the huge old Leandro Martelli, he who deals in pictures and antiques in the Via di Città."

"I know the pig," I said, "and I know his excellent wife and his two excellent sons."

"Yes," she said, and fell silent.

I wondered, as was only natural, what bearing all this had on the Matteo. Thus far Filippa's account, though infinitely pathetic and containing the germs, even, of tragedy, revealed nothing, I fear, that was far from the commonplace. A penniless young girl, beautiful and with the coyness that is so often the hand-maiden of beauty; a lary, good-for-nothing father; a mother, as Filippa explained, among the saints; a money-making sensualist with giant hands full of gold—there is no more novelty to that than there is to history.

"Filippa," I said gently, "there are but two things you may do: one of them is to trust in the virtue of your sister, and the other is to get her away from Siena—a retreat, a convent, anywhere."

"My father," she answered, "will not permit Beata to go away. It is she who makes him comfortable at home while I am at the shop. She cooks the meals and tends the house. My father is—is not well."

"Then," said I, "you must have faith in Beata and in the Holy Virgin."

"I have faith in Beata's faith," said Filippa, almost exultantly. "So long as the Madonna of Matteo remains in the house Beata will commit no sin!"

"The Madonna of Matteo!" I exclaimed, bewildered, mistrusting my ears.

"None other. The Madonna of Matteo it was, but it has become the Madonna of Beata. For it is Beata who discovered the painting, rolled up in an old trunk; it is Beata who had it cleansed and varnished; who saved the money, silver piece by silver piece, with which to buy a fitting frame; who set it up on the wall of her own bedroom, above her little wooden altar, and who prays to it and adores it at all the hours. The virtue of Beata, signore, lies in the keeping of the



Madonna of Matteo, for without her Beata is lost."

With the last words she stopped abruptly in the street and threw out her hands, palms forward, with the instinctively dramatic gesture of the Italians. Although caught up and carried along by the passion of her sincerity, I could not help but note what a superb figure she was as she stood beside me, aflame with her faith. A young St. Catharine, she might have been, with vision-filled eyes.

"Filippa," I asked hesitatingly, for I felt that I was treading delicate ground,

"Filippa, is it your sister's belief that this Madonna of Matteo di Giovanni supplies her with the strength to resist her temptation?"

"She knows that it is so," answered Filippa, "She has had proof and she is convinced. My sister is very pious. She has it in her to become a great saint; and so it is all the more important that she become not a great sinner. She talks often to her Madonna about this, and more than once the Madonna has answered her and reassured her. The Madonna, you see, is Beata's alone—no one but Beata prays to her, no one but Beata asks favors of her—and so the Madonna has plenty of time to devote to Beata. It is fortunate for my sister that this is so."

I did not smile at the naïveté of this observation, for I knew too well the vivifying power of complete faith—the faith that quickens marble and transmutes canvas and paint to flesh and blood. It is given to some to see not the symbol but the object symbolized. So I

said, "There is no cause for alarm, then, so long as Beata's Madonna remains."

"That," said Filippa, "is the truth." And then she added, almost in a whisper: "But Leandro Mattoli knows. Yesterday he came to my father and offered him five hundred lire for the Madonna."

It was my turn to stop short—we had resumed our slow march some time before—to stop short and rap the pavement vehemently with my stick.

"You understand, signore?" she queried.

"I understand," I answered, "and I am sick and angry for understanding. It is only too clear—too clear and too vile. Leandro seeks to purchase the one obstacle that stands between him and the soul and body of Beata. Does he know that the Madonna is the work of Matteo? And does your father know it to be the work of Matteo?"

"No," she answered, "I, alone,

know it to be the work of Matteo, for I have studied Matteo's work, not only in the Accademia but in Santa Maria delle Nevi, in the Palazzo Publico, in the Cathedral, in Sant' Agostino, in San Girolamo and in San Domenico—in truth, throughout Siena. I know the features and the coloring of his Madonnas better than I know my own features and coloring."

"You resemble his Madonnas," I interjected.

She flushed deeply and screened her jade-colored eyes with her heavy lids. "You must not say so," she begged. "I fear that at times my vanity leads me to



PALMS UPWARD IN THE IMMORTAL GESTURE

believe it is so. But that is of no importance. We turn here to the left, signore."

We had reached the exquisite little Piazza Tolomei, and guiding me with a hand on my arm, she led me down the steep descent to the Piazza di Provenzano where stands, in rather tawdry splendor, the church of that Madonna who has pity on them that love much and even on them that sin without loving.

"If you permit, signore," said Filippa, "I will go into the church for a little moment. I desire to ask protection of the Madonna—protection for Beata—and my Madonna concerns herself especially with girls who, like Beata, have been led into temptation."

"May I go in with you?" I asked.

She inclined her head, and I followed her up the steps and into the sudden-cool interior. In one of the chapels a priest was intoning Latin prayers, and two of the confessionals in the nave were occupied, one by a young woman and the other by a woman not so young. Otherwise the church was silent and empty.

Filippa curtsied and crossed herself and knelt before the image of the armless Virgin. Respectfully, I knelt beside her.

"*Madonna Santissima*," she murmured, "I have come to ask you to help my sister Beata, who, as you know, is a good girl and a very pious one but who is being tempted beyond her human strength. The Madonna on whom she leans is being taken away from her and I am afraid that without the support of her Madonna she will be lost. So I thought that you, who are so compassionate and who have helped me so often in my own troubles, might be willing to come to the aid of Beata and protect her with your poor broken arms. You know how grateful I am to you and that I burn a taper to you every Friday, and hereafter I will burn one every Tuesday also and bring you a large silver heart with artificial flowers encircling it that all may know of your good works and of your glory. Amen."

She continued to kneel in silence for a while, then she crossed herself once more and, rising, said to me, "Come, that is all I can do."

We went out into the calm sunlight of the square. The afternoon was no longer young, and blue shadows were lengthening slowly across the pavement. We stood on the edge of the city, looking eastward over the walls to the purple-gray hills that shoulder the low sky. Behind us was Siena and the murmur and rumor of Siena; and to our right, out of the confused structures that surround the Piazza del Campo, rose, decisive as a sword, the slender Tower of the Mangia.

"Come," repeated Filippa, "we will go home."

Passing the length of the church, we entered narrow, twisting streets that were often not streets but flights of steps. We encountered beggars grumbling to one another in dark corners, gesticulating with maimed limbs; and we stumbled over half-naked children asleep on the sidewalks. And we saw no more of the sun.

"*Ecco*," said Filippa and stopped abruptly. "We are here."

It was a black cavern of a doorway at which she had halted—a black cavern leading to a dingy courtyard in which stood a heavy two-wheeled cart, back tilted and its shafts pointing skyward like imprecating arms. Beside the cart a buxom little horse nuzzled in a pile of hay, and with the smell of garlic that smote my nostrils was mingled the cleaner and pleasanter one of the stable.

"It is three flights," said Filippa, and preceded me up the steep, cement stairs. At the third floor she stopped, knocked briefly at a door and opened it with her key.

The entry was dark, but it led to a room on the street side of the house in which an oil lamp disputed supremacy with the deepening twilight. I heard voices coming from this room—men's voices, one confident, domineering, jo-



cosely brutal, the other propitiatory and servile.

"Mattoli is with my father," whispered Filippa, and I saw her quick hand flutter up to her breast. "He is bargaining."

"And Beata?" I ventured.

"Beata would be with her Madonna. She knows well what brings Leandro Mattoli here."

I followed Filippa down the hallway toward the uncertain lamplight. The voices in the room ceased at the sound of our approach, and when we entered we found two men staring at us in silence.

One of the men—the big, sleek, important-looking man with uneasy pig-eyes—I recognized at once as Leandro Mattoli, the picture dealer and trafficker in antiques. He was on his feet, facing us, his back to the window, the ends of his stiff, upstanding hair almost brushing the low ceiling. He was so big that he seemed to usurp the room.

The other man reclined on a couch, a red blanket flung across his knees. I find him hard to describe; but had I been a

physician I should doubtless have given him one careless glance and pronounced him an addict of morphia. If, as Filippa had said, he was ill, there lay the cause of his illness. He was a smooth-shaven, haggard-faced, querulous little old man, outwardly humble and eager to ingratiate himself. One sensed at once, however, the hypocrisy that is so marked a characteristic of the taker of drugs, and beneath the veneer of a long-suffering invalid one got glimpses of the shrewd, covetous monomaniac who would sell his soul to the devil for the wherewithal to buy morphia, and at that get the better of the bargain.

"Signore," said Filippa in an even, detached voice, "this is my father."

The invalid coughed nervously, made a movement as if to rise, abandoned the effort and said: "*Scusi, signore*, I am not well."

Leandro Mattoli bowed stiffly to me from his position by the window. He was obviously displeased by my interruption.



"I AM PREPARED TO OFFER A LITTLE MORE THAN YOU DO"

"I have brought the signore," Filippa explained, "to see Beata's Madonna. He is interested."

Mattoli, at this, did not control a gesture of impatience, and the look that he threw at Filippa was frankly spiteful.

"I grieve," he said, "to disappoint you, but I, already, am negotiating for the picture with your father."

"The sale, I trust, has not yet been definitely concluded," said I. "It would be a pity should the picture be sold before I have an opportunity to appraise it, for it is possible that I might value it higher even than Signor Mattoli."

I flatter myself that I said the right thing as quickly and in as few words as possible. The effect on Filippa's father was marked and immediate, for as I had judged, he responded promptly to an appeal to his avarice. Tossing the red blanket aside, he spread his thin, blue-veined hands, palms upward, in the immortal gesture.

"No sale has been made," he assured me. "If the signore will follow he shall see the picture at once. It is in the room of my daughter, Beata, to whom it is very precious. She is overwrought and I beg, signore, that you will pay no heed to whatever she may say. The thought of losing her Madonna breaks her heart, as indeed," he added unctuously—"as indeed it does mine. Permit me, signore, I will lead the way."

We followed him into the dark passage where he knocked upon and instantly opened a door on the left. I heard him say, "Beata, stand up!" and then, reluctantly, I entered the room. After me, in resolute silence, defiantly calm, came Filippa; and after Filippa came Leandro Mattoli, ducking his great head at the doorway.

The room was small and clean and decent. White curtains wavered at the one window; a chest of drawers, painted white, stood in the corner to the left; a narrow, conventual bed occupied the right-hand wall; a washstand bearing a tin basin and pitcher was directly beside the door. The cement floor had been

soaped and scrubbed until it shone like marble. But all of this I noted later, for that which I saw first held my eyes immovable.

In the wall opposite me, between the window and the bed, there was a shallow, rectangular recess, and in this recess, framed gloriously in carved and gilded wood, was a Madonna enthroned with saints and angels—a slim, frail Madonna, a beautifully young Madonna, a Madonna awed by and yet sensible of her great glory.

Beneath the picture stood a low, altar-like table, covered with an embroidered cloth and bearing a smoking censer and two tall, lighted candles; and beneath the table was a prayer step; and upon the prayer step knelt Beata, motionless save for her supplicating lips.

"Stand up, Beata," repeated her father, authoritatively, but not unkindly. The girl crossed herself and slowly obeyed. When she turned I saw her face and I shan't forget it. She was as dissimilar to Filippa, her sister, as a sister can well be, for she was brooding and dark and yet aflame with a fierce fire. Looking at her, one recalled martyred saints and splendid sinners and "all disastrous things."

She withdrew in silence, but with a fine fury in her eyes, to a far dim corner of the room, and there she stood passive throughout what followed, a shadow herself among the dark shadows.

As soon as Beata was out of the foreground her father addressed me. "There, signore," he said—"there is our Madonna. It is a very fine painting as you can yourself see."

In a manner the old man was correct: it was a very fine painting if by "fine" you mean carefully and lavishly executed. I could see at a glance how Filippa had come to attribute it to Matteo di Giovanni—the generous use of gold paint, for instance, both in the background and in the robes of the Virgin; the symmetrical grouping of the saints and the angels; the Botticelli-like handling of the hair and particularly of



the eyes; and finally, and most characteristic, the obvious willingness of the artist to sacrifice everything else in his eagerness to achieve sheer beauty. But Beata's Madonna was not the work of Matteo, or if it was, it was the work either of a young, immature Matteo who had not yet acquired his skill in draughtmanship or of a senescent Matteo who had forgotten it. My own opinion was that the artist had been some not too brilliant pupil of the master.

I was several minutes in arriving at this decision and I was presently aware that my verdict was being awaited expectantly and impatiently. I wondered what Filippa, who was at my elbow, wished me to say and, more important, what she wished me to do. She, alone of us all, believed the picture to be a Matteo and, believing thus, she doubtless desired that I should have it rather than Leandro Mattoli. That far I could follow her thought. But, most of all, she must have hoped that neither I nor Mattoli would obtain it at any price for, reasonably or unreasonably, she was persuaded that the Madonna was Beata's sole defense against Mattoli's promises of gold and purple and against Beata's own besetting sin of covetousness. What then, I asked myself, would she have me do?

"Well, signore," urged Filippa's father, "how does it please you?"

"It is attractive work," I answered noncommittally.

Mattoli laughed brutally. "It is worthless," he pronounced. "I buy it merely as a favor."

"You have not bought it yet," I pointed out; and then, from pity for Beata, I added: "This is no place for bargaining. Let us go back to the other room and discuss the affair."

"Do you permit, signori, that I be present?" asked Filippa with entreating eyes.

"Assuredly, no," protested Mattoli.

"Assuredly, yes," said I firmly, and Filippa accompanied us without more words.

We filed back to the room whence we had come, and the invalid threw himself immediately on the couch and pulled the red blanket up across his knees. Mattoli resumed his position at the window, working his heavy jaws nervously. I, without an idea in my mind of what I should say, took a chair alongside that of Filippa.

"Let us come directly to the point," suggested Mattoli, consulting ostentatiously his large gold watch. "My time is of value to me and, moreover, I eat at seven o'clock." Then, turning abruptly on me, he demanded, "How much do you offer for the picture?"

I strove to gain time. "How much is it worth, Signor Mattoli? You are a connoisseur and should know."

With a gesture of impatience, he said: "I have told you it is worthless. It is trash—the work of a tyro."

"It is not!" protested the invalid shrilly from the couch. "It is a beautiful thing—a small masterpiece."

"If it is worth nothing, Signor Mattoli," put in Filippa, "why is it that you offer five hundred lire for it?"

"Six hundred," protested her father.

Mattoli's mouth widened in a contemptuous smile that showed his teeth white against his dark face.

"You have asked me a question," he said to Filippa. "Do you desire the answer?"

"Never mind the answer," said I, foreseeing that it would be unpleasant.



AS INFLEXIBLE AS A  
STRAIGHT SWORD

"I have taken a fancy to the picture and, unlike our friend, Signor Mattoli, I do not consider it worthless." I paused, and while I paused I felt Filippa's light hand laid across mine and I heard her murmur, "*Grazie, signore.*" Then suddenly I knew what I would do—the most, no, the only, quixotic thing in all my forty years of buying, selling, and appraising. To muzzle reason once in a while is, I know now, refreshing to the soul.

But, such is the force of habit, that even in my folly I was cautious.

"I do not consider the picture worthless," I repeated slowly, "and as proof that I do not I am prepared to offer one thousand lire for it."

At my words there came a violent creaking from the couch and the invalid, discarding once more his red blanket, sat up erect. His high cheek bones flushed unhealthy crimson and the dullness vanished from his restless eyes like mist from a mirror. He foresaw, as indeed did I, competitive bidding.

Mattoli vouchsafed me merely a look of annoyed pity.

"It pleases you, signore, to violate the etiquette of our profession," he said. "Are we not both dealers?"

"In this affair," I answered, "I am acting as an amateur—and I fancy that you are also."

He shrugged his huge shoulders and commenced rolling a cigarette.

"As you wish," said he. "I offer fifteen hundred."

With the inborn instinct of the auctioneer, the invalid shifted his eyes significantly to me, awaiting my next bid.

"Two thousand lire," I said carelessly, and indeed it was not a large offer—not as much as the picture, however insignificant its creator, was worth. But Mattoli hesitated. Two thousand lire was, to him, exactly two thousand lire: to me it was only about one hundred dollars.

"This ceases to be amusing," he remarked. "If you will tell me, signore, precisely how high you are prepared to go, I shall be able to save time, both

mine and yours; and possibly money, both mine and yours."

"I am prepared," I stated firmly, "to offer just a little more than you do."

At this the invalid, displeased at the turn the affair was taking, and foreseeing possible loss to himself in the cessation of competition, urged that we resume the bidding until one or the other of us should reach his limit. "Come, Leandro," he urged, "it is your turn."

"Three thousand," said Mattoli.

"Four thousand," said I.

"Five thousand," said he sulkily, "and that's the end."

"In that case," I observed, "I will offer six thousand and take the picture."

"Take it to the devil with you," he suggested, thoroughly angry.

"I fail to understand," said I, "why you should be perturbed. I have saved you from paying five thousand lire for what you claim to be a worthless picture. You should be grateful to me, the more so because I imagine that your only concern is that the picture shall not remain in the possession of Beata."

He regarded me appraisingly, his little pig eyes narrowed to black slits in his great, heavy face. "You imagine . . ." he repeated, and abruptly stopped. Then he added: "Yours is an expensive imagination, signore." He seized his hat and his gigantic stick, nodded briefly to the room in general and lurched out of the door. We heard his elephantine footsteps dying away down the staircase, and conceited fool that I was, I smiled triumphantly. I should have known that the very ease of my triumph was suspicious.

"You have the six thousand lire with you, signore?" insinuated the invalid.

I had, and told him so, demanding a receipt. The transaction was rapidly concluded.

"Now," said I, "I desire to speak to Filippa and Beata alone."

He made no objections, being in haste, I presume, to go out into the town to replenish his supply of morphia.

"I will summon Beata," he said, "and





"COME AT ONCE, MATTOLI HAS RETURNED"

I will bid you good evening; you are at liberty to take away the Madonna whenever you wish."

"That is a point on which I shall consult with your daughters."

"As you will, signore," he said, as humble as a dog.

Beata came to us quickly. I saw that there were marks of tears about her dolorous eyes, but she faced me valiantly and if, at first, there was something of disdain in her manner I have no fault to find, for I was thus far nothing to her but a stranger come to haggle over a picture. I went straight to the point, in

haste to dispel the suffering from those deep eyes of hers.

"Beata," I said, "I have just now bought your Madonna." She caught her breath sharply in a sob and I hurried on. "The picture is now mine to dispose of as I please, and it is my pleasure and my intention to give it back to you."

I spoke slowly and deliberately but I don't think she understood. Filippa understood and, before I could prevent it, was kneeling beside me, kissing my hand. I have lived threescore years and nine but no one before has ever kissed my hand.

"Beata," I said, when I had extricated myself as gently as possible—"Beata, do you not understand what I have told you? No one is taking away your Madonna. She is yours—yours to keep and to cherish and to worship as long as you live."

"The Madonna," she repeated dully. "*Madonna mia!*"

Filippa crossed the room to her. "She is yours, sister," she explained eagerly. "The signore who has bought her returns her to you."

Then Beata did a very strange thing. She thrust her sister from her almost brutally and, drawing herself up as straight and as inflexible as an inflexible, straight sword, she cried: "You lie! The Madonna is leaving me. She has said good-by and I shall never see her again. Why, then, you fools, do you lie to me? Do you think I do not know?"

With a low, pitiful cry she fell to her knees and thence to the floor, where she lay, trembling, a splotch of white against the cheap red carpet.

Filippa was beside her in an instant, soothing her, crooning phrases of endearment and of consolation in her cadenced Italian; and, perceiving that they had no further use for me, I stole out of the room and sought my hotel and a dinner to which I brought no appetite.

Accustomed as I am to eventless, tranquil days, I had, it seemed to me, on that afternoon participated in sheer drama. But the character and the conduct of Beata, alone of all the principals in the piece, were abnormal—unorthodox, I might say. One encounters, to be sure, in the early centuries, many examples of religious fanaticism struggling with a fine frenzy against the pomps and vanities of the world and the lusts of the flesh; but that was in the days when good and evil were concrete and anthropomorphic and not indefinable abstractions. Beata, both in the fervor of her devotion and in the intimacy of it, had something of the mediæval about her.

Meditating on this, I took my cigar and went to the Lizza in search of cool-

ness and repose. I found a bench under the flowering acacias beside a tranquil pool; and there, soothed by the jovial tinkle of water as it stole down among rocks and ferns to the basin, I shut my eyes and wondered. I wondered, as I have intimated, principally at Beata; but I wondered, too, at Leandro Mattoli. If his object had been solely to deprive Beata of her Madonna why had he been willing to offer as high as three thousand lire in an endeavor to prevent the acquisition of the picture by me? Did he care who had the picture so long as Beata had it not? Apparently he did, but why then? Surely he did not believe it to be a Matteo—he was far too skilled a connoisseur to be so deceived, and he was far too shrewd a dealer to be willing to throw five thousand lire away on the mediocre work of an unknown artist.

I wondered, too, not a little at myself.

Suddenly I started up, roused from my meditative mood by what I fancied to be a voice calling my name. Night shrouded the gardens, starlit, but confused and rendered deceptive by the uneasy shadows of the trees. I strained my eyes in an endeavor to solve the darkness, and presently I discerned, errant but purposeful, the figure of a woman. As she approached I heard her call my name once more, and this time it was unmistakable.

"Filippa!" I exclaimed.

She was breathless, her hand at her bosom, her face white in the starlight, her maize colored hair unbound and splendid as a crown.

"They told me at the hotel that I should doubtless find you here," she explained. "I ran all the way from the house. I am sorry but it is best, I think, that you come at once, signore. Mattoli has returned."

"Mattoli has returned?" I echoed stupidly, following her as swiftly as my accumulation of years and of pains permitted.

"Yes," she said—"an hour ago. He is talking with my father and I listened. He offers again to buy the Madonna now



that you have given it to Beata. It makes no difference either to my father or to him that the Madonna belongs to Beata. My father, you understand, is not himself. He—he is not always so unprincipled. When I ran out of the house to search for you, signore, it was a question between them merely of the price to be paid and not at all of my father's right to sell; and so I determined to find you as quickly as possible. I was frightened, of course, on Beata's account, but, also, I did not want to see your wonderful generosity to her wasted."

"And Beata," I inquired, "does she know what they are planning?"

Filippa nodded three times—rapid, anxious affirmations.

"Beata knows," she said. "She listened with me outside the door and she knows. But—" "and here Filippa hesitated—" "but she says, and you will think it very strange of her, signore—she says that she has known all day that she must lose the Madonna. You remember what she said this afternoon, signore?"

"Yes, I remember, but this afternoon she was overwrought, hysterical."

"She is calm now," said Filippa sadly—"she is so calm that she frightens me." And she is utterly without hope."

"The poor child!" I murmured.

We forged desperately ahead through the narrow, ill-lit streets, Filippa urging me always faster with an impatient hand on my arm. Our footsteps and the metallic beat of my stick echoed from wall to nearby wall, and with every street lantern that we passed our shadows leaped from behind, overtook us,

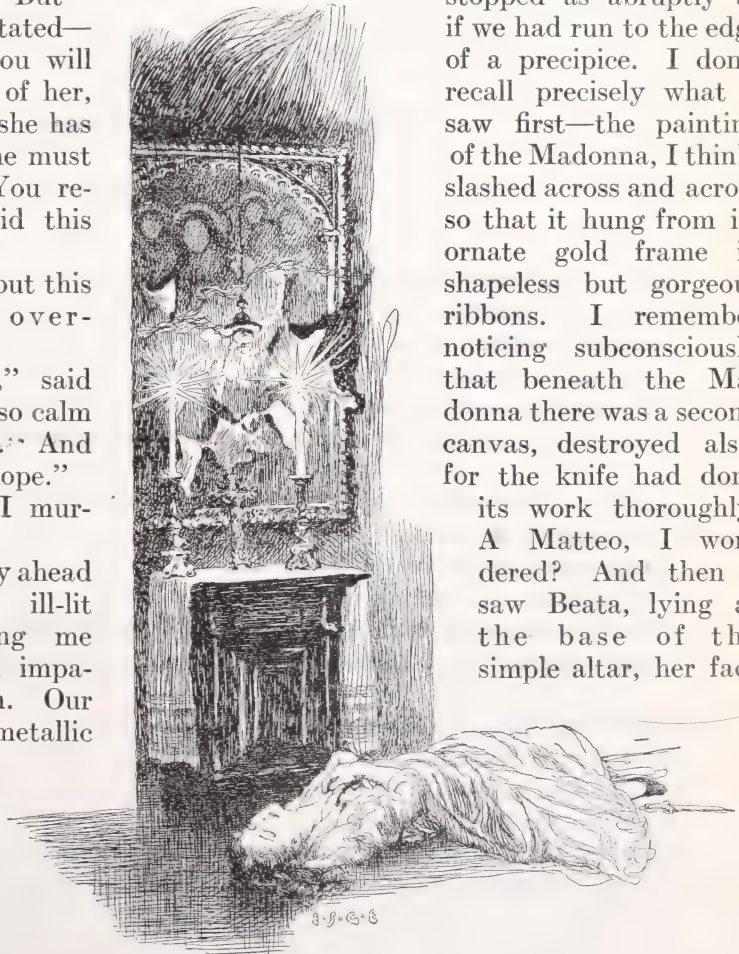
and sprawled grotesquely ahead of us.

Laboring and in silence, we reached at length the house of the father of Filippa. We ascended the dark staircase by the light of a candle held in Filippa's hand; and Filippa unlocked the apartment door with her key. She was trembling pitifully and I, myself, was filled with a strange and unaccountable fear; a premonition, I suppose, of hideous disaster.

We shut the door quietly behind us and were immediately aware of a confusion of voices—voices shrill with anger and with terror and with something that transcended even anger and terror.

"Quick!" cried Filippa. "They are in Beata's room!"

I hurried behind her to the doorway and in the doorway we stopped as abruptly as if we had run to the edge of a precipice. I don't recall precisely what I saw first—the painting of the Madonna, I think, slashed across and across so that it hung from its ornate gold frame in shapeless but gorgeous ribbons. I remember noticing subconsciously that beneath the Madonna there was a second canvas, destroyed also, for the knife had done its work thoroughly. A Matteo, I wondered? And then I saw Beata, lying at the base of the simple altar, her face



HER HANDS WERE NO LONGER WHITE

lighted by the fitful, shivering light of the two candles. Her hands were clutching at her breast above her heart—and her hands were no longer white. Beside her, but held back from her by superstitious awe, stood her father and Mattoli, the one cringing with fear, the other blustering through his terror. “The Matteo!” he kept repeating. “She has ruined the Matteo!” But he made no movement when Filippa cried out and ran to her sister.

“She is dead,” I heard Filippa say in a dull, hushed voice.

Beata stirred a little and answered wearily: “No, I am not dead, Filippa, but I am dying. I have destroyed what Leandro Mattoli covets, and he shall have neither me nor my Madonna. Tell him that, Filippa.”

That was all. She died very quietly. Her father and Mattoli were both on their knees, whimpering. Filippa was bending over her, screening her from their desecrating eyes with the bright screen of her unbound, maize-colored hair. The flames of the two candles on the altar wavered uncertainly in the draft, playing with the shadows and glinting brightly on the steel blade of a knife that lay on the floor at Beata's feet. The air was heavy with the swaying smoke of incense.

Suddenly bells began to ring from the innumerable belfries of the city—a mass, no doubt, for some long-dead saint. The Sieneese are forever remembering saints; but I fear they will not remember Beata.

## The Sound of Rain

BY CALE YOUNG RICE

OLDER than anything else in the world  
Is the sound of rain.  
Earth's without form again, and void,  
And the waters cover it.  
Land has not risen above its tidal plain,  
And gray is the gloom of all, in and around and above it.

Life is an unborn brooding still  
On the face of earth,  
And God has not found a way yet  
To dwell in the waters.  
And the sound of rain is a sound that is never still.  
And men have not come yet, nor the sons of men nor the daughters.

No green thing is about, and no bird's wing  
Alights in branches.  
Time and space are steeped in a sound,  
This is steeped in sorrow.  
Winds are unknown; there is only room for the sigh  
That besogs the day and the night, and the end of night, and the morrow.



# Success

BY W. L. GEORGE

A GOOD many years ago, when I was younger and more foolish, I ventured to remark to an elderly relative that one of my cousins was a failure. To which my senior replied, "He's no failure. He's not dead yet." My cousin is still alive, and still a failure; the situation may change in the end; my private opinion is that his greatest success will be his decease . . . and thereupon I ask myself what the word success means? In the popular view, success seems to mean that a person is richer, more powerful, better known than his fellows. But this at once leads us into complications. A man who earns an income of five thousand dollars a year is not a success in the U. S. A., but he is certainly a farthing millionaire in the Chow Chow Islands; a man who to-day employs six men is not a powerful man, but in the year 1400 he would have been considered quite an important burgess; and if we choose to estimate success according to celebrity, when we consider that many more people know Babe Ruth than ever knew Walt Whitman, I confess that I am puzzled.

The most common form of success is certainly represented by money. In the eyes of most people it is the only form, and men are classified according to the money they have accumulated. Thus, we obtain Success Class A, let us say, for those who own ten millions; Success Class B, for the lesser virtues, say five millions, and so forth, until we come to the rest of the world that merely keeps alive, and has therefore failed. The reader will observe the flaw which immediately follows. If a man is a success because he has made more money than he can spend, then a man who has made only just as much money as he needs is

a failure. But if it is true that you may call no man a failure until he is dead, then the living have at least succeeded in keeping alive. I establish this little dilemma, not for the sake of jugglery, but merely to show into what confusion we enter as soon as we try to find out what success really means.

To a certain extent, however, it is certain that money measures success. This because we live in a financial civilization, where you obtain nothing for nothing, and everything for something. If a particular person could obtain possession of the whole of the world, he would at once acquire the second part of success (as it is understood), namely, power; being sole proprietor, he would also acquire fame. By the fact of having money, he would have everything. (He would probably be lynched by an irritated population, but for the purposes of our argument we may assume that he survives.) A number of men have realized this; Cecil Rhodes, for instance, the founder of British South Africa, made money solely to use it as a means to power. He realized that modern enterprise is partly political and partly financial; he saw that he would have no political power unless he could take a financial share in colonial ventures. So he made money, but his own tastes were simple; he liked a bottle of champagne and a cigar; he, however, entertained moderately, and did not succeed in wasting his money, for he never married.

Money contains within itself a sort of actual value. Unless a man or woman is born ascetic, it is definitely pleasant to eat grilled lobster *à la Ritz* rather than corned-beef hash; it is pleasant to have so many boots that one does not have to

wear brown ones with a frock coat; an automobile is more comfortable than a street car. Here at once we observe the difference between a man and a woman, because the desires of man are unfortunately so limited that beyond a certain point he becomes unable to buy. Nature sets a limit to cigars and champagne; one cannot sit in two automobiles at a time. When a man has bought a few suits of clothes, built himself a house, bought an estate, and engaged sixty servants, perhaps bought a yacht, he is done for. The woman will keep up with him on champagne, cigarettes, automobiles, houses, and yachts; then, in her easy stride, she will take coats of sable or chinchilla, worth twenty-five thousand dollars, half a million of diamonds, half a million of pearls; also, she will entertain, which no man does with success. If a man runs a racing stable, she can run a racing stable, and lose on it even more than he. When it comes to spending, man is outclassed, and, moreover, spending holds for him a limited pleasure. Among the many things that a young husband should know is the fact that little presents maintain affection; among the things which a young wife ought to know is the fact that what she gives her husband is generally the wrong present.

What is the matter with most men is that they do not care for "things," while most women can make up their whole life out of buying more and more "things." Thus, while we may discuss whether for a man money can represent success, in the case of a woman the discussion is almost futile. There are women who do not care for money; I have heard of them. But there are very few who, being allowed to choose, would not prefer a million dollars, cash down, to the reputation of Joan of Arc, or the post of president of the U. S. A. (honorary and unpaid). In regard to man, we arrive at the conclusion that money has for him a limited value, and that his success therefore cannot consist entirely in money. My own suspicion is that

while money is almost essential to success, there is a point at which it ceases to be of any use at all. We can take as an illustration the case of a newspaper. I suppose that everybody knows that the newspaper which he buys for three cents costs the proprietors something like eight cents to produce, owing to the high cost of collecting news; the profits come out of advertisements. Now a newspaper with a circulation of four hundred thousand a day can "pull," let us say, twenty thousand dollars of advertisements a day. Suppose the circulation goes up to five hundred thousand and that no more advertisements can be printed, because there is a limit to them, because all the advertisements that can figure in that particular publication are captured, because the public refuse to read exclusively advertisements, then, on all the extra circulation there is a loss of five cents a copy. That paper is reaching a point beyond which success is not only useless, but damaging. In such cases it tries deliberately to restrict its circulation.

This seems to offer a perfect parallel with the situation of the man who is making money. Up to a certain point money has been a very good thing; first, it has given him a higher standard of living; then, by accumulating, it has promised him that this standard shall be kept up throughout his life; as his fortune grows, he sees security, not only for himself, but for his wife and children after he is dead. Then it gives him as much luxury as he can enjoy. Then . . . what? That is what is interesting. Past a certain point, the accumulation of money becomes nothing but a nervous habit. After being a privilege it turns into a responsibility. A man who has made more money than he can enjoy begins to be afraid that he will lose it; his energies become more and more concentrated round keeping it. If he is intelligent he discovers that the best way of keeping money is to make some more. So he devotes himself to this, and makes some more. Then he must preserve his



new capital, and must make still more. And so on. The man who does not know where to stop puts his finger into a machine which little by little is drawing him in. Thus one comes to the conclusion that there is a point, different for every person, beyond which it is imprudent to acquire money. What that point is, of course, differs. Some of us are so constituted as to be content with a cottage and, let us say, fifty dollars a week. Others would be really content with an income of one hundred thousand dollars a year, and a house on East Sixty-third Street. It does not matter which it is: the moment that the person who is content with the cottage allows himself to be tempted into trying to acquire a house on East Sixty-third Street; the moment the person who needs only the house on East Sixty-third Street is tempted to strive for a ducal castle in England, they have failed. Every human being should make up his mind well in advance, and tell himself, "I want so much and not more. That is all life can give me. After I possess it I shall sell not another moment of my life to acquire more than I need. Otherwise, I shall weary my brain and harden my heart. Money that was my conquest will become my conqueror. I will have none of that."

The reader may be interested in the following instances of four millionaires whom I have been privileged to observe. Two may be called successes, and two, perhaps, failures. Here are their brief life stories.

*Mr. A.* He was a man of ability and accumulated money very swiftly. By the time he was forty, he was the head of a great business. By nature he was fond of sports and the country, but the habit of money-making had become so strong that he refused himself these pleasures, and continued to create more means to make money. His lust became so intense that no employees were good enough in his business, and that by degrees he came to do all their work. He made more and more money. He had

no more time for pleasures. He died a nervous wreck, having failed.

*Mr. B.* This man made less money than Mr. A., but he made a great deal, steadily, solidly, and by degrees established himself as a man of secure fortune. But he was haunted by grandeur. Social position was the one commodity which he wanted to buy. He bought a title, so as to bequeath it to his son. His son happened to be a man with a taste for business, but his father precipitated him into a crack regiment. There the boy was miserable, and one afternoon in his bedroom shot himself dead. Mr. B. had a daughter endowed with a certain foolish charm. She would gladly have married a youth poor but pleasant. Instead, she was forced into the arms of a young nobleman, whom for the best of reasons she had to divorce. Mr. B. has failed.

*Mr. C.* made a great deal of money, and made it fairly slowly, but by the time he was twenty-eight he had the courage to establish a budget beyond which he would not spend. The balance he allowed to accumulate, having made up his mind that a certain income was required to attain a definite end. He wanted to be a politician. So far as he could understand his situation, he could hope at the age of thirty-three to have an income of twenty-two thousand dollars a year. This income would release him entirely for politics, and his future would be in his own hands. He proved to be six months wrong in his estimate. At the age of thirty-three and a half he had the courage to close down a business that was yielding him nearly forty thousand dollars a year; he had struck his limit. He made no more money. He followed the career he had set before himself. He is a success.

*Mr. D.* is rather akin to Mr. C. He was a young partner in a very rising business, namely, oil. Within three or four years great fortunes came to all the partners. One day Mr. D. went to his partners and told them that he was going to sell out. "But!" gasped one partner, "I don't believe you've got

fifty thousand dollars a year income." "Just about," said Mr. D., "and it's enough." His partners begged him to realize his folly, proved to him that in ten years he would be worth as many millions. But Mr. D. preferred ten years of life to ten millions. To-day he shoots pheasants, rides his horse, cracks his joke, and he owes not any man. Whether he ever dreams of the lost ten millions, I cannot tell. But somehow I doubt it. He has succeeded.

One may sum up by saying that money is certainly part of success, and that hardly anybody is really successful unless he makes a certain amount of money. Just as trade follows the flag, so does cash follow success. But there is a limit, a limit for every one of us, beyond which the monster of money devours the Frankenstein who created it.

Few men have rejected money, still fewer have rejected power. The list is long of saints who lived willingly in squalor, but the list is short of men, such as Cincinnatus, who willingly retired to their field after commanding the people. There is something intensely sweet in this faculty called power, in the capacity to say to a man, "Go!" and to find that he goes. There is a joy in feeling that what one orders to-day the whole race will accomplish willingly, or unwillingly. Nearly every man, and nearly every woman, has power of some sort. When the householder closes his front door he knows that his wife and his children will obey him, perhaps reluctantly, but inevitably, because he holds the purse. And almost every woman knows that her husband will obey her, because she holds the power of the tongue.

But those are circumscribed spheres, and few of us are content with so little. We want power over as many of our fellow creatures as may be. We want to dominate for the sake of domination, and the reason is simple enough. No man, no woman, is absolutely sure that he or she is important, and it is intolerable not to be important. Thus, when

one asserts oneself over many people, when they applaud one or respect one, one is not quite sure that one is important, but one realizes that one must be more important than the others, and that is worth while. The Dictator of the World, if there were such a person, might retain certain doubts as to his importance, compared with that of the divinity, but the subservience of mankind would reassure him so much that he might by degrees persuade himself of, let us say, his spiritual identity. Several kings in antiquity, and one or two in modern times, appear to have achieved this illusion.

But power is not entirely selfish; many men think that it would be good for others to be controlled, and that they are themselves good controllers. Often they are right, and out of power come many virtues. There is generosity: the man who has power can afford to be generous, while the under-dog cannot indulge in this luxury. There is mercy, because the powerful man knows that he will be protected against a forgiven enemy. There is justice, because the powerful one can afford to give his due to a man, knowing that he himself possesses all. There is pride: like generosity, that is a luxury. There is chivalry: that is a decoration which the churl cannot enjoy. Oscar Wilde said that it was easy to be virtuous on fifty thousand a year, to which I venture to add that it may be easy, but is not necessary. Likewise, it is easy to show all the charities, material and mental, when one owns the world. Hence the virtues of the great.

Unfortunately, power, like the bag of an amateur hunter, is a little mixed. In this bag lie, mixed up with pheasants, rabbits shot in a fit of pessimism, and dogs shot by mistake. Power necessarily leads to selfishness, because the master can always afford to think of himself first. It leads to all the lusts, because they may be gratified with impunity. It brings out tyranny, because the master is not always in a generous mood, and sometimes wants to remind



others that he can do them harm. It brings out intolerance, because if one is powerful one finds that when one is right and when one is wrong they still say that one is right. So contradiction appears as an outrage. The king hangs the journalist; the banker dismisses his clerk; the laborer refuses to support his wife.

Therefore, power, this mixed blessing, is one to be handled with discretion, even with humility. Otherwise, as a petted snake forgetting its manners, it can turn upon its master and bite. History is full of persons who had power; it is full of nothing else, for history has forgotten the loves and the ambitions of the galley slaves, the adventures of the sea captains who sailed into Boston, and the children that played while the Northmen roved from Scandinavia. The stories of some of these men tell one all that one need know of the value of power. Take the case of Napoleon. He rose from a low origin to be a general at twenty-five, and an emperor at thirty-five. He spread his rule over a continent. He gained the trust of men, and so could well do without the love of women. He has set his name like a star in the vault of history. But his ambition bolted with him like a fiery horse; he could live only by victory, and when he could no longer secure victory, he failed. He ended a prisoner among his lifelong enemies, dictating egotistic, rancorous, petty memoirs. He failed.

A sharp contrast with Napoleon is found in Abraham Lincoln. He, too, like so many of the great, was of low degree. After long obscurity, he rose to be the president of his country; he was given the terrible opportunity of conducting a civil war. He was modest, frugal, and all through had only one test: "Is this right?" And if it was right he must cleave unto it. He saw victory, the complete victory of his ideal, and fate was kind. Fate directed the hand of the assassin to strike him down in his great moment, before he could grow too old, before . . . one

hardly likes to say it, before he had a chance of making a mistake.

We cannot compare Lincoln with the small man called Joseph Chamberlain, but still, Chamberlain stirred English politics for thirty years. He was a born breaker of idols. First he broke Gladstone, and later he broke Lord Balfour. He became the unofficial leader of protectionism, and for some time was the most formidable figure in English politics. But his enemies were too strong, and soon with them his friends allied. Lord Balfour, whom he had beaten, returned to power, while he became a shadow, sick and old. Chamberlain had seemed to be everything, and to the end was nothing.

By the side of this failure goes success, Garibaldi. He too of low degree, gave his sword to liberty in Italy and in South America. Campaigning against the Austrian, he sees his wife die of exhaustion in his arms. All his life he fights for freedom, and at last enters Naples in triumph to hand it over to his king. He ends up merely a deputy in parliament, compelled to take a pension to support his poverty. But he succeeds because all his life idealism flies before him like a flag.

Power is a form of success, and it is a dangerous one, because man is ungrateful. The man who grubs for money, his eyes well down, is safer than the man who persists in looking up, so that the stars may blind him. The situation was defined by one of those obscure voices that rise out of a political meeting. A candidate ended up his speech by saying: "If you elect me, I promise you that I shall not come back with empty hands." And the obscure voice summed up all the ages by replying: "You had better not."

But he who says power does not say fame, though sometimes they amount to the same thing. Many have power, but are unknown, and many think to find success in that obscure region where they have sway. But there is another

form of success which is called fame, and which, in fact, is often notoriety, or popularity. A Frenchman once said that popularity is fame in coppers. Many of the famous have been paid in coppers; only those who survive the centuries are paid in gold. It may be true that no man is a failure until he is dead, but certainly until then he is seldom famous. I suppose that the difference between notoriety and fame is that the first grows like a mushroom, while fame develops slowly. Some have fame during their lives; I suppose that Mr. Edison, Professor Einstein, perhaps Mr. Thomas Hardy, have what may be called fame. It is difficult to say, because the blare of the popular trumpet is devoted to notoriety, and makes our ears so deaf that we cannot tell whether this is fame. The only definition of fame that I can personally give is: "A notoriety which endures."

The reader will therefore conceive what a terrible chariot a man attaches himself to when he pursues fame, and can imagine no success other than fame. Yet this pursuit is common; at the moment you read these lines there are a number of young men in Iowa who have decided that only literary fame will satisfy them; possibly a larger number of young women in Missouri know that their life will be blasted unless they attain the laurels of Madame Sarah Bernhardt. Fortunately, they will come down from this eminence, obtain satisfactory posts as city editors, and leading ladies, or even following ladies; otherwise their lives would be blasted indeed.

Nothing is so terrible, so tragic as the pursuit of fame, unless it is conducted by a happy lunatic. It generally is. For the person who sees fame as the only form of success is pursuing something almost undefinable, something which is generally a legacy that one receives when one is dead. I doubt whether the pursuit of fame in a sane person can be a conscious thing. If it is conscious, it must almost inevitably be a failure. The only thing that can then be gained

is notoriety, or popularity. But one condition is absolutely necessary, and that is complete disregard of the thing in view. While the man for whom success means money can say to himself that, if he invests at compound interest at five per cent, his money will double itself in fourteen years; while the man who wants power can tell himself that if he converts to his views fifty-one electors out of a hundred he will become a senator; the man who wants fame can do nothing except work on, hope on, and still better, forget. Fame is the accidental reward of a temperament, and perhaps it is not success, because it is too cruel a possession.

Consider, for instance, Shelley, the greatest lyric poet the world has known. He was disliked at Eton, and expelled from Oxford. His father disowned him. He quarrelled with his wife, and they parted. She committed suicide. His health then failed him, and he was drowned. His verse is immortal, but his life was a long darkness streaked with flame. He cannot have known the steady warmth which most of us call happiness. He has fame, but as a human being he did not know success.

Of Mr. Edison less can be said because he still lives. We know only that, beginning life as a newsboy, he invented the system of telegraphic transmission, the phonograph, the megaphone, five hundred different devices. We know, too, that to-day, full of years, he is still active, still working. His has been the passion of scientific investigation. Perhaps we can call his reputation fame, and his life success.

But Balzac? The man who first, with Stendahl, created the psychological novel, whose works make a complete picture of the human comedy? Continually enmeshed in commercial ventures that failed, always short of money, always entangled in lawsuits, the vain pursuer of Madame Hanska, doomed nearly all his life to go without love . . . what a price he paid! How little his immense reputation could hope to balance the pains



he suffered! Balzac had fame, but if life could give him only that, most men would prefer a lower form of success.

Then there is Dickens, another great temperament. Another man risen from a low estate. All through his books, in despite of the humor, we find a selfless passion for the betterment of mankind, campaigns against bad schools, cruel workhouses, and general inhumanity. He is the first editor of the great Liberal organ, *The Daily News*. He knows the ordinary miseries of mankind, shortness of money and poverty of health, but no great tragedy comes to him. He dies at the top of his greatness. He has fame, and yet success.

Very likely, true success for a man or a woman is something more subtle. One cannot say, He has fame, and therefore he is a success; she is rich, and so she is a success. It is something more complicated. Not only is money a boon to be limited, but the pursuit of fame may be a trap, and the attainment of power may bring its punishment. It seems to me that success is something altogether less glowing. To express what I mean, let us consider the situation of Mr. Thomas Smith.

Mr. Smith is a man of fifty-four. He is in good health; thus, he drinks what he chooses, likes a game of cards, and a round of golf. He is not a very rich man, but he pays his bills as they come due, and his investments do not particularly depreciate. His business is not notably developing, nor is it going down. He can look forward so long as he lives to maintaining his present station. When he dies he will leave his widow and his children enough to keep them in a similar situation. His wife thinks him rather childish, but loves him all the same. His son, more easily deluded, thinks him wise. His daughter, in no wise deluded, thinks him kind. Mr. Smith is of good

repute. If he says that a thing is so, people believe him, and indeed it is so. Notably, he is free from vain desires. By occupation he manufactures hardware, and has not the slightest doubt that it is better, nobler, and more bracing to manufacture hardware than to write sonnets. So he does not try to write sonnets, and is not disappointed. But Mr. Smith is capable of harboring new desires. He has lived the spell of passion which is allocated to a man, lived it fully, enjoying every minute of it. But he does not at fifty-four bandy foolish jokes with the girl at the candy store. He likes her because she is young and pretty, but he has a balance of mind that would make it absurd to fall in love with her. Thus the desires which he can harbor are not vulgar and dangerous. He can still want to lower his handicap at golf; he can take pleasure in introducing calculating machines into his office; last year he visited Italy, and enjoyed it so well that now he wants to visit Spain. For not only can Mr. Smith desire: he can also enjoy. He has kept his pleasures fresh, and he manages to love life. He knows that life has its cruelties, but he knows that it has its joys. The first he avoids as well as he may; the second he tries to enhance. Those who attack him may find him proud; those who seek his help find it ready. For he judges mankind coolly, and yet gently. Knowing his own weakness, he respects the strength of others and sympathizes with their feebleness. He loves mankind without trusting it too much. His mind is like a beautiful pair of scales, where he gives all men their due; when their due is not quite heavy enough, he drops a tear into the scale. Mr. Thomas Smith has money, not too much; power over a few, who are willing that he should exercise it; and the narrow fame of a decent man. He is a success.

# From A Very Little Sphinx

SEVEN POEMS

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

“COME along in then, little girl!  
Or else stay out!”  
But in the open door she stands,  
And bites her lip and twists her hands,  
And stares upon me, trouble-eyed:  
“Mother,” she says, “I can’t decide!  
I can’t decide!”

## II

Oh, burdock, and you other dock,  
That have ground coffee for your seeds,  
And lovely, long, thin daisies, dear—  
She said that you are weeds!  
She said, “Oh, what a fine bouquet!”  
But afterwards I heard her say,  
“She’s always dragging in those weeds.”

## III

Everybody but just me  
Despises burdocks. Mother, she  
Despises ’em the most because  
They stick so to my socks and drawers.  
But father, when he sits on some,  
Can’t speak a decent word for ’em.

## IV

I know a hundred ways to die.  
I’ve often thought I’d try one:  
Lie down beneath a motor truck  
Some day when standing by one.

Or throw myself from off a bridge—  
Except such things must be  
So hard upon the scavengers  
And men that clean the sea.



## FROM A VERY LITTLE SPHINX

I know some poison I could drink.  
I've often thought I'd taste it.  
But mother bought it for the sink,  
And drinking it would waste it.

### V

Look, Edwin! Do you see that boy  
Talking to the other boy?  
No, over there by those two men—  
Wait, don't look now—now look again.  
No, not the one in navy-blue;  
That's the one he's talking to.  
Sure you see him? Striped pants?  
Well, *he was born in Paris, France.*

### VI

All the grown-up people say,  
"What, those ugly thistles?  
Mustn't touch them! Keep away!  
Prickly! Full of bristles!"

Yet they never make me bleed  
Half so much as roses!  
Must be purple is a weed,  
And pink and white is posies.

### VII

Wonder where this horseshoe went.  
Up and down, up and down,  
Up and past the monument,  
Maybe into town.

Wait a minute. "Horseshoe,  
How far have you been?"  
*Says it's been to Salem  
And halfway to Lynn.*

Wonder who was in the team.  
Wonder what they saw.  
Wonder if they passed a bridge—  
Bridge with a draw.

*Says it went from one bridge  
Straight upon another.  
Says it took a little girl  
Driving with her mother.*

# Trails to Tiny Towns

## 5.—*The Appalling White*

BY GERTRUDE A. ZERR

IT'S funny about snow: there's so much of it—and it's such an impalpable, sinister, relentless, merciless thing, insistent, senseless, intangible, elusive, and so *white*!

It comes in the sweet, crisp days of early fall, with a soft, clinging, caressing touch, every little flake an individual thing, whispering, "Aren't we dear? Aren't you glad to see us? Don't you love us?"—tender as baby hands.

Another month, and still it falls, but the tenderness has become a mockery. Another space of time, and it stings and bites venomously. Week after week, month after month, it falls, and falls, and falls!

Those are the days when not all the poets in the world can tell you that Nature is kind—not if they gather together in all their robes of authority and shout it from the housetops. And there are still other days—dull spring days, when the terrible white spreads a pall over the land, corpselike, sun-white, blinding white, gray-white, dead-white.

No, to us of the far places, white doesn't speak of innocence and purity and bridal array; to us it spells man-hatred, and sex-war, and unreasoning wrath and jealousy, and long brooding silences when thoughts lie buried deep and fester and rankle in stagnant, poisonous pools.

Of all the desolate places in which I have been happy there was none so wild and barren as the upper park of Curly Canyon. People had moved into it and moved out again; it was the last of the Indians' camping grounds, and that means that long after they had been herded from more desirable territory

they had been allowed to linger here because no white man wanted it. Only yesterday they were driven out; the tepee rings still mark the grass, and children play games in them.

Curly was a Scotchman. He moved into the canyon as a boy of twenty with his chubby young bride of seventeen, and they lived there without neighbors a long time. There were no roads. Curly drove over the bare hillside with his wagonload of provisions and blankets, and builded himself a sturdy cabin and bunks and tables of tree-trunks.

At first Jean was very lonesome and dreadfully frightened. Curly was away in the timber most of the time, and no one ever came by except the Indians. They would stop to look into the windows of the cabin, and gaze long and steadily at the fair-haired young woman. They hadn't any words, though there is no doubt they had much to say. They'd gaze long, and go away finally with backward looks.

Jean had many children, and it was well that she had them, because after they were born other things lost terror for her. She became very brave against the bitter storms of winter, and in the telling of stories and making of letters for them, she was not so lonesome as she would otherwise have been.

So that is how Lucille was born. The first children were twins, and then there were a half dozen more, among whom was this lovely, chubby thing that grew its nineteen years on a desolate mountain peak, and liked it.

Lucille and I were fond of each other. When I came up to teach the seven little children who inhabited the upper park,



she was married to an earnest-minded young man, and living in a lovely house of heavy logs, fitted up like a palace with Delco lights and beaver board and fireplaces. It had seven bedrooms and two living rooms, and four or five others, but nobody lived in them because the owner and his family were rich enough to live in town. The young man bought lots of sheep and was going to get rich immediately and go to town to live, too.

Lucille and I didn't worry about the sheep. All through September we rode up the far trails to look down at the lovely stretches of orange and purple where the tamaracks glowed against the shadows of the slopes. We had rainbow skies of bottle-green and custard yellow, and pink streaks of sunset, and blue hazes, and rosy fogs, and crimson bushes; we couldn't see enough of it, and when the snow filled the upper trails we rode down into the lower canyons, farther and farther down to more orange and red and gold. Never have I seen so many lovely colors as I saw that fall, and Lucille sighed once, and said,

"How easy it would be to be happy and good if all the world were yellow!"

We *were* happy and good; we went up into the timber with the men for the winter's wood and slept in the branches of the fallen trees, making ourselves beds eight feet deep for the fun of springing in them, and the men laughed, and said what kids we were.

We went on long hunts and fishing trips, where we never got anything but had pleasant times. We helped drive sheep when the camps were moved to the winter range. At night we put on dresses for dinner. The men shaved on Sundays and put on clean shirts.

The first snow of every fall is always the same. A cloud one morning covers the high peak to the east. "Wait a minute," says the cloud. "I have a surprise for you!" You watch while it lifts ever so slowly. You know very well what you are going to see, but you wait as expectantly as you do for your Christmas presents. The cloud con-

tinues to lift; presently it is clear of the peak. "Now, what do you think of that?" it asks, triumphantly. And there is the dusting of white, like powdered sugar on cake. You laugh, tolerantly. It is as if a child had triumphantly presented you with something you didn't want at all.

The snow fell on us like a blow. All the red and purple and orange were swept out of the landscape with a single blast of fury; the sun rose white, and sank with a baleful glare; the hay was not all cut; the range was gone.

"My God!" said Clayton, "we'll have to begin wintering at the ranch." He buried his head in his hands. Only by a miracle would he become rich that year.

Like a blow, too, fell the hatred of the men. Up to this time we'd lived happily and competently with each other, livening up the evenings and the meetings at mealtimes with pleasant persiflage and merry insults tossed lightly from one to another. Clayton would start off on a journey and come back to Lucille with a casual, "Forgot to kiss you," and perform the rite cheerfully.

And when he flung at me epigrams indicative of my general worthlessness and incompetency and social undesirability, I would fling back others equally flippant.

But that was before the snow—while the world was still glowing with color and sound, and women moved in and out of their houses, and men met one another in the open air.

Now fell the Hate—hate of men for women and for one another, and hate of women for men; such dreadful hate as you can have no conception of. In civilization you don't hate one another like that. When you get out of patience with a man you just tell him never to let you see him again, and he goes away and doesn't show up until you've had a chance to think it over and get a better perspective. But when the snow buries you deep, and you see the same man over, and over, and over—the same

seven men—inside of a house, at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and between times—well, can't you see how you must hate them?

The herders came down from the hills. There were a Russian, voluble on the subject of his wrongs, and a Balkan, pugnacious and threatening, with little beady eyes darting about on the constant search for trouble, and a Norwegian, big and self-assertive, and a couple of half-breeds, and a Spaniard. If all of these, with Clayton, could have combined in organized hatred of Lucille and me, as we joined together in hatred of them, they might have gone through the winter in peace and sanity; but, as I shall tell you before this dreadful tale is done, such a thing could not be.

Now there are many curious things about hatred: It is causeless, and uncontrollable. You don't hate because you wish, but because you must. So Lucille hated Clayton, and Clayton hated me, and I hated all the men, and they all hated one another.

Women never hate one another. We are too precious one to the other because we have much in common; no matter how long the winter is, we have things to talk about and things to do that are pleasant. We play thunderous duets on the piano; and crochet bedspreads, and quilt comforters, and weave rugs, and all such pleasant pastimes, while the men sit gloomy, and stare at the snow, and listen to the threat of storms and coyotes, and see their wealth vanishing with every new flood of white.

None of the men loved one another like that. They had race-wars between themselves, except the Spaniard, and they could not possibly love him for these reasons: He had come down from the hills so high that I had not seen him until the deep snows fell. He was new. He had wandered up from South America that summer, and could not yet talk English. He was deprecating and apologetic, and much given to bowing and smiling, and sliding timidly into dark corners. The other men were amused at

first, and showed off mightily with fluent conversation in English, and manly gestures indicative of complete at-homeness in America. The Spaniard was crushed by the grandeur of them, by their importance and competence. Lucille seated him by me for his protection, and I took care of him, watching his plate, so that he need not starve for lack of words. He was grateful. The Russian sat on my other side, and he talked violently—told me all about the terrors of the revolution, and the wrongs of the peasantry, and the triumph of the Bolsheviks, and I grew very weary, partly because I could not understand him very well, and partly because I was not at all certain of his intentions—by which I mean that his desire was not so much to entertain me as to impress the poor Spaniard.

I turned my back upon him.

"*Vous parlez français un peu, peut-être, monsieur?*" I inquired of the Spaniard.

He gasped.

"*Français, yais, yais, Español, yais, Engles!*" he triumphed.

That was why the men hated him.

Every night he came smiling in to dinner, slid into his seat beside me, and discoursed eloquently in a language I did not understand. Nor did he understand the remarks I made. The other men comprehended even less. They glowered and raged the one at the other, and all together at the hapless matador.

We didn't exactly quarrel. Men and women do not quarrel openly with one another unless they are married, and those winged words do not usually amount to much. When men do things to annoy a woman, such as walking heavily when there is a cake in the oven, or using all the hot water in the tea-kettle, or sitting down on her sewing in their greasy overalls, she naturally pitches into her husband about it; and, contrariwise, when a visiting lady does something irritating, like losing the bucket down the well, or letting the sheep-dip run all over the kitchen floor when she's promised to watch it boil, or



leaving the upstairs light on all night so that the batteries run down, why, he just pitches into his wife, and the real culprits listen and pay heed.

That's the way everybody manages, and it's not distressing to anybody. But this was different. We didn't break out into good, healthy fights; we made quiet remarks charged with direful, hidden meaning; we glowered.

Under other circumstances I should have grown fond of Clayton, and in the brilliant days of autumn we had all played happily together; we should have loved him enough then to last into the spring, and, probably, we could have done so if the snow had not come so early, and had not stayed so long.

I grew to snap at him when he tried to lift himself out of his gloom to frolic with me.

"What's the matter with your nose? Paint-brush slip?" he'd ask genially, when I came in from school, frostbitten and out of temper from a dreary journey through the drifts.

"What's it to you?" I'd snarl.

"What color is your own?" Lucille would rally to my assistance.

"Why don't you show them women who's boss, Clayt?" the Russian would interpose.

"Well, who is?" Lucille would ask sweetly.

"Wassa matter?" would come from the Norwegian, leering.

"Wat you do now, Clayt? You ain't got no show, hey?" from the Bulgarian.

The men were out of doors all day, herding the sheep in the sheltered hollows about the open park into which all the little canyons merged. If they'd been living together in the bunk-houses I fear they might have killed one another before the winter was over; at the table they would sit with knives and forks poised as if for battle. The Russian would discard all his other implements and cut his steak with a big clasp-knife that glinted wickedly.

Only the Spaniard loved us; and per-

haps it was as much in gratitude for his love as in hatred of the other men that we were kind to him. Lucille took to setting the blue plate for him, and giving him his coffee in a pink cup. Those were the only colored dishes we had. I laughed when I saw them appear upon the table, and she smiled demurely. I don't know when Clayton first noticed them. But one day he suddenly scowled a terrible scowl and pushed back his chair with a clatter.

"Darling!" mocked Lucille.

"My boy!" I supplemented.

He stalked from the room with a face as black as night.

Afterward I was a little disturbed; but it seemed ridiculous that he should consider so inoffensive a person as José, especially in the light of the Spaniard's obvious devotion to me.

Lucille wasn't disturbed. She seemed glad to make Clayton jealous.

More snow, and more and more! It no longer fell in jolly big flakes, but filled the air with a tenuous, thready, dry wool. It was amazingly cold. I slept upstairs all by myself in first one and another of the seven rooms, and they were all frigid. Sometimes I couldn't sleep much because of the noise of the storms, the howls of the dogs and coyotes, but I liked it. And I had good times at school. Children don't care whether the world is white or polka-dotted, if only it be full enough of company and play. We had snow-forts, almost as high as the schoolhouse, on each side of the road, with mines and countermines and tunnels. We kept sugar and chocolate in the kitchenette all winter, and on stormy days, under pretense of learning cooking, we had candy parties, and reviewed the chapters on games and plays.

Not one of the seven children could be kept at home through the storms of that dreadful winter. Mothers would stand by, wringing their hands in agony, while determined daughters of six years obstinately drew on overalls and leggings and as obdurately set out against the bliz-

zards. We were an unfailingly reliable barometer. Men would gaze through the blinding snow and ask,

"Is it too bad to go out to feed to-day?"

The reply would be, "Well, we'll wait and see if the teacher and kids go by."

But it was hard to travel. Horses just naturally will not hurry through drifts, and sometimes I was lucky if I made a mile in thirty minutes. I'd number the steps, one, two, three, until my brain whirled with the slow count. I never knew how many hundreds of steps it was from the house to school, because I kept jerking myself together to keep *from* counting. If it was hard to get to school, it was impossible to get anywhere else. And anyway, we lost ambition. I'd get home from school and throw myself on the lounge, boots and all, and stare at the ceiling. Lucille would move about silently, getting supper; Clayton would come in and sit glowering behind the stove; then the herders: the Spaniard bowing and smiling, the Russian stormy and talkative, the Balkan pugnacious and provocative, his beady eyes darting about seeking the opening of a quarrel. Nobody ever spoke to me until I spoke first—the reason for this being that teachers are very uncertain of disposition and swift of tongue, and there is no competing with them in language. But the Spaniard smiled, and I smiled back at him, and he was happy as a puppy that has been caressed; and the Russian scowled blackly and let down his chair with a crash.

Two days before Christmas Lucille and I found we didn't have enough red tissue paper for decorations, so we got up at four o'clock and went on horseback to town. Travel wasn't at all bad after we got out of the canyons, because the wind had swept the snow into drifts, and there was plenty of room to ride around them. Clayton was furious, though he had no right to be, because we left him a note explaining very clearly and we got back quite in time on Christmas eve. Other people got stirred up

about it, too. Nobody remarked any more what kids we were. We grew irritated. If people were going to get worked up about our riding fifty miles through the snow for two bits worth of tissue paper, then maybe we could get them worked up over something really worth while.

So Lucille put the blue plate at the Spaniard's place, and the house was full of a great uneasiness. Everybody knew the history of the blue plate except the Spaniard. It was a bread plate with little pink roses, which Lucille had admired when she was a little girl; and from the time she was ten years old whenever a herder or camp-tender or sheep-shearer took her childish fancy, he was sure to find the blue plate before him; it was a distressing plate to eat out of because it was perfectly flat on top, and gravy slid over the edges, and pie skidded on the surface. It did not bother her that the object of her attentions knew nothing of the honor which had come to him.

After a little the Russian took to clasping and unclasping his hunting knife, and Clayton opened and closed his fists with an equal restlessness. I grew more and more disturbed, but Lucille continued to smile, demurely and devilishly.

Then we began to sew. We always sew after Christmas. It's part of the season. It wasn't much fun at first, because there was nothing to make. We hadn't any place to wear new clothes except at home, and we wouldn't compromise in our unfriendly attitude. We wore our riding breeches and boots to breakfast, dinner and supper—only sometimes when the men were away on Saturday we put on our party dresses and had tea in the parlor and played we were real people. At first the Spaniard was left at home to attend to the chores, but after the appearance of the blue plate he had to ride with the sheep, and the Russian stayed with us.

There was nothing to make regular clothing out of, anyway, because nobody ever went to town, so we cast about for



a new sort of garment. I thought of wool-picking costumes, and Lucille was pleased. We didn't really want any wool, because we could have all we cared for when the sheep were sheared in the spring; but we knew it would excite the men to see us going along in wool-picking costumes, gathering wool off the barbed wire of the fences, and it did indeed. We made the costumes out of blankets; Lucille's was dyed red and mine green, and we were a lovely splash of color on the desolate landscape as we went up and down the road, transferring bits of dirty wool from the fences to brightly-colored bags. Nobody had ever done that before. The news went like fire all over the country—as far down as the railroad town.

"What *is* the matter with those girls?" they despaired.

We got enough wool and washed and carded it to make two adorable little comforters which would be charming for a crib. I told Lucille we would sell them in town in the spring, but she said shyly that she thought she would keep hers. And I said perhaps sometime I could give mine to some one for a gift. She looked up sharply.

"What do you know?" her eyes challenged me.

"Not a thing!" mine replied, as convincingly as eyes can lie.

I don't know how it is with other women, but in the far places we don't tell one another what most intimately concerns us; we talk all round the events of the day, as if we were totally unaware of the deep undercurrent running under our lives like a river under ice; leaving it to our eyes to say to one another the thousand things that our lips will never speak.

Then we made us some coyote-shooting costumes. They were rather clever. They had tight little white wool trousers edged with raw muskrat fur; and we had heavy socks that came almost to our knees, and flowing capes with broad red and green and purple borders—all this made out of the bunk-house blankets.

We wore our knees bare, and every zero day when the men found it too cold to go out to feed, we would put these on and go coyote shooting. We never saw a coyote in broad daylight, to be sure, and couldn't have shot it if we had, but we laughed joyously at the storm that we roused about the house-fire. Of course, we didn't stay out long; and when we came home we would sit quietly by the fire with our quilting or crocheting, or cuddle up together on the piano bench with one of the explosive duets the men so hated.

March came, and over on the other side of the Divide the warm winds curled in from the ocean, bringing green grass and apple blossoms; but the same wind struggling through the canyons to us gathered up all the ice and frost of an age-old winter's hoard, and grew direful and threatening. It came to us as a great thick fog, ghastly white, rolling through the canyon like a monster, and spreading over the upper park with a deadly, ice-cold dampness that chilled like death, before it slunk into the little coulees.

About this time a little pup was born. Usually we're not allowed to have the puppies in the house, because if the dogs form human attachments they aren't likely to be much good for sheep; but this pup came from valuable stock and we couldn't afford to lose him. So we brought him in out of the snow. Lucille was wild about him. She'd watch him and play with him hour after hour, and as he grew bigger she conceived a strangely passionate attachment for him.

"I never noticed before—" she said to me with her funny little laugh which didn't exhaust itself like other people's, but broke off suddenly, with a curious sob—"I never noticed about puppies before: they're just like regular dogs, only *little!*"

The Russian named him Spunk. The Balkan called him Sox. Clayton called him Jack.

Lucille and I considered it our right to name him, and in order to promote as

much concord as possible among the rival god-parents, she called him Pansy-Violet, and I named him Tootems.

Pansy-Violet-Tootems wasn't like any other pup I have ever met. He was almost half wolf, savage and snarling in a little-dog way that was most alluring. I'd hold him up and ask him if him was my darling Tootems, and he'd bite a piece out of my chin if I offered to kiss the snapping jaws.

The only time he tolerated me was at meal-times. Then he sat beside me and I fed him with a fork. I explained to the Russian that the women of the state had passed a law that sheep dogs must always be fed with forks; that herders were not to be allowed to be so cruel any more as to pour food on the ground for their dogs. The uproar which ensued surpassed any of my wildest expectations. Law of itself is bad enough for a Russian, but Woman-made law is cause for murder and sacrilege. He clasped his knife and unclasped it again, and his face was terrible. We smiled happily. We were having a nice time.

The Spaniard smiled at Tootems as well as at the rest of us. His nature was gentle and sweet.

It was April and the fog-wind still crept down the canyon, sinister and still; the clouds shed their long gray shadows on the dead snow. The wood-pile had sunk to an alarming level. In May the lambs would come. Every night we heard the triumphant howl of the coyotes, baying loud and clear at the white moon—we could see them sometimes, ranged in a semi-circle on the hill above the bedding ground. The men went up to the lambing pens and found them buried in snow. There was not a chance in a thousand that the corrals would be ready in time. The price of hay mounted with every snowstorm.

It was May, and the deadness lay loathesomely in the canyons in ashen decomposition—snow-honeycombed where the scattered rays of the sun fell on it.

You can stand the blizzards and fight exultantly against their fury, because it

is heroic to do so, and the happiness of living is mostly in the pride of heroic labor; but no one has the endurance to live with a dead thing—a thing that stays with you in all its deadness, decaying in your sight, darkening your days with its grayness, clammy to your touch.

Clayton grew more morose and more silent. He would not get rich that year. There would be another winter in the canyon.

Once I came in unexpectedly, and found Lucille huddled on the couch, crying violently. She seldom cried.

"S'matter, kid?" I asked.

She buried her head deeper in the pillows.

"I don't know!" she wailed. "I don't know! I can't stand it any more! It will be May, now, and you will be gone! Don't leave me, don't leave me all alone!"

"Well, I wasn't figuring on going anywhere," I assured her.

"But it is May!" she wailed. "I can't stay alone!"

"Do you want me to call Clayton?" I asked. "He's right down in the barn."

She sat up rigidly.

"If Clayton comes in I'll kill him!" she stated, through set teeth.

That was the night that the appalling white was broken by a more appalling red.

The puppy was bigger now and had learned to follow the men out of doors. He was the implacable enemy of Lucille and me, but he loved the men and the sheep and the other dogs; he still came in at meal-times to be fed with a fork, and he would unbend sufficiently to romp with us when his day's work was done and he could forget that he was a responsible sheep dog, and remember that he was still a pup.

Lucille had stopped crying and we were at the piano.

There came a sudden yelp of pain—a clatter of wood spilling over the porch, a shudder of Russian oaths, and a decrescendo of agonized howls. Then silence.



Lucille and I sprang to our feet, and stood quivering and still.

"What is he doing with my dog?"

It was I who said it.

The Spaniard had slid into his corner to listen to us play. Now he got up and slid out again.

We returned presently to the piano. After all, it was not a life-and-death matter. Herders do beat dogs—that's one of the things that life tolerates, and you have to put up with it.

Lucille was setting the table when Clayton came in. His face was dark with rage. She looked up at him, and hesitated a moment, with the blue plate in her hand. He strode over to her and snatched it from her.

"Damn that plate!" he snapped.

Lucille looked down at the pieces.

"Oh," she said, her voice quavering a little, "now I can never love anybody again! Never, never again!"

Clayton grasped her by the shoulder.

"Come with me," he said.

He didn't tell me to come, but I followed.

Out by the house in the white snow were splotches of blood, and great gouged-out hollows, and bits of hair and sheepskin clothes, the marks of deadly combat.

"Oh," said Lucille, laughing with a sob, "it's red!"

"Don't you *care*?" he demanded. "Or isn't there enough of it? Do you want them *all* killed?"

"Don't be silly," I said. "Whose fault is it if men fight? What's it all about?"

"It's easy seen what it's about," he thundered.

Aren't men funny—as if a man's wife were the only woman in the world worth fighting about!

I stalked over to the bunk-house, and pounded on the door.

"Ivan!" I called. "Come out!"

He came out sheepishly. He had patches of adhesive plaster on his face, and one hand tied up in a not very clean rag.

"Where's the other man?"

From much dealing with culprits, I have a magisterial air which other culprits find it hard to resist.

He called José.

There hadn't been any bandage material left for José, and his face still bled. He looked at me with pathetic, doggish eyes.

"What was it about?" I asked, judiciously.

The Russian looked at Clayton, who continued to glower.

"Damn dog," said the Russian. "Knock me down when I come in wit' wood. I t'row sticks at heem. Dat's all."

"What else?" I asked coldly.

"Dat José," he muttered, "come wit' knife."

"Teacher's dog," explained José, meekly. "Ivan no can hit teacher's dog."

My chivalrous Spaniard! He was greasy and round and fat, but was ever conquistador in gleaming steel and crimson sash a more endearing knight?

"You see?" said Lucille and I, triumphantly, in a breath.

I took José in and washed his face and hands and bound them up with tape and plaster; and then I took Ivan and unwrapped his bandages and put on clean ones, and cut the hair from around his forehead, and that night I passed him as many potatoes as I passed to the Spaniard.

It was wonderful how the atmosphere cleared.

Sometimes when Clayton wasn't looking Lucille's eyes rested on him with a tender, whimsical light that made my heart leap; but when he turned his tortured gaze on her, the light would change to a steely stare which puzzled and distressed me.

And then suddenly the snow went off with a bound. The sun shone every day; the warm chinook came up through the canyons, and the grass around the springs was green. Children began to bring me buttercups; the world was full

of little colts and lambs and calves, frisking happily in the soft warmth. The Spaniard and the Norwegian moved farther up into the coulee and never came down any more, and the half-breeds watched their flocks by night, sleeping in their wagons in the daytime.

Clayton grew gentle again. I was sorry for his misfortunes and his worries. I took to looking for lambs as I traveled back and forth from school, picking up the strays and bringing them home. We lost many. There wasn't room enough, nor hay enough, to take care of all the ewes in the sheltered park, and several flocks had to be driven up into the coulees. The coyotes came down close to the house, waiting for lambs and got a number.

The more misfortune Clayton had the gentler I became with him. I took to going with the Russian when he went for the cows in the evening, and in the mornings I woke to the strains of passionate love songs as he poured out his soul to me on the phonograph.

Every night I looked across the table at the rosy face and the bright hair of Lucille, and the tender, tender blueness of her eyes, and wished I knew what lay behind their placid depths. Love there *was*—her eyes were as soft as the misty hills; but love for *whom*? Oh dear, why does life have to be so complicated? Why couldn't she love Clayton, who was so pitiful and so dear? But she didn't. She said so.

People began to visit us now. When I came home at four o'clock from school, women would be there, engaged in earnest talk, which would suddenly change to trifling remarks when I entered, as if a child had just come in. And they'd go away with mysterious nods to Lucille, telling her to be sure and call them up, and let them know if she needed them.

Traveling was much easier, but the roads to town were impassable, and the

coulees that lay out of the path of the chinooks were full of frozen drifts.

And then one night I woke with a start—wide awake. I had heard something. The coyotes were crying in long, quivering howls, and the dogs were answering, but that was not the cry that had awakened me. I sat up and listened. It came again.

"Ma-a-a-a!"

I crept shivering out of bed.

"Darn that lamb!"

I waited a moment, hoping someone downstairs would hear it, but there was no opening of doors.

Every lamb counted; and besides, I love to be busied about other people's affairs. So I wrapped myself in my bathrobe, slid my feet into my heavy slippers, and trotted downstairs. It was about four o'clock; the moon was white on the snow, and the stars were unfamiliar, like friends of last winter stopping in a minute to pass the time of day. I opened the door and looked out. The sheep were all huddled in the hollow below the house; I could see them shadowy in the white light; and no lambs strayed about.

Seeing nothing unusual about the situation, I turned back to the house.

And then I noticed the light beneath the crack of Lucille's door. I caught my breath. It was so still—I heard the voice of Lucille, weak, but vibrant, a lovely voice, fluent as the chinook in the pine needles.

"*Dearest*, don't cry! Nothing hurts me now! Truly it doesn't! And it's such a lovely thing! Look at it again! It's just like you, Clayton, only *little*!"

I breathed fast for a few minutes. I could hear the inexperienced gasping of something young and new; and the muffled dry sob of a man whose worries are over; and the tender comforting of a woman to whom all the world is helpless and young.



# The Happy Isles

## A NOVEL—PART VIII

BY BASIL KING

Author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Wild Olive*, etc.

### XXXIX

IN January, 1917, it began to occur to Tom Whitelaw that he might have to go and fight. He might possibly be killed. Worse than that, he might be crippled and blinded or otherwise rendered helpless.

He had followed the war hitherto as one who looks on at tragedies which have nothing to do with himself. Europe was to him no more than a geographical term. Intense where his own aims and duties were concerned, but lacking the imaginative faculty, he had never been able to take England, France, and Germany as realities. The horrors of which he read in newspapers moved him less than a big human story on the stage. That the struggle might suck him into itself, smashing him as a tornado smashes a tree, came home to him first at a Sunday evening supper with the Ansleys.

"If it does come," Philip Ansley said, complacently, "a lot of you young fellows will have to go and be shot up."

"I'm on," Guy announced, readily. "If it hadn't been for the family I'd have enlisted in Canada long ago."

His mother took this seriously. "Well that, thank God, can't happen to us. Darling, with your—"

"Oh, yes, with my fat! Same old bunk! But, mother, I'm losing weight like a snowbank in April. It's *running* away. I'm exercising; I'm taking Turkish baths; I don't hardly eat a damn thing. I weighed two-fifty-three six weeks ago, and now I'm down to two-forty-nine."

"Don't worry," his father assured him. "You'll get there. You'll make a fine target for Big Bertha. Couldn't miss you any more than she would a whole platoon."

"Philip, how can you!"

"Oh, they're all crazy to go." He looked toward Tom. "Suppose you are too. Exactly the big husky type they like to blow into hash."

Turning to help himself from the dish Pilcher happened to be passing, Tom's eyes encountered Hildred's. Seated beside him, she had veered round on hearing her father's words. The alarm in her face was a confession.

"Oh, I can wait," he tried to laugh. "If I've got to go I will, but I'm not tumbling over myself to get there."

A half hour later Mrs. Ansley and the three younger members of the party were in the music room, where Guy was at the piano. The mother sat on a gilded French canapé, making an excuse for keeping Hildred beside her. Tom had already begun to guess that the friendship between Hildred and himself was making Mrs. Ansley uneasy. For all these years she had taken him as Guy's protégé with whom "anything of that kind" was impossible. But lately she had so maneuvered as not to leave Hildred and himself alone. Whether Hildred noticed it or not he couldn't tell, since she never made a counter-move. If she was not unconscious of her mother's strategy she let it appear as if she were.

All the while Guy chimed out the *Carillon de Cythère* of Couperin le Grand

Mrs. Ansley patted Hildred's hand, and rejoiced in her two children. Guy's touch was velvety because it was Guy's; Couperin le Grand was a noble composer because Guy played him. Her amorphous person quivered to the measure, with a tremor here and a dilation there, like the contraction and expansion of a medusa floating in the sea.

But when Guy had tinkled out the final notes she bubbled to her feet.

"Darling, I don't think I ever heard you play as well as you're doing this winter. I think if you were to give a private recital . . ."

In the general movement Tom lost the rest of this suggestion, but caught on again at a whisper which he overheard.

"Hildred, I simply must go and take my corsets off. I've had them on ever since I dressed for church. It's Nellie's evening out. I'll have to ask you to come and help me."

But as her mother was kissing Guy good-night Hildred managed to say beneath her breath, "Don't go away. I'll try to come back. There's something I want to speak about."

Left to themselves, the two young men exchanged bits of college gossip while Guy twirled on the piano stool. They had the more to say to each other since they met less often than in their year at Gore Hall. Guy was now in Westmorley Court, and Tom in one of the cheaper residential halls in the Yard. Their associations would have tended to put them apart, had not Guy's need of moral strengthening, to say nothing of a dog-like loyalty, driven him back at irregular intervals upon his old friend. Now and then, too, when his mother insisted on his coming home for the Sunday evening meal, Hildred suggested that he bring Tom.

"Let's hike it in by the Embankment," was Guy's way of extending this invitation. "I don't mind if you come along, and Hildred likes it. Dad don't care one way or another. He isn't democratic like Hildred and me; but he's only a snob when it comes to his position as one

of the grand panjandrums of Boston. Mother kicks, of course; but then she'd accept the devil himself if I was to tote him behind me."

Long usage had enabled Tom to translate these sentiments into terms of eagerness. Guy really wanted him. He was Guy's haven of refuge as truly as when they had been growing boys. Every few weeks Guy turned from his "bunch of sports," or his "bunch of sports" left him in the lurch, so that he came back like a homing pigeon to its roost. Tom was fond of him, was sorry for him, bore with him. Moreover, beyond these tactless invitations there was Hildred.

They fell to talking of Tad Whitelaw. Guy swung round to the piano, beating out a few bars of throbbing, deep-seated grief.

"One more little song and dance and Tad'll get this. Know what it is?"

Confessing that he didn't know, Tom learned that it was Händel's Dead March in "Saul."

"Played at all the British military funerals, to make people who feel bad enough already feel a damn sight worse. Be our morning and evening hymn when we get into the trenches."

Tom was anxious. "You mean that Tad's on probation?"

"I don't know what he's on. Hear the Dean's been giving him a dose of kill-or-cure. That's all." He pounded out the heartbreaking chords, with the deep bass note that sounded like a drum. "Ever see a fellow named Thorne Carstairs?"

"Seen him, yes. Don't know him. Yale chap, isn't he?"

"Was." The drumbeat struck sorrow to the soul. "Kicked out. Hanging round Tad till he gets him kicked out too. Lives at Tuxedo. Stacks of dough, just like Tad himself." There was some personal injury in Guy's tone, as he added, "Like to give him the toe of my boot."

It was perhaps this feat of energy that sent him into the martial phrases of the



Chopin polonaise in A major, making the room ring with joyous bravery.

Having dropped into Mrs. Ansley's corner of the gilded canapé, Tom found Hildred silently slipping into a seat beside him.

"No, don't get up." She put her hand on his arm in a way she had never done before. "I can stay only a few minutes. There's something I want to say."

Guy was passing to the D major movement. His back was turned to them. They sat gazing at each other. They sat gazing at each other in a new kind of avowal. All the things he dared not say and she dared not listen to were poured from the one to the other through their eyes. She spoke hurriedly, breathlessly.

"I want you to know that if we enter the war, and you're sent over there, I'll find a way to go too."

He began some kind of protest, but she silenced him.

"I know how I could do it. There's a woman in Paris who'd take me on to work with her. You see, I'm used to Europe. You're not. I can't bear to think of you—with no family—so far away from everyone—and all alone. I'll go."

Before he could seize anything like the full import of what she was telling him, she had slipped away again. Guy was still playing, martially and majestically.

Tom sat wrapt in a sudden amazed tranquillity. Now that she had told him, told him more, far more, than was in her words, he was not surprised; he was only reassured. He realized that it was what he had expected. He had not expected it in the mind, nor precisely with the heart. If the heart has reasons which the reason doesn't know, it was something beyond even these. The nearest he could come to it, now that he tried to express it by the processes of thought, was that between him and her there existed a community of life which they had only to take for granted. She was taking it for granted. To find out if she loved him he would never have to ask her; she would never have to ask

him. *They knew!* He wondered if the knowledge brought to her the peace it brought to him. He felt that he knew that too.

Having ended his polonaise, Guy let his fingers run restlessly up and down the keys. He had not turned round; he had heard nothing; he hadn't guessed that Hildred had come and gone. That was their secret. They would keep it as a secret. One of them at least had no wish to make it known.

He had no wish that it should go farther, even between him and her, till the future had so shaped itself that he could be justified. That it should remain as it was, unspoken but understood, would for a long, long time to come be joy and peace for them both.

Suddenly Guy broke into a strain enraptured and exultant. It flung itself up on the air as easily as a bird's note. It was lyric gladness, welling from a heart that couldn't tire.

Caught by his own jubilation, Guy took up the melody in a tenor growing liquid and strong after the years of cracked girlishness.

"Guy, for heaven's sake, what's that?"

The singer cut into his song long enough to call back over his shoulder, "Schumann! 'To the Beloved!'"

He began singing again, his head thrown back, his big body swaying. All the longing for love of a fellow on the edge of twenty, but for him made shame-faced on account of his fat, found voice in that joyousness.

Tom had not supposed that in the whole round of the universe there was such expression for his nameless ecstasies. It was not Guy whom he heard, or the piano; it was the morning stars singing together; it was the sons of God shouting for joy; it was all the larks and all the thrushes and all the nightingales that in all the ages had ever trilled to the sun and moon.

"Don't stop," he shouted, when the song had mounted to its close. "Let's have it all over again."

So they had it all over again, the one in his wordless, mumbled tenor, and the other singing in his heart.

## XL

During the next week or ten days Tom worried over Tad Whitelaw. He wondered whether or not he ought to go to see the boy. If he didn't, Tad's Harvard career might end suddenly. If he did, he would probably have humiliation for his pains. He wouldn't mind the humiliation if he could do any good; but would he?

One thing that he could do was to take himself to task for thinking about the fellow in one way or the other. It was the fight he put up from day to day. What was Tad Whitelaw to him? Nothing! And yet he was much. It was beyond reasoning about. He was a responsibility, a care. Tom couldn't help caring; he couldn't help feeling responsible. If Tad went to the bad something in himself would have gone to the bad. He might argue against this instinct every minute of the day, yet he couldn't argue it down.

He remembered that Tad went often to see Hildred. He had been on his way to see her that afternoon before Christmas when they had met on the esplanade. She might be able to get at him more easily than anybody else. He rang her up.

Her life as a *débutante* was so crowded that she found it hard to give him a half hour. "I'm dead beat," she confessed on the wire. "If it weren't for mother I'd call it all off." She made him a suggestion. She was driving that morning to lunch with a girl who lived in one of the big places beyond Jamaica Pond. If he could be at a certain corner she could pick him up. He could drive out with her, and come back by the trolley car. Then they could talk. That this proposal didn't meet the wishes of some one near the telephone he could judge by the aside which also passed

over the wire. "He wants to see me about Tad, mother. I can't possibly refuse."

Getting into the car beside her, he had another of those impressions, now beginning to be rare, of the difference between her way of living and all that he was used to. Much as he knew about cars, it was the first time he had actually driven in a rich woman's limousine. The ease of motion, the cushioned softness, the beaver rug, the blue-book, the little feminine appointments, the sprig of artificial flowers, subdued him so that he once more found it hard to believe that she took him on a footing of equality.

But she did. Her indifference to the details which overpowered him was part of the wonder of the privilege. Having everything to bestow, she seemed unaware of bestowing anything. She took for granted their community of life. She did it simply and without self-consciousness. Had they been brother and sister, she could not have been easier or more matter-of-course in all that she assumed.

Except for the coming-out ball it was the first time, too, that he had seen her as what he called "dressed up." Her costume now was a warm brown velvet of a shade which toned in with the gold-brown of her eyes and the nut-brown of her complexion. She wore long slender jade earrings, with a string of jade beads visible beneath her loosened furs. The furs themselves might have been sables, though he was too inexperienced to give them a name. They were a little like the furs which he had presented to Maisie; and sable was what the salesgirl had called them. Except for the jade, she wore, as far as he could see, nothing else that was green but a twist of green velvet forming the edge of her brown-velvet toque. Her neat proud head lent itself to toques as being simple and distinguished.

He himself was self-conscious and shy. He could hardly remember for what purpose she had been willing to pick him up. A queen to her subjects is always a queen, a little overwhelming by her



presence, no matter how human her personality. Now that he was before her in his old Harvard clothes, and the marks of the common world all over him, he could hardly believe, he could *not* believe, that she had uttered the words she had used on Sunday night.

All the ease of manner was on her side. She went straight to the point, competent, businesslike.

"The thing, it seems to me, that will possibly save Tad is that he's got to keep himself fit in case war breaks out."

That was her main suggestion. Tad couldn't afford to throw himself away when his country might, within a few weeks, have urgent need of him. He couldn't, by over-indulgence let himself run down physically, as he couldn't by neglecting his work put himself mentally at a disadvantage. He must be fit. She liked the word—fit for his business as a soldier.

"That's just what would appeal to him when nothing else might," Tom commended. "I wish you'd take it up with him."

"I will; but you must too."

"If I get a chance; but I daresay I shan't get one."

She had a way of asking a leading question without emphasis. Any emphasis it got it drew from the long oblique regard which gave her the air of a woman with more experience than was possible to her years.

"Why do you care?"

He had to hedge. "Oh, I don't know. He's just a fellow. I don't want to see him turn out a rotter."

"If he turned out a rotter would you care more than if it was anybody else?"

"M-m-m! Perhaps so! I wouldn't swear to it."

"I would. I know you'd care more. And I know why."

He tried to turn this with a laugh. "You can't know more about me than I do myself."

"Oh, can't I? If I didn't know more about you than you do yourself . . ."

He decided to come to close quarters.

"You mean that you do think I'm the lost Whitelaw baby?"

"I know you are."

"How do you know?"

"Miss Nash told me so, for one thing."

"And for another?"

"For another, I just know it."

"On what grounds?"

"On no grounds; on all grounds. I don't care anything about the grounds. A woman doesn't have to have grounds—when she knows."

"Well, what about my grounds when I know to the contrary?"

"But you don't. You only know your history back to a certain point."

"I've only *told* you my history back to a certain point. I know it farther back than that."

"How far back?"

"As far back as anyone can go, from his own knowledge."

"Oh, from his own knowledge! But some of the most important things come before you can have any knowledge. You've got to take them on trust."

"Well, I take them on trust."

"From whom?"

"From my mother."

She was surprised. "You remember your mother?"

"Very clearly."

"I didn't know that. What do you remember about her?"

"I remember a good many things—how she looked—the way she talked—the things she did."

"What sort of things were they?"

"That's what I want to tell you about. It's what I think you ought to know."

She allowed her eyes to rest on his calmly. "If you think knowing would make any difference to me—"

"I think it might. It's what I want to find out."

"Then I can tell you now that it wouldn't."

"Oh, but you haven't heard."

"I don't want to hear, unless you'd rather—"

"That you did. That's just what I

do. I don't think we can go any farther—I mean with our—” the word was difficult to find—“I mean with our—friendship—unless you do hear.”

“Oh, very well! I want you to do just what's easiest for you, and if it does make a difference I'll tell you honestly.”

“Thank you.” For a second, not more, he laid his hand on her muff, the nearest he had ever come to touching her. “We were talking about the things my mother did. Well, they weren't good things. The only excuse for her was that she did them for me, because she was fond of me.”

“And you were fond of her?”

“Very; I'm fond of her still. It's one of the reasons—but I must tell you the whole story.”

He told as much of the story as he thought she needed to know. Beginning with the stealing of the book from which he had learned to read, he touched only the points essential to bringing him to the Christmas Eve which saw the end; but he touched on enough.

“Oh, you poor darling little boy! My heart aches for you—all the way back from now.”

“So you see why I became a State ward. There was nothing else to do with me. I hadn't anybody.”

“Of course you hadn't anybody if . . .”

“If my mother stole me. But you see she didn't. I was her son. I don't want to be anybody else's.”

“Only—” she smiled faintly—“you can't always choose whose son you want to be.”

“I can choose whose son I don't want to be. That's as far as I go.”

“Oh, but still—” She dismissed what she was going to say so as not to drive him to decisions. “At any rate we know what to do about Tad, don't we? And you must work as well as I.”

“I will if he gives me a look-in, but very likely he won't.”

And yet he got his look-in, or began to get it, no later than that very afternoon.

He had gone to Westmorley Court to give Guy a hand with some work he was doing for his mid-years. On coming out again, a little scene before the main door induced him to hang back amid the shadows of the hall.

Thorne Carstairs was there with his machine, a touring car that had seen service. In spite of his residence in Tuxedo Park, and what Guy had called his stacks of dough, he was a seedy, weedy youth, with the marks of the cheap sport. Tad was there also, insisting on being taken somewhere in the car. Spit Castle being on the spot as a witness to a refusal accompanied by epithets of an elementary significance, Tad waxed into a rage. Even to Tom, who knew nothing of the cause of the breach, it was clear that a breach there was. Tad sprang to the step of the car. Thorne Carstairs pushed him off, and made spurts at driving away. Before he could swing the wheel, Tad was on him like a cat. Curses and maulings were exchanged without actual blows, when a shove from Carstairs sent Tad sprawling backward. Before he could recover himself to rush the car again, its owner had got off.

There was a roar of laughter from Spit, as well as some hoots from spectators who had viewed the scuffle from their windows. Tad's self-esteem was hurt. Not only had his intimate friend refused to do what he wanted, but he was being laughed at by a good part of Westmorley Court.

He turned to Spit, his face purple. “By God, I'll make that piker pay for this before the afternoon's out.”

Hatless as he was, without waiting for comment, he started off on the run. Where he was running nobody knew, and Tom least of all. By the time he had reached the street Tad was nowhere to be seen.

For the rest of the day the incident had no sequel. Tom had almost dismissed it from his mind, when on the next day, while crossing the Yard, he ran into Guy Ansley.



Guy was brimming over. "Heard the row, haven't you?"

Tom admitted that he had not. Guy gave him the version he had heard, which proved to be the correct one. He gave it between fits of laughter and that kind of sympathetic clapping on the back which can never be withheld from the harum-scarum dare-devil playing his maddest prank.

When Tad had run from the door of Westmorley Court he had run to the police station. There he had laid a charge against an unknown car-thief of running off with his machine. He could be caught by telephoning the traffic cops on the long street leading from Cambridge to Boston. He gave the number of the car which was registered in the State of New York. His own name, he said, was Thorne Carstairs; his residence, Tuxedo Park; his address in Boston, the Hotel Shawmut, where he was known and could be found. Having lodged this complaint, and put all the forces of the law into operation, he had dodged back to Westmorley Court, had his dinner sent in from a restaurant, locked his door against all comers, and turned into bed.

In the morning, according to Guy, there had been the devil to pay. As far as Tad was concerned, the statement was literally true. Thorne Carstairs had been locked in the station all night. Not only had he been caught red-handed with a stolen car, but his lack of the license he had neglected to carry on his person, as well as of registration papers of any kind, confirmed the belief in the theft. His look of a cheap sport, together with his tendency to use elementary epithets, had also told against him. Where another young fellow in his plight might have won some sympathy, he roused resentment by his howlings and his oaths.

"We know you," he was assured. "Been on the look-out for you this spell back. You're the guy what pinched Dr. Pritchard's car last week, and him with a dyin' woman. Just fit the description

—slab-sided, cock-eyed, twisted-nosed fella we was told to look for, and now we've got our claw on you. Sure your father's a gintleman! Sure you live at the Hotel Shawmut! But a few months in a hotel of another sort'll give you a pleasant change."

In the morning Thorne had been brought before the magistrate, where two officials of the Shawmut had identified him as their guest. Piece by piece, to everyone's dismay, the fact leaked out that the law of the land, the zeal of the police, and the dignity of the court had been hoaxed. Thorne himself gave the clue to the culprit who had so outraged authority, and Tad was paying the devil. Guy didn't know what precisely had happened, or if anything definite had happened as yet at all; he was only sure that poor Tad was getting it where the chicken got the ax. He deserved it, true; and yet, hang it all! only a genuine sport could have pulled off anything so audacious.

With this Tom agreed. There were spots in Guy's narrative over which he laughed heartily. He condemned Tad chiefly for going too far. It was his weakness that he didn't know when he had had enough of a good thing. Anyone in his senses might know that to hoax a policeman was a crime. A policeman's great asset was the respect inspired by his uniform. Under his uniform he was a man like any other, with the same frailties, the same sneaking sympathy with sinners; but dress him up in a blue suit with brass buttons on his breast, and you had a figure to awe you. If you weren't awed the fault was yours. Yours, too, must be the penalty. The saving element was that beneath the brass buttons the heart was kindly, as a rule, and humorous, patient, generous. Tom had never got over the belief, which dated from the night when his mother was arrested, of the goodness of policemen. He trusted to it now.

He was not long in making up his mind. Leaving Guy, he cut a lecture to go to see the Dean. He went to the

Dean's own house, finding him at home. The Dean remembered him as one of two or three young fellows who in the previous year had adjusted a bit of friction between the freshmen and the faculty without calling on the higher authorities to impose their will. He was cordial, therefore, in his welcome.

He was a big, broad-shouldered Dean, human and comprehending, with a twinkle of humor behind his big round glasses. There was no severity in the tone in which he discussed Tad's escapade; there was only reason and justice. Tad had given him a great deal of trouble in the eighteen months in which he had been at Harvard. He had written to his father more than once about the boy, had advised his being given less money to spend, and a stricter calling to account at home. The father was distressed, had done what he could, but the mischief had gone too far. Tad was the typical rich man's son, spoiled by too easy a time. He had been so much considered that he never considered anybody else. He was swaggering and conscienceless. The Dean was of the opinion now that nothing but harsh treatment would do him any good.

Tom put in his plea. The matter, as he saw it, was bigger than one fellow's destiny; it involved bigger issues. It was his belief that the country would soon be at war. If the country was at war, Tad Whitelaw's father would be one of the first of the bankers the President would consult. The Dean knew, of course, that the bankers would have to swing as much of the war as the army and navy. Henry T. Whitelaw was a man, as everyone knew, already terribly tried by domestic tragedy. You wouldn't want to add to that now, just at the time when he needed to have a mind as free as possible. This boy was the apple of his eye; and if disgrace overtook him . . .

But that was only one thing. Should the country go to war, it would call for just such young fellows as Tad White-

law, fellows of spirit, of daring, of physical health and strength. Didn't the Dean think that it might be well to nurse him along for a few weeks—it wasn't likely to be many—so that he could answer to the country's call with at least a nominal honorable record, instead of being under a cloud? If the Dean did think so, he, Tom, would undertake to keep the fellow straight till he was wanted. He wasn't vicious; he was only foolish and headstrong. Though he didn't make a good student, he had in him the very stuff to make a soldier. Tom would answer for him. He would be his surety.

In the long run the Dean allowed himself to be won by Tom's own earnestness. He would do what he could. At the same time Tom must remember that if the college authorities stayed their hand the civil authorities might not. The indignation at police headquarters was unusually bitter. Unless this righteous wrath were pacified . . .

Having thanked the Dean, Tom ran straight to the police station. The Chief of Police received him, though not with the Dean's cordiality. He too was a big, broad-shouldered man, but frigid and stern through long administration of law, discipline, and order. He impressed Tom as a mechanical contrivance which operates as it is built to operate, and with no power of showing mercy or making exceptions to a rule. Outwardly, at least, he was grave and obdurate.

The victory lay once more with Tom's earnestness. The Chief of Police made no secret of the fact that they were already considering the grounds on which "the crazy fool" could most effectively be prosecuted. The law was not, however, wholly without a heart, and if in the present instance the country could be served, even in the smallest detail, by giving the blamed idiot the benefit of clemency, it would be done. Tom must understand that the nonsense had not been overlooked; it was only left in abeyance. If his protégé got into trouble again he would be the





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

"FOR ONE REASON, IT COULDN'T BE PROVED; AND FOR ANOTHER, IT'S TOO LATE"

more severely dealt with because of the present lenity.

Tom ran now to Westmorley Court, where he knocked at Tad's door. To a growling invitation he went in. The room was a cloud of tobacco smoke, through which the shapes of half a dozen fellows loomed dimly in the deepening winter twilight. Tad tilted back in the revolving chair before the belittered desk which held the center of the room. His coat was off, his waistcoat unbuttoned, his feet on the edge of the desk. A cigar traveled back and forth from corner to corner of the handsome, disdainful mouth.

Tom marched straight to the desk, speaking hurriedly. "Can I have a word with you in private?"

The owner of the room neither moved nor took the cigar from his lips. "No, you can't." He nodded toward the door. "You can sprint it out again."

"I shall sprint it out when I'm ready. If I can't speak in private I shall speak in public. You've got to hear."

The insolent immobility was maintained. "Didn't I tell you the last time I saw you that if you ever interfered with me again—?"

"That you'd shoot me, yes. Well, get up and shoot. If you can't, or if you don't mean to, why make the threat? But I've come to talk reason. You've got to listen to reason. If you don't I'll appeal to these chaps to make you. They don't want to see you a comic valentine any more than I do. Now climb down from your high horse and let's get to business."

It was Guy Ansley who cleared the room. "Say, fellows—" With a stealthy movement, which their host was too pre-occupied to observe, they slipped out. He knew, however, when he and his enemy were alone, and still without lifting his feet from the desk or taking the cigar from his mouth, made the concession of speaking.

"Well, if business has brought you here, cough it up."

"I will. I come first from the Dean, and then from the Chief of Police."

"Oh, you do, do you? So you're to be the hangman."

"No; there's not to be a hangman. They've given you a reprieve—because I've begged you off."

The feet came off the desk. The cigar was taken from the lips. Tad leaned forward in his chair, tense and incredulous.

"You've done—*what?*"

Tom maintained his sang-froid. "I've begged you off. I went and talked to them both. I said I'd answer for you, that you'd stop being a crazy loon, and try to be a man."

Incredulity passed into angry amazement. "And who in hell gave you authority to do that?"

"Nobody. I did it on my own. When a fellow gets his life as a gift he takes it. He doesn't kick up a row as to who's given it. For the Lord's sake, try to have a little sense."

"What's it to you whether I've got sense or not?"

"Nothing."

"Then why in thunder do you keep butting in?"

"Because I choose to. I'll give you no other answer than that, and no other explanation. What you've got to do is to knuckle under, and show that you're worth your keep. You're not a *born* fool; you're only a made fool. You're good for something better than to be a laughing-stock as you are to everyone in college. Buck up! Be a fellow! After being a jackass for a year and a half, I should think you'd begin to see that there was nothing to it by this time."

Never in his life had Tad Whitelaw been so hammered without gloves. It was why Tom chose to hammer him. Nothing but thrashing, verbal or otherwise, would startle him out of the conviction of his self-importance. Already it was shaking the foundations of his arrogance. In his tone as he retorted there was more than a hint of feebleness.



"What I see and what I don't see is my own affair."

"Oh, no, it isn't. It's a class affair. There's such a thing as *esprit de corps*. We can't afford to have rotters, now especially."

Tad grew still feebler. "I'm not the only rotter in the bunch. Why do you pick on me?"

"I've told you already. Because I choose to. You might as well give in to me first as last, because you'll not get rid of me any more than you will of your own conscience."

Tad sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing, in a new outburst. "I'll be damned if I'll give in to you."

"And I'll be damned if you don't. If I can't bring you round by persuasion I'll do it as I did it once before. I'll wale the guts out of you. I'm not going to have you a disgrace."

"Ah!" Tad started back. "Now I've got you. A disgrace! You talk as if you were a member of the family. That's what you're after. That's what you've been scheming for ever since—"

"Look here," Tom interrupted, forcefully. "Let's understand each other about this business once and for all." Looking from under his eyelids he measured Tad up and down. "I wouldn't be a member of the family that has produced *you* for anything the world could give me."

Tad bounded, changing his note foolishly. "Oh, you wouldn't, wouldn't you! How do you know that you won't damn well have to be?"

Walking up to him, Tom laid a hand on his shoulder, paternally. "Don't let us talk rot. We both know the nickname the fellows have stuck on me in Harvard. But what's that to us? You don't want me. I don't want you. At least, I don't want you that way. I'll tell you straight. I've got a use for you. That's why I keep after you. But it's got nothing to do with your family affairs."

They confronted each other, Tad gasping. "You've got a use for me?"

Greatly obliged. But get this. I've no use for you. Don't make any mistake—"

Withdrawing his hand, Tom gave him a little shove. "Oh, choke it back. Piffle won't get you anywhere. I'm going to make something of you of which your father and mother can be proud."

It was almost a scream of fury. "Make something of *me*—?"

"Yes, a soldier."

The word came like a douche of cold water on hysteria, calming the boy suddenly. He tapped his forehead. "Say, are you balmy up here?"

"Possibly; but whether I'm balmy or not, a soldier is what you'll have to be. Don't you read the papers? Don't you hear people talking? Why, man alive, two or three months from now every fellow of your age and mine will be marching behind a drum."

The boy's haggard face went blank from the sheer shock of it. The idea was not brand new, but it was incredible. Tad Whitelaw was not one of those who took much interest in public affairs or kept pace with them.

"Oh, rot!"

"It isn't rot. Can't you see it for yourself? If this country pitches in—"

"Oh, but it won't."

"Ask anyone. Ask your own father. That's my point. If we do pitch in your father will be one of the big men of the two continents. You're his only son. You'll *have* to play up to him."

Tom watched the hardened, dissipated young face contract with a queer kind of gravity. The teeth gritted, the lips grew set. It gave him the chance to go on.

"There aren't a half dozen men in the country who'd be able to swing what your father'll be swinging. Listen! I know something about banking. Been studying it for years. When it comes to war the banker has to chalk-line every foot of the lot. They can't do anything without him. They can't have an army or a navy or any international teamwork. You'll see. The minute war is declared, *before* war is declared, the President'll be sending for your father

to talk over ways and means. Now then, are you to put a spoke in the country's wheel? You can. You're doing it. The more you worry him the less good he'll be. Get chucked out of college, as you would have been in a day or two, if I hadn't stepped in, and begged to have you put in my charge—"

Once more Tad revolted. "Put in your charge! The devil I'll be put in your charge!"

"All right! It's the one condition on which you stay at Harvard. Jump your bail, and you'll see your father pay for it. He'll have his big international job, and he won't be able to swing it because he'll be thinking of you. You'll see the whole country pay for it. I daresay we shan't know where we pay and how we pay; but we'll be paying. Say, is it worth your while? What do you gain by being the rotten spot in the beam that may bring the whole shack about our ears? Everybody knows that your father has lost one son. Can't you try to give him another of whom he won't have to be ashamed?"

Tad stood sulkily, his hands in his trousers' pockets, as he tipped on his toes and reflected. Since he made no answer, Tom went on with his appeal.

"And that's not the only thing. There's yourself. You're not a bad sort. You've got the makings of a decent chap, even if you aren't one. You could be one easily enough. All you've got to do is to drop some of your fool acquaintances, cut out drinking, cut out women, and make a show of doing what you've been sent to Harvard to do, even if it's only a show. You won't have to keep it up for more than a few weeks."

The furrow in the forehead when the eyebrows were lifted was also a mark of dissipation. "More than a few weeks? Why not?"

Tom pounded with emphasis. "Because, I tell you, we'll be in the war. You'll be in the war. We fellows of the class of 1919 are not going to walk up on Commencement Day and take our degrees. We'll get them before that.

We'll get them in batteries and trenches and graves. I heard a girl say, in speaking of you a day or two ago, that she hoped, when the time came for that, you'd be fit. She said she liked the word—fit for the job that'd be given you. You couldn't be fit if you went on—"

His curiosity was touched. "Who was that?"

"I'm not going to tell you. I'll only say that she likes you, and that—"

"Was it Hildred Ansley?"

"Well, if you're bound to know, it was. If you want to talk to someone who wishes you well, go and—"

"Did she put you up to this?"

"No, she didn't. You put me up to it yourself. I tell you again, I'm going to see you go straight till I see you go straight into the army. You ought to go in with a commission. But if you're fired out of Harvard they'll be shy of enlisting you as a private. If you won't play the game of your own accord, I'll make you."

With hands thrust into his trousers' pockets, Tad began to pace the room, doing a kind of goose-step. His compressed lips made little grimaces like those of a man forcing himself to decisions hard to swallow. For a good four or five minutes Tom watched the struggle between his top-loftiness and his common-sense. While common-sense insisted on his climbing down, top-loftiness told him that he must save his face. When he spoke at last his voice was hoarse, his throat constricted.

"If it's going to be war I'll be in it with both feet. But I'll do it on my own. See? You mind your business, and I'll mind mine."

Tom was reasonable. "That'll be all right—if you mind it."

"And if you think I'm giving in to you—"

"I don't care a hang whether you're giving in to me or not so long as you—*keep fit.*"

"I'll be the judge of that."

"And I'll help you."

"You can go to hell."



Tad used these words because he had no others. They were fine free manly words which begged all the questions and helped him to a little dignity. If he was surrendering he would do it, in his own phrase, with bells on. The mucker shouldn't have the satisfaction of thinking he had done anything. It saved the whole situation to tell him in this offhand way the place that he could go to.

But a little thing betrayed him, possibly before he saw its significance. His points being won for the minute, Tom had reached the door. Beside the door stood a low bookcase, on which was an open package of cigarettes. Tad's goose-step brought him within reach of it. He picked it up and held it toward Tom. He did it carelessly, ungraciously, unthinkingly, and yet with all sorts of buried implications in the little act.

"Have one?"

Tom was careful to preserve a casual, negligent air as he drew one out. Tad struck a match.

As the one held the thing to his lips and the other put the flame to it, the hands of the brothers, for the first time in their lives, touched lightly.

## XLI

"I can't see," Hildred reasoned, "why you should find the idea so terrible."

"And I can't see," Tom returned, "what it matters how I find the idea, so long as nobody is serious about it."

"Oh, but they will be. It's what I told you before. They'd made up their minds they didn't want to find him; and now it's hard to unmake them again. But they're coming to it."

"I hope they're not taking the trouble on my account."

"They're taking it on their own. Tad as much as said so."

"Did he tell you what I said to him, that nothing would induce me to belong to the family that had produced him?"

She laughed. "Oh, yes. He told me the whole thing, how you'd come into his room, how Guy had got the other

fellows out, and the pitched battle between you."

"And did he say how it had ended?"

"He said—if you want to know exactly I'll tell you exactly—he said that when it came to talking about the war and the part he would have to play in it, you weren't as big a damn fool as he had thought you."

"And did he say how big a damn fool he was himself?"

"He admitted he had been one; but with his father on his hands, and the war, and all that, he'd have to put the brakes on himself, and pretend to be a good boy."

Laughing to himself, Tom stretched out his legs to the blaze of the fire. Hildred had sent for him because Mrs. Ansley was out of the way at her Mothers' Club. There was nothing underhand in this, since she would not conceal the fact accomplished. It only avoided a preliminary struggle. If she needed an excuse, the necessities of their good intentions toward Tad would offer it.

Tea being over, Hildred, who was fond of embroidery, had taken up a piece of work. Like many women, she found it easier to be daring in an incidental way while stitching. Stitching kept her from having to look at Tom as she reverted to the phase of the subject from which they had drifted away.

"The Whitelaws are a perfectly honorable family. They may even be called distinguished. I don't see what it is you've got against them."

"I've got nothing against them. They rather—" he sought for a word that would express the queer primordial attraction they possessed for him—"they rather cast a spell on me. But I don't want to belong to them."

"But why not, if it was proved that—?"

"For one reason, it couldn't be proved; and for another, it's too late."

The ring in his voice was strange; it made her look up at him. "Too late? Why do you say that?"

"Because it is. You told me some time ago that it was what they thought themselves. Even if it *were* proved, it would still be—too late."

"I don't understand you."

"I'm not sure that I understand myself. I only know that the life I've lived would make it impossible for me to go and live their life."

"Oh, nonsense! Their life is just the same as our life."

"Well, I'm not sure that I could live yours. I could conform to it on the outside. I could talk your way and eat your way; but I couldn't think your way."

"When you say *my* way—"

"I mean the way of all your class. Mind you, I'm not against it. I only feel that somehow—in things I can't explain and wouldn't know how to remedy—it's wrong."

"Oh, but, Tom—"

"It seems to be necessary that a great many people shall go without anything in order that a very few people may enjoy everything. That's as far as I go. I don't draw any conclusions; and I'm certainly not going in for any radical theories. Only I can't think it right. I want to be a banker; but even if I *am* a banker—"

"I see what you mean," she interrupted, pensively. "I often feel that way myself. But, oh, Tom, what can we do about it that—that wouldn't seem quite mad?"

He smiled ruefully. "I don't know. But if you live long enough—and work hard enough—and think straight enough—and don't do anything to put you off your nut—why, some day you may find a way out that will be sane."

"Yes, but couldn't you do that and be Harry Whitelaw—if you *are* Harry Whitelaw—at the same time?"

"Suppose we wait till the question arises? As far as I know, no one who belonged to Harry Whitelaw, or to whom Harry Whitelaw belonged, has ever brought it up."

But only a few weeks later this very thing seemed about to come to pass.

It was toward the end of March. On returning to his room one morning Tom was startled by a telegram. Telegrams were so rare in his life that merely to see one lying on his table gave him a thrill, partly of wonder, partly of fear. Opening it, he was still more surprised to find it from Philip Ansley. Would Tom be in Louisburg Square for reasons of importance at four that afternoon?

That something had betrayed himself and Hildred would have been his only surmise; only that there was nothing to betray. Except for the few hurried words Hildred had spoken on that Sunday night, anything they had said they had said in looks, and even their looks had been guarded and discreet. The things most essential to them both were in what they were taking for granted. They had exchanged no letters; their intercourse was always of the kind that anyone might overhear. Without recourse to explanation, each recognized the fact that it would be years before either of them would be free to speak or to take a step. In the meantime their only crime was their confidence in each other, and you couldn't betray that.

Nevertheless, it was with uneasiness that he rang at the door, and asked Pilcher if Mr. Ansley were at home. Pilcher was mysterious. Mr. Ansley was not at home, but if Mr. Tom would come in he would find himself expected. Tea being served in the library, Mr. Tom was shown upstairs.

It was a gloomy afternoon outside; the room was dim. All Tom saw at first was a tall man standing on the hearth rug, where the fire behind him had almost gone out. He had taken a step forward and held out his hand before Tom recognized the distinguished stranger who had first hailed him in the New Hampshire lake nearly three years earlier.

"Do you remember me?"

"Yes, sir."

They stood with hands clasped, gazing into each other's faces. Tom would have withdrawn his hand, would have





*Drawn by John Alonzo Williams*

HER BEAUTIFUL EYES GAZED AT HIM REPROACHFULLY



receded, but the other held him with a grasp both tense and tenacious. The eyes, deep-set like Tom's own, and overhung with bushy outstanding eyebrows, studied him with eager penetration. Not till that look was satisfied did the tall figure swing to someone who was sitting in the shadow.

"This is the boy, Onora. Look at him."

She was sitting out of direct range, in a corner of the library darkened by buildings standing higher on the Hill. The man turned Tom slightly in her direction, where the daylight fell on him. The degree to which the woman shrank from seeing him was further marked by the fact that she partly hid her face behind a big black-feather fan for which there was no other use than concealment. She said nothing at all; but even in the obscurity Tom could perceive the light of two feverish eyes.

It was the man who took the lead.

"Won't you sit down?"

He placed a chair where the woman could observe its occupant without being drawn of necessity into anything that might be said. The man himself drew up another chair, on which he sat sidewise in an easy posture close to Tom. Tom liked him. He liked his face, his voice, his manner, the something friendly and sympathetic he recalled from the earlier meetings. Whether this were his father or not, he would have no difficulty in meeting him at any time on intimate and confidential terms.

"My wife and I wanted to see you," he began, simply, "in order to thank you for what you've done for Tad."

Tom was embarrassed. "Oh, that wasn't anything. I just happened—"

"The Dean has told me all about it. He says that Tad has given him no trouble since. Before that he'd given a good deal. I wish I could tell you how grateful we are, especially as things are turning out, with a war hanging over us."

Tom saw an opportunity of speaking without sentiment. "That's what I thought. It seemed to me a pity that

good fighting stuff should be lost just through—through too much skylarking."

"Yes, it would have been. Tad has good fighting stuff."

There was a catch of the woman's breath. Tom recalled the staccato nervousness of their first brief meeting in Gore Hall. He wished they hadn't brought him there. They were strangers to him; he was a stranger to them. Whatever link might have been between him and them in the past, there was no link now. It would be a mistake to try to forge one.

But in on this thought the man broke gently.

"I wonder if you'd mind telling us all about yourself that you know? I presume that you understand why I'm asking you."

"Yes, sir, I do; but I don't think I can help you much."

The woman's voice, vibrating and tragic, startled him. It was as if she were speaking to herself, as if something were being wrung from her in spite of her efforts to keep it back. "The likeness is extraordinary!"

Taking no notice of this, the man began to question him, "Where were you born?"

"In the Bronx."

He made a note of this answer in a little notebook. "And when?"

"In 1897."

"What date?"

It was the crucial question, but since he meant to tell everything he knew, Tom had no choice but to be exact.

"I'm not very sure of the date, because my mother changed it at three different times. At first my birthday used to be on the fifth of March; but afterward she said that that had been the birthday of a little half-sister of mine who died before I was born."

"What was her name?"

"Grace Coburn."

"And her parents' names?"

"Thomas and Lucy Coburn."

"And after your birthday was changed from the fifth of March—?"



"It was shifted to September, but not for very long. Later my mother told me I was born on the tenth of May, and we always kept to that."

From the woman there was something like a smothered cry, but the man only took his notes.

"The tenth of May, 1897. Did she ever tell you why she selected that date?"

"No, sir."

"Did she ever say anything about it, about what kind of day it was, or anything at all that you can remember?"

Tom hesitated. The reflection that the wisest course was to make a clean breast of everything impelled him to go on.

"She only said that it was a day when all the nursemaids had had their babies in the Park, and the lilacs were in bloom."

There followed the question of which he was most afraid, because he often put it to himself,

"Why should she have said that, when, if you were born in the Bronx, she and her baby were miles away?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"I don't know, sir."

"She was married to Thomas Coburn before she was married to Theodore Whitelaw, your father?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where were she and your father married?"

"I don't know, sir."

"What do you know about your father?"

"Nothing at all. I never heard his name till she gave it at the police station, the night before she died."

"Oh, at the police station! Why there?"

Tom told the whole story, keeping nothing back.

The man's only comment was to say, "And you never heard the name of Whitelaw in connection with yourself till you heard it on that evening?"

"Yes, sir, I'd heard it before that."

"When and how?"

"Always when my mother was in a—in a state of nerves. You mustn't forget that she wasn't exactly in her right mind. That was the excuse for what she—she did in shops. So, once in so often, she'd say that I was never to think that my name was Whitelaw, or that she'd stolen me."

There was again from the woman a little moaning gasp, but the man was outwardly self-possessed.

"So she said that?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have you any explanation why?"

"I didn't have then; I've worked one out. You see, my name really being Whitelaw, and her mind a little unbalanced, she was afraid she might be suspected of—your little boy's case had got so much publicity—and she a friendless woman, with no husband or relations—"

"So that you don't think she did—steal you?"

He answered firmly. "No, sir. I don't."

"Why don't you?"

"For one thing, I don't want to."

"Oh!"

It was the woman again. The sound was rather queer. You could not have told whether it meant relief or indignation.

The man's sad penetrating eyes were bent on him sympathetically. "When you say that you don't want to, exactly what do you mean?"

"I'm not sure that I can say. She was my mother. She was good to me. I was fond of her. I never knew any other mother. I don't think I could—" he looked over at the woman in the shadow, letting his words fall with a certain significant spacing—"know—any other—mother—now—and so—"

Rising, she took a step toward him. He too rose so that as she stood looking up at him he stood looking down at her. There and then her face was imprinted on his memory, a face of suffering, but of suffering that had not made her strong. The quivering victim of self-

pity, she begged to be allowed to forget. She had suffered to her limit. She couldn't suffer any more. Everything in her that was raked with the harrow protested against this bringing up again of an outlived agony.

Her beautiful eyes, brimming with unspilled tears, gazed at him reproachfully. As plainly as eyes could tell him anything, they told him that now, when life and time had dug between them such a gulf, she didn't want him as her son. She might have to accept him, since so many things pointed that way, but it would be hard for her. Taking back a little boy would have been one thing; taking back a grown man, none of whose habits or traditions was the same as theirs, would be another. She would do it if it were forced on her, but it couldn't recompense her now for past unhappiness. It would be only a new torture, a torture which, if he hadn't drifted in among them, she might have escaped.

When swiftly and silently she had left the room, the man put his hand on Tom's arm.

"Sit down again. You mustn't think that my wife doesn't feel all this. She does. It's because she does that she's so overwrought."

Tom sat down. "Yes, sir, of course!"

"She's been through it so often. For a good ten years after our child was lost boys used to be brought to us to look at every few months. And every time it meant a draining of her vitality."

"I understand that, sir; and I hope Mrs. Whitelaw doesn't think I've come of my own accord."

"No, she knows you haven't. We've asked you to come because—but I must go back. When my wife had been through so much—so many times—and all to no purpose—she made me promise—the doctors made me promise—that she shouldn't be called on to face it again. Whenever she had to interview one of these claimants—"

"I'm not a claimant," Tom put in, hastily.

"I know you're not. That's just it.

It's what makes the difference. But whenever she had to do it—and decide whether a particular lad was or was not her son—it nearly killed her."

Tom made an inarticulate murmur of sympathy.

"The worst times came after we'd turned down some boy of whom we hadn't been quite sure. That was as hard for me as it was for her—the fear that our little fellow had come back, and we'd sent him away. It got to be so impossible to judge. You imagined resemblances even when there were none, and any child who could speak could be drilled about the facts, as we were so well known. It was hell."

"It must have been."

"Then there were our two other children. It wasn't easy for them. They grew up in an atmosphere of expecting the older brother to come back. At first it gave them a bit of excitement. But as they grew older they resented it. You can understand that. A stranger wouldn't have been welcome. Whenever a new clue had to be abandoned they were glad. If the boy had been found they'd have given him an awful time. That was another worry to my wife."

"Yes, it would be."

"So at last we made up our minds that he was dead. It was the only thing to do. Self-protection required it. My wife took up her social life again, the life she's fond of and is fitted for. Things went better. She didn't forget, but she grew more normal. In spite of the past there were a few things she could still enjoy. She'd begun to feel safe; and then—in that lake in New Hampshire—I happened to see you."

"If I were you, sir, I shouldn't let that disturb me."

"It does disturb me. When I went back that year to our house at Old Westbury and spoke to my wife and children about it, they all implored me not to go into the thing again."

"If I could implore you, too—"

He shook his head. "It wouldn't do any good. This time I've got to see it



through. I have all the data you've given me—as well as some other things. If you're not—not my son—” He rose striding to the fireplace, where he stood pensively, his back to the smoldering fire—“if you're not my son, at least we can find out pretty certainly whose son you are.”

Tom also rose, so that they stood face to face. “And if you can't find out pretty certainly whose son I am—?”

“I shall be driven to the conclusion that—”

He didn't finish this sentence. Tom didn't press for it. During the silence that followed it occurred to him that if there was a war the question might be shelved. It was what, he thought, he would work for.

The same idea might have come to the older man, for looking up out of his reverie, he said, with no context,

“What do you mean to be?”

“I've always hoped, sir, to go into a bank. It's what I seem best fitted for.”

There came into the eyes that same sudden light, like the switching on of electricity, which Tom remembered from their meeting in the water.

“I could help you there.”

“Oh, but it would only be in a small way, sir. I'd have to begin as something—”

“All the same I could help you. I want you to promise me this, that when you're free—either after Harvard, or after the war—you'll come to me before you do anything else. Is that a bargain?”

To Tom it was the easiest way out. “Yes, sir, if you like.”

“Then our hands on it!”

Their right hands clasped. Once more Tom found himself held. The man's left hand came up and rested on his shoulder. The eyes searched him, searched him hungrily, with longing. Whether they found what they sought or merely gave up seeking Tom could hardly tell. He was only pushed away with a little weary gesture, while the tall man turned once more toward the dying fire.

## XLII

In the April of 1920, nearly eighteen months after the signing of the Armistice, Tom Whitelaw came back to Boston, demobilized. He had crossed a good part of Europe almost in a straight line—Brest, Paris, Château-Thierry, Belleau Wood, Fère-en-Tardennois, Reims, Luxembourg, Coblenz—and more or less in the same way had come back again. Now, if he had been able to forget it all, he would gladly have forgotten it. Since it couldn't be forgotten it inspired him with an aim in life.

More exactly, perhaps, it made definite the aim he had been vaguely conscious of already. What he felt was not new; it was only more fixed and clear. He knew what he meant to do, even though he didn't see how he was to do it. He might never accomplish anything; very likely he never would; but at least he had a state of mind, and he was not going to be in a hurry. If for the ills he saw he was to work out a cure, or help to work out a cure, or even dream of working out a cure, he must first diagnose the disease; and diagnosis would take a good part of his lifetime. He was twenty-three, according to his count, but, again according to his count, he had the seriousness of forty. With the advantage of a varied experience and an early maturity, he had also that of age.

His achievements in the war had given him the kind of importance interesting to newspapers. They had begun writing him up from the days of the action at Belleau Wood. His picture had appeared in their Sunday editions as on the staff of General Pershing during his visit to the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. To Tom himself the only satisfaction in this was the possible diminishing of the distance between him and Hildred Ansley. It would not have been the first time in history when war had helped a lover out of his obscurity to put him on the level of the loved one. To Hildred herself it would make no

difference; but by her father and mother, especially by her mother, a son-in-law who had worn with some credit his country's uniform might be pardoned his presumption.

Public approval also brought him one other consideration that meant much to him. The man who thought he might be his father wrote to him. He wrote to him often. He wrote to him partly as a friend might write, partly as a father might write to his son. Between the lines it was not difficult to read a yearning and sense of comfort. The yearning was plainly for assurance; just as plainly the sense of comfort lay in the knowledge that somewhere in the world there was a heart which beat to the measure of his own. It was as if he had written the words, "My two acknowledged children are of no help to me; my wife is crushed by her sorrow; you and I, even if there is no drop of common blood between us, understand each other. Whether or not we are father and son, we could work together as if we were."

The letters were full of a fatherly affection strange in view of the slight degree of their acquaintanceship. The man's heart cleared that obstacle with a bound. Tom's heart cleared it with an equal ease. To be needed was the call to which, with his strong infusion of the feminine, he never failed to answer instantaneously. As readily as the banker divined him, he divined the banker. If there was no fatherhood or sonship in fact, there was both sonship and fatherhood in essence.

Whitelaw wrote as if he had been writing to his boy for years, with a matter-of-course solicitude, with offers of money, with scraps of news. He talked freely of the family, as if Tom would care to hear of them. A few words in one of his letters showed that he knew more than Tom had hitherto supposed.

"If Tad and Lily have been uncivil to you it was not because of personal dislike. In their situation some hostility toward the outsider, as they would call

him, whom they might be forced to acknowledge as their older brother must be forgiven as not unnatural."

During all the three years of Tom's soldiering this was the only reference to the question that had been left suspended by the war. Whether or not it would ever be taken up again Tom had no idea. He hoped it would not be. For him an undetermined situation was enough.

Though during this period Henry Whitelaw was frequently in London and Paris, they never met. When the one proposed that he should use his influence to get the other leave, Tom thought it wiser to stay, as he expressed it, on the job. Only once did he ask permission to run up for forty-eight hours to Paris, and that was to see Hildred.

She was then helping to nurse Guy, who, while working with the Y.M.C.A., had come down with typhoid fever. Convalescent by this time, he would sail for America in a month or two, Hildred going with him. Tom himself being on the eve of marching into Germany, the moment was one to be seized.

They dined in a little restaurant near the Madeleine. With the table between them they scanned each other's faces for the traces left by nearly two years of separation. Except that she was tired, Tom found little change in her. Always lacking in temporary, girlish prettiness, her distinction of line and poise was that which the years affect but slowly, and experience enhances. He could only say of her that she was less the young girl he had last seen in Boston, and more the woman of the world who, having seen the things that happen as they happen most brutally, has grown a little heart-sick, and more than a little weary.

"It's all so futile, Tom. It's such waste. It should never have been asked of the people of the world."

His lips had the dim disillusioned smile which had taken the place of the radiance of even a year or two earlier.

"What about the war to end war?"



What about making the world safe for democracy?"

She put up a hand in protest. "Oh, don't! I hate that clap-trap. The salt which was good enough to put on birds' tails is sickening when you see the poor creatures lying with their necks wrung. Oh, Tom, what can we do about it if we ever get home?"

"Do about what?"

"About the whole thing, about this poor pitiful, pitiable human race that's got itself into such an awful mess?"

"The human race is a pretty big problem to handle."

"Yes, but you don't think the bigness ought to stop us, do you?"

"Stop us from—?"

"From trying to keep the world from going on with its frightful policy of destruction. Isn't there anyone to show us that you can't destroy one without by that much destroying all; that you can't make it easier for one without by that much making it easier for everyone? Are we never going to be anything but fools?"

His dim smile came and went again. "We'll talk about that when I get home. We can't do it now. Even if we could, it's no use trying to reason with a world that's gone insane. We must let it have time to recover. I want to hear about you."

She threw herself back in her chair, nervously crumbling a bit of bread. "Oh, I'm all right. Never better, as far as that goes. I've only grown an awful coward. Now that the fighting's over I seem to be more afraid than when it was going on. As far as pep goes I'm a rag."

"It'll do you good to get home."

"Oh, I want to get farther away than home. I want to get somewhere—to a desert island perhaps—where there won't be any people—"

"None?"

"Oh, well, dad and mother and Guy and—"

"And nobody else?"

"Yes, and you. I see you want me to

say it, so I might as well. I want you there—and *then* nobody else—not a soul—not the shadow of a soul—except servants, of course—"

He grew daring as he had never been before. "Perhaps before many years we may find that island—with the servants all the time—but with your father and mother and Guy as visitors—very frequent visitors—but—"

"Oh, don't talk about it. It's too heavenly for a world like this." She looked him in the eyes, despairingly. "Do you suppose it *ever* could come true?"

"Stranger things have."

"But better things haven't."

He put down his knife and fork to gaze at her. "Hildred, do you really feel like that?"

"Well, don't you?" Her tone was a little indignant. "If you don't, for pity's sake tell me, so that I shan't go on giving myself away."

"Of course, I feel that way, only it seems to me queer that you should."

"Why queer?"

"Because you're you, and I'm only me."

"You can't reason in that way. You can't really reason about the thing at all. The most freakish thing in the world is whom people'll fall in love with."

"It must be," he said, humbly.

"Oh, cheer up; it isn't as bad as all that. There's no disgrace in my being in love with you. If you'll just be in love with me I'll take care of myself."

They laughed like children. To neither was it strange to have taken their love for granted, since they had done it for so long. It was as if it had grown with them, as if it had been born with them. Its flower had opened because it was their springtime; there was nothing else for it to do. It was a stormy springtime, with only the rarest bursts of sunshine; but for that very reason they must make the most of such sunshine as there was. They had not met for two years; it might be two years

more before they met again. They could only throw their hearts wide open.

She talked of her work. In her mood of reaction it seemed to her now a stupid, foolish work, not because it hadn't done good, but because it had done good for such useless purposes. A New York woman whom she knew, whose son had been killed fighting with the British in the earlier part of the war, had opened a sort of club for the cheering up of young fellows passing through Paris, or there for a short leave.

"We bucked them up so that they'd be willing to go back again, and be blown to bits. It was like giving the good breakfast and the cigarette to the man going out to the electric chair. My God, what a nerve we had, we girls! We'd laugh and dance with those poor young chaps, who a few days later would be in their graves, if the shells left anything to bury. We didn't think much about it then. It's only now that it comes over me. I feel as if I'd been their executioner."

"You're tired. You need a rest."

"Rest won't reconcile me to belonging to a race of wild beasts. Oh, Tom, couldn't we make a little life for ourselves away from everyone, and from all this cheap vindictiveness? I shouldn't care how humble or obscure it was."

He laughed, quietly. "There are a good many hurdles to take before we come even to the humble and obscure."

"Hurdles? What kind of hurdles?"

"Your father and mother for one."

She admitted the importance of this. "But you won't find that hurdle hard to take if you're Harry Whitelaw."

"But if I'm not?"

"I'm sure from what mother writes that you can be."

"And I'm sure from what I feel that I can't."

"Oh, but you haven't tried." She hurried on from this to give him the gist of her mother's letters on the subject. "She and Mr. Whitelaw have the most tremendous confabs about you, every time he comes to Boston. The fact that

he can't talk to Mrs. Whitelaw—she's all nerves the minute you're mentioned—throws him back on mother. That flatters the dear old lady like anything. She begins to think now she adopted you in infancy. You were her discovery. She gave you your first leg-up. And after all, you know, we've got to admit that during the whole of these seven years she might have been a great deal worse."

He agreed with her gratefully.

"As a matter of fact," she went on, in her judicial tone, "you must hand it to us Boston people that, while we can be the most awful snobs, we're not such snobs that we don't know a good thing when we see it. It's only the second-cut among us, those who don't really *belong*, who are supercilious. Once you concede that we're as superior as we think ourselves, we can be pretty generous. If you've got it in you to climb up we not only won't kick you down, but we'll put out our hands and pull you. That's Boston; that's dad and mother. When you've made all the fun of them you like, the poor dears still have that much left which you can't take away from them."

Something of this Tom was to test by the time he and Hildred met again. It was not another two years before they did that, but it was a year. Demobilized in Washington, he traveled straight to Boston. He had made his plans. Before seeing Hildred again he would see her father. "It's the only straight thing to do," he told himself. After all the years in which they had been good to him he couldn't begin again to go in and out of their house while they were ignorant of what he hoped for. Hildred might have told them something; he didn't know; but the details of most importance were those which only he himself could give them.

Having written for a very private appointment, Ansley had told him to come to his office immediately on his arrival in Boston. He reached that city by half-past three; he was at the office by a little after four.



It was a large office, covering most of a floor of an imposing office building. On a glass door were the names of the partners, that of Philip Ansley standing first on the list and in bigger letters than the rest. In the anteroom an impersonal young lady reading a magazine said, by telephone, "Mr. Whitelaw to see Mr. Ansley."

The business of the day was over. As Tom passed through a corridor from which most of the private offices opened, he saw that they were empty. The only one still occupied was at the most distant end, and there he found Philip Ansley. He found also his wife. The purpose of Tom's visit having been made clear by letter, both of Hildred's parents were concerned in it.

They welcomed him cordially, making the comments permissible to old friends on his improved personal appearance. They asked for his news; they gave their own. Guy was back at Harvard, at the Law School; Hildred was at home, somewhat at loose ends. Like most girls who had worked in France, she found a life of leisure tedious.

"Eating her head off," Ansley complained. "Can't settle down again."

Mrs. Ansley was more heroic. "We accept it. It's part of what we offered up to the Great Cause. We gave our all, and though all was not taken from us we should not have murmured if it had been."

Taking advantage of this turn of the talk, Tom launched into his appeal. For the last time in his life, as he hoped, he told the story of his mother. As he had told it to Hildred and to Henry Whitelaw, so now he gave it to Philip and Sunshine Ansley. Hating the task, he was upheld in carrying it through by the knowledge that everyone who had a right to know knew it now.

He finished with the minute at which Guy first spoke to him. From that point onward they had been able to follow the course of his life for themselves. They had in a measure entered into it, and helped him to his opportunities. He

thanked them; but before he could accept their goodwill again he wanted them to know exactly what he had sprung from. Hildred did know. She had known it for several years. It had made no difference to her; he hoped so to make good in the future that it would make no difference to them.

They listened attentively, with no sign of being shocked. Now and then, at such points as the stealing of the first little book, or the final arrest, one or the other would murmur a "Dear me!" but sympathy and pity were plainly their sentiments. They didn't condemn him; they didn't even blame him. He had been an unfortunate child. There was nothing to be thought of him but that.

After he had finished there was a silence that seemed long. Ansley sat at his desk, leaning back in his revolving chair. Mrs. Ansley was near a window, where she could to some extent shield herself by looking out. She left to her husband the duty of speaking the first word.

"It all depends, my dear fellow, on your being accepted by Henry Whitelaw as his son."

There was another silence. "Is that final, sir?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"Is there no way by which I can be taken as myself?"

Mrs. Ansley turned from her contemplation of the Lion and the Unicorn on the Old State House. "No one is ever taken as himself. We all have to be taken with the circumstances that surround us."

Ansley enlarged on this, leaning forward and toying with a paperweight. "My wife is quite right. Nobody in the world is just a human being pure and simple. He's a human being plus the conditions which go to make him up. You can't separate the conditions from the man, nor the man from the conditions. If you're Henry Whitelaw's son, stolen and brought up in circumstances no matter how poor and criminal, you're one person; if you're the son of this—

this woman, whom I shan't condemn any more than I can help, you're another. You see that, don't you?"

"Can't I be—what I've made myself?"

"You can't make yourself anything but what you've been from the beginning. You can correct and improve and modify; but you can't change."

"So that if I'm the son of—of this woman, you wouldn't want me. Is that it?"

"How could we?" came from Mrs. Ansley. "But I know from Mr. Whitelaw himself that—"

Ansley smiled, paternally. "Suppose we leave it there. After all, the last word rests with him."

"I don't think so, sir. It rests with me."

This could be dismissed as of no importance. "Oh, with you, of course, in a certain sense. They can't force you. But if they're satisfied that you're—"

"And if I'm not satisfied?"

"Oh, but, my dear fellow, you wouldn't make yourself difficult on that score."

"It's not a question of being difficult; it's one of what I can do."

They got no farther than that. Tom's reluctance to deny the woman he had always regarded as his mother was not only hard for them to seize, it was hard for him to explain. He couldn't make them see that the creature who for them was only a common shoplifter was for him the source of tender and sacred

memories. To accuse her of a greater crime than theft would be to desecrate the shrine which he himself had built of love and pity; but he was unable to put it into words, as they were unable to understand it. He himself worded it as plainly as he could when, rising, he said:

"So that I must renounce my mother or renounce Hildred."

Ansley also rose. "That's not quite the way to express it. If she *was* your mother, there can be no question of your renouncing her. But then, too, there can be no question of—of Hildred. I'm sure you must see."

"And if I see, would Hildred also see?"

Leaving her window, Mrs. Ansley, bulbous and quivering, lilted forward. "We must leave that to your sense of honor. In a way we're in your hands. It's within your power to make us suffer."

"I should never do that," he assured her, hastily. "Hildred wouldn't want me to. After all you've done for me neither she nor I—"

"Quite so, my dear fellow, quite so." Ansley held out his hand. "We trust you both. But the situation is clear, I think. If you come back to us as Harry Whitelaw, you'll find us eager to welcome you. If you don't, or if you can't—"

A wave of the hand, a shrug of the shoulders, expressing the rest, Tom could only bow himself out.

(To be concluded)



# THE LION'S MOUTH

## A LITTLE MORE DRAMA, PLEASE

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

WE were on the set. The principal actors were sitting at a table in a fashionable Parisian cabaret, supposedly having an altercation between themselves. The scene, though a very simple one, was being rehearsed over and over again, while the eight-piece jazz band squeaked, growled and howled like a pack of lustful wolves on a winter night. The "extras," men in shabby cutaways and women in storage gowns, danced merrily on the dancing square.

The blue Kleig lights ate into the faces of the actors, and gave them the appearance of half-decomposed cadavers suddenly risen from their graves, reeking sweat, grease, decomposed powder, mint and moth balls.

"A little more drama," the director was calling to the principals while the click, click of the cameras marked the winding away of hundreds of yards of "amusement" for the people; "A little more drama, please," the director called again, but the whistle blew. It was noon. The camera men and the electricians left work. "We start again at one o'clock," scowled the director as he went away, followed by the two hired "Yes-sers"; men paid by him a weekly salary to tell him how great a man he is.

The "extras" spread all over the lot to rest from their labors. A young damsel held court sitting on an imposing granite sarcophagus made of papier-maché. Another one lay down to sleep on a painted forest amid hundreds of lurking war-painted Indians. A very old lady took off her silver-white wig to cool her absolutely hairless head. And there were Arab kings in white burnouses,

princesses sheeted in gold, Hindu priests in black garbs, and Roman soldiers with bare legs and tunics of leopard skins. Men and women counterfeited in the outward appearance of all nations. At about a quarter of one the jazz band began to play again. The director had so ordered, to get a little more animation into the faces of the people before beginning to work.

Suddenly, a very tall, well-built man of about thirty, with boyish face and big laughing eyes, detached himself from the crowd and, placing himself in front of the musicians, began to lead the band. Instead of the leader's baton, he held a table knife in the right hand, and with the left hand he gestured so grotesquely we could not help laughing. Encouraged by his success and the laughter of even the musicians, the man became bolder and more grotesque, swayed his body, talked to the musicians, argued with the trombone player, shushed the saxophone, and implored the violins for more pep, more melody. It was extremely funny and the crowd laughed until tears streamed from their eyes to the chin. While this was going on, the director appeared in the background and watched the whole scene.

"Marvelous," he yelled. "It's just the thing I have wanted, for a bit of 'comic relief.' Camera! Camera! Lights from the top. Hit them. Come! We want to take the scene!" While the lights were being adjusted he cleaved his way to the man and shook hands with him. "Marvelous! Marvelous! Do that over again. Wonderful. It's just what I had planned. What's your name?"

"Tully, Ralph Tully!"

"Bravo, Tully. Great, bravo!"

The man beamed with joy. The great director had complimented him. The other extras looked on without envy. No, they were not envious. He was one of them. Deep down, in each extra's heart, there is the conviction that he could do "the thing" as well as the stars if given the chance. Well, that fellow there has shown that to the great director.

"Hit them. Camera. Go to it.

That tall man conducting the band with the little knife was so funny they all shook with laughter while the cameras clicked away, grinding, grinding. . . .

"Oh, oh, oh!" yelled the director, holding his sides from too much laughter. "Cut. Let's rest a while." Then he went over again to the man, shook his hands and whispered something.

"You bet," the man answered, and the two departed, arm in arm, to the director's dressing room.

Five minutes later they returned to the set. The big fellow's eyes were shining brightly. His thick lips sagged a bit at the corners, and there was a rarely caught silly grin on his face. He was no longer steady on his feet. He took the little knife from his pocket and began to lead the band again. His gestures were more grotesque than before. The comical quality on his face was heightened by the drunken sadness of the big moist brown eyes. It was *the* thing. On the screen the scene would show a rich American's son gone to the dogs in Paris. The director grew so intoxicated with the scene that he had it repeated over and again, with the cameras grinding away from different angles. And between rests, the big man's hands were shaken, and he was patted on the shoulders, praised, admired, and given a little refreshment, for the sake of pep.

When the scene was taken for the last time it was evening. The thick make-up on the faces of the women had melted and mingled. The black of the eyebrows had flowed down noses and cheeks and dislodged the "backgrounds" of red and yellow, and made little pools around the cavity of chins and necks. The white-

front shirts of the men in dress! The collars, wilted and dirty and smudged—like the eyes and the faces of the men; like the hearts and souls of most of them.

All this mass of hopeless grease and paint on legs moved slowly toward the open door of the studio, straggling in groups, talking, declaiming.

The big fellow who had made such a sudden success was not among them. A young "extra lady," with whom he had been friendly the last few days, waited at the door for him a half hour. Then the director's limousine passed. *He* was inside. But, was it possible . . . ? he did not see her! There was no greeting returned! Bright and early the following morning, the crowd was swarming on the set. The paint was again firm on the faces, the eyebrows black, the lips blue, the cheeks red. The hair was combed sleekly. The collars and fronts of the men were white and stiff. The crease was on the trousers. The saxophone sound seemed crisp and incisive compared even to the drummers' noise of the previous afternoon.

While waiting for the stars and the leads to come to the set, the crowd mingled good naturedly, smoked, jested, played, talked of yesterday's occurrence. Then Tully, the big fellow, appeared. They greeted him with great effusion.

"That was great! Great!"

He answered their greetings a little patronizingly. He had emerged. His head was rising above water. The girl who had waited for him at the door now expected that he would see her and come to her. He greeted her with a wave of his hand from a distance, looking askance; for the director and the principals were coming. He would not be seen friendly with an extra lady. He was no longer in her class. Big Tully looked at the principals, jovially, comradely. But there was hardly any answer from the others. Just a nod, a faint smile. They went back to the scene in the café; not to the one in which he was discovered, but back to the silly scene between the two lovers.



"What has happened?" he asked the assistant director. "Didn't those scenes come out O. K.?"

"Great, Tully, Tully, great, great!" And he passed on to his work.

Tully paced up and down the studio. The director and the principals repeated one and the same scene, too busy even to look at him. They passed him by without a word, without a smile.

He avoided his friends of yesterday. The new ones did not recognize him any longer. He glanced toward the girl. She was already diverting herself with others. His scene had come out O. K. But his usefulness was over. And the director's tired voice urged on the two actors sitting at the table: "A little more drama, please! A little more drama! Has never anything dramatic happened in your lives?"

### PACKING

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

**P**ACKING is a science. My wife tells me so twice a year, once when we are preparing to go away for the summer, and again when we are collecting things for the return. Just as I reach the point where every inch of available space in my trunk is occupied, and I stand surveying it in dismay, with a straw hat in one hand and a tennis racket in the other, she strolls up and laughs pleasantly and says that packing is a science. So it must be true.

In the hands of experts, the process of packing has several phases. The first begins, say, ten days before the date of departure, when mention of the fact that it is about time to begin getting the trunks up from the cellar is first made at the breakfast table. Usually the time is not considered ripe for any actual move in this direction, and for some days the matter remains within what the editors of the *New Republic* would call the realm of discussion. My wife, for instance, discusses the possibility of my bringing up a couple of trunks before leaving for the office, and I discuss get-

ting all hot and dirty before an important day's work. When I return at night the subject is taken from the table as unfinished business, and we examine from every angle the question whether one should do heavy manual labor when physically exhausted. The next morning we consider whether there is any sense in having the place all cluttered up with trunks for days and days, and whether all husbands are as lazy as some. At last, after the matter has been thoroughly canvassed and all possibility of hasty or ill-judged action eliminated, I make for the cellar. Half an hour later I crawl out from under a colossal trunk into the narrow breathing space left between it and the walls of the living room, and we are ready for the second phase—the actual packing.

On the technic to be followed from this point there are two conflicting schools of thought. One believes in packing first the things of less immediate necessity, such as winter overcoats and preserve jars, leaving articles of daily use to be added at the last moment. But anybody can see that many knotty problems of probability are involved. What are likely to be the relative importance, on any given day, of a bath-sponge, a pair of binoculars, and a box of typewriting paper? And should the most secure positions in the trunk be occupied by things that may not be used at all?

Take my enormous boots, for example. Theoretically they are tramping boots. Now and then I look at them and say, "Ah, those are the things for tramping—go through anything in them." As a matter of cold fact, I never actually walk in them; they make me feel too much like a ship dragging her anchor. But every year, when packing time comes, I crawl into the extreme rear of the coat-closet (an overcoat or two silently collapsing on my head as I grope in the dark), remove the boots, and heave them into my trunk. Every fall I take them back to the city. After all, they deserve a vacation as well as

the rest of us. And then I *might* have to go on a walking-trip.

The second school packs things in the order of their weight and bulk. Boots and dictionaries are placed in the bottom of the trunk, to hold it down firmly. It is an axiom among packers of this school that you can't be too careful about keeping the trunk squarely on the floor. When you're sure it's moored, you can go ahead and pack the rest of your belongings, taking them in the order of their specific gravity. Generally speaking, sweaters and fiction precede underwear and lyric poetry.

But no matter how you may choose to go about it, there are always ugly moments: such as the moment when you recollect that your trunk key is probably in the box of collar-studs which you are practically sure you put in the farther lower left-hand corner of the trunk. Some day they may build trunks with glass bottoms, like the excursion boats off the California coast; but for the present you must have recourse to inspired delving. Cautiously you remove an alarm clock and a shoe, and grope. No box. Meanwhile a cluster of collars, the pressure upon it removed, slowly expands as if drawing a long breath of relief, and settles into the space formerly occupied by the shoe. Again you grope, very gently, as if fearing to awaken the pajamas sleeping quietly there in the lower depths. No box. A small fury seizes you. You remove things wholesale. Out they come—shirts, candlesticks, bathing suits.

And then your wife walks coolly in and says, "What are you unpacking for? We're going away, not coming. By the way, here's your trunk key. It was in my bureau drawer. And here's a box of medicine bottles to go in your trunk. There isn't an inch of room for it in mine. Be careful of the iodine; the bottle's just the least little wee bit cracked. Better roll it up in something soft, like your knickerbockers."

Another ugly moment is that of closing the trunk. The time comes when

the last elusive pajama-cord has been tucked back under the cover, and you jam it down. It won't meet. You discover that the little flaps which trunk manufacturers thoughtfully put on the front of the upper tray to button the top down are hanging out. You place a finger on each, put your knee on the trunk lid, and jam it down. It won't meet. You investigate. There is another flap hanging out at the side. You push it in, whereupon the two in front pop out. Then it is that wrath possesses you. Why are trunks made this way, anyhow? It's bad enough to have a middle tray that's good for nothing but the shirts and towels which you'd rather pack somewhere else; it's bad enough to have the top tray ingeniously divided into two parts, each too small for a tennis racket, and the worst possible shape for the coat-hangers that you forgot till the last moment. But the flaps are inexcusable.

There is an end to all things, however. At last you are ready for the expressman.

He comes, as usual, at a brilliantly chosen moment. Last year he said he would come at eight, and he actually arrived at ten; this year his arrival was set for nine, and he actually shows up at seven-twelve, just as you are stepping out of your bath. You put on a bathrobe and go to meet the expressman with a bashful remark to the effect that you were just getting up, feeling anxious to convey the impression that you too are addicted to manly toil. Your wife dashes off to see whether the cook's trunk is ready. (The cook's trunk is tied up with rope; I sometimes wonder what would happen to the rope industry if cooks stopped traveling.) The expressman picks up the trunks one by one as if they were nothing, while you stand and watch him in helpless admiration, wondering whether his mother never told him that he'd strain himself if he carried such heavy weights.

Finally he departs with the last trunk. You open the windows and air out the house. It seems strangely



empty. Now you can walk all the way down the darkest hallway without barking your knee on a trunk. The ordeal is over. And just at this moment your wife discovers that you never packed the writing paper, the clean clothes which came last night from the laundry, or the electric toaster. As I think I said before, packing is a science.

### THE ELEGY

BY NEWMAN LEVY

**C**HILDREN are taught at school that it took Thomas Gray twenty-five years to write his "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard." At last I am able to give the world the true history of this famous poem. Most of the actors in this quaint and almost tragic pastoral drama are now dead. Laughing, roguish Polly Warren, the scampering, hoydenish minx, lies peacefully in the churchyard of Stoke Poges, close by the grave of Tom Gray himself. Kit Rogers, too, is dead, and big boisterous Jack Fletcher, who left the village shortly after the elegy was finished, "to try to forget," as he said, has vanished from the face of the earth. Some say—but I am getting ahead of my story. Only a few of us oldsters are left now to chuckle over old times, and to remember how Tom Gray wrote his elegy. *Eheu fugaces!*

Tom was always a queer sort of lad. Perhaps it was because he was rather frail and delicate that he never used to take part in the rough boyish games that we played about the village of Stoke Poges. When school was over, and we had rushed merrily forth to our sports, he would take his books and wander lonesomely through the old churchyard. As we romped by noisily we could see him sitting on a grave, trying to read an inscription on a tombstone, or else doing his homework there.

I can remember it as clearly as though it happened yesterday. I was having supper at the Gray's—Tom's older brother, Wilbur, was my closest friend.

Old Mr. Gray was ponderously trying to tell us jokes. Suddenly, without any preliminary warning, almost, as I afterward said, like a bolt from the blue, Tom, in that melancholy voice of his, said "I'm writing an elegy." "Indeed?" said his father. "Yes," said Tom, "an elegy in a country churchyard."

Old Mr. Gray tried to make some humorous remark, I've forgotten just what, but I could see that he was secretly pleased. He was like that. He never let on to Tom how impressed and pleased he was, but he used to button-hole his acquaintances in the town and say in a voice quivering with pride, "My boy Tom is writing an elegy."

Of course, in a small town like ours there are no secrets. Everybody knows what everybody else is doing. The following day all Stoke Poges was talking about Tom Gray's elegy. Tom seemed unchanged. Perhaps he appeared to be a bit more serious and more melancholy. He certainly spent more time in the churchyard than ever before. As we boys scampered through the streets we instinctively quieted down as we approached the churchyard; and if one of us thoughtlessly raised his voice, the rest would say reprovingly, "Hush! Tom Gray is writing his elegy."

And thus we come to Tom's nineteenth birthday. The elegy was then three years old and, as Tom used to say in reply to questions, "progressing satisfactorily." I was sitting on the front porch of the Gray house talking to Wilbur. Mr. Gray was lying in the hammock, asleep. It was a crisp autumn night,—late in September I think. Mrs. Gray, who had been in the kitchen, came out on the porch and said to us, "Will you boys run down to the churchyard and tell Tom to come home. It's getting kinder damp and chilly and he hasn't got his rubbers on."

We found Tom seated on his favorite grave. There was a radiantly triumphant look on his thin, pale face. "I've just finished the first line," he

whispered. "Listen: 'The churchyard tolls the knell of dying day.'" We helped him up and took him home.

For the next six months or so I saw very little of Tom although I was a frequent visitor at the Gray home. "He's working very hard on his elegy," his mother used to say. I remember one cold December night when Tom did not come home to supper. Mrs. Gray sent Wilbur and me down to the graveyard with sandwiches and hot coffee for him. The air was bleak, and there was a thin coating of frost on the graves. Tom's face was haggard and careworn as he sat shivering on the cold grave. He looked up as we approached.

"I think I have it in shape now," he said. "I've changed 'dying day.'"

I must have looked puzzled.

"It originally read 'dying day,'" he explained. "I've changed the line to read, 'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day.'"

As I look back now over the shadowy perspective of years, the time seems to have flown quickly by, but to Tom Gray and his family it was a long hard struggle. True, Tom, with the passing of years, had become a person of some importance in Stoke Poges. The fame of his elegy had spread beyond the confines of our simple village, and at one time, I remember, we even thought of sending him to Parliament. But Tom would have none of it, "I can't go to London," he said. "How can I write an Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard unless I am actually in a country churchyard?" That was Tom Gray all over. A less conscientious artist might have been satisfied to stay comfortably in the house and write the piece. But not Tom.

After his mother and father died, the burden of supporting the poet fell upon Wilbur, for, of course, Tom could not take a job of any sort until his great work was finished. It was at Wilbur's wedding that Tom came over to me with a look of deep earnestness in his face. He had taken no part in the

merrymaking, but had stood moodily aloof as though buried in deep thought.

"Do you know," he said to me, "I'm not at all sure that 'dying day' mightn't be better after all."

And so the years dragged on, and the immortal poem grew slowly to completion. Now it was Wilbur's little boy, Milton, who daily used to take Tom's supper to him in the churchyard. We tried to persuade him in very cold weather, to sit in the church and write. We said that it was technically the same as being in the churchyard. But Tom could not see it. His hair had become quite gray—and he walked with a slow faltering step. He had a chronic hacking cough which he acquired, I am sure, sitting out in the graveyard in all sorts of weather. But still, the fire of genius burned bright and unquenchable.

One evening we were seated in the living room of Wilbur's house. My daughter, who was engaged to Wilbur's son Milton, sat in a corner with her fiancé. Suddenly the door opened and Tom entered. We were startled, not so much by the change in his appearance, as by his early arrival, for it was only six o'clock.

"It's finished!" he cried in a vibrant voice. "My elegy is finished!"

The women hugged and kissed him; the men grasped his hands and slapped him affectionately on the back.

"I knew you'd put it over," said Wilbur with tears in his voice.

And then, as we sat there in the deepening twilight, we listened in reverent silence as Thomas Gray read for the first time his undying masterpiece "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." As the last sonorous echo of the cadenced periods died away I was the first to speak.

"And now, Tom, that you've finished it what are you going to do?"

He cast a flashing glance at me.

"I am going to write An Ode on the Distant Prospect of Eton College."

That was Tom Gray. A genius to his finger tips.





## Be Patient: Be Polite!

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IT has been suggested that there would be timeliness in a little discourse about the expediency of being polite to everyone and not using harsh language even in one's business. Does something really need to be said about that? Does some one need to have it pointed out that scolds are seldom prospered and even when prospered are seldom happy? "I know cases of very likely young men who were permanently damaged by too much energy of admonition in their employers!" So says our comrade who appeals for gentleness. We all know of such cases. The world, in spite of all the discipline it has lately undergone, still abounds in persons who think their own way by far the best, and do not hesitate to impose their will on others if they can. Some such persons seem to do pretty well in life, but not because they are overbearing but in spite of it. They may have great virtues combined with their defects. They may be qualified by resolution and persistence to deal with difficult situations and drive or muddle successfully through them. They usually leave more or fewer casualties behind them, lives partly thwarted, natures twisted, wills cheated out of their development, but they may in their way be effective, though at high cost. In every war there are fighting generals of that type. In every dozen households there are individuals of that quality; overbearing men; women with overdeveloped wills and limited understanding, who get their own way be-

cause it is too hard to fight them. But such people are not good to live with, and particularly not good to work for, though they may be fairly generous, because they thwart the development of character. Violence is not creative or even constructive. Energy, to be sure, accomplishes things, but not noise and not harshness. People are apt to mix these agents up, because they sometimes get together, and to conclude that noise is a sign of energy. But very quiet people, thoughtful of others and considerate, often have tremendous driving force. They hold their line. They do what they think necessary, and accomplish the needful, but they know the secret of authority without compulsion, and they do not scold. Of course, they are people who have accomplished self-control, which is the first requisite to the successful direction of other people. The seat of power is not in the body but in the spirit. To be self-controlled, to be polite, to govern one's own speech—those are the accomplishments of successful managers.

Everyone has a right to live his life according to what knowledge and convictions and impulses he has, in so far as it is compatible with a like course in the people about him, or with earning wages, if he must do that. Tolerant people recognize that right and give it all the scope that circumstances allow. Intolerant people keep running against it, see their own way big and other people's desires small. The less wise they are, the more

confident they are in the righteousness of their own wishes and the infallibility of their own opinions. They have a sharpened sense of what is due them and a blunted sense of what is due to others. The world is full of such people, some of them pretty good, correct in morals, faithful in many relations, diligent in business, but doers of a vast amount of unnecessary mischief.

In these changeful times the expectations of all sorts of people shift from year to year and from month to month. They are fairly difficult times to keep up with, but people who do not manage to keep up with them get into constant trouble. There has been inflation and things cost more than they used to. It is hard to adjust oneself to that. There has been a prodigious rise in wages. The employed people, as a rule, get a great deal more money than they did ten years ago and the possibilities of living have been very much enlarged for them in consequence. The older members of the employing group have to readjust their ideas very much to get along with the new conditions, and many of them make hard work of it. They will do better to be philosophical and try to estimate and understand what is going on, adjust their habits to the changes that have come, buy what they can in service and in commodities, and live with what tranquillity they may on what they can get. As long as they will have to do that anyhow, they might as well do it gracefully and with intelligence. People have a right to all they can lawfully get, but so have other people, and a great many people nowadays are getting a great deal more than they used to have. Contemporary life includes motor cars to an astonishing extent that scandalizes some of the elders. It includes much better clothes, houses, and food for more people than it used to. It includes more vacations, more trips to Ireland, more education, more office jobs, and not so much domestic industry as it did; also, much more liberty of action. There is no use trying to stop the access to life of people

who can get the money to pay the price of that access. If such people work for you, you had better help them to what they want. If you work for them, the same suggestion applies. People who are worth having are not going to cut down their hopes and abandon progress for the sake of what wages you pay if they can get as good wages somewhere else without those sacrifices. The more tolerant employer will have the best time, and is likely to get the best service. It is not necessary that he should put up with any nonsense, but it is very necessary that his estimate of what is nonsense should be sound.

Live and let live is always a good rule, but never so necessary as in times of change, when old standards crumble, and old customs fade away, and Progress in hobnailed boots comes down the middle of the road, musing everything up. Where there is a big effervescence it is usually better to let it run its course and wait on the accomplishment of its errand, which is the discharge of impurities. When that is over, then the next thing, whatever it is. Heaven knows what effect the Eighteenth Amendment has had on the practice of farmers, but fifty years ago they used to make cider, and the picture comes to mind of a long row of casks in which the cider was "working," and discharging through the bung hole a bubbling core of yellow froth. Good cider-makers kept the casks filled up, so that in the process of fermentation all the impurities worked out and left the cask filled with a clean, sound fluid that in those primitive times was well thought of as a beverage, and went particularly well on winter nights with doughnuts. That picture of the cider casks cleansing themselves is one that it would be well for every observer of progressive times to have in his mind. Effervescence has a purpose. It is designed to throw out dirt and leave a cleansed residuum, that will not turn prematurely to vinegar.

When Henry Ford was interviewed the other day about his Presidential



prospects he said, after various discourse about the needs of the country, that he had no fault with Mr. Harding. To the interlocutor's inquiry—"What has he done?" he replied, "Maybe it isn't time to do anything yet. If that's the case the best man for the job is the man who can be depended on not to do anything. That's the type of man to have until the time arrives for rapid change."

That may have failed to do justice to what President Harding accomplished, but it showed a sense of process, a thing one has to allow for, but which in revolutionary times usually stretches along, trying the patience and the hopes even of people who recognize it for what it is. Things do not come to people until they are ready for them, nor to nations. A book or any writing that seems to have no message for a man on one day, may be full of news for him a week, a month, a year later. So with nations and their leaders. We cannot assimilate truth new to us until we have developed the appetite for it and the capacity to comprehend it. When that will be in the case of any man, or any nation, one cannot tell, only there are people, and there are nations, of whom we feel sure that one day there will come to them understanding. We feel that about the world itself and the peace cause, about the friction between labor and capital, about the clashing aspirations of the politicians. We feel that some day there will come understanding, and affairs will not be mired and hobbled as they are now, but will move along, and mankind will begin to come to its own.

If we have that feeling it helps to give us patience with all obstacles and especially the human obstacles. It helps us to see them and to see ourselves as factors in a progressive movement, this one holding back, that one pushing forward, but all struggling according to their strength and energy. There is an exhortation in very common use: *Mind your own business!* It is always good

when properly applied and particularly good in these times when people pull different ways so much, but the emphasis in that command is not ordinarily put in the right place. It does not so much mean—*Keep off of other people's jobs!* as *Do your own task!* Intervening in what others are doing may help and may not, but to do oneself what one ought to do, that, as far as it goes, is a sure remedy for whatever mischief is going on. *Mind your own business!* means *Find your work and do it!* and that is helpful, more so than most exhortations, much more so than faultfinding.

There is a great deal of room for hard feeling and complaint in religious discussions at these times. The Easy Chair touched on those matters two months ago, and not to the satisfaction of all readers, as correspondence has shown. One may understand how the Christian religion is by far the greatest factor for good that is visible in these times, and yet may also understand that, as organized, it is likely to be overhauled as to some details of definition. That will make trouble, of course, but it should not breed animosity nor violent altercations. There will be changes in particulars to conform with current knowledge or opinion, but the case is quite different from what it was forty years ago, for nowadays, and thanks partly to science, religious belief, including belief in what is called the supernatural, is not diminishing but greatly increasing, and though some details of it may change, its great power for righteousness and progress will increase.

All the great religions of the world seem in these days to be getting together. In certain things they are all directed toward the same goal. In ethics they are a good deal alike. Where they differ, the difference is apt to be between the East and the West, but in our time the notion that any religion can crowd out any other religion by force, that the purity of the faith can be maintained by punishment and violence, is pretty well abated. There is no visible

reason why that should come back. There is an abundance of reason why the truth that is in every religion should find the error in it, and try to clean it out. As that process goes on it will bring the great surviving religions closer together, and by so doing make for toleration and very greatly for peace on earth.

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And here perhaps the kind printer will drop a few stars, for at this point in this plea for patience and gentle manners broke in the sudden news of the exit from life of one who had them. The most conspicuous quality of President Harding was his kindliness, that he liked people, that he spoke gently even to the erring, that he had immense patience of human contact and of human discourse. There were plenty of people who had no great opinion of his mind, who disparaged him as a statesman, and underrated him as a politician; but scarcely anybody had a poor opinion of his heart. Even if he were head-foolish he was heart-wise, and he was not really head-foolish. No one who is heart-wise is quite head-foolish, for the wisdom of the heart is intelligence, too, and often a higher intelligence, more potent, more effective than the wisdom of the head.

For two years and a half Mr. Harding occupied a great place. That was all; not quite two years and a half. We had grown so used to having him President, got so accustomed to the sound of his voice, that his actual time in office seems incredibly short. He came to a very difficult task; much to do; great disagreement in his party over policies and especially foreign policies; great problems left over from the war, and a state of public irritation altogether unusual. To that irritation his urbanity and friendliness were very soothing. In spite of all difficulties, he won support for some very important measures like the armament agreement, and with admirable courage he averted or vetoed some bad legislation. What could be got by persuasion he pretty well attained, attain-

ing also a notable personal popularity which was particularly valuable for what it did to cure the irritation that obtained when he came to office. In many ways the country is better off than it was two years ago. Its financial condition is very much improved; it has jolted across a difficult transition period under Mr. Harding, and his personal contributions to such improvement as there is are understood and much appreciated.

But what are we going to do about our Presidents? We knew before Mr. Harding's collapse that we worked them much too hard. The office seems more than flesh and blood can stand for long, and the cares of it instead of lessening are increasing. Year after year we have had warnings from experienced observers that we were putting too much work on the central government, and making its direction too heavy a job. How to lighten that job is a very pressing question. The short way to get anything done that reformers want has been of late to pass a new amendment to the Constitution, and make Federal authority do it. If we are going to continue to use that method there must be such improvement in the Federal machine as will bring it within the capacity of man to run it. Perhaps the improvement will take the form of a better division of labor, putting more work perhaps on cabinet officers, or possibly giving the President new assistants. The idea that we ought to have assistant-Presidents is not new. Some observers think the limitation of Presidents to one term would help matters. Others think long Presidential journeys should be prohibited. But take it any way you will, it is a heavy job to be President of the United States, and no incumbent can hope to escape the weight of it. The office is both political and executive. The most successful President will be the one who spends his strength on the most vital matters, and best succeeds in finding helpers. But he will have to find them for himself, and let them help him.



# EDITOR'S DRAWER



WE MUST BE DAMNED FOR SOMETHING, MAKE IT JAZZ!

## Jazz

BY ARTHUR GUTERMAN

COME, read the dice of History and weep!  
 Let contemplation give you awful pauses.  
 Learn why the Lion and the Lizard keep  
 The Courts of Jamshyd; scan these pregnant clauses  
 That show why splendid empires went to sleep,  
 What cataclysms come from little causes,  
 How every vaunting race and nation has  
 Its fated Nemesis—and ours is Jazz!

The Past was drugged by deathly soporifics:  
 The Kings of Akkad wore their beards in curls.  
 Old Egypt died of mummies, hieroglyphics,  
 And playing Pharaoh, likewise drinking pearls.  
 Assyria had many sure specifics  
 For suicide, including dancing-girls.  
 In "Mene, mene, tekel" King Belshazzar—  
 Behold the doom that menaces the Jazzer!

Sardanapalus toyed with drink and such;  
 His palace knew the flame that sears and cleanses.  
 King Midas trusted gold—a faithless crutch,  
 Say those who gaze through shell-encircled lenses.  
 Thé Greeks succumbed because they talked too much,  
 And Rome through craving “*panem et circenses!*”  
 Oh, ye who frolic, blind to coming woe,  
 Look out! you’ll stub your light fantastic toe.

What is this Jazz?—A mad inebriation,  
 Vibration, syncopation, agitation,  
 Gyration, hesitation, corruscation,  
 Clamation, lamentation, ululation,  
 Sensation, titillation, exaltation,  
 Negation, affirmation, dubitation,  
 Elation, elevation, cachinnation,  
 Damnation, dissipation, degradation!

The Jazzer toils not, neither doth he spin,  
 But gambles, smokes, and drinks and bets on horses.  
 ’Tis Jazz that leads the feet to paths of sin;  
 It breaks up homes, it stimulates divorces,  
 It wrecks the nerves, it makes a horrid din,  
 Impairs both taste and health and wastes resources;  
 It tempts our boys from virtue and the farm,  
 And that is why we view it with alarm.

I hate the thing because I think it’s ugly;  
 Its voice is harsh, its motions most uncouth;  
 Its dancers nestle cheek to cheek too snugly.  
 Perhaps this sort of thing corrupts our youth.  
 And yet I look complacently and smugly,  
 Remembering how once, with little ruth,  
 The bad, bad Waltz—poor, antiquated Siren—  
 Was scolded by the virtuous Lord Byron.

In every age before some Moloch-shrine  
 A fickle, shameless generation grovels.  
 It isn’t only woman, song, and wine  
 That lure the residents of halls and hovels,  
 It’s ballets, movies, clothes of vile design,  
 Toy-pistols, cigarettes, improper novels,  
 Plucked eyebrows, rouge and lip-sticks—wherefore, as  
 We must be damned for something, make it Jazz!





## Our Own Travelogues

### *Consistency Drill on the Friendly Islands*

#### A Happy Compromise

"WHAT a beautiful little baby he is!" exclaimed the neighbor. "What have you named him?"

"Well," hesitated the mother, "Richard and I differed a little about that. He wanted to give him one name, and I wanted to give him another; but we finally compromised, and agreed to name him John Wesley."

"I see; you named him after the great founder of Meth—"

"No, indeed," quickly interrupted the mother. "That name as I said, is a compromise."

"But how?"

"The 'John' is for John Calvin, and the 'Wesley' is for John Wesley."

#### A Ballad of Cheer for One Who Worries About the High Cost of Operations

IT'S tough to spend money on doctors and nurses;

It's hard to pay bills that assail you in bunches;

But stay, for a moment, your rampage of curses—

Think of the money you're saving on lunches!

Of course, to doll up in lace nighties and such,  
Day in and day out, is an effort one loathes;  
But you certainly shouldn't complain of it much

When you think of the wear that you're saving your clothes!

It's difficult this time to say what I will,

For no sensible word makes a rhyme except "axes";

However, the thought should encourage you still—

Consider the money you're saving on taxis!

It isn't great fun to lie groaning and aching;

It sometimes seems more than a mortal deserves;

But not to see clients or hear their muck-raking—

Oh, what a saving of patience and nerves!

#### L'ENVOI

Lady, when come to you bills without ending,

Tear not your hair nor give vent to your raving;

Life isn't really a nightmare of spending—

Think of the fortune in shoe shines you're saving!

CORINNA RHEINHEIMER

## The Lesser Evil

ON the first Sunday of their visit to Chicago the successful merchant escorted his parents to a fashionable church. Some of the hymns were familiar, and the visiting pair contributed heavily, with the credit for volume in favor of the father.

The praise of the good couple was not always in correct time, and sometimes in discord, but they did not notice the glowering looks of near-by worshippers or the flushed face of their devoted son.

"Father," observed the merchant that afternoon, while his mother was taking her accustomed nap, "in our churches the congregation does very little singing; it is left entirely to the choir."

"I know, my boy," said the old gentleman, as he lovingly placed a hand on his son's shoulder, "that it was very embarrassing to you this morning, but if I hadn't sung as loudly as I did the people would have heard your mother."

## An Appropriate Description

AN Irish laborer, a great favorite with his fellow-workmen, was honored at his funeral by their offering of an enormous floral anchor. The widow had never seen the like, but mother-wit helped her to its name—she thanked the givers warmly for "Patsy's pick."

## According to Orders

AN enterprising company in the Sudan had decided to lay a railway into the wilds, and, of course, many blacks were employed in its construction.

One day the telegraph clerk at the nearest civilized spot received a telegram from the negro foreman of the railway constructors: "White boss dead. Shall I bury him?"

"Yes," wired back the clerk, "but first make sure that he is quite dead. Will send another white boss to-morrow."

A few hours later another telegram came from the foreman:

"Buried boss. Made sure he was quite dead. Hit him on head with large shovel."

## Conditional Forgiveness

HAROLD and Percy, brothers, were in their nursery for recreation after supper. Harold struck Percy with a stick. An argument followed, and in the midst of it the nurse happened in with the news that it was time for them to go to bed. Percy was put to bed first. The nurse said,

"You must forgive your brother before you go to bed. You might die during the night."

After some reflection Percy replied:

"Well, I'll forgive him to-night, but if I don't die he'd better look out in the morning."



*The Annual Pung-Chow Meet between Yale and Harvard*





### Re-touching

*"It's an excellent likeness, Mr. Dobber, but the nose is a bit shiny, don't you think?"*

### Aunt Della's Dilemma

**A**UNT DELLA, an old Maryland darky, was being registered for the first time. Like many other women who were torn between their desire to vote and to retain their youth, Aunt Della neither relished telling her age nor discussing other private matters.

"What are your affiliations?" asked the registrar.

"Why, boss, I don't have to tell them, does I?" queried Aunt Della, in dismay.

"Answer the question."

"But, boss," protested Aunt Della, "I don't like to; he's got a wife an' five chillun!"

### Equally Wearisome

**A** FORMER teacher at Wellesley College had as her guest for a few days a nephew aged three. He was a delightful little man, and having no rival there, seemed in danger of being spoiled by his many admirers among the students. When, however, one of the young ladies asked him if he would not like to live there always, he shook his curly head in a most decided negative, and exclaimed, with a sigh:

"Such a lot of women and stairs!"

### A Problem in Mechanics

**O**N a certain Western railroad, for convenience, the locomotive is made to push the train down to the terminus, instead of, as on the return trip, pulling the train after it.

This circumstance occasioned great bewilderment of mind to a newcomer of Milesian origin.

"I can aisy understand," he observed, after watching this phenomenon one day, "how the injine pulls thim cars up, but I'm bothered intoirely to understand howiver thim *cars* pulls the injine down!"

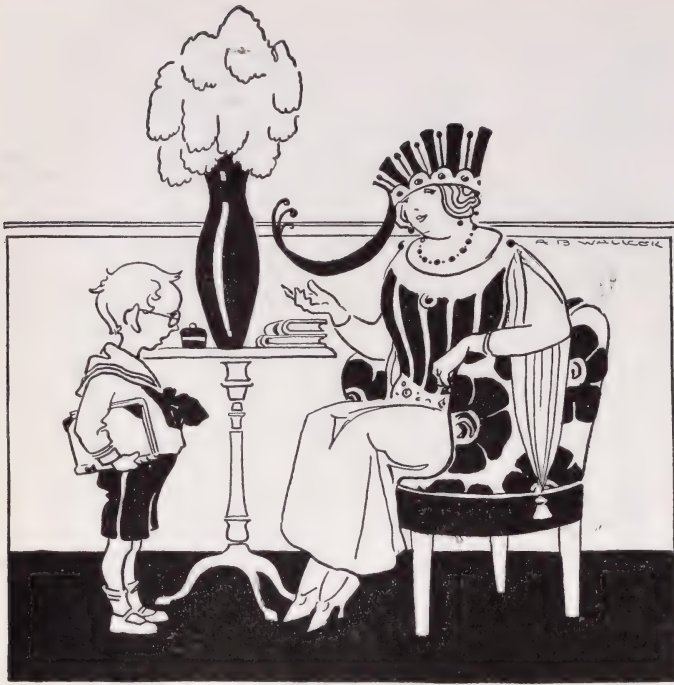
### Rural Sarcasm

**A**N Easterner, visiting a Middle West town, was talking to a prominent citizen with reference to the one paper the town boasted.

"Well," observed the citizen, "I'll say for the editor that he can be the most sarcastic fellow that ever was when he tries."

"How so?"

"Why, in last week's issue the department entitled 'Local Intelligence' was only about three inches in length."



CALLER: "Bobby, do you believe in fairies?"

BOSTON BOBBY: "No, madam, I find no evidence of their existence either in *The Origin of Species*, *The Descent of Man* or *Outline of History*"

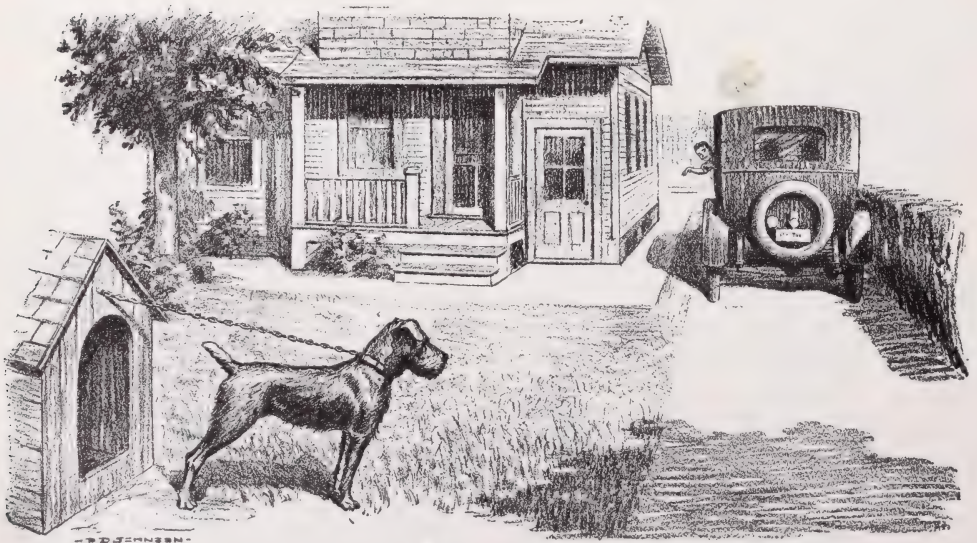
#### Impertinent

IT was an appeal case in a Colorado court, and on one side was a testy lawyer and on the other a number of inexperienced attorneys. The arguments on both sides had been heard and the case closed for judgment.

Suddenly one of the inexperienced lawyers got up and addressed the court once more. The testy lawyer stood it for a moment, but losing patience, he also rose and addressed the court in this wise:

"Your honor, I would suggest, with all respect to the court, that my learned friend opposite is entirely out of order in addressing the court, and if I may be permitted to say so, the court has no right to be listening to him."

The court, who at that time was writing, put his head out in a belligerent way and said, "Mr. Jones, it is a great piece of impertinence on your part to assume that the court is listening to him."



*His Saturday Half Holiday*



## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**James Harvey Robinson**, author of *The Mind in the Making*, which appeared serially in this Magazine, and which has achieved a phenomenal success in book form, has written two articles which in a sense supplement that volume. "Freedom Reconsidered," which appears in this issue, will be followed by a second and more striking article in the November issue. In response to inquiries regarding Professor Robinson's other writings, we append the following partial list: *The New History, Medieval and Modern Times, The Development of Modern Europe, Readings in European History, Petrarch the First Modern Scholar and Man of Letters*.

**W. H. Davies** is a unique figure in London's literary world. He has tramped widely in both America and England, as his *Autobiography of a Super-Tramp* testifies. His published volumes of verse have a rich and unusual distinction and have made for him an undisputed place in English literature. **Evelyn Gill Klahr** resides at Clarion, Pennsylvania. She is the author of two earlier stories, "Souvenirs of Letty Loomis" and "Romance," published in this Magazine. **Herbert Ravenel Sass** is Editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*. He has previously contributed two papers of outdoor adventure to HARPER'S—"Adventures in Green Places" and "Island Wild Folk," which appeared in the January and March issues. **Clarence Bray Hammond**, who resides in New Haven, is a new contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

**Robert W. Bruère** has made an exhaustive study of the coal situation in the Eastern States for the Bureau of Industrial Research. He has contributed frequently to HARPER'S on economic and sociological subjects. **Henry James Forman** concludes in this issue his account of his Mediterranean travels. The author adds, as a footnote to the Editor:

"In company with Gruger, I laughed and suffered in those places some of which, anciently at the pinnacle of civilization, have now sunk back almost to their primitive state before even the Greeks colonized them—thanks to mankind's passion for war and conquest. In Crotona (Calabria) I really wept inwardly to think how Pythagoras would feel if he came back to his once radiant city and found the terrible dirt and squalor in the place he established as a light to all Greece."

**Dr. James W. Garner** is Professor of Political Science in the University of Illinois. In the winter of 1921 he was exchange professor to the University of Paris. In 1922 he was Tagore Lecturer at the University of Calcutta, where he delivered a series of lectures on some recent developments in international law. He travelled extensively in the East and while in India he was particularly interested in securing both the native and the English points of view on the Indian question. He is the author of a text book on *The Government of India* which is used in the schools of that country. During the past summer he has been lecturing at The Hague.

**Cale Young Rice**, poet and dramatist, is the author of many well-known volumes of drama and poetry which have placed him in the front rank of American writers. **W. L. George**, frequently mentioned in these pages, will have a new novel, *One of the Guilty*, on the autumn list of HARPER publications. **Edna St. Vincent Millay** has happily recovered from a recent serious illness and is now at her home in Croton, New York. Her new volume, *The Harp Weaver and Other Poems*, will be published during the autumn. **Konrad Bercovici**, whose short stories have appeared in this and other magazines, has been making a series of dramatic studies at first hand in the motion-picture world, one of which we print this month. **Frederick L. Allen** describes himself as an "inveterate" contributor to the "Lion's Mouth." He is at present vacationing

at Sharon, Connecticut, and the contribution in the present issue is, to a considerable degree, autobiographical.



Much newspaper publicity has been given the case of the six professors dismissed from the University of Tennessee because of their endorsement of Professor Robinson's book, *The Mind in the Making*.

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* in commenting editorially upon the case says:

The Robinson book, as many of our readers know, is an analysis of the modern mind based on its historical antecedents and suggests the mental equipment necessary to a critical, constructive examination of our modern institutions. It asserts the need of the same scientific spirit in the examination of our times as that required to reveal the secrets of nature and the heavenly bodies under the magnifying glass. And the same attitude is taken by some of our university officials toward such a spirit of analysis as was taken by mediaeval authorities toward the revelations of telescope and laboratory.

It remains with our modern university authorities and those who control their tenure whether social progress in America is to be made through the universities with their superior facilities or in spite of the universities as in times prior to our scientific age.

Professor Robinson has the following to say regarding the incident:

My volume was designed to contain only such conclusions as I thought all scientifically-minded people of to-day would agree upon. It puts quite simply the outline of history of the human mind, and is but one in a long line of recommendations of freedom of thought.

It would seem as though our universities would be precisely the places where new knowledge should be most welcome and where the hopes of betterment as the result of the acceptance and application of increasing information about man and his world should be constantly stimulated.

But those who control our higher education are often ignorant and timid, fundamentally devoted to lore, dogma and tradition and confident in the belief that many of the most important things in life were long ago settled.

So it happens that our youths come out of college in much the frame of mind they enter.



A reader in distant New Zealand comments on some recent HARPER stories that are the work of women writers.

LEESTON, N. Z.

DEAR HARPER'S—As an oversea reader of your magazine, I am extremely interested in the remarks of your correspondents, and although I don't always agree with their criticisms, they often cause me to read a story again to see if I missed what they see. But, of course, the mosaic of literature would be a dull thing if all the stories were of the one color. Now when the June number reached me this week I hastened with delight to Ellen Glasgow's "The Difference." You may take it from a woman that only a woman can get right at the soul of a woman. A man may admirably reproduce the eccentricities and the outside appearances, but there's something he can't catch. Shakespeare as nearly caught it as anyone, but who knows—he may have been a woman? In Portia's dialogue with the message boy in "Julius Caesar" he got very near anyway. Mary E. Wilkins' story, "The Bright Side," was another gem in her casket of short stories. A few months ago there was a story, "A Day in a Woman's Life." I forget who wrote it [Sheila Kaye-Smith], but she knew something. "North Country" I liked too in this month's. When there isn't a story by one of my favorites, I generally read the "Easy Chair" first, then the "Lion's Mouth," and then sample the stories. I hope Margaret Deland won't be long with another story.

Yours sincerely,

G. M. G.

The Editors are able to announce that a new serial story by Margaret Deland will shortly begin publication.



And while we are on the subject of recent fiction in the Magazine, the following tributes to Edgar Valentine Smith's story and Elsa Barker's are worth recording:

LANCASTER, Pa.

DEAR HARPER'S—"The Substance of Things Hoped For" is one of the finest tales of "human interest" that ever was written; most moving, most touching, most feeling and beautifully expressed—an American classic. It shows such a depth of understanding of the deeply religious yet ignorant "mammy" as is given to but few. No more beautiful short story has ever been written—or ever will be.

I. K. WITMER.



ST. ANDREW'S, Tenn.

DEAR HARPER'S—It is such a relief to come across a genuinely good, carefully worked out magazine story that I am writing to congratulate you on securing "Sally" and "Substance of Things Hoped For." It is too frequently the case that the



reader is—shall I say—disgusted to find all the evidence in a story that the writer had thrown it together carelessly, confident that it would pass. The two stories mentioned are complete, and they “read” as if the writers actually took an interest in what they were writing. Many readers will thank you for them.

Respectfully,

C. C. HAHN.



Here is unstinted praise from a reader in Bedford Park, New York:

I am quite an enthusiast over your Magazine, like the rest of your readers. For years I have waited impatiently (so much to hear, see, and do in these days) for the next number of your Magazine to appear, and for the past year I have felt great regret when laying down the finished number, realizing I must wait a month for the next. I adore Leacock. As for “The Happy Isles,” my heart expands with every number, the tears will come, yet I keep saying, “it can’t last, the next number will—must be—a slump.” Yet, so far, I love it as much as at first. I read everything your Magazine contains, from cover to cover, even when the subject matter offends me; it is all so well done.

Yours faithfully,

ISABEL NILES.



And here is a letter which speaks for itself:

FULLERTON, Calif.

DEAR HARPER’S—I recently sent in a two-years’ subscription and wish to tell you how very much we enjoy your magazine, although we had a novel introduction to it. As newly-weds we were living on a very small margin, and, to make first payments on things, had agreed to sacrifice a good deal—I magazines, and he cigarettes. I dislike smoking and love to read, so I warned friend husband, and he fondly agreed that I was to have a magazine for any possible lapse on his part.

All too soon I discovered the forsworn smokes on his dresser, and he only grinned over the tragedy. That day I began to buy magazines, and soon had most of that month’s issues—monthlies and weeklies. Stephen Leacock’s “Discovery of England” attracted me to HARPER’S. But alas! At the crucial moment, when I really might have impressed my husband with our joint extravagance (or my stubbornness) I weakened. It was the day before payday, and I had yet to buy dinner from my very reduced allowance. There was the familiar bulge of a neat new package of cigarettes in husband’s pocket! We had dinner that night instead of another magazine.

Those were the days! I do not reform him now, and he smokes peacefully of evenings and I read, sometimes aloud. “Prelude” and “The Substance of Things Hoped For” were two stories we have recommended to some of our guests. They, the stories, were so beautiful!

Sincerely,

E. H.



The Dubuque *Telegraph-Herald* has the following editorial comment to make upon a recent HARPER story:

James Lane Allen’s latest story, “The Alabaster Box,” published in August Harper’s Monthly, marks him as the grand old man of American authors. At seventy-two Mr. Allen still holds his own in sureness of touch and beauty of style.

The development of Mr. Allen’s art is of great interest to those who have followed his career from the time that fame arrived with publication of the “Flute and Violin” stories in 1891.

The James Lane Allen of “Old King Solomon,” “A Kentucky Cardinal,” and “The Choir Invisible,” is the same with the James Lane Allen of the “Alabaster Box,” but the rich imagery and fastidious style of the early nineties has been succeeded by a more forceful chasteness and restraint.

In his earlier work Mr. Allen was pre-eminently a stylist and poet; in his latest work he is a philosopher chiefly whose style is unobtrusively beautiful. It is the highest art because of its apparent artlessness.

The “Alabaster Fox” also betrays Mr. Allen’s literary kinship with Hawthorne. If the latter made vocal the spiritual aspirations of New England, so does Mr. Allen perform the same service for the southern cavalier.

Those who would understand the true spirit of the Old South should read “The Alabaster Box.” But the story is not merely sectional in its appeal. The moral conveyed is as wide and deep as human nature.

It is a moral greatly needed by the present generation. Mr. Allen sees the nation losing one of its greatest virtues fostered by early frontier life.

“That far-stretched traveling frontier, struggling and straggling forward for hundreds of years, that is what made the American people one people and developed their fundamental characteristics. There is where American kindness began; the whole nation broke at the frontier the alabaster box!”

“It may have violated every other commandment; that one it kept—not to withhold the expression of love from the living.”

It is singularly appropriate that as Mr. Allen approaches the sunset he should be found pleading for “the expression of love from the living.” He has experienced a bountiful outpouring of that

love, and it is characteristic of his unselfish nature that he should wish such joy for others.

He is one of few authors who have lived to see their works become classics.



"The Cost of Progress," by Charles P. Burton, in the September issue, has been widely read and discussed in transportation and railroad circles. We gratefully acknowledge the following note regarding the origin of the standard railway gauge mentioned by Mr. Burton:

PITTSFIELD, Mass.

DEAR HARPER'S—In his *Life of George Stephenson*, Smiles gives an explanation, which Mr. Burton seems to have overlooked, of the railroad gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches. It was simply the common wheel gauge of road vehicles transferred to the early tram roads in England on which ordinary wagons were at first used and adopted by Stephenson probably because accustomed to it. This gauge came into general use in England, and American railroads as a rule followed the English practice. It was known in England as the "narrow gauge," in distinction from a wider gauge favored by Brunel and some other engineers.

Yours truly,

ROBERT C. ROCKWELL.



For years a charming, boyish man has sat at his desk in the office of the *London Nation*. He has read voluminously and has written some of the best literary criticism of his day. But always he has had a yearning for adventure, and every now and then he has escaped from his office and wandered out into the world in search of it. These excursions have always resulted in books. The knowing folk in the literary world have recognized him as probably England's best descriptive writer. The man's name is H. M. Tomlinson. His book, *The Sea and the*

*Jungle*, ranks with the best work of W. H. Hudson.

And now he is off on another journey in search of adventure. He wanted to go, and HARPER'S MAGAZINE said "Go on. We will back you!" His first article has just reached the Editors. It is a masterpiece. And now comes the letter printed below which promises even richer treasure.

MENADO, Celebes.

Here I am, and to-morrow or the day after I shall be in Ternate; which is an island six miles by eight miles by five thousand feet; for it is a volcanic island, always smoking, and as high almost as it is long, with some cocoanuts and nutmegs where there is no forest. And naturally, it has no mails. While there I hope to get two articles done for you—in the month that I've been out here I've seen much that isn't within view at Charing Cross—and I'll post the stuff to you when I reach Singapore, about August 14th. Then I'm going to North Borneo and some islands in the Sulu Sea. After that—well, you can search me, as I think you might say. These islands are the oddest mixture of the times of Henry the Navigator (or even the Garden of Eden) and 'Appy 'Ampstead on a Bank Holiday. Ways of living that are prehistoric are mixed up with motor-bikes and cinemas, in the larger villages of Java, for instance. In Macassar there are catamarans in the harbor, houses of bamboo and palm mats, and a way of pounding rice which was here before the Portuguese found the island. And I notice that many of the little homes still bear relics of totems over the porch. Yet, of an evening in Macassar, they toddle round the corner where a Chinaman gives them American love sensations by cinema. There are corners here which are absurdly like the colored print in Grandma's illustrated Bible of the Garden Before the Fall. But Eve sews American gold pieces—for buttons—on her tunic, and Adam goes to the spring for water yoked to a couple of petrol tins. The art of pottery making has been dying here since empty petrol tins began to float onto the beaches.

Yours ever,

H. M. TOMLINSON.







*Painting by Frank E. Schoonover*

Illustration for "Northern Lights"

SHE TOLD ME HER STORY OF ADVENTURES IN FAR COUNTRIES

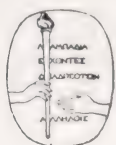


# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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## The College and the Common Life

BY ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

Former President of Amherst College

“ONE of the greatest dangers of the American college is that it will be drawn into the common life, that it will conform to that life, will take the common standards as its own, rejoicing in its likeness to other groups of men rather than in the necessary difference which every scholar has from every other man who is not a scholar.” Recently, when college policies were being sharply discussed, I made that statement. I am now asked to explain it, to make it more clear to the people from whom it is said the teacher ought to differ. It is so important that these “others” should understand as well as they can the work of teaching that I am very glad to attempt the explanation. The teacher is a servant of the common life. I should like to show that in order to serve it properly he must keep himself apart from it.

The statement is, of course, one which arouses suspicion and hostility. “Do we not own the schools?” ask the common people. “Do we not pay the teachers? Are they not our children who are being taught? If so, then we

want them taught in ways that we approve. We do not intend to provide machinery by which our own children shall be educated away from us. Why cannot teachers be sensible and normal? Why must they always try to be different? Are they really safe people to be in charge of youth?”

The situation here is, as human situations seem always to be, in the last resort, essentially of the nature of a dilemma. Two apparently contradictory statements are both true. Parents have a right and a duty to determine what kind of education their children shall have. But they can do their duty only by placing their children in the charge of some one else who shall determine both what the education shall be and how it shall be given. And again, the body politic as a whole has a right and a duty to see to it that all its children are properly educated. It can secure that end only by building up a guild of teachers who are expert in education and who, in the professional sense, do not care at all what are the popular opinions on children and knowl-

edge and the application of the one to the other. In general a democracy is a people which is determined to go its own way. But it can find its way only by sending out explorers to observe the foreign country. The military commander who sends out a reconnoitering party with instructions as to where the enemy is to be found will be happy in the sense of his authority and control; but he is the sort of man who will explain his defeat as due to the failure of his subordinates to obey orders. All democratic procedure has in it just this dilemma. We decide issues by counting opinions; can we at the same time understand that there are "facts" which are quite independent of our opinions? We count every man's opinion as one; can we at the same time see that some opinions are better than others and must prevail over them? To do these two things together requires a peculiarly difficult and apparently self-contradictory mental process. It is the process of thinking. And the one real question as to the success of a democracy is this—can it learn to think? Can a great body of people, a hundred millions of men and women, learn to think together in one mind as each one of them thinks separately in his own mind? Can they face human dilemmas and resolve them?

Now it is in the face of this dilemmatic quality of the human mind and its work that I am insisting upon the peculiar and separate function of the teacher. The bane of a democracy is the man of easy solutions. He is the man who finds complex and confused situations clear and simple, who seizes upon one side of a dilemma as true and proceeds at once to reject the other side which is equally true. The man who understands what is unintelligible, who finds beauty and meaning where disorder and incoherence are running riot—such a man is a pest when there is thinking to be done. He does not need to think; he knows. He does not need to experiment; he has already found the way. His father has told him, or his party, or his

common sense, or his church. As against such men we need to establish the technic of thinking. Let it be understood among us that no man has a right to an opinion on any subject unless it rests upon the best thinking which we have upon that subject. There is no greater sin than that of holding an opinion as true without proper evidence, when proper evidence is available. It is one of the defects of all experiments in freedom that they encourage men in the silly notion that we are all intellectually alike and equal. We are not. Most of us do not know our bodies as well as physicians do; nor can we build bridges as well as engineers; nor can we manipulate political machines as well as those who have perfected themselves in that art. Men do not understand situations simply by being in contact with them. We understand by studying properly. And if we have not ourselves studied properly then we must defer to the judgment of those who, having done so, are, at the point in question, our superiors.

It follows from what I have just said that the peculiar duty of free men is to recognize that other men are better than themselves—in certain respects. If the physician can do no better with my body than I can do myself; if we are to have no better roads than I can lay; if my insight into the human spirit is only what my own groping discovers—then the life of man must be, as Hobbes described it ("solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short"). But we must and we do recognize the special powers of special groups to deal with special situations. We must take all these and make them together into a single comprehensive plan. Each group must be master in its field. Each must be servant of the whole. The question is, Can these two things be done at once? That is, I think, the most urgent administrative question of a democracy.

It is from the point of view of this double demand that one sees the necessity that the teacher keep himself apart



from common standards. His profession requires it. He is doing only what the men of every profession do—getting a better, and hence a different, view of a subject than he and others had before they studied it. But the nature of the teacher's trade is such that for him this "apartness" is both peculiarly important and peculiarly difficult. If we will examine him and his work we shall see, I think, the necessities which come upon him in the course of proper plying of his trade.

We should all agree, I presume, that the primary task of the teacher is to "make minds." Perhaps it would be better to say that the task is so to cultivate minds that they will grow into their own proper quality. And, farther, the justification of the teacher's work is that we need good minds and need them very sorely. Individuals and societies are both in need of good minds for actual immediate use. Minds are useful instruments. And the task is to get these instruments ready for the work they will have to do. It is silly and futile to prepare pupils for situations which they will never meet, to fit them for work which they will never have to do. Minds are needed for dealing with the actual human world in which the pupil is to live. The teacher must survey that world, must discover what thinking is needed in it, and must endeavor, as best he can, to supply that kind of thinking. The school and the college are in charge of the cultivation of thinking—such thinking as we need for proper living.

What kind of thinking do we need? To answer that question is to understand the work of the teacher. I cannot attempt here a complete, nor even a coherent, account of the thinking process. I may, however, try to bring into attention one or two aspects of the process which bear upon our discussion.

A pupil of college age is approaching a world in which older men are at work. These older men have faced the actual human situation of desires and circumstances and have determined upon cer-

tain modes of action as promising the best results. And now they are busily following those lines of action and working out by means of them the fulfillment of human purposes. The pupil is to take his place among these workers. What kind of training in thinking shall we give him to get him ready?

There are, in general, two answers to this question. The first is that we should acquaint the pupil with the modes of action which his elders have selected and should enlist his loyalty and support in the carrying on of the same enterprises in the same ways. The second is that we should bring the pupil face to face with the decisions which his elders made so that he may again meet and decide the questions which they decided before him. Shall a boy be taught to follow his father or to understand him? Shall he be made to imitate his father or to be like him?

Now my own answer to this question is definitely in favor of the second alternative. I believe that teachers should see to it that young people are not helpless dependents upon an older generation. Dependent they must inevitably be upon those who have made the world livable. But they should be taught to play their part in active creative dealing with the human situation. And just here is the crux of the teacher's social problem. Successful parents wish to provide for their children; they want to believe that by their own efforts they can care, not only for themselves, but also for those who come after them. They wish to amass capital in life so that their children may live securely upon the interest of it. And teachers know that in all the real values of life this cannot be done. They know that, if a parent has worked successfully, the best gift he can give to his son is a chance to work in the same way. If a father has had to fight difficulties with hard and grim independence he need not expect to train his son to be like himself by taking all the hardness and grimness and independence out of his experience. Many

people who are keenly aware of the application of this principle to the bodies of their children seem utterly oblivious to it in the training of their minds and souls. I know fathers who want their boys to grow in moral strength but to have nothing to be moral about, to have no moral decisions to make. They want their sons to be intelligent, but to have no real thinking to do. But teachers know that, young or old, a man is, and is only, what he does. They know that if you wish a pupil to develop power in any work you must let him do that work. Strength comes from exercise; skill comes from practice; power comes from responsibility.

With this tragic illusion of the successful parent the American teacher is ever confronted. We are a terribly successful people. And we must pay the penalty of success in all the blindness and preoccupation which it brings upon us. Upon our teachers is laid the responsibility of saving our children from the results of our successes. This is one of the chief reasons why the teacher must be apart from us, must give the sense of being other than we are, must refuse to accept our standards as his own, must bring to the training of our children an insight deeper and more far-seeing than ours. His influence must be a saving grace of liberal insight and appreciation in the midst of a civilization which is too busy with its machinery to escape being specialized, cruel, and dull.

The principle which thus holds in the training of children for proper co-operation with their parents applies likewise to the training of young people for membership in the society to which they belong. Our social and political groups, our nations, churches, shops, mills, offices, have chosen ends to be attained, have decided upon modes of procedure by which those ends may be won. How are young people to be prepared in mind for sharing in this work? Shall they be led to accept ends and procedure on faith—faith in the wisdom of their elders? Or shall they be trained to do what

those of the elders whom they admire have done before them? Shall they be independent, as their elders were, or shall they be dependent on some one else, as their elders would have scorned to be? There can be no doubt which of these is better for the younger generation—no doubt which they would choose if they were really free to choose. But which is better for the social order, for all of us together? Which will give us the sort of thinking which we need to make the living of individuals and of groups really successful?

If we would answer this question we must face the fact that all our modes of procedure, whether social or individual, are in a measure experimental. No matter what we are doing or how we are doing it, whether in America or France or Madagascar, whether in work or in enjoyment, the decision which was made to do that thing in that way was one about which there was uncertainty and difference of opinion when the decision was made. In every important human situation there is difference of opinion. In politics we divide into parties and each of these spends itself in proclaiming that the policies of the other spell ruin and disaster. It is so when the constitutions of nations are framed; it is so when constitutions and statutes are interpreted by courts; it is so when the creeds of churches are formulated; it is so when the faculties of colleges meet; it is so when groups of artists confer upon values or technic; it is so when moral issues are at stake and moral decisions are being made. The human individual does not lazily open his eyes to find the truth standing clear and stark before him. He hammers out the truth by strife and conflict of idea. Every man who ever thought a thought or made a decision knows that. Whenever he decides, different lines of action seem possible, and sometimes it is only by fierce and tiring struggle that one of them secures the mastery over the others. To know the man, after such a struggle, simply as a person following



the line of action which he chose, is not really to know him at all—certainly not as he knows himself. To know him is to know what else he might have been, to know the motives which were denied, the doubts and questions which still linger, the uncertainties which later knowledge may dispel—perhaps too late for him.

I know that men must hold to their decisions, that in the actual course of human life they get committed and cannot change because for them the time of making decisions has gone past. But that is just another way of saying that men grow old, that men get caught by circumstance, that, whether they will or no, for them the game must go the way they chose in earlier days to have it go. But are societies to be like individuals in this respect? Are they to harden in tissue, to lose their youth, to take the fixity which means decay? If so, then they like individuals must quickly have their day and cease to be. But nations and churches, industrial schemes and moral codes, are not like individuals. They need not die so quickly. And why? Because for them there is a constant and unfailing stream of youth by which forever they may be renewed. Forever in our social life the youth is rising up to take the place of youth that passes by. What shall we make of it in spiritual power—a thing of youth and strength or else a thing of age and quick decrepitude? One or the other we must do. And what we do with youth determines what our social life shall be. If we can make our youth live in dependence on our age, if by the care that mingles love and jealousy we make young people timid and repressed, then we can have the old man's sense of safety, can quickly dream our life away in comfort and success. But can we? Not in America to-day. We are not old, though many of our groups and parties are. Nor do we really wish it. And if we did, our youth, being ours, would not submit. And if they did, our teachers would rise up and smite the youth with scorn.

They have their work to do—and they will do it, no matter what the hindrances which our blindness and misapprehension bring upon them.

I have been saying that young people should learn to understand their elders and the world which these thus far have made. What does this mean for teachers of the youth? It means that they must bring again to youth in newer forms the questions which their fathers faced and answered in their day. It means that they must treat as possible the "other" lines of action which the fathers thought about but set aside. It means that youth must learn to think—and what to think about.

The task is not an easy one chiefly because our people, young and old, so little understand it. Old people wish our teachers to be advocates, to plead their causes with the young, to get them pledged to party, code, or creed before they know what parties, codes, and creeds are all about. How often they say, "Why will those teachers puzzle the minds of children with silly panaceas which every man of common sense has put aside as nonsense long ago?" The obvious answer seems impertinent. And younger people, too, lured by the promise of success which busy men hold out to them, would gladly go at once to do the work that pays. It is not easy to teach the young American to think. The teacher's task is hard because we, as a people, do not know as yet what thinking is. Great numbers of our people dream of making and forbidding thoughts by legislation; still others put the pressure on and try to force the minds of men into line; and nearly all of us are timid as to what the thinking of the young may do, if they are free to follow where it leads. We want young people taught the proper doctrines. We dare not trust them or their minds. We have no faith in thinking. And so for many of our people, the plan of education is to hire the teacher to make sure that thinking—dangerous thinking—is not done.

Here is, in my opinion, the urgent reason why the teacher stands apart from other men and their opinions. He is the student of the thinking of the world. He studies and works with minds as others study crops or motor cars. He studies what human minds have done, are doing, should do, and should not do. He watches the mind of man making its way from ignorance and error to understanding of itself and of its world. And this is what he finds. Always as men approach a situation, problems break out; and in the face of problems men divide, make parties, fall into groups which differ in view, and, differing, advocate their views. Where shall the teacher take his stand? Which party shall he choose and advocate before his pupils? Shall he be told by parents, boards, or legislatures what is the truth which thinking in his school is ordered to achieve? And here I say that, whatever his personal bias, professionally the teacher stands apart. He does not train for any party, any creed, nor, in the deepest sense, for any nation. He trains for all of them and for the newer ones which later days will bring. In every party he finds good thinking and bad; in every sect men are intelligent and dull; in every nation men may rise to heights by loving it or sink to shame and infamy by ways of serving it. The teacher wants good thinking done in every party. He does not hate a Democrat as such, nor a Republican. He hates a silly Democrat, a dull Republican; or rather, he hates their silliness and dullness! He does not drive or lure boys into parties; he tells them to think and go where thinking leads, to use their parties as the instruments for carrying thinking on.

Here then, so far as I can see, we have the answer to our question. Men as they act must choose between conflicting thoughts; and as the differing

thoughts form differing groups, these get committed to their points of view; and action ever tends to harden thoughts into convictions, dogmas, prejudices, to make men feel that in themselves thinking has reached its goal. Meanwhile the teacher stands apart, viewing the process as a whole. He is to train young people to take their different places in it. He cannot, as a teacher, be committed as men of action are. He serves the process as a whole. His faith is not in any party or its doctrines. His faith is in the mind of man. He teaches younger people to be men—in thinking. If he can reach that end, then he has done his work.

There are so many easy misconstructions of what I have said that it seems hopeless to attempt to list and answer them. May I simply mention one of them, and, as for the others, remind my reader that we are moving in a field where paradoxes and dilemmas dwell? I have spoken of training in thinking as the primary task of the teacher. But young people must be trained in other ways as well. In every respect they should be nourished and trained into all the power and strength of which they are capable. And more specifically may I say that thinking is not the whole of life; it is only its guide. Men do not simply make decisions: they make decisions as to what to do—and then they do it. This, too, the young American must learn—to do the thing that is decided on. But that for him is very easy as a lesson. We act with quickness and with skill. We are as yet an active people. But can we learn to make our actions count for ends worth while? That is the teacher's question. That is the reason why he stands apart and studies us, the reason why he takes our children in his hands and tries to make them better men than we have been.



# Bright Snowflakes

BY PROSPER BURANELLI

ON the stage the soprano raised her head and opened wide her mouth. A shrill note rose and trembled falsely.

In the orchestra pit Ghingoni twisted his gray, wrinkled cheeks in a grimace of pain as he slid the bow across the A string of his viola.

"She sings like a fiddle strung with rusty wires." He muttered curses in the ugly dialect of Genoa.

The first oboe in front of him turned his brown, massive face.

"It looks like a bad Christmas for you, Ghingoni." The jibe came in growling irony.

Another strident treble note from the stage, another groan from Ghingoni's bosom. During the next act that faltering voice would sing his newly composed song, "Oh Bright, Wintry Snowflakes of Yuletide."

"It will make the fiasco of a Hymn to the Sun in a college of bats." The viola player raised his big head with a blasphemous laugh. "*Addio*, expectations! *Addio*, hope!"

Ghingoni was a good musician, everybody said that; but he had never had a chance to conduct, and his compositions heretofore had pleased not even himself. He had written correctly enough but without originality. Always he had recognized his tunes as existing somewhere in Schumann or Bellini. But nobody would have played his music, anyway. Then to the Calabria Royal Italian Grand Opera Company had come the diva, Lulu Williamson—billed Lola.

This majestic woman was a soprano of wealth; she had made an intelligent marriage. She put money into the company and became its principal colo-

ratura. Heavy, very tall, and as imperturbable as music by Handel, she paraded and laughed and was revered by all. Ghingoni said to her,

"Signora, I will write a song for you."

"That will be sweet." Her smile was of regal patronage.

The months turned cold, and Christmas approached. Lulu Williamson was a soprano of sentiment. She would show the company a real Christmas. She, herself, would trim the Christmas tree. Ghingoni said to her,

"Signora, I will write a Christmas song for you."

"That will be really too sweet." She uttered little, gurgling cries. She, herself, had written some verses about Christmas:

". . . Oh, bright, wintry snowflakes of Yuletide

Are falling this holiest day;  
and so on and on," she chattered blithely. He could use her poem for his song, and she would sing it on Christmas.

Ghingoni ascended into an agony of composition, blackening many pages with notes, filling hours with improvisations on his viola. A single thought stood in his head, with the clear dominance of a drum stroke in an orchestral fortissimo. He must achieve originality, the purest invention. One night, as he lay awaiting sleep, he mused over the happy times of his youth, of devil's play during the Genoese carnival, of drinking bouts in the country while merry girls trod the grapes with crimsoned feet, of roystering voyages on salt ships in the Tyrrhenian Sea. It came—a tune—like the music out of lingering memories. Sweating and chanting, Ghingoni arose and spread notes on staff lines.

It was a swaying, mooning melody in beats of three, with strange, tormenting rhythms and phrases of honey. For three weeks the inflamed musician labored, fashioning a subtle *andante grazioso*, embellishing his tune with harmonic and symphonic device, stating it now in simple, swinging beauty and then in fugitive snatches, amid laces of polyphony and strange chords.

He played the piece for his comrades, who had heard all the symphonies and operas, and who, if they remembered any other melody like his, would chant that other melody in huge mockery. But Ghingoni had fashioned a tune that seemed original, vastly unlike any other thing they had ever put ear to, and they were mystified.

"He is a good musician," the fat oboe player bellowed. "He has heard more music than we have."

Ghingoni exulted.

Originality! That is the great benediction. It is to music what money is to life, as rare as a cymbal crash in a mass by Palestrina, as enchanting as tobacco and three cordials after dinner. Originality! It might sweeten a book with five hundred pages, or a love affair with a scornful girl.

"In music there is a god," he spoke, full of tremendous philosophy, "and the god's name is originality."

Lulu Williamson listened to the song with a smile of stately enthusiasm.

"Isn't it splendid how well my verses go to music," she laughed in a measured cadence, and, while leaning over Ghingoni's shoulder and scrutinizing the page, began in that halting, half-voice manner of a singer learning a new piece:

"Oh, bright, wintry snowflakes of Yuletide

Are falling this holiest day."

"But Signora," Ghingoni raised one hand before him, "for a song, like a singer, it is necessary to have a good debut." He had a plan.

They could give "The Barber of Seville" on Christmas afternoon, and for the show piece of the singing-lesson scene

the Signora could use Ghingoni's composition. He, deserting the orchestra for an act, could play the accompaniment on a piano behind the scenes.

"Splendid," she exclaimed with her dignified laughter. "I will raise them out of their chairs."

"And as for me . . ." Ghingoni mused.

Her success with his song would get him a rise in salary, and the company needed a librarian to take care of the orchestra parts—the post would be his, too, with its dignities and extra money.

The magnificent Christmas had come. The Signora was in calamitous voice. She would bring ruin on Ghingoni's song.

"It is a trick for three devils to play on an ape," he mourned, as he moved his bow back and forth through monotonous notes of accompaniment.

Out of the troubled depths of his fantasy rose a tone, a single tone. It was a D flat, a high D flat. It was the high D flat that would come at the end of his song. It was a good note, an effective note, but, with the false, cracking intonation of that ludicrous voice, it would wring hisses from the lungs of a man as deaf as an oyster and as patient as God.

"May the devil fry my nose like a sausage!" A violent oath from the sufferer made a dozen orchestra players turn their heads and laugh.

When the act was done Ghingoni hastened out of the pit.

"Tell her," the first oboe shouted ribaldries after him, "that you want another soprano to sing your canzonetta."

Lulu Williamson was on her way to her dressing room when Ghingoni encountered her. There had been few bows to the scanty applause, and an expression of dejection lay in the round face, with its straight features and gaudy make-up.

"Eh, Signora," the old fellow made a courtly bow, "maybe it's better to change the D flat and have an F."

"A high F?" She was astonished.

"No, a low F."





*Drawn by T. K. Hanna*

"ISN'T IT SPLENDID HOW WELL MY VERSES GO TO MUSIC?"

She gave him a disdainful stare of her little gray eyes.

"What makes you think I can't sing the D flat?" Her voice was tranquil and cold.

"No, no! The F is for a better effect."

"I guess we'll have the song as written." She turned with a scornful flourish.

Ghingoni gazed balefully at the wide, lace-covered back that moved away from him.

"It is like throwing water on the corpse of a man who has drowned," he cursed. The last tassel was sewn onto the cap of doom that hung over his ears.

Lulu Williamson went to her dressing room, where a large Christmas tree stood, laden with decorations and packages. She adjusted a bauble here, an electric light globe there, deliberate in an angry calm. A baritone and a mezzo soprano passed, and stopped, but went quickly on. The genius of failure was astir.

Ghingoni leaned against a piece of scenery, and pulled ferociously at his long, straight mustaches.

"There is no way . . ." he muttered, trying to think of an escape from the embrace of disaster.

"But if I made a speech . . ." A quick whim caught Ghingoni and made a wide crescent of his mouth. He thought of the audience.

The Calabria Royal Italian Grand Opera Company had opened that holiday matinée in a rude mining city of Montana, but the crowd which had pushed its way into the theater was of swarthy, gesticulating people, Italians, who chattered in the uncouth dialect of some remote part. Ghingoni had recognized them. They were Sards, a colony from the ancient mines of their island laboring at the fresh, raw ore of this new country.

He had passed a year of his adolescence in Sardinia, where his father had taken him with a cargo of cheeses, and he recalled great pictures of goatherds' festivals beside mountain lakes and of tavern fights with knives and chairs.

"I was as happy then as a stomach full of wine." He lost the sorrow of the hour in those clear, pretty months of early memory.

"If I made a speech in dialect they would burst the theater with applause." Ghingoni was homesick for Sardinia, and it brightened his spirit.

The queenly modulations of the Signora's voice drew him back to reality.

"Say, Ghingoni, are you all set?"

She was garbed in a yellow dress of brocade, with wide, girlish skirts, ready to go on the stage. Ghingoni's song came ten minutes after the rise of the curtain.

Wrinkles of worry lay on her round, low forehead.

"We must bring out that melody as much as we can." Her tone maintained a bouncing cheerfulness. "That's what will get them."

"Without doubt. . . ." Ghingoni muttered ironically.

In the orchestra a chord banged, and mirthful ripples ran on the violins. The Signora hurried away. Ghingoni went to the piano in the wings, and sat waiting.

"Without doubt . . . I cannot make a speech, but I have hands." He mused cryptically.

Bring out that melody? He would, for he was a good pianist. It would dance in the high octaves like moonstruck satyrs, would croon in the notes around middle C, would chant an elegy in the bass, until every ear was tormented by its beauty.

The curtain rose, and the buffoonery of the opera went chattering and stamping.

"It may still be possible to pull the devil's tail," Ghingoni murmured subtly. His head drooped over the keyboard, and five extended fingers moved nervously down his cheek, while he lost himself in an act of hope.

On the stage, playing the saucy girl, the Signora sent her great body skipping and shaking through the merry antics of the comedy. She stepped to right and



left, with a swaying of shoulders and hips, made dance movements and kicks, wagged her head and threw kisses.

"What does she do that for?" Her peculiar style of acting always distracted Ghingoni.

Lulu Williamson had passed several years of her youth in a burlesque shop. Big Venus had been her name in art, and no flaunting stepper had exceeded her in the bounding grace and flaunting dash of a guileless æsthetic. She retained sly memories of these faded glories, and brought into the staid enchantments of opera a swagger and flirtation out of those days opposite the red-whiskered Irish comedian.

"Her brains are out of tune and have a few broken strings," Ghingoni meditated.

A soprano note shrilled, and went flat. He made a rueful face.

"It is enough to ruin a trumpet concerto by the Archangel Gabriel," he said.

His back quickly straightened. He groomed his mustaches. A majestic frown came upon his brow, and his mouth twisted with arrogance. On this evil day the one blessing lay in the music he had composed.

From the stage the Signora looked disapprovingly at the thin, rigid figure before the piano. She skipped across to the side of the stage near him.

"Ready there, Ghingoni," she called sharply. The song was half a minute away.

Ghingoni adjusted himself on his chair, and rested his hands silently on the keys.

Now in his imagination he heard the sound of applause, a great clapping of hands and shouts of bravo—for his song—his badly sung composition—his beautiful tune.

"My melody will make them forget the high D flat," he cried to himself, drunk with enthusiasm.

The orchestra was silent. From the audience came the vague noises of thousands of little, expectant movements. The Signora stood in the middle of the stage. She nodded to Ghingoni. A

chord of the eleventh in A flat major, and a sweet, bell-like phrase moved above lingering chords.

The song began with thirty-two bars of introduction for the piano, in which Ghingoni's tune was announced with rustic simplicity. Into each curve of flowing tone the ardent fellow breathed the graces of his heart, the languors of his love. For he had turned lovesick, had fallen into infatuate passion. He was enamored of his entrancing tune, of the melody that was so exquisitely his own. His fingers spun the dancing cadences through mazes of beauty. At the fourth bar, he leaned to one side, and stole a glance at the audience.

"But what?" he stopped breathing. "Is there a Satan in my brain?"

He had caught a shadowy glimpse of faces, ugly faces, grotesque faces, faces warped with a strange expression, eyes stretched, jaws hanging, lips twitching in ridiculous curves of ecstasy. Half a dozen handclaps sounded and impatient hisses for silence. On the stage the Signora studied the dim audience with an astonished gaze. As she waited she swung her shoulders in sympathy with the people's fervent response to the music.

"It is a delusion," Ghingoni whispered.

Chord upon chord, he led his beloved tune through progressions of dreamy charm, while his own elation went climbing. Who else could have created such a melody? At the twenty-eighth bar, as the music whirled to a climax, there were more handclaps and excited shouts of bravo.

"The bass tuba may whistle like a bird," he laughed, "but there will be no fiasco." He led the music to a pianissimo for the entrance of the voice.

Lulu Williamson took a jumping step sidewise, and waved her right hand in a sprightly gesture.

"Oh, bright, wintry snowflakes . . ." she sang in a reedy voice.

The song now went into a period of fantasy, with the melody flashing brokenly or weaving intricate counterpoints,

She gave him a disdainful stare of her little gray eyes.

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The song now went into a period of fantasy, with the melody flashing brokenly or weaving intricate counterpoints,

while the voice-part chanted over peppy dissonances. The Signora sang badly, but the audience remained undiminished in their curious enchantment.

"It is the success of a horse visiting the kingdom of gadflies." Ghingoni raised his head with the laughter of a giant who has overturned the mountain. After these middle complexities the song would close with a rousing restatement of that irresistible melody. "It will make them jump like grasshoppers," he exulted.

That tune—it was he, his own soul, the transformation into sound of the spirit that had been born in him, and it was the magical revelation of the creativeness that was his. With this his brain labored in an act of fantasy. Ghingoni saw moving before him pale, familiar figures, Rossini, with his bent shoulders and satyr's mouth, Mendelssohn, in faultless dress, and the other masters, vague and distant in their greatness. They, too, had invented original melodies.

The triumphant melody rose in octaves on the piano, with the voice shaking and straining. In the audience, enraptured heads wagged to the rhythm and fervent hands beat the time. A mood of fiery passion filled the theater.

"Ah-ah-ah!" He was one of them. He was one of the great. Fantasies of madness clutched Ghingoni's brain. His eyes glared with a wild boldness. He was the foremost melodist of his day, the most original.

"In music there is a god," in a delirium of triumph he repeated his philosophy, "and the god's name is originality." He dreamed of glories as a composer.

But, *santa madonna!* what was that?

A tenor voice sounded in the audience. It rose eager and throaty, singing the melody along with the soprano. A baritone joined loudly, and a dozen more voices, a score. A great chorus caught the measures of Ghingoni's tune, swelling the chant with the abandon of a hot enthusiasm.

But what words were those?

The audience sang, in harsh gutturals of dialect, an archaic ballad:

"In summer the wine is reddest;

In summer are sweetest the girls."

Those verses—his tune—his most original melody! Like the death thrust of a knife there came to Ghingoni a fair, disastrous memory.

In Sardinia he had loved a red-mouthed girl, with cheeks as pale as the moon in a mist and eyes of somber gray. One night of the Spring Festival he had wooed her, and she had laughed at him and sung,

"In summer the wine is reddest;

In summer are sweetest the girls;"

and all the other revelers had joined in the haunting tune. It was the favorite song of the Sards, which their fathers had caroled since the dim years. He had heard it a hundred times in his stay on the island long ago, and now it had come, unrecognized, out of the black abyss of memory, to gull him, and cheat him, and set him on a cloud for a ghastly fall.

Stricken, in a stupor of calamitous understanding, Ghingoni moved his fingers mechanically over the keyboard, while the lusty chorus in the theater grew louder and more ardent.

Lulu Williamson was not only singing—she was also dancing. Her great body waved across the stage, head tossing, hips swinging, legs flying, skirt soaring, arms undulating to the beat of the music. An audience singing along with her, and she had returned to her days of burlesque when the summons of "all join in the chorus" had been the cry of triumphant art. She was Big Venus again, and making a hit in the old, uproarious way. Higher and higher she bounded, wilder and wilder she pranced, a bacchante aroused, a nymph aflame.

"Oh, bright, wintry snowflakes of Yuletide!" She kicked her way across the stage.

"In summer the wine is reddest!" the audience roared in ecstasies of dialect.

When, in her tours of the stage, the





*Drawn by T. K. Hanna*

"THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO CAN LAUGH BETTER THAN THEY PLAY THE OBOE"

Signora passed near Ghingoni, she saluted him with breathless cries.

"It's a riot, *maestro*, it's a riot."

The *maestro* was lost in the processes of his own soul.

On the high D flat of the last cadence the Signora's voice screeched and broke, but nobody heard in the *fortissimo* that swelled from a hundred throats.

The applause broke out in a bewildering din. Ghingoni stirred, groaning loudly. The irony was too great for mortal flesh to bear.

"Come on, *maestro*!" The signora called him to make a bow with her. "Oh, *maestro*, don't be so modest!" Her splendid weight sent him stumbling onto the stage.

He looked with stupid eyes into the cheering depths of the auditorium, and inarticulate noises came from his throat when the Signora kissed him with a great display. He tried to run away, but she held him while the shouting and handclapping grew wilder.

"It has been," a hoarse voice at the back of the theater screamed above the tumult, "it has been in honor of our country."

An hour later the company crowded into the Signora's dressing room, where the Christmas tree flamed with lights.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," Lulu Williamson, still in costume, stood in stately pose, "this has been, indeed, a Merry Christmas for us. But let us see something of the lion of the day—the *maestro*." Her fat, bare arm waved grandly at Ghingoni, who stood weak and aching in a corner. "It has been to him," she continued, "more than to me that this remarkable success has been due." She paused with a smile of generous acknowledgment, while several women pushed the mournful Ghingoni forward.

"My dear *maestro*, I congratulate you!" She saluted him with a loud kiss. "And I want to make a small gift in acknowledgment of your magnificent success. You will find it among the other presents on the Christmas tree."

Ghingoni regarded her with a smile of misery. His wits were still weak from the blow that had fallen upon him.

"Oh, so bashful, *maestro*," the Signora giggled in her high, bubbling accents. "You are really quite overcome by your glory. How that song went across! Here, I will pick out your present for you." She moved to the Christmas tree, and took a small envelope that hung from a branch. She gave it to Ghingoni, who fumbled it with shaking fingers.

"You read it to him, Florence," she addressed a contralto. "The *maestro* is really bewildered by the success his song made." The girl took the envelope, extracted a note, and read:

"Dear *Maestro*: You know that Androcchio is leaving us next week. I think we ought to have you conduct the orchestra. Will you accept the post? Merry Christmas, and congratulations for your great success. Lola Williamson."

Ghingoni seized the note, and scanned it intently. A score of singers pressed to congratulate him. Lulu Williamson sat down at her dressing table, and rubbed her cheeks vigorously with cold cream.

"Ha! ha! ha!" The sound of laughter came from a corner. There stood a group of orchestra players.

"Ha! ha! ha!" The roaring bass of the first oboe dominated the mocking chorus. The fat fellow was mingling laughter with sardonic mentions of originality. Grotesquely he imitated the harsh dialect of the enraptured audience.

A sharp pain racked Ghingoni. He looked up from the Signora's missive, raising his head slowly.

"There are people," he spoke with loud deliberation, "who can laugh better than they play the oboe."

The sound of laughter was stilled. The oboe player straightened his face. It was the voice of an orchestra conductor.

Ghingoni twisted his mustaches into shape, and, with shrugs of careless fellowship, responded to the congratulations of the singers.



# Some Kings, a Khedive, and a Few Sultans

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL

OF all the Oriental monarchs, Buddhist, Moslem, and pagan, whose acquaintance I have made during nearly a quarter of a century spent as a professional onlooker—they include four kings, seven sultans, a shah, a khedive, and numerous emirs, sheiks, and rajahs—I am inclined to think, as I review the curious list, that the most interesting of the lot, certainly the most picturesque, was King Kwaka Dua III of Ashanti. Though, at the time I met him, he no longer occupied the Golden Stool, the symbol of sovereignty in Ashanti, but pined in exile, a negro Napoleon, on an obscure island in the Indian Ocean, he none the less appealed to my imagination, for he was the last of the great “fetish” kings of Black Man’s Africa, notorious for his cruelties and his superstitions even among the cruel and superstition-steeped savages of the terrible West Coast.

The Africa of the late eighties and early nineties held no darker spot than the West-Coast kingdom of Ashanti, which, because of the wholesale atrocities committed by its rulers in the name of fetishism, might appropriately have been called the Dark and Bloody Land. These horrors reached their apogee shortly after Prince Prempeh succeeded to the Golden Stool in 1888 as King Kwaka Dua III. Sunk in superstition, the willing tool of his painted priests and befeathered witch-doctors, Prempeh, as he was commonly known, proceeded to turn his kingdom into a shambles. It is said that the human sacrifices during the eight years of his reign ran into the tens of thousands, for the king and his chiefs were imbued with the belief that the rank of their deceased relatives in the

future world would be determined by the number of attendants sent to join them. In the outskirts of Coomassie, Prempeh’s jungle capital, stood the “crucifixion grove,” to whose giant trees the victims were nailed to die in lingering agony, while the walls of the royal palace were built of the skulls of those thus sacrificed to appease his unclean gods.

The king was also required by custom to maintain the “fetish” number of wives, three thousand three hundred and thirty-three, though many of these were employed about the royal residence in menial capacities.

During the closing years of the nineteenth century conditions in Ashanti became so intolerable, the fetish houses and crucifixion groves literally so stank to heaven, that the British Government was compelled to intervene, and, upon the king’s refusal to accept a British protectorate, an expeditionary force was sent against him. Coomassie was occupied in January, 1896, the fetish buildings at Bantama were burned, and Kwaka Dua was dethroned, being transported, together with a few of his favorite wives and his leading chieftains, to the Seychelles, a group of islands lying some six hundred miles to the northeast of Madagascar, in the Indian Ocean.

Now ever since the days of my boyhood, when I reveled in the adventures of Stanley and Du Chaillu, I had nursed a secret longing to meet a real African king. So, when the captain of the little cargo boat on which I was loitering up and down the Indian Ocean remarked at breakfast one morning that he had decided to put into Mahé, the principal island of the Seychelles group, to take on a cargo of copra, and suggested that

I might care to pass the day in port by visiting the exiled Kwaka Dua, I felt that one of my youthful dreams was about to be realized.

It is a far cry from the crucifixion groves of Ashanti to the cocoanut groves of Mahé, from the skull-walled palace in Coomassie to the cluster of whitewashed huts in the outskirts of Victoria, the Seychellian capital, where the exiled king resided with his little court. I drove out to the royal compound in a rickshaw, drawn by a sweating Swahili who chewed betel-nut and left a trail of crimson expectorations on the sandy road all the way. There were no formalities. I sent in my card through the sergeant of constabulary who was in charge of the royal prisoner, and five minutes later the king received me in the living room of his little dwelling, having delayed only long enough to throw a flaming robe of many colors, the West African equivalent of royal ermine, over a suit of very soiled pajamas. Behind him was an attendant bearing a large and dilapidated umbrella, folded, which corresponds to the scepter of a European king. As he came forward to greet me I saw that he was a tall, muscular negro, apparently in the early forties, enormously strongly built. His forehead, as is the case among many of the West African tribes, began to recede immediately above his eyebrows, giving him a cranium which, a phrenologist would say, was that of a habitual criminal. But his features, though negroid, were by no means repellent, and his a peculiarly winning smile displayed twin rows of dazzling ivory which would have served admirably for a tooth-paste advertisement.

At the time of my visit Prempeh was in a religious quandary, the details of which he confided to me in his quaint "Krooboy" English, being helped out when need arose by the constabulary sergeant. It seemed that for several years past he had been seeking admission to the Church of England fold, on the assumption that such proof of his complete regeneration might induce the mis-

sionaries and other pious people to bring pressure on the British Government to permit his return to Ashanti. With this end in view, he had, not long before, asked the government chaplain—whom he called "Chappie"—to confirm him, a request to which that gratified but still somewhat skeptical clergyman had replied something after this fashion:

"I am sorry to say that, in view of your domestic arrangements, which are very distasteful to the church, it is impossible to grant your request at present. When you have regularized them, and thus given proof of your conversion, I have no doubt that your confirmation can be arranged."

Now Prempeh, who had been permitted to bring only twelve of his wives with him into exile, interpreted this reply as meaning that the white man's religion held so small a matrimonial establishment to be incompatible with the dignity of a king. So, convinced that his confirmation depended upon an increase in his menage, he sent a message to the Governor of the Seychelles, asking permission to take a certain comely maiden of Mahé as his thirteenth spouse, and it was not until the indignant chaplain reproached him for his fall from grace that he grasped the fact that Christianity demands of its followers the minimum instead of the maximum number of wives.

"So me send three wives back Africa," Prempeh explained to me in his halting English. "Now me hab only nine. Nine wives not much for great king. But if Chappie kick up rumpus an' not let me in church wiv nine wives, then me ship them back Africa pretty damn quick too. Me got 'ligion now an' me plenty homesick for Ashanti."

During our conversation the temperature in the little iron-roofed hut had steadily increased until the place resembled the steam room of a Turkish bath, and, to make matters worse, the king's negro attendants had crowded in until the atmosphere was almost insupportable, so heavy was it with the combined





KING KWAKA DUA OF ASHANTI WITH THREE OF HIS WIVES AND HIS COURT IN EXILE IN THE SEYCHELLES

odors of fried food, garlic, cheap perfume, and human perspiration. Moreover, our conversation languished, for I was by no means certain how Prempeh would take the questions which I should have liked to ask him.

An awkward silence, during which I mopped up the rivulets of perspiration that were coursing down my face, was broken by the king giving an order to one of his attendants, who returned shortly bearing a tin tray on which stood a bottle of brandy, a siphon of lukewarm seltzer, and two very dirty beer glasses. Another long and embarrassing pause. The iron-roofed hut was like an oven, and my thirst had become insupportable, so, defying etiquette, I suggested to the king that we have a drink. Kwaka Dua nodded in acquiescence.

"Say when, please," I said, and tilted the bottle. As he made no move to check me, I continued pouring the brandy until his tall glass was filled to the brim. It was a noble drink—quite

commensurate, I thought, with the capacity of this gigantic African. For myself I poured the modest "two fingers" sanctioned by pre-Volstead custom.

Hoisting his huge bulk out of his chair, the king leaned over the table and, grasping the tray on which the two glasses stood, turned it around, so that I found myself confronted by the gargantuan drink while he had the small one.

"In my country," he explained blandly, "bad fellahs try to poison great king. So when king hab drink wiv stranger he no take chance—he turn glasses round."

Whether there was a twinkle in the eye of the simple-minded African I was not quite certain.

For most people the name of Zanzibar spells romance, the mystery of the tropics, ivory, the slave trade; but in my mind it will always be associated with a gold cigarette case. I had been invited to lunch at the palace with the Sultan. The ruler of this island realm at that

time was a young man named Sayyid Ali bin Hamoud bin Mohammed, who had been educated at Harrow, spoke the English of Piccadilly, kept his court on European lines, and was fond of travel.

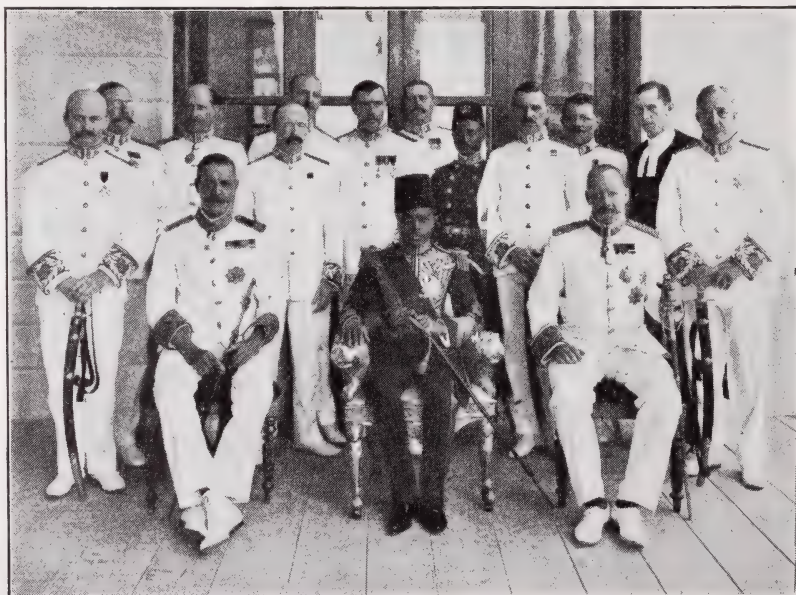
The palace stands in the heart of the city—a four-story frame building, each story encircled by a broad gallery, or veranda, so that it looks not unlike an old-fashioned summer hotel. After a quarter of an hour spent in smoking highly perfumed cigarettes in a drawing-room on the breeze-swept upper floor, an official announced that his Highness would receive me, whereupon I was ushered into a small room, furnished like an office, where a pleasant-faced young man of twenty-six or so was seated at an American roll-top desk, dictating letters to an English secretary. Though a member of an ancient Arab family which has ruled in East Africa for centuries, Ali bin Hamoud's complexion was so dark as to suggest an admixture of Swahili blood, which was probably the case.

Before luncheon the Sultan asked me to join him in a game of billiards. He was a good player, and I had no difficulty in letting royalty win gracefully.

The meal, which was cooked by a French chef and served by barefooted Swahili servants in picturesque costumes of white and scarlet, would have done credit to any Parisian restaurant. The conversation, which was in English, touched on many things—big-game hunting, the ivory market, pearl fishing, French opera, Bond Street tailors, and particularly on America. The Sultan, I remember, expressed a determination to visit the United States, where, he explained laughingly, he felt sure that he would feel at home because he understood that everyone was singing "A Typical Tune of Zanzibar."

Throughout the meal the Sultan proffered me cigarettes from a case which was conspicuous for its size, its unusual shape, and its magnificence. It was of gold, designed to hold fifty cigarettes, and consisted of three hinged compartments instead of the customary two. On the cover was the royal cipher set in diamonds, surmounted by a crown in pearls, emeralds, and rubies. So beautiful was this piece of bijouterie that I ventured to comment on it admiringly.

"Do you like it?" asked the Sultan, with a pleased smile. "It is a trifle that



THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR, WITH HIS MINISTERS AND ADVISERS





THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR DRIVING THROUGH HIS CAPITAL IN STATE

I had made from my own design last spring when I was in Paris. Pray accept it from me as a little souvenir of your visit to Zanzibar—I should like you to have it—please take it.”

Suiting the action to the words, he shoved it toward me across the table.

Quite naturally I hesitated, as who would not at accepting a trinket of such great intrinsic value tendered so casually? But, though I fully intended to accept the kingly gift if it were pressed upon me, I felt that propriety demanded that I show a decent amount of hesitation. So I modestly waved the gorgeous thing aside.

“I couldn’t think of accepting it, your Highness,” I said, with feigned embarrassment. “I really couldn’t.”

And that was where I made an error of judgment. For the Sultan, instead of insisting, as I had confidently counted on his doing, shrugged his shoulders and slipped the case back into his pocket.

“It is only a trifle,” he remarked.

“The next time you come to Zanzibar I trust that I shall have a gift for you that will be more fitting.”

I had no appetite for the rest of the delicious luncheon. I was too disappointed to eat. My only consolation lay in the assumption that the offer had been but a courteous gesture, as is the Spanish custom, and that, had I accepted it, I should have been guilty of a breach of etiquette.

As I was leaving the palace Captain Ashmead-Bartlett, the Sultan’s military secretary, who accompanied me to the door, remarked curiously, “Why didn’t you take the cigarette case his Highness offered you?”

“But he didn’t really mean it, did he?” I demanded.

“Of course he meant it,” was the answer. “In fact, he felt rather chagrined when you turned it down.”

“That,” I declared, “is the last time I lose anything by being modest and retiring. The next time I am offered any-

thing I shall accept it first and hesitate afterward."

Two days later we left Zanzibar for Beira. Shortly before the hour set for the sailing of the *Dunraven Castle* we saw the Sultan's barge approaching from across the harbor. In the stern-sheets, stiffly erect in his starched white linen, sat Ashmead-Bartlett, a package in his hand.

"The Sultan has changed his mind!" my wife exclaimed. "He's sending you that cigarette case after all."

As the barge came alongside the rowers tossed their oars smartly, man-o'-war fashion, and Ashmead-Bartlett scrambled up the gangway, the package under his arm. Approaching us, he clicked his heels together, bowed ceremoniously, and proffered me the parcel.

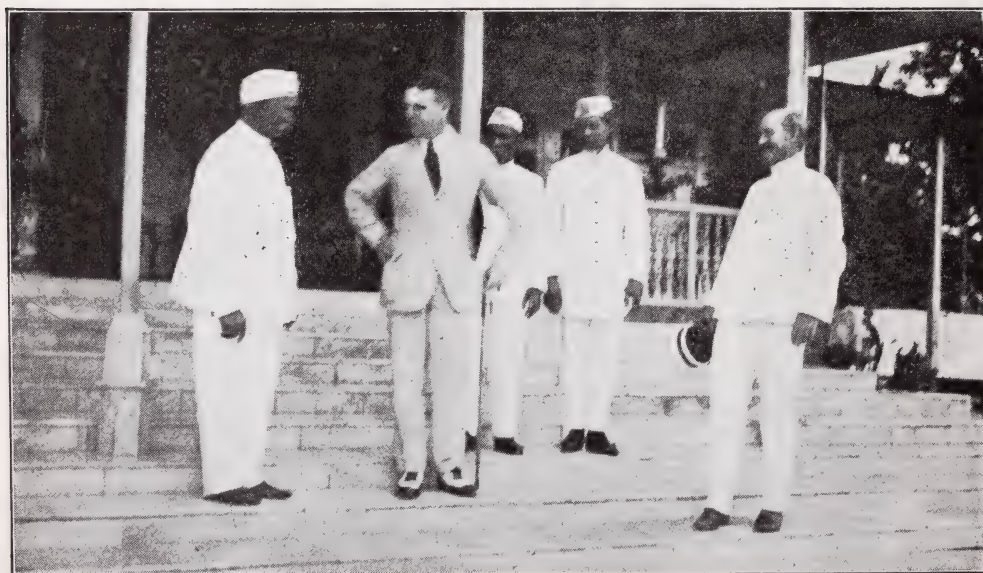
"I am instructed by his Highness," he announced, "to convey to you his best wishes for a pleasant voyage and a speedy return and to hand to you, with his compliments, this souvenir of your visit to Zanzibar."

My fingers trembling with excitement, I broke the string and tore off the wrappings to reveal—an autographed por-

trait of Sayyid Ali bin Hamoud bin Mohammed, Sultan of Zanzibar!

Years later, on an even more distant seaboard, I was destined to have a somewhat similar experience with another Oriental ruler—His Highness Hadji Mohammed Jamalulhram, Sultan of Sulu. The Philippine Government had placed at my disposal a revenue cutter, the *Negros*, on which we were cruising leisurely through the wilderness of islands that is called Malaysia. Upon dropping anchor off Sandakan, the capital of British North Borneo, the harbor-master, in retailing his budget of local news, remarked that the Sultan of Sulu had arrived the day before, having come across from his capital of Jolo for the purpose of collecting the monthly subsidy paid him by the British North Borneo Company for certain territorial concessions.

Because Mrs. Powell and the charming widow who accompanied us had read in a Sunday supplement that the Sultan made it a practice to present those American women whom he met with pearls of great price—for the pearl fish-



MAJOR POWELL VISITING THE SULTAN OF KOETEI

Left to right: The Regent of Koetei, Major Powell, the Sultan, the Dutch Resident





THE EMPEROR OF ANNAM, SHOOTING DUCKS FROM A SAMPAN ON ONE OF THE IMPERIAL LAKES

eries of Sulu are famous throughout the archipelago—they insisted that I invite him out to dine with us aboard the *Negros*. He accepted the invitation with alacrity. It struck me that it would lend color to the occasion, and add to the gayety of nations, to receive the Sultan when he came aboard with all the honors accorded by naval etiquette to ruling sovereigns, including side boys and a royal salute. But when Captain Galvez, the commander of the *Negros*, issued the necessary orders, he found himself confronted by an incipient mutiny among his Filipino crew, which, being composed of Tagalog Christians, bluntly refused to render honors of any sort to a Moro and a Mohammedan, even if he were a Sultan. They reluctantly yielded, however, when I explained that Hadji Mohammed was, after all, a sort of American. So when the launch came alongside and the Sultan, a little man wearing a red tarboosh and immaculate evening clothes of white linen, stepped aboard, a row of blue-jackets lined the rail and he was received at the head of the gangway with due ceremony by Captain Galvez and the ship's officers. As the *Negros* carried no armament, we were in something of a quandary as to how we should fire a

royal salute, but this was solved by my photographer, Hawkinson, and the surgeon, who volunteered to fire the appropriate number of "guns" with their automatic pistols as his Highness came over the side. That, in their enthusiasm, they lost count and gave him about double the number of guns prescribed for the President of the United States caused Hadji Mohammed no embarrassment whatever; on the contrary, it seemed to afford him intense gratification.

Dinner, which was served on deck, was preceded by cocktails, in spite of the Sultan's informing us that, as the head of the Moslem religion in the Philippines, he never permitted alcohol to pass his lips—an article of faith which he proceeded to live up to by drinking an incredible number of Martinis in rapid succession.

The cook of the *Negros*, like all Filipinos, had the highly objectionable custom of so completely covering his meat dishes with a blanket of highly-spiced gravies and sauces that one could only conjecture what kind of meat might be beneath them. Knowing that pork in any form is anathema to Moslems, I had warned the cook not to use it, but of this

the Sultan was, of course, unaware. So, when the first meat course, smothered in gravy, was passed him, he examined it with frank suspicion.

"Pig?" he demanded bluntly.

"No, sare," the Filipino steward replied reassuringly. "No pig. Cow."

After dinner, over the cigarettes and coffee, one of the party tactfully introduced the subject of pearls, whereupon the Sultan produced from his pocket a small, round box of pink cardboard, such as pills come in. Removing the top, he displayed, resting on a bed of cotton wool, half a dozen lustrous spheres, white, gray, and pink—not startlingly large but as perfect in form and color as any pearls I have ever seen. As they were being passed from hand to hand, accompanied by the customary exclamations of envy and admiration, I could see that the women of the party were mentally debating as to whether they would have them set in rings or made up as lavallieres. When they were returned to the Sultan he gazed at them fondly, hesitated for a long moment, and then, to the accompaniment of involuntary sighs of disappointment from Mrs. Powell and the widow, replaced the cover and slipped the box into his pocket again.

"Did you ever see such ingratitude?" one of the party demanded bitterly after our guest had taken his departure amid a burst of magnesium flares which lighted up Sandakan harbor as though it were day. "Two boxes of cartridges, two bottles of gin, half a case of wine, and a damned good dinner wasted on the beggar—and not a thing to show for them!"

Have you, by any chance, ever visited Tengarroeng, in Dutch Borneo? No, I suppose not: it is a difficult place to get to. I went there once to visit the Sultan of Koetei; not because he was a Sultan, but because he was the titular ruler of one of the most interesting tribes in the world—the head-hunting Dyaks of the Upper Koetei. Not that the Sultan himself was a head-hunter, you understand. On the contrary, he was a most mild-mannered, retiring young man whose chief desire, so the Dutch Resident told me, was to indulge in an orgy of extravagance in Europe. When I was in Koetei the Sultan, an anæmic-looking youth in his early twenties, had not yet been permitted by the Dutch authorities to ascend the throne, the reins of power being in the capable hands of his uncle, the Regent, a stout, elderly gentleman who radiated hospitality and good nature.

The palace of Tengarroeng is a great frame building, painted a bright pink, which reminded me of a Coney Island



KING RAMA VI OF SIAM

dance hall. It stands in the edge of the jungle at a horseshoe bend in the eight-hundred-mile-long river. A broad flight of white marble steps leads to a wide, covered terrace of the same incongruous material. This terrace opens directly into the great throne-hall, a lofty apartment of impressive proportions. On a dais stood the thrones of the Sultan and Sultana, enormous cut-glass chandeliers hung from the ceiling, and the tessellated floor was thickly strewn with magnificent tiger skins, arranged so that the heads formed a semicircle before the throne. At each end of the hall red-carpeted



stairways, with gilt balustrades, led to the second floor. Under one of these stairways was a sort of closet, with glass doors, looking not unlike a large telephone booth. "The doors were sealed with strips of paper held in place by splotches of red wax, but, peering through the glass, I could make out a large table piled high with ingots of virgin gold and silver, vessels, utensils, and images of the same metals, and numerous trays filled with precious stones, diamonds, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, which leaped into many-colored flame when a ray of sunlight fell upon them. A veritable cave of Aladdin. It was the state treasure of Koetei and was worth, so the Resident told me, upward of a million dollars, yet there were no locks, no bars, no guards, only the seals with their cabalistic inscriptions. Yet the treasure was as safe, I was assured, as though it were in the vaults of the Bank of England. When the Dutch Government should give its permission for the

young Sultan to ascend the throne, the seals would be broken and the treasure would be his to spend, though I rather imagine that the *contrôleur* attached to his court would have something to say should the monarch show a disposition to squander his inheritance.

Fortune smiled on us in Koetei, for, shortly after our arrival at Tengarroeng a deputation of the Dyak head-hunters, whom I had come so far to see, appeared at the palace, having journeyed for many days from their home in the jungles of the far interior to lay some tribal dispute before the Regent for adjudica-

tion. There were about a score of them, including a rather good-looking young woman, whose ear lobes, owing to the enormous weight of the brass earrings that she wore, had been stretched until they actually touched her shoulders—the last word in Dyak fashion. The warriors were as fine physical specimens of manhood as I have ever seen—tall, slim, muscular fellows with the broad shoulders and small hips of athletes. When the sunlight fell upon their oiled brown bodies they looked like bronzes in a museum. All of them were armed with

the *sumpitan*, or blow-gun, which is the national weapon of the Dyaks, and each of them carried at his waist a *parang-ilang*, the terrible razor-bladed knife which the head-hunter uses to decapitate his victims.

It was abominably hot on the Koetei. The mercury must have stood at 130 degrees, and not a breath of air was stirring. In an attempt to create a fictitious coolness, Mrs. Powell was using one of those little revolving fans of cel-

luloid, worked by a plunger, which she had picked up in Japan. It was an amusing toy, and, noting that the Sultan was fascinated with it, she gave it to him. Now in that part of the world one gift demands another, so, having noticed the interest we had displayed in the curious equipment of the Dyaks, the Sultan called up their chief and, without so much as a by-your-leave, proceeded to present us with his entire outfit: his blow-gun and the quiver of poisoned darts, his shield—a long, narrow buckler of some light wood, painted blood-red and tastily trimmed with seventy-two



FEISAL I, KING OF 'IRAQ

human scalps, mementoes of that number of head-hunting exploits—his coat of mail, composed of overlapping pieces of bark capable of turning an arrow, and his imposing headdress, formed from a leopard's head surmounted by the vivid, yard-long tail-feathers of some native bird. When the presentation was completed all the chieftain had left was his breech-clout. He did not share in our enthusiasm. From the murderous glance that he shot at me when the Sultan was not looking, I gathered that if he ever encountered me alone in the jungle he would get his outfit back, with another scalp to add to his collection.

Back in the days when Lord Cromer was the real ruler of the Land of the Valley of the Nile, it was my privilege to serve my country for some two years as its consular representative at Alexandria. Called to Europe during my second summer in Egypt, I left the consulate in charge of an American friend

whom we will call Mr. Littleton—an energetic and enterprising American who was the representative in Egypt of a famous American manufacturer of agricultural machinery. When I returned to my post in the autumn Littleton informed me that he was leaving shortly for the United States, adding that, if it could be arranged, he would like to be presented to the Khedive before taking his departure. Accordingly, I sent a note to the grand chamberlain, requesting an audience, to which I received a prompt reply informing me that his Highness would receive us on the following day at the Palace of Ras-el-Tin, in the outskirts of Alexandria.

In an impressive carriage, hired for the occasion, we drove out to the palace. Entering the courtyard between the rigidly held rifles of saluting sentries, we were met at the door by the master of ceremonies, who ushered us into a vast reception room, done in white and yellow, where the Khedive was awaiting us.



MOHAMMED V, SULTAN OF TURKEY

Leaving the Mosque of Eyoub after being invested with the Sword of Osman



At that time the throne of the Pharaohs was occupied by Abbas Hilmi II, a short, stout, pleasant-faced man whose features unmistakably betrayed his Turkish origin. Throughout my stay in Egypt the Khedive had treated me with a cordiality which by no means characterized his attitude toward all foreigners. He once explained this by remarking, "Your country, my dear Powell, is the only one that is not always trying to get something from us—territory or commercial concessions or coal-mining stations. That is why we like and trust Americans."

So, when I presented my fellow-countryman, he greeted us warmly, drawing me down beside him on a small sofa and motioning Littleton to take a chair opposite us.

"It gives me particular pleasure, your Highness," I began, "to present Mr. Littleton to you, because, knowing the great personal interest you take in the development of Egypt, especially its agricultural development, I feel sure that you will be glad to hear of his success in the introduction of American agricultural machinery."

Now Littleton was one of the keenest business men I have ever known, a real "go-getter." My introduction was all the excuse he needed to plunge into the subject nearest his heart.

"Say, Khedive," he began, without waiting, as court etiquette demands, for our host to open the conversation, "I've got the greatest proposition in the agricultural line there is going, and if your big landowners don't see it then they're overlooking the chance of a lifetime."

With no further preamble he launched into a glowing description of what could be accomplished with mowing machines, harvesters, and other labor-saving devices so familiar to the American farmer, emphasizing his arguments by leaning forward from time to time and tapping the ruler of Egypt on that portion of his anatomy covered by the second waistcoat button. Ordinarily, Abbas Hilmi would have been quick to resent such

familiarity, but it so happened that agriculture was his hobby. Indeed, so engrossed did he become in the American's rapid-fire arguments that, when the scandalized master of ceremonies ventured to warn him that he was late for a cabinet meeting, he waved him away impatiently. Before the audience ended Littleton had sold the ruler of Egypt several thousand dollars worth of American machinery for use on the royal farms.

"And mark my words, Khedive," he said, as we were taking our departure, "you won't be sorry." He emphasized his assertion by giving the monarch a friendly pat on the shoulder.

Viewed from the picturesque standpoint, most of the other Oriental rulers whom I have known were distinctly disappointing. Surely one would be justified in looking for the colorful and the romantic in such monarchs as the King of 'Iraq (which is the new name for Mesopotamia), the King of Siam, and the Shah of Persia. It was only to be expected, for example, that King Feisal, whose capital of Baghdad is the scene of *The Thousand and One Nights*, would wear the snowy turban and flowing robes befitting a prince of Arabia and a descendant of the Prophet; but when he received me in his palace on the banks of the Tigris he wore—shades of Harun-al-Rashid!—a khaki uniform and a Sam Browne belt.

Doubtless because I had drawn a mental picture of him from the portraits on the postage stamps, I had always thought of the Shah of Persia as a lean, hook-nosed man with sweeping black mustaches, wearing a lambskin cap with a diamond aigrette and a gorgeous uniform, sitting crosslegged on the Peacock Throne. But alas! for our illusions. When I met him it was not in the glittering throne-hall of the Ark, but in a room overlooking the Tuileries Gardens, and I found him to be a stout, olive-skinned youth in an irreproachably cut morning-coat, whose chief interest in life appeared to be radio and amateur photography.



I once traveled from the City of the Caliphs to the City of the Peacock Throne with the Crown Prince of Persia, or, as he is known to his own people, the Valiahd, who was returning to his country after a year's absence in Europe. This is not to be taken as meaning that I was a guest of his Imperial Highness, for I was not; but his saloon carriage was attached to the train by which I traveled from Baghdad to the Persian frontier, and during the long journey by motor car across Persia we passed and repassed each other so many times that, long before Tehran was reached, we were nodding and waving at each other like old friends. The Valiahd, who received me formally at the palace later on, is a nice-looking, pleasant-mannered youth in the early twenties, olive-skinned and inclined to stoutness. He was accompanied, in addition to an extensive suite, by two bobbed-haired, short-skirted, high-heeled French damsels of piquant appearance whom, it seemed, he had married "for the journey," such temporary alliances being one of the conveniences sanctioned by Moslem law. When he grew tired of them, it was explained, they would be divorced—a very simple procedure in Islamic lands—and sent back to the boulevards again.

Word of the Valiahd's coming had preceded him, and in every town and village through which he was to pass arches of welcome, hung with rare old carpets and af flutter with flags bearing the device of the Lion and the Sun, had been erected, and elaborate preparations made for his reception. My curiosity was aroused by the fact that at each of these arches an animal, usually a sheep or cow, bedecked with beads, bells, and ribbons, was in waiting. In my ignorance I assumed that these were intended as gifts for the prince, who, I figured, would have enough livestock to start a farm by the time he reached the capital; but it developed, upon investigation, that the beasts were intended for sacrifice, in accordance with an ancient Persian custom.

A reception committee composed of

the local notables, dignified elders wearing flowing robes and caps of black lambskin, were assembled at the gate of each town to await the arrival of his Highness, and sometimes there was a band, or what passes for a band in Persia. As the great cloud of yellow dust stirred up by our two Fords was seen approaching, a wave of excitement swept the waiting crowds. The notables salaamed until their heads almost touched the ground; school children, ranged in double ranks, waved small flags and cheered vociferously; and the bands burst into a weird refrain which, we assumed, was the Imperial anthem. It was not until the dust clouds had dissipated sufficiently to reveal the distinctly plebian character of our conveyances that the waiting Persians realized their mistake.

Some days after our arrival in Tehran we were received by the Prince at the Palace of the Ark. Instead of wearing the bediamonded uniform which one associates with Persian royalty, the Prince, much to our disappointment, appeared in a curiously cut frock coat of light gray, which buttoned to the neck, patent-leather shoes with tops of yellow kid, a lavender shirt of somewhat pronounced design, and a still more vivid necktie. The walls and ceiling of the vast apartment in which the audience took place were a solid mass of mirrors, cut like diamonds, so that, though there were only four persons present, one had the feeling, due to the countless reflections, that the room was crowded.

Of all the sovereigns of recent times, none, perhaps, have been so enveloped in glamour and mystery as the sultans of Turkey. I had frequently seen Abdul-Hamid II, "the Red Sultan," and, indeed, was in Constantinople during the Turkish Revolution that ended in his deposition and banishment; it was my good fortune to witness the picturesque ceremony at Eyoub when his successor, Mohammed V, was invested with the sword of Osman, which is the Turkish



equivalent of a coronation; and I was, I believe, the last unofficial foreigner received in audience by Mohammed VI before his abdication in 1922.

In April, 1909, immediately after the Turkish Revolution which brought about the fall of Abdul-Hamid and placed his brother on the throne, the new Sultan, who had taken the title of Mohammed V, was invested, in the Mosque of Eyoub, with the Sword of Osman.

By a liberal use of baksheesh I had succeeded in obtaining a position of vantage in the courtyard of the mosque, from which I hoped to obtain photographs of the sovereign upon his arrival and departure. I was the only foreigner in the immediate vicinity, my European garments being conspicuous in that sea of turbans and tarbooshes, so that, as the Imperial carriage, preceded by outriders and surrounded by an escort of lancers, swung into the courtyard, the Sultan instantly spotted me and my camera above the heads of his salaaming subjects. Now I might mention that in the days of Abdul-Hamid it was strictly forbidden to even carry a camera when the sovereign was present, much less to use it, which accounts for the fact that there are very few photographs in existence of Abdul the Damned. Imagine my astonishment, therefore, when, as the Sultan and his entourage entered the mosque, one of the Imperial equerries walked briskly to where I was standing, saluted, and said in French, "His Majesty desires me to say that, if you will come over to the door of the mosque, you will find it a more advantageous position from which to take pictures." It was incredible! I could hardly believe my ears! The Commander of the Faithful not only permitting himself to be photographed, but actually inviting the photographer to take a better position! I realized that Turkey had been changed indeed by the Revolution.

Though I did not venture actually to enter the mosque itself—Eyoub is one of the most jealously guarded spots in the Moslem world, and I doubted if

even the newly found tolerance would permit of its being entered by an unbeliever on such an occasion—I did succeed in obtaining a view of the historic ceremony, which, in all probability, will never be re-enacted. And, upon his re-appearance, I photographed the stout, kindly-faced old gentleman, the thirty-fifth sovereign of his line, who had just become the spiritual head of two hundred million Mohammedans.

My audience with Mohammed VI, if so informal a conversation can be dignified with such a name, took place in Yildiz Kiosk, the famous hilltop palace overlooking the Golden Horn which was built by Abdul-Hamid because of his constant fear of assassination. Accompanied by the court chamberlain, and the naval aide-de-camp who was to serve as interpreter, I was led through an interminable series of glittering salons, the doors guarded by red-jacketed troopers of the bodyguard and by frock-coated eunuchs, who salaamed as we passed, and so into an immense reception room, red carpeted, hung in red silk spangled with golden stars, its walls lined with a series of paintings depicting Turkish victories. As I advanced into the room a solitary figure seated at the far end rose and came toward me—a thin, fragile-looking, rather bent old man with a high-arched, Semitic nose and a white mustache, who peered at me benevolently through thick-lensed glasses. Despite the oppressive heat, he wore a long gray military overcoat and a cap of black lambskin. It was his Imperial Majesty Mohammed VI.

Indicating that I should take a seat beside him, he started to address me in Turkish, but was suddenly overtaken by a violent paroxysm of coughing. His breath failed, his face turned purple, and for a horrid moment I feared that I was destined to witness the death of a Turkish sovereign. But it proved, to my intense relief, to be nothing more serious than an acute attack of asthma. The audience lasted for upward of an



hour, during which the Sultan discussed with the utmost candor the Armenian massacres, the Greek question, the Nationalist movement, Mustapha Kemal, the future of Turkey. His views were so sane and tolerant, he was so well informed, his manner so benevolent, that it was hard for me to realize that I was actually within the walls of the jealously guarded Yildiz Kiosk, chatting like an old friend with the Sultan of Turkey. I felt, instead, as though I were discussing world politics with some venerable college professor at home. When at last he rose, as an intimation that the audience was over, he took my hand in both of his.

"You are starting on a long journey, they tell me," he said slowly, "even to Mesopotamia and beyond. You will see more of my country than I have ever seen. I hope that you will make it a point to talk with my people for, though they have their faults, they have been much misrepresented. My son, may the blessings of Allah go with you."

And so I left him alone in that gorgeous room, a lonely and pathetic figure—the last of that long line of sultan-caliphs who for upward of six hundred years have shaped the destinies of Turkey and of Islam.

While in Djokjakarta, a semi-independent kingdom in Middle Java, I had the novel experience of attending a double royal wedding, the parties directly concerned being two granddaughters of the Sultan of Djokjakarta and two grandsons of the Susuhunan of the neighboring kingdom of Surakarta. The ceremonies, which lasted for three days and included numerous elaborate banquets, a splendid display of fireworks, performances by the royal ballet, and a tiger fight, in which a tiger was turned loose in an arena to be killed by native spearmen, took place in the royal *kraton*, the great walled enclosure, a mile square, which contains the palace of the Sultan, the residences of his ministers and the other officials of his household,

barracks, stables, offices, and the like—in short, a royal city.

This bewildering series of entertainments reached its culmination on the afternoon of the third day, when the bridegrooms went in state to the palace to claim their brides. The two princes, mounted on cream-colored stallions, the saddles and bridles of scarlet leather heavy with gold and jewels, were naked to the waist, the upper portions of their bodies being dyed a vivid saffron yellow. This, I learned, is as much a part of the recognized costume for bridegrooms in Java as top hats and braided morning coats are for bridegrooms at home. Following them was a gorgeous cavalcade composed of hundreds of officials and dignitaries, over the head of each being borne an umbrella of the material or color—gold, silver, vermilion, orange, blue, green, violet—accorded to his rank, and behind them in turn marched detachments of household troops armed with pikes and halberds and wearing uniforms of every period, design, and color, from steel helmets and chain mail to cocked hats and knee breeches. Prancing and cavorting along the flanks of this extraordinary procession were painted clowns astride of wooden hobby-horses—a Javanese survival, doubtless, of the court jesters of the Middle Ages.

After a brief ceremony within the palace, to which Europeans were not admitted, the princes reappeared with their brides, who reclined amid many cushions on great canopied palanquins, each borne on the shoulders of a hundred men in scarlet liveries. The brides, whose faces, necks, and arms were likewise smeared with yellow, and whose cloth-of-gold garments were literally stiff with jewels, were very pretty according to Javanese standards, and would have been pretty according to European standards too had not their faces been so heavily enameled that, had they attempted to smile, they would certainly have cracked. In the wake of the two bridal couples came a long line of palace servants bearing, on scarlet cushions, the



royal combs, the royal tooth brushes, the royal lip-sticks, the royal rouge-pot, the royal betel-nut boxes, and (believe it or not!) the royal cuspidors. But the most amusing touch was reserved for the last, for, at the very end of the gorgeous cortege, came the two mothers-in-law of the newly wedded princes, supercilious looking dames loaded with jewels, each seated cross-legged in a square, glass-sided box resembling a show case, which was slung by crimson cords from a long pole borne by a score of panting, sweating coolies. The royal mothers-in-law were plainly visible to all, but had they spoken they could not have been heard, for the glass cases in which they sat like images were evidently soundproof.

Progress has been so rapid in the Orient during the past decade that the old-time pageantry and picturesqueness, which most foreigners still associate with Eastern lands, have almost disappeared. When I visited Siam, for example, I rather expected to see the ruler of that remote kingdom borne through the pagoda-lined streets of his capital in a swaying howdah atop of a sacred white elephant, for such was the mental picture that I had carried in my mind since childhood. When I did see the King, however, he was seated in the tonneau of an eighty-horse-power motor car, gleaming with brass and scarlet, which tore through the streets of Bangkok at a pace which would have appalled even a New York fire chief. But if I had been more familiar with the Siamese ruler's history I would not have been surprised at this evidence of modernism, for, as a matter of fact, Chao Fa Maha Vajiravudh, or King Rama VI, as he prefers to be styled, is as up-to-the-minute as his fellow sovereign, King Alfonso. Educated at Eton and Oxford, a graduate of the military academy at Sandhurst and an honorary colonel in the British army, he speaks and writes English like an Englishman. His chief hobby is writing plays, which he pro-

duces in the private theater of the royal palace, the spectators usually being confined to the members of his court and the diplomatic corps. In these plays King Rama himself frequently takes the leading parts, much to the scandalization of his ministers.

When I was in Siam I did not meet the King because he was in mourning for the death of his mother, the Queen Dowager, but I did have the curious experience of designing a costume for him. I had gone to the court tailor, an Englishman imported from Bond Street by the present king's father, to order some tropical-weight clothing.

"I hope you will pardon me for taking the liberty, sir," the man said one day when I was having a fitting, "but, being as you are an American, perhaps you would be so kind as to give me an idea of how your cowboys dress. You see, it's this way, sir," he explained confidentially. "His Majesty has just written a play with the scene laid in the American West and he is to take the principal part, that of a cowboy. And I have been instructed to design his costume, which must be quite accurate, sir, as to details."

"Suppose you let me see what you have achieved thus far," I suggested, whereupon an assistant wheeled out for my inspection a tailor's dummy on which was displayed the most fantastic outfit that I have ever set eyes on. It is true that the hat had a wide brim and that there was fringe on the trousers—fringe everywhere, in fact—but its resemblance to the garb of the plains ended there. I felt that, if for no other reason than to save the good name of the American cow-puncher, I must prevent that travesty from being worn by the king. I spent the better part of an insufferably hot afternoon sketching the details of the dress habitually worn by the riders west of the Pecos. I suppose that for his services to the cause of Thespis the court tailor was rewarded with the fifth class of the Order of the White Elephant.

# The Exiles of Corinto

BY STELLA WYNNE HERRON

THE "blue Peter" had been hauled down on the *Buenaventura* preparatory to sailing when two men, handcuffed together, were hurried precipitously down the gangplank by the third mate and landed on the *muelle* of Corinto.

"I'm sorry, boys," said the young mate, hastily unlocking them. "I know what you're up against—*four times*, God! I'd 'a slipped you the key of the cabin and let you make a swim for it at Manzanillo, but—the law o' the Company's the law o' the Company, and the *Buenaventura* 'd 'a been shy a charitable third officer."

The two men did not make any reply. Their eyes swept somberly over the laceratingly familiar shore of the little Central American port: the same feminine incurve of the beach, the same tropic blue of water edged by the white line of low breakers and the black line of volcanic ash mixed with beach sand.

The taller, thinner, more Nordic of the two—his profile resembled a splendid head on a coin worn and dimmed until it was only a memory of sharpness and symmetry—smiled cynically as the iron side of the steamer drew away.

"Again!" he said, and lifted his hand in a half gesture toward where a curve of royal palms shut out the low adobe and palm-thatched village beyond.

"Me," said his companion savagely—he was a short, thick, softly dark Peruvian—"I would more rather see the red stones of hell than thees place—no?"

"Hell'd be easier to get out of than Corinto."

"I am without hope," said the Peruvian, clasping his hands. "*Dios! Dios!* . . . I am without hope. Ah, *Santisima*

*Virgen*, what can we do? We're caught in a trap. What can we do?"

Four months before the American, Cutcliff Lambert, and the Peruvian, Francisco Arrana, had each drifted alone into the same native *cantina*. The tramp lumber schooner upon which they were passengers had put in at Corinto for a couple of hours to load mahogany logs.

When the departing signal blew, three short whistles, one long one, Francisco's black head was resting on a table. He heard nothing. Cutcliff Lambert, on the other hand, his eyes like burning blue coals, his face very pale except for two blood-red spots on his cheek bones, heard the whistles with delight. He shook his fist out the glassless window of the *cantina*.

"Whistle on," he screamed, "whistle on, you old itinerant tub! Sink to the bottom, you damned old wind-jammer! I'm going to stay here. I'm going to stay here . . . paradise . . . *paradiso* . . . enow . . . tropic paradise . . . Pacific . . ."

Three times more in the next quarter of an hour the schooner whistled, angrily, peremptorily, three long whistles and a short one, and each time the white man in the native *cantina* laughed, screamed curses, and shook his fist.

When the uneasy proprietor tried to shake the limp Peruvian into life, tried to get Lambert to go back to the ship, the latter turned on him like a savage animal, and the proprietor slunk back with the meekness of the native before the white man, and shufflingly brought more emerald-green limes and more burning white *aguardiente*.

They came to shaky and nerve-racked life late the next afternoon. Depression



settled down upon them like black thunder clouds on a tropic sea. They were stranded in a tiny Nicaraguan port, with almost no money between them. Their few possessions were on the tramp schooner bound for some western port of the United States.

There was no work for a white man in Corinto; no possibility of competing with the natives who carried great burdens for a sum equal to forty cents a day; no hope of saving up enough to buy even the cheapest passage to a port where white men might work. So, when the Pacific Navigation Company's steamer, *Inca*, came in to load coffee, Lambert and Francisco stowed away in her coal bunkers.

But there had been too much stowing away on South Pacific steamers, and a law had been put into effect to discourage it. The steamship companies had entered into an agreement: all stowaways were to be brought back to the port from which they had stowed away. Lambert and Francisco, on being discovered, were transferred to the first southbound steamer and landed back in Corinto. Three times more the penniless pair had stowed away, and three times more—their last venture being the *Buenaventura*—they had landed back in Corinto.

Francisco now broke the heavy silence that had settled like hardening lead around them.

"They might have feed us before they thro' us off," he said. "How we eat now?" He shrugged his shoulders with a weary shrug.

"The market—there's always fruit in the grass," his companion suggested in a monotonous voice.

They walked rapidly, for already the blood-red sun was dropping out of the sky, to a field where, under the shade of a *cedro*, a few old women brought baskets of fruit, vegetables, tortoise eggs, and black beans to sell. They closed up market in the afternoon by packing off their merchandise on their heads. Tonight the two were lucky. A quarter-

filled basket of black beans had been left. Francisco quickly filled his cap. They built a fire on the beach, borrowed a gourd of water from a woman in a *barraca*, and cooked the beans in a tin pot uprooted from an ancient cache.

There, in the early tropic night, in air which was pale blue drenched with dim silver from the stars, the two ate. Francisco scooped shallow handfuls of beans from the cooling top of the pot, and ate them off the palm of his none too clean hand with a sucking-in noise like a horse at a watering trough. Lambert had picked a thin, pointed stick out of the fire, and upon this he took up beans like a woman taking up beads on a needle. He munched slowly, turning the stick, so that a core of bean-meat remained to the end. His eyes were glazed with meditation; he looked unseeingly out over the sea, which lay softly panting, like some huge, black-coated animal at their feet. At length, out of the depth of some silent conversation with himself, he said,

"Why do we try so hard to keep it . . . when it is like this?"

"When what is like dis?" asked Francisco.

Lambert looked at him as if a little surprised at his presence there.

"Life," he said.

"Life!" said the Peruvian. "Bah! Life it is not . . . it is death. Black beans . . . leavings . . . swill!" and he made the supreme gesture of contempt. He broke open a *granadilla* he had found in the grass, sucked out the pink juice, and lifted the matted pulp of sticky seeds into his mouth.

"But still we hang on to it . . . to its shreds and tatters—no?" Lambert had been long enough in South America to use the little final negative that white men constantly add, in a monotone, to the end of their sentences.

The Peruvian shrugged his shoulders in the way of that Mediterranean which he had never seen but a modicum of whose blood flowed in his veins.

"Only four month—no, five—ago," he

burst out passionately, "I had a life, what you say?—worth much . . . worth while! In that hotel in Lima where I am I have all varied duties. I take ladies' clothes to the cleaner to have spots out, you know, and I bring them back on my arm . . . so. I go up and lay them across the bed, all clean, fresh, pressed . . . so . . . and I have conversation with the ladies. I ask if the work is satisfactory, and sometimes if a spot cannot come out, I say why. They all give me tips . . . all except the English ladies . . . they do not. They say, 'Francisco, will you do this little thing for me . . . or that?' North American ladies ask me to do things for them because I speak English, and many times they tell me of North America and say, 'Oh, for a man like you there are many openings. You could easily earn a living . . . make money. Why you no go to these United States?' And always I hear that 'Why you no go to these United States?' and at last I say to myself at night, 'Francisco, *why* you no go to those United States?' I get this strong ambition and save up and go on this lumber schooner which takes long time but not so much money . . . and here am I landed . . . *here . . . here.* . . ." Francisco made a swinging, full-armed gesture, comprehensive and contemptuous, taking in the narrow strip of beach with its line of surf like foaming milk, the soft, feminine curve of the shore, the royal palms, at the base of whose smooth boles meager lights were beginning to appear.

His companion stirred uneasily, then said,

"Well, I don't know . . . four, five months ago I had a different life, but I don't know that it was so worth while . . ." he hesitated, and the sea filled in the pause with a low purr. The run of the water over the pebbles was like some monstrous cat arching, rubbing her sides against a rough surface; the great, dusky, treacherous cat of a sea rubbing her sides softly against the shore . . . always rubbing her sides against the

shore. "Not so deucedly worth while," he continued, "at least, in Valparaíso. . . ."

He stopped; the other, taking advantage of his mood, asked about what he had for some time been curious.

"What you do in Valpo, Lambert?"

"Oh, a little of everything and nothing. I played golf pretty well, and I taught a little at the Clubs, but I lived on what was sent from home every month, a monthly check, you know. If I were English I'd be what they call a remittance man; coming from the U.S.A. I don't know what I'd be called." He gave a little, quick, cynical laugh. "For ten years I've lived that way . . . on a little check . . . I'm almost forty now."

Francisco was regarding the matter from its practical side.

"Those checks," he interrupted excitedly, "every month . . . it's five months now you no get them. Maybe they pile up. Maybe we get down on our knees and beg the Barnes Company's agent and he cable to Valpo for us!" The Peruvian's eyes danced, his face was illumined; hope had been switched on within and he was flooded with its light.

"I didn't get them for five months before I left Valparaíso. That's why I got out . . . one reason. I owed everybody and I was getting in bad . . . my clothes were getting shabby and no credit. Then one day I won six hundred pesos in the Argentine Lottery. It was enough to pay my fare on that lumber schooner to the first port it touched in the United States, and I went . . . just went . . . very few good-bys."

"Ah," said Francisco, drawing in his breath with a touch of lost rapture, "The Argentine Lottery! Once I win fifty pesos—once thirty. I bought both those tickets from an old woman who would stand outside the Palais Royal Concierto Café; many people warmed with coffee or cocktails within would buy from her . . . and many won. She was very lucky. I remember I used to think





*Drawn by W. P. Couse*

"THE LAW O' THE COMPANY'S THE LAW O' THE COMPANY"

around Christmas time. 'Ah, maybe this year I win the big Christmas Capital Prize of one half a million pesos.' Then I'd walk down the street, think what I would do with that one half of a million pesos—where I would buy a house, and what the rooms would look like, and what trees I would plant in the patio, and the design of the tiling—a brown with yellow and a darkish red in it, like an old tiling in the Torre Tagle. But the old woman in front of the Palais Royal Concierto died, and I bought my tickets then from a one-legged beggar who used to sit on the steps of San Francisco de Assisi. But he was unlucky, that *diablo*, although he sunned himself in a holy place. I never won another peso."

"I don't know why I should want to go back to the States," said Lambert, intent on his own thoughts. "I was glad enough to get away from them . . . at least, my folks were glad enough to get me away. My father gave me the allowance. When he died my brother and sister sent it. I wonder why it stopped. Sometimes I think they just got tired and quit; or they may have lost their money and not been able—but it seems to me they'd have written. Then again I think perhaps they've both been killed . . . some automobile accident or something . . . or that perhaps Sis died and Jimmie didn't want to pay it any more. She was always the one, I know, that urged him on . . . we were close when we were kids . . . regular pals."

"Why you leave home?" In the darkness Francisco had more courage than in the daytime. "Checks—eh? Or . . . something else . . . eh?" The tone of his something else indicated that there were more direct ways of procuring money than by writing checks.

"No," said his companion, "not that. I got into trouble about a girl."

"A—a—ah!" Francisco's comprehension was complete, his sympathy instant.

"She was of good family, and there

was the devil of a row—pictures in all the papers and everything. I was in my second year at the Harvard Law School. I didn't pass my exes—I'd spent all my semester's money, and . . . well, it wasn't the first time I'd gotten into jams. I'd been in them pretty regularly. Then I got a job, and lost it . . . and another one . . . and when I got this idea of South America the family thought it was a good riddance, and made this arrangement. When Dad died he left what he had to brother and sister, with the understanding that this arrangement should go on, I think. Well, there it is. I had to be taken care of like a girl, or an invalid, or something, a sort of family disgrace . . . weak . . . a black sheep. No—not even decision enough to be black, not out and out bad, you know . . . a sort of gray, a dirty, neutral gray."

He took out of an inside pocket of his dirty white suit a large, heavy, old-fashioned watch of beautiful workmanship. On the back there were set three initials in small diamonds, H. C. L.

The Peruvian's black eyes popped.

"You have a watch—a beautiful watch! I never see that before. Often and often you wonder what the time is. You say, 'Francisco, look at the sun, you're pretty good at it—damn a town that has no clocks'—eh?"

Lambert opened the watch. On the inside of the cover was the picture of an elderly man of stern and splendid features, an intellectualized Puritan. The features of the man beside the camp fire on the tropic shore were the same; but the face of the older man looked like a new minted coin, that of the younger like a coin whose stamping has become blurred and undecipherable.

"That's my father," he said, holding the watch open for Francisco to see. "He had them send it to me when he died; I don't know why . . . I should think he'd have wanted my elder brother to have it. Maybe he thought it'd inspire me. It's belonged always to distinguished and noble men . . . a



former governor of Massachusetts, a member of our family, had it."

The queer sound of the word "Massachusetts" caught Francisco's ear, attuned to Latin vowels.

"Ah, that Mass—a—shoo—sitts . . . ss," he hissed his way through the outrageous "s"es, "it is in the United States of North America—no?"

"Yes." Lambert snapped shut the watch. The alienness of Francisco blew against him like a cold wind.

"That watch is heavy gold," said Francisco, hardly concealing his eagerness, "the chain, too, it is pure gold, like they make in old times. Oreal Jim might buy them, or that Chino at the Point, Lee Chang. We might get enough for both of us to get deck space on some freighter . . . anyway, enough to go by train to Guatemala City. We might find something to do there."

Lambert shook his head sharply.

"No. I'd never sell it. I keep it put away purposely, so that I'll forget it—won't be tempted. Sometimes when I feel it by chance I suddenly see the lawns of Cambridge, scattered over with red and yellow autumn leaves. I see the colonial houses with their tall doorways and brass knockers, the green blinds against the white paint or red brick. . . . Sometimes I see the town covered with snow . . . yes, yes, sometimes I see the whiteness of snow and feel its clear cold among these maddening palms, under this infernally blue sky."

"Snow," said Francisco meditatively, "that is something I have never seen near, only high up, on the White Cordillera. Rain even I have hardly felt . . . only a kind of mist sometimes fills the streets of Lima in November, so that you cannot see the beggars and run into them constantly." He sighed, was silent a moment, then added philosophically,

"So it is because of a woman that you are here? Well, men are in many strange parts of the world because of women."

"No, it's because of myself I'm here. Because I'm an empty shell—there's nothing in me."

Francisco continued his train of thought, regardless of the denial.

"Women I have always loved," he said. "What would life be without them? . . . but I have never allowed them to interfere with life." He was silent again. The sky flushed to the east above the dark sea with the annunciation of the birth of light. He continued.

"I use to love many women—but for nearly a year now only one. Her name is Guillamina. She is seventeen years old. Ah, I wish you could see her, señor. She is small and sweet and hard, like a little just ripe fruit you bite into and that fills you with its sweetness. She is a chambermaid at the Gran' Hotel in Lima where I use to work. You should see her running up and down the hall, playing with the English children of a man from the Cerro de Pasco Mines whose wife stays there; her little feet on the tiles skip and tap just like those of the children. Every night I use to sit in the eating-house of her father and mother. During the day workmen—Indians and *cholos*—came in and bought food and cooked it over the charcoal, but at night the place was quiet. We sat at a table and drank fresh *chiche*. I like best the red *chiche*, the taste is more pungent, but my little Guillamina always drank the white. Her father and mother were fond of me; they regarded me as a son. Why not? I was very generous. I bought her mother a sewing machine of United States make. The old woman would sit at it, working for hours at a time; it was new life to her. Ah, when I think of it all . . . and here I sit with this sea and this pot of black beans. . . . Careful, señor—if you wish to put out the fire scatter the sands from the other side, or it will get into these *beans* we must keep for to-morrow. . . . *Cristo!* to think of to-morrow!"

"Yes, to think of to-morrow . . . all the to-morrows that come after to-morrow! Fate seems to me like this, Francisco . . . like this always coming back to Corinto. We make an effort, we try a little, but always we are brought

back to where we start; there's nothing new allowed. All effort amounts to the same in the end . . . it's always Corinto again—no?"

"Always Corinto," echoed Francisco, but a trifle sleepily. He scraped up some sand with a stick for a pillow and stretched out on his back. His eyes seemed level with the black, polished top of the water. The logs of the swimming pen—an enclosure in which the people of Corinto swam safe from sharks—rose above the dark surface grayly silvered, just touched with the promise of moonlight.

"Let us go to sleep," murmured Francisco drowsily. "I thank God who made life that He made sleep in which we can forget it."

"I can't sleep," said his companion angrily and nervously. "I can't sleep in this place . . . these stars glaring with open eyes at me . . . this sea always talking. I wish it would come up on the beach and get us; what keeps it always the same . . . limited . . . why doesn't it come up after us?"

"Well, lie down anyway, señor. Perhaps there will be a *terremoto* and roll us into the sea, or a tidal wave and the sea will roll onto us. Lie down and be patient."

"I wish I had some *aguardiente*. If I had some I could sleep . . . I could forget."

"To be drunk costs money," murmured Francisco. "Money, money, money . . . pesos . . . pesos . . . pesos . . ." The stars ran into one another in long, slow rivers of light. They flowed over Francisco and smothered him into sleep.

When he awoke some hours later, the moon which had only been a promise of light, hung like a huge burning orange above the sea. It was perhaps its light in his eyes that had awakened him. His mother had often said it was unlucky to sleep with the full moon peering into one's face.

He looked around for his companion, but Lambert was nowhere to be seen.

Francisco jumped to his feet and called aloud,

"Señor! Señor!"

The waves caught up the words, hissed the "s"es sibilantly, hollowed out the vowels emptily, echoed jeeringly, "S . . . sss . . . sen . . . o . . . o . . . o . . . ooooo! S . . . sss . . . ssss . . . sen . . . ooooo . . . oooooor!" Francisco's eyes traveled quickly along the curve of the shore.

Ah, there, farther down, he saw his tall, lean silhouette. Lambert was down at the very edge of the water, and his arms were waving, gesturing, posturing. Francisco was astonished at the sight. Lambert's figure, unnaturally tall in that light, standing facing the curtain of the stars and moon, seemed like some actor, some tragedian of the universe, addressing a great diatribe to the night. A feeling of strangeness, like a chilly wind, swept over the Peruvian; a middle-of-the-night fear, as if he had suddenly awakened in a different world.

He kicked away the black sand that had banked around his feet and hurried down to his friend. As he drew nearer he could hear his voice rising and falling in cadences like the voice of the sea. But before he could catch what he was saying, Lambert sensed his presence and swung around stiffly and suddenly. He waited in silence for him to come up.

"What you doing here, señor?" A sense of some strangeness—an unreality in Lambert's eyes shining in the moonlight, frightened Francisco. "What you doing here, señor?" he repeated more loudly.

"I'm addressing the sea, Francisco." Lambert laughed a high-pitched, shrill laugh, "on the subject of life."

"You're drunk," cried Francisco suddenly. "You been over to the town . . . you been to Pedro's *barraca*. . . . I can smell the *aguardiente* . . . You've sold your watch for *aguardiente*!" He screamed out the last words in shrill and sudden anger as if some personal belonging had been stolen from him.

"You're wrong, Francisco. I only



sold the chain to Lee Chang at the Punta. He put it in his mouth and sucked it; he can tell the quality of gold by its taste. Ghosts! Ghosts! Ghosts!" He screamed with laughter. "What would the ghost of Bishop Frally think if he could see the chain that once graced his black vest in among the long yellow teeth of Lee Chang? It sloshed up and down in his mouth like a chain in a heavy sea among piles."

He took out his watch, held it up in the moonlight a moment to prove to Francisco he had it, then dropped it back into his pocket again, minus the chain that usually anchored it there.

"Come back," urged Francisco, "come back and go to sleep."

"No." Lambert looked toward the sea. "I'm going swimming."

"Swimming! You can't get into the pen now . . . the pier gate's locked." Francisco looked out to where a slender pier led to the swimming enclosure of mahogany logs. It was high tide and about seven or eight feet of dark water rose and fell within it.

"Pen, nothing. Open sea."

"You're mad! You know this bay's alive with sharks. *Tiburones!*"

His companion shrugged his shoulders. He glanced out over the water. The moonlight stretched across its darkness like a great, somnolent serpent, rolling slightly, flirting and rippling its silver scales.

"How big the moon is to-night, Francisco, round and shining, like the huge topaz eyes of a black cat in the dark. Perhaps when I'm out there, she'll put out a black paw with sharp nails and jerk me up . . . or perhaps she'll bend down with open mouth and crack my back with her teeth. The moon is a great cat-goddess, and we are the little mice she catches, no? She teases us a long time first—but she finally finishes us off, eh, Francisco? Francisco of Corinto? That sounds like the name of a saint . . . perhaps you'll be canonized, *amigo* . . . San Francisco de Corinto, a new saint's day . . . all the

people will have a holiday in honor of you."

"Come away, señor—do not look at the moon any more. My mother use' to say that some nights the moon have an evil light; that shining on men it cause their senses to drip away. Do not look at it longer."

"No, I won't, Francisco. If it is wicked I won't look at it. I'll go swimming now and I'll only look at its image, cracked into a million pieces and tossed about on the waves . . . the wicked moon broken and split on the sharp-pointed waves . . . its light all loosened. See, Francisco, how golden and proud she is in the sky, but when she is cracked and scattered, see how white she is! The moon is a coward, she can't face the image of her final dissolution that the sea tosses up to her . . . the sea who is her slave."

"Come away, señor," pleaded Francisco, almost weeping. "Ah, you don't know how drunk you are! This *aguardiente* it is terrible . . . it not only makes drunk but mad."

"I'm not drunk, Francisco—except on the moon. Look, doesn't it look like a round goblet filled with yellow Chilean wine—with sweet, golden Barsac? Such golden goblets the Inca kings drank, Francisco. You ought to remember the Inca kings, you who lived all your life in the Valley of the Lima—the kings that dwelt in high Cuzco, the City of the Sun."

He was silent for a moment, then said,

"When I'm out there I'll drink up the moon. I'll be drunk from swallowing the moon, Francisco . . . I'll burst asunder with silver wine."

He stooped suddenly, undid the laces of his low shoes, and kicked them off.

"No. You will not," said Francisco, grasping him by the arm. "You will come with me."

"No. To-night I'll swim. I'll swim in the warm Bay of Corinto, under the yellow moon."

But Francisco gripped him tightly and said quickly and passionately,

"Don't you know how every day we see black fins cut through the water? Don't you remember how only that day we stow away on the *Buenaventura* that German walking along the beach shot a shark? That is how close they come. You know it."

Lambert seemed to become entirely sober for a moment.

"If I don't go to-night, Francisco," he said, "to-morrow, or the next day, or the next week I'll sell this watch. I'll sell it for a few bottles of *aguardiente*. I asked the Chinaman to-night how much he'd give me, but to-night I only sold the chain. I must go out to swim . . . with this watch still on me, and then they'll know that in the end I did the best I could; made the best I could of a bad job . . . didn't wait till the end and just become a beachcomber, here along the coast of Central America. I made one decision . . . one stand."

"No, no, no, señor, dear señor," cried Francisco violently, "we'll get away. I promise you somehow we'll get away from here . . . have a little patience yet."

"No, there's nothing to get away to, you see, there *is* nothing. No, this," he looked at the sea, "is the only adventure. Let go of me. Let go of me!"

But Francisco held on desperately to his arm, and this insistent holding on seemed to madden Lambert. He tried violently to wrench his arm away.

"I no can let you go. . . . I no can let a man die!" panted the Peruvian, "It is like murder. When I am dying I would have it clinging to my soul like a clot of blood."

Lambert, apparently the weaker, whether from the upblazing of determination in his soul or the fire of the *aguardiente* in his blood, attained a brief, mad strength. He reached for Francisco's throat, and in a moment the two were fighting in primitive, savage earnestness. In the heave and tear of physical battle, his purpose of saving a man's life receded from Francisco's mind; he knew only that he wished to

impose his will through brute force upon this other of his species. Lambert knew only that he wished to fulfil his own savage and indomitable purpose to lose his life though he took another life in accomplishing it.

They struggled and gripped and strained, flat in the black volcanic sand of the tropic beach. At their feet purred the sea. Beyond them, like a back-drop in some symbolic play, unrolled the great dark-blue curtain of the night, crusted with stars. Before it the two human figures fought. The years of civilization sloughed off them. They might have been two who, eons before, dark and smooth and dripping, had crawled up out of the dusk of the water onto the dusk of the land to settle some primordial dispute by mortal combat.

The black sand flew like spray from their heels digging in for a foothold; from their hands which cut the damp beach in flying at each other. They started to rise to their feet in the struggle, coming up from their knees clinched to each other, like two great apes, getting their feet under them with the greatest difficulty, leaning themselves violently against each other, and taking advantage of the few seconds' respite thus gained to catch the breath in their aching throats. Before Francisco could quite get his upright balance, Lambert broke away. Catching hold of his adversary around the waist the next second, he threw him from him with half-mad strength. The Peruvian shot along the beach and pitched headlong, striking his forehead violently on the black, hard sand. He lay as he fell, face to the earth, stunned.

The victor straightened up. His bloodshot eyes swept the sea with its line of low breakers, white as bubbling milk; the heavens, hot, deep, concave, asparkle with stars and the moon; the glimmering line of royal palm trunks behind which Corinto, from which no light now came, slept. A smile, half triumphant, half cynical, twitched his lips for a moment. Then, quickly glancing at





*Drawn by W. P. Couse*

“WHY DO WE TRY SO HARD TO KEEP LIFE?”

Francisco, hurriedly, as if afraid of another interruption, fully clothed except for his bare feet, he waded out into the warm, tropic bay. He waded until the water came up to his arm-pits. Then he threw himself forward and began to swim. He swam easily with a flowing, rhythmic overhand stroke, his head half under, his mouth half filled with water all the time.

He swam in the direction of the path where the light lay white as scattered moonstones on the dark water.

After a time Francisco raised his head. Moon—sea—palms—spun round it. He gathered the shattered bits of himself together and dominated the spinning until it stood still. He spit the wet sand from his mouth and with it a thin stream of blood where his teeth had cut through his lower lip. He rubbed the sand, which stung bitterly because of the volcanic ash in it, out of his eyes, and shook it out of his hair. He remembered dimly and indifferently at first, as if it had taken place a long time ago, what had happened. Then, his wits clearing, he remembered poignantly. He jerked up to a straight sitting posture and swept the sea with his stinging eyes. Nothing moved on its surface. On the shore at the edge of the water, were Lambert's worn half-shoes standing upright together, toeing in slightly, as he had left them.

Francisco dropped his head between his hands. Large, warm, slow tears filled his eyes and splashed down between his knees onto the sand. Yet he hardly knew why he cried. It was not from sadness at the loss of his companion; it was rather from a sense of deep humiliation. He had been humiliated by life; by its vastness, its impersonality, its indifference to the sufferings and aspirations of human beings. He wept quietly, that modicum of the great civilization of the Mediterranean which flowed in his veins through Spain, outraged at the savageness of an order of existence which could let the product of thousands of years of effort—a man—

give himself for food to a monster of the sea.

A tear-blurred shine of something in the sand came to him. He went over and scooped it up. It was the gold watch of Lambert. Minus its chain, it had fallen from his pocket during the struggle. Francisco held it cupped in the palm of his hand. He wiped the wet sand from its smooth surface with a corner of his coat. The round, thick, old-fashioned watch shone with dim brightness in the moonlight.

"He wanted it on him. I'll throw it in after him," he said aloud, and his own voice startled him muttering in the night.

He walked down to the water's edge. An incoming wave ran up, thinned out brightly over the sand, fawned about his feet and licked his shoe-soles, then receded with a shrill, small, indrawing sound.

Another thought came to Francisco as he stood facing the sea, his feet in its water:

"It'll be useless to him . . . and me . . . me it will get out of Corinto!"

He hesitated, then slowly turned, and hanging his head, walked up the beach.

"I'll take it to Lee Chang." Quickly another thought overlaid this. "Lee Chang has seen the watch. He'll think I murdered Lambert to get it. He'll tell the Barnes Company agent and the consul. . . . They'll all think I murdered him and threw him into the sea. They'll send me out on a ship in irons."

The watch in his hand suddenly seemed to be beating like a human heart there against his palm. He was frightened and almost dropped it. Then he became aware that it was only its ticking for it was still running, which he heard.

"I'll go back and throw it to him. No luck will come of it."

He turned and took a few steps back through the sand.

"There's Oreal Pete. He'd give only a little—but he wouldn't care whether a man was murdered or not."

He again slowly turned toward the line of palms, his back to the sea. But



he knew he would have to face it again, and at the highest point of the beach, he suddenly turned toward it like one cornered. It spread out before him, misted with moonlight. Into this sea his companion had gone forever. The gold watch ticked like a human heart in his hand.

He crouched down in the sand. He felt naked against some immensity. He cowered under the eye of the moon like some small, furred thing under the bright eye of a hawk. He felt with a vague, horrible oppression his humiliating mortality before the water, the planets—before these hard, enduring, eternal things that had seen so many of his kind come and go. He felt as if he were being pressed out of life by its inherent horror. He lowered his head heavily. It seemed as if the whole

weight of the sea and the sky laid themselves on his neck and would prevent him from ever raising it again. Bending down thus, he was almost suffocated in his own agony.

Then slowly, another force, co-equal with this that oppressed him, was engendered within him. He raised his head. He stared unwaveringly into the sea where his companion had gone.

"*La vida es así*," he said in his native tongue.

He looked for a moment longer at the lovely tropic sky and sea—in his human heart an acceptance as cold, as colossal as their own. He glanced at the watch in his hand and slipped it into his pocket.

"*La vida es así*. Life is thus," he repeated, and turned and went on like one who has taken a blow upon a shield.

## Moths in the Dusk

BY DAVID MORTON

WHERE is it that these frail adventurers go,  
That veer so lightly, with so brave a will,  
So delicate and strange, that tremble so;  
For all the dusk is windless now, and still?  
Where is there left, in crashing worlds whose wake  
Is strewn with shards of kingdoms shocked and tossed,  
A place for things so frail as well might break  
Their wings against a twilight, and be lost?

What kings of earth, no longer now renowned,  
Have gazed at dusk, beyond such shapes as these,  
To shadowy empires whence their arms were bound,  
Blind to white moths gone straying through the trees,  
Nor thought how all the kingdoms they might cull  
Were brief as these . . . and not so beautiful!

# Edelweiss on Chafa Shalit

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

IT was not I who found the rare flower. The old gods who rule the Albanian mountains are capricious still, as they were in the days when Zee—whom the Greeks called Zeus—first launched his thunderbolts. "For whom is intended, and who will get, are two persons," the mountain men say. The Chafa Shalit, in rain and sun, had answered my questions with a granite voice that spoke of war and pride and honor. The small flower that blooms there is known to me only from the tale I heard in the Café Frasheri.

The Café Frasheri looks out through white arcades at the sun-drenched street and painted mosque of Tirana. Dusk and coolness are in the low room, where tables stand on sunken flagstones, and the solitary waiter sits smoking a cigarette in a long holder of amber and silver filagree. Time, in his leisurely progress through the dreaming town, stops in the Café Frasheri. Eternity reigns there, with immortal murmur of water in the gutters beyond the arcades and ever-renewed murmur of leaves in the plane trees. There is a mirror on the whitewashed wall, and across its surface pass such shadows as the Lady of Shalott wove into tapestry—shadows of tall men in black-braided white woolen garments and scarlet sashes, moving without sound in moccasins of goat's-skin; shadows of tiny donkeys laden with brooms of lavender flowers and pine; shadows of women spinning wool on the twirling spindle; all bright in the hot white street beneath the green plane trees, but cool in the pool of the mirror.

Two of us sat in the Café Frasheri, incongruous figures in peat-scented tweed with blouses and hats from the

rue de la Paix, and the coffee grew cold in its miniature cups while Annette Marquis told of her days in the Scutari mountains.

The mountaineers said there had never been such a spring since a hundred hundred years before the Romans came. The waterfalls were frozen, and the rapids of the Lumi Shala boiled black through a crust of ice. There had always been snow on the mountain peaks, but now the world was buried in it. In the village of Thethis men tunneled through snow from house to house, and the children were crying with hunger.

There were five of us, and we were guests; the last sheep was killed for us, and the chiefs smiled, with hands on their hearts, when they passed us the dishes. But there was not enough bread for the village, and our silver kronen were not food. I said we must go. They tried to keep us, but when I insisted, they said that we might get over the frozen snow in the Chafa Shalit and down to the Scutari plain. Four chiefs went with us; you know it is their custom to escort guests to the edge of the tribal lands.

We went in the dark of the morning, with torches to light the way. At ten o'clock the sun came over the eastern mountains, and the white mountains shone and sparkled.

I could hardly go on, for wanting to look at the colors and sparkle. And for weariness, too, for there was no part of me that was not an ache. But the chiefs would not let me stop. So we climbed, till all my muscles screamed with pain, but when I protested, still they urged me upward. Their faces were grim under



their turbans, and for the first time I was afraid of them, I did not know why. But I could not let myself be afraid, so I stopped and said that we should stay where we were until I was rested.

"No," the interpreter said, "we will go on without resting. We have come too far to get back and the sun is melting the snow."

I was saying that, nevertheless, I must rest, when he made a gesture so savage that astonishment killed the words. The chiefs were looking upward, listening, and I heard a soft increasing sound like wind in pines. Then the interpreter seized my wrist and said, "Run!" And we ran. Twice the crust of snow crackled and broke under my feet, and I went down into a softness like feathers, down to my armpits. They all pulled me out, somehow, and I saw them shouting while they did it. I could not hear them, for the whole air was rushing past us. When we stopped, the trail we had been climbing was a wide ravine deep cut in the snow, and there was a clean gash through the pine forest below us. The great pines, whose tops had been sparkling above the snow, had been cut off at their roots and carried away. The Albanians knelt where they stood, and crossed themselves and thanked God.

That was the beginning. If I do not tell you more of what I felt, it is because I cannot; there are no words. I did not know clearly at the time what I was feeling, I know only that I am a different person since that day. We went on, climbing. We could not get back to the trail, but followed along the edge of the gash the avalanche had made. The two peaks of the Chafa were pure and white against the sky above us, and we knew that if we could reach the niche between them we could rest.

But it was not straight climbing up one mountainside. We went over the shoulders of many mountains and across many snow-filled hollows. The sun grew warmer, and all the peaks were shedding their weight of snow. Every few minutes we stopped to listen, and when we heard

that sound like wind, we ran. We ran from nine avalanches before I forgot to count them. And the running was dangerous, because beneath the crackling crust there were depths of snow, and in our terror of the avalanches we did not know whether we were above ten feet of it or five hundred. Even the Albanians lost all clear memory of the hidden gorges and cliffs beneath us. Always when we ran I fell through the crust, and always they all stopped until I was pulled out and running again.

We went on, with the soft snow clogging our steps and the crust crackling under our weight. We walked a little distance apart, except that one man was always beside me, and there was no sound except the snapping of the snow crust and a low praying. The chiefs prayed without a pause, asking God to save me. That low murmuring never stopped while we climbed. The hundred miles of white peaks and blue hollows below us were still, with a silence that filled earth and sky more dreadfully than any voice, and the roar of an avalanche drowning the prayers was like a contemptuous condescending—the silence speaking at last to the ears of such midgets as we.

Imagine what it was to us to see on the whiteness before our eyes the blue shadow of another human being. He was waiting for us, and when we stopped in a carefully scattered group he gave us polite greeting, "Long may you live!" He crossed himself as he said it.

He was perhaps forty years old, and looked as strong as weather-seasoned oak. The thrift and pride of his household spoke in the socks, knitted in a pattern of bright flowers, that lined his new *opangi*, and in the clean beautifully braided white trousers, the combed fringe of the black jacket. The rifle on his back shone with polishing. Friendly laughter and contentment had left their marks around his hazel eyes and on sun-browned cheeks, but the eyes were serious then, and the lips tense.

"I am Gjlosh Marku, a man of the

village of Boga in the tribe of Pultit," he told us, when the greeting of the trails was said. "It was telephoned to us across the mountains that the chiefs of Thethis were bringing us a guest, an American *zonya* on her way to Scutari. We replied to him who telephoned, but his voice did not come back to us. So I have come to say to you, all guests are welcome in the village of Boga, and an American *zonya* is thrice welcome. Our village is hers if she honors us by coming. But the Serbs have come down across our lands on the western side of the Chafa Shalit. They hold the road to Scutari, and let no one pass. The Tirana government will not let us fight them. The village of Boga will be happy if the American *zonya* will stay with us as long as she will. But the trails are dangerous to-day, so I have come to say that if she must go to Scutari, the way through the Chafa Shalit will not take her there."

I thanked him, with my hand on my heart, but what were thanks to give a man who was risking his life to warn me of danger? I felt ungrateful when I said that I could pass the Serbs. He had not understood that the power of my tribe would take me safely where no Dukagjini man could go. We should go on, I said, and was startled by the groan that escaped me when my muscles moved again.

Gjlosh Marku went before us to show us the way, which indeed was marked by his footprints and the floundering where he had gone down. These we avoided, but again and again I fell. Numbness was coming upon me, and I felt, when the feather softness buried me and I must lie motionless until they dragged me to safety by an arm, that it would be good if they would leave me in peace. Any fiction reader knows that is a desire which must be fought heroically, and I remembered this. But reality is not like fiction, though we try so hard to make it so. I did not go on because of any will of my own, but because the Albanians expected me to do it.

You must realize that we had been climbing and running for twelve hours. The sun was reaching the Chafa Shalit, and the two peaks seemed as far from us as ever. The windy sound of another avalanche came down to us, and again I ran, and again I fell and was dragged out. When I tried to stand I couldn't; I told them to run on and leave me. The interpreter took his revolver out of the holster and cocked it. He said, "I'm sorry, but we must kill you. We can't carry you, and the avalanche might not kill you quickly. If you can't run, we must shoot you and ourselves." His voice was quite gentle and sad. The others slung their rifles off their shoulders, and I heard Gjlosh Marku saying, "my wife." The roar of the avalanche was quite close, and their voices, still praying, were lost in it. You see, I had forgotten their Law of Lec, and that all ten of them must die with me. I got up. But before I could try to run, Gjlosh Marku held my wrist and was pulling me in the other direction. Some obstacle had changed the course of the snow, and when the spray and roar of it had passed, the place where I had fallen was on the edge of the chasm it left.

You do not know how you take for granted the friendliness of the earth, until you see its hostility. At that moment the universe seemed to be playing with us like a cat with a mouse. Even the Albanians were silenced, looking at their old god, the sun, which had betrayed us and now was leaving us. And in a mood of strange mirth I said to the interpreter, "After this, don't mind me. If you're going to do any shooting, please begin with yourselves."

It was enraging to be so weak. Anger took me on for awhile, and then Gjlosh Marku pulled me upward by one wrist. The interpreter walked behind me, saying, "One more step, just one. Good! Now, just one more. Only one step." He said that, urgently, over and over, while the sun sank behind Chafa Shalit and its shadow came down across us. And over and over, through the haze in



which I heard that urging and struggled to obey it, I heard another thing—Gjlosh Marku, in his prayer, repeating “. . . my wife . . . my wife.”

When we came to the Chafa Shalit the sun shone on us again, and it was like another morning to see the peaks and mounds of shining snow and the glittering forests running down to a glimmer of Lake Scutari, fifty miles away. We fell in the snow, and I seemed to have slept for a long time when the interpreter shook me awake. My Albanians and the chiefs of Thethis were kneeling, with bowed heads, crossing themselves, but Gjlosh Marku was on his feet, telephoning. He swayed and staggered, but he held his thumbs firmly against his ears, and that unearthly call of the mountain people went through the frosty air like the highest note of a violin. He did not rest until an answer came up from the white valley, and then he sat down without firing his rifle.

“Telephoning to his wife,” I surmised. We had long ago abandoned all the packs, but a little cornbread had been carried in the sashes, and we sat there eating it.

“Yes,” the interpreter said; “he loves his wife.”

Wait! I know you will say that this was impossible. I know all you will say: that the Albanians of the mountain tribes are betrothed in their cradles, that husband and wife do not meet until they are married, that their whole idea of marriage is rooted in the idea of the family and the tribe, that they have no faintest conception of love. All your books with their long words tell you that they cannot have that idea. Love is a new thing in the world, a part of western civilization, a pure thing from the cold north brought by the barbarians who killed the worship of Aphrodite and of Venus. Those hidden Albanian tribes, who have held their mountains and their old laws since “a hundred hundred years before the Romans came,” can know nothing about love. They have no word in their language for it. All their words for

emotions are concerned with war and honor. And wise men say we can have no idea for which we have no words. I know all that. But you see, I met Gjlosh Marku.

It was dark when we came to his house. The night was cold, and the snow once more as hard as ice. From the Chafa Shalit to the edge of the pines it was a smooth gigantic slope, and we did not walk. We lay on the snow at the edge of it, and our bodies went down like sleds—a roar of wind in our ears and a rush of dizzy stars and the heaven of no effort, till terror made us try to stop with a foot dug into the snow. Then a whirling and crackling, and lying still till breath came back and we crawled out on unbroken surface again. An hour of this falling—little specks of us, shed from the indifferent mountain like raindrops on a window pane, until the sharp tops of the pines came through the snow to meet us, and Mark Gjloshi, the son of Gjlosh Marku, was waiting for us with a torch.

You know the mountain houses, and the line of chiefs drawn up to give you welcome, the shock and flash of rifles firing in the dark, the torchlight on proud hard faces and silver chains, and “Long may you live! Long may you live! Glory to the trails that brought you!” It was good to get into the warm dusk where the fire smoldered on the earthen floor and the goats munched their dried leaves with a tinkling of bells. It was quite a pretentious house. There was a notched log leading up to a little wickerwork room that hung on the stone wall like a bird’s nest, and there was a wooden canopy over the fire, velvety with soot, and a hanging basket of ironwork to hold blazing splinters of pitch pine. The floor was neatly swept, and waiting in the ashes of the fire was the coffee pot, like a deep, long-handled spoon, with covered glasses filled with coffee and sugar, and a wooden jar of water, and the little handleless cup.

Of course, you hardly see the women in these houses. After you’ve greeted

them, they faded into the darkness beyond the firelight and are only bright eyes watching you, and a twinkle of marriage belts. I lay down on the warm ground beside the fire without a thought of the wife of Gjlosh Marku, until he said, even before he set the coffee pot in the coals, "Where is my wife?"

His son answered him. He was a handsome boy, about seventeen years old, taller than his father, and blue eyed. He had hung his rifle on the wall with the others, and was cutting splinters for the lamp. All the chiefs were lounging around the fire in that circle you know so well—bodies lean as panthers, in white wool and black wool, colored sashes, and silver-hilted knives, keen eyes and long slender hands rolling cigarettes. It all blurred and went out, and they had to wake me for the ceremony of coffee drinking. Gjlosh Marku needed that cup more than I, and some of my men who were rubbing their feet with snow, but, of course, I must drink first. "*Tu njet jeta! Per te mire!*" The thick hot sweetness of the coffee had roused me when there was a noise at the bolted door, and Gjlosh Marku's wife came in.

She came straight into the firelight, a vigorous woman bringing a scent of pine and snow. She was not beautiful, and had never been pretty. Her face was as browned as leather, but every wrinkle in it was pleasant to see, and her blue eyes were wise and merry. Two neat braids of graying hair hung over her breast to the wide marriage belt; she had gathered up her skirt of black-and-white wool, and under the short petticoat her legs were sturdy in flowered stockings and worn *opangi*. Gjlosh Marku got up at once, and took from the gathered-up skirt a new-born lamb that she had been carrying. "*A ti lodhe?*" he said. "Are you tired?"

Gjlosh Marku does not know any word for love or for home, but I know what there was between those two when they met by that fire, both come alive from the snow and the dark. They

simply looked at each other, and she said that she was not tired. Then she went to bring the mother sheep into the house, and Gjlosh Marku went on making coffee.

He helped her later with cooking the supper; there is nothing unusual in that, of course. But there was a difference in their manner of doing it; they worked together not like two workmen, or even like two friends, but as though they were one person. He always knew where she was, without turning his head to look into the darkness, and things were handed from one to the other as from the right hand to the left.

"They do love each other," the interpreter said. "I have often heard of them; they are famous in the mountains for this strange thing. And it *is* strange to see. I have not seen anything like it, not only in Albania, but in London or Paris. No doubt, it is common, in America. But to us it is very strange."

Gjlosh Marku himself spoke frankly of it. After we had drunk the coffee and *rakejia*, after the low table with its chunks of hot cornbread and its central dish of eggs and goat's-milk cheese had been passed from group to group, and we had washed our hands again and lighted the cigarettes of golden tobacco, he proudly directed our attention to her, where she sat in the firelight, embroidering new trousers for him.

"Look now at my wife," he said. "There is no woman like her in the mountains, or even in Scutari. Two thousand kronen she cost me, and I have never spent better money. I would pay for her to-day four thousand kronen and my goats and my sheep—all that I have. Is she not a beautiful woman?"

We could not truthfully say that she was, but fortunately the question was rhetorical.

"She is as clever as she is beautiful," he assured us. "It is now twenty-four years that I have lived with my woman, and all that I have I owe to her. She knows the ways of sheep and goats, she makes old garments into new ones, she



is never idle. She thinks, also. Her counsel is always good."

"It is the good husband who makes the good wife," she remarked, pausing to hold off the embroidery and look at it.

"But how can a man know what he will find when he opens the door to look at his bride?" Gjlosh Marku replied. "She may be ugly, she may be old, she may be of a nature that will make him all his life like a man walking with a hole in his *opangi*. I tell you that I thought many things before I opened that door twenty-four years ago, to look for the first time on the wife who had been brought to my house. But glory to my parents! they had chosen well for me when I was in the cradle. For twenty-four years we have been together in war and in peace, and never have I ceased to bless my parents."

You will understand that I was exhausted, and that in the warmth of the fire it was torturing to keep myself awake, as courtesy required that I do. All the black coffee and cigarettes could barely hold my eyes open, and any part in the conversation was impossible. When next I saw my hosts clearly, the wife of Gjlosh Marku had laid aside her work and was talking steadily, in a low quiet voice, to the interpreter.

"She says that in all the twenty-four years they have had only one sorrow, but it is the heaviest of all sorrows to bear. Durgat Pasha took their oldest son."

Everywhere in the Albanian mountains, of course, one comes upon these traces of Durgat Pasha's passing. The songs of his attempt, with thirty thousand Turkish soldiers, to crush Albania's revolt against the Sultan, the stories of the things he did, and the traces of burnt villages, have made his name to me what it is to the Albanians—something combining the childish terror of darkness with fables of Timurlane.

"But that was eleven years ago."

"Yes. Her son was twelve years old. Durgat Pasha took him to be a soldier in the Turkish army, and whether he was killed or whether he is still a prisoner in

Turkey, they do not know. No word has ever come back."

Gjlosh Marku and his wife were looking at each other, not in sorrow, but in consultation. A decision passed between them. She beckoned toward the dark corner where the lamb was sleeping beside its mother, and one of the women stirred and came forward into the firelight. She was not a woman, but a beautiful girl, perhaps fifteen years old. Serious, with downcast lids making black crescents of lashes in the creamy oval of her face, she stood until the woman's hand gave her permission to sit. She wore the white kerchief on her head, the white blouse and white woolen skirt of an unmarried girl; the ends of her braided black hair coiled in her lap, under her folded hands. She was as still as a nesting bird when danger is near, and as acutely intent, through her stillness, on something outside herself. The little sound of a silver chain straightening its links gave my attention the same direction as hers. Mark Gjloshi had moved, with no other sound than that, back from the circle of firelight, and his blue eyes were filled with her.

The interpreter turned to me. "She says, this is the girl to whom her lost son was betrothed. She comes from the tribe of Hoti, and they have sheltered her in this house since her people were killed when the Serbs took Hoti and Gruda. She is a good girl, strong of body and spirit; she is also a good spinner and weaver and a good Catholic. She is of marriageable age, and if it had not been for the wars, she would now be married to the son whom Durgat Pasha took.

"Now if that son were dead, she would of course be married to this other son, since the marriage was arranged between the families. This other boy was five years old, but not betrothed, when Durgat Pasha came, and they have not betrothed him to anyone, because they feared that Durgat Pasha killed his brother. But they have had no news; no one has seen him, living or dead. He

may perhaps be in Turkey; he may perhaps come back. They do not dare marry the girl to the boy here, until they are sure that he will not come back. For of course, if he should be alive, he would then have to kill his brother. That is the Law of Lec; that the girl belongs to the man to whom her parents betroth her, and if another man takes her, he must be killed.

"But news may never come. And the girl is of marriageable age, and so is their son. They should be married and have children, but their lives are wasted. They ask you what should they do?"

Gjlosh Marku and his wife waited for my words. The chiefs who lounged by the fire watched me with bright expectant eyes. Mark Gjloshi was again in the firelight, imperturbably rolling a cigarette in his firm long fingers, and the girl's eyelids fluttered. A more inadequate Solomon never confronted a problem.

"The boy who is gone had never seen her?"

"No; she was with her own tribe then. He was only twelve years old when Durgat Pasha took him, and he would not have seen her until he was fourteen, and married to her. But that does not matter; she was his by the Law of Lec, which must be obeyed. But it is also the Law of Lec that if he dies and leaves a brother who is not betrothed, then she must marry the brother. And it is the Law of Lec that if he is living, and any other man marries her, then his honor is blackened until he kills that man."

Desperately I rubbed my eyes, and accepted an offered cigarette. The silence continued while I smoked it.

"Tell them that I am not learned in the Law of Lec," I said. "My tribe has other laws. But as I understand it, when a cause for blood feud rises within a tribe, that is a matter for the chiefs of that tribe to arrange, if possible, so that no blood will be shed. Now it seems to me that if this oldest son comes home after eleven years in Turkey, he will not come for his wife. He has been of

marriageable age for nine years, and if his mind were set upon his wife, he could surely have escaped from Turkey during that time. So, if he comes, the chiefs of Pultit should be able to arrange the matter with him. How much was he to pay for his wife?"

"Two thousand kronens."

"Then this son would pay two thousand kronens if he married her?"

"The family would pay that much to her family. But her family is all killed now."

"But she is not killed, so she is the family. Two thousand kronen should be paid to her when she is married."

"*Po, po!*" Gjlosh Marku agreed. "That much would be spent for her clothes and for the new household."

"Then I would say: If the girl is willing to give up the two thousand kronen, let them be married, and save the two thousand kronen for a few years more. If the brother comes back, let that sum be paid to him to settle the blood feud. And now," I said, "politeness or no politeness, I am going to sleep."

There were some exclamations of astonishment and approval—"Glory to your lips!" the chiefs said to me, hearing my translated wisdom—but I was stretched out on the floor, falling into unconsciousness. Some time between that hour and dawn, half awakened, I felt groping hands and a braid of hair touching my cheek; the girl from the tribe of Hoti was tucking another blanket over me.

That is all. I have told you how I slept all the next day, while my men went back over the Chafa Shalit to find and bring my packs, and how we got to Scutari through the Serbian lines. I do not know what was decided about the marriage in the family of Gjlosh Marku. But you may read all you like in your books that tell how love came into civilized life with the barbarians who destroyed the worship of Aphrodite and Venus. I know how love came into the life of the barbarians, before their language had a word for it.



# Freedom Reconsidered

## SECOND PAPER

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of *The Mind in the Making*

IN a previous article what may be called public Freedom, the "Liberty" of which we boast on our coins, was reconsidered. It became apparent that this species of Freedom was a notable achievement that has required many centuries to reach the degree in which we now enjoy it. We need no longer suffer the humiliation of being subject to an old-fashioned despot, claiming to be God's immediate representative on earth and, consequently, as Bishop Bossuet assured Louis XIV, "needing to render account to no man of his deeds." We have no longer to support a licentious court; we are no longer forced to follow the dictates of government in forming our religious views. The people now freely chooses its representatives, who make the laws by which we are supposed to abide. And this may take some of the sting out of taxes and military service.

Democracy—the plan of taking everyone into the game—has, however, brought with it new forms of intolerance, new restraints on freedom of conduct and speech. These have been re-enforced by modern business timidity, by the insatiable cravings of mass production, and by the strange way in which commercial advertising has become anastomosed with most of our periodical literature. So it turns out that the liberty proclaimed on our coins, while it represents important aspects of freedom, is somewhat superficial and remote—so to speak, numismatic and rhetorical in its nature. Indeed, such public liberty as has been won sometimes forms an

excuse for oppression and intimidation on the part of frightened souls who really distrust Freedom and take her divine name in vain.

That we are tremendously susceptible to the opinions of others, to their approval and disapproval, is a fundamental fact of humanity. This is our gregariousness or yearning for companionship. It may spring from our very natures; it would in any case be an inevitable outcome of the long period of childhood dependence, with its sense of inferiority, through which all of us must pass. We long to be free, but at the same time we require through life the support and applause of others. Life is lonely enough at best, especially for the thoughtful. The terrors of isolation will drive the stoutest heart to surrender at discretion, and many are the instances of such capitulations after a dreary struggle for independence.

When suffering from this urge for sympathy, we can usually find a small group whom we may join, at least in imagination. In all matters of artistic appreciation, in literature and art and music, we aspire to have our tastes molded and ratified by those whom we esteem to be the most sensitive, discriminating, and experienced. In scientific questions we seek the verdict of those dedicated to the pursuit of exact knowledge. This is freedom—the liberty to associate one's own thoughts and feelings with the best that one knows. If we go back for refreshment to *Faust* or to Montaigne's *Essays* we do not have to ask what a country preacher could

say against Goethe's morals, or what Mrs. Babbitt would think of Montaigne's penetrating reflections "On Some Lines from Virgil." We feel no inner distrust—if anything, some trivial satisfaction—when we choose Wotan's Farewell rather than Aunt Polly's blues.

In matters of religion, on the other hand, of "morals"—now pretty well narrowed down to the relations of men and women—peace and war, and current business methods we are not at liberty to associate our own thoughts and feelings with the best we know. We cannot appeal to exacting standards but find ourselves, *even in our own thinking*, constantly taking into consideration the prejudice and spite, not only of the whole herd, but of its most ill-informed members. When we say, "What would people think?" we always have in mind the most foolish faultfinder we can imagine. Instead, however, of being the village gossips of whom we are afraid, it is the whole country we picture reading a reckless newspaper item in which one is said at last to have betrayed himself as a pacifist, a believer in free love, or an enemy of private property. This is not only personally disagreeable and sometimes highly dangerous to one's legitimate interests, but it tends to cow one's own thinking and hamper the exercise of one's own intelligence.

Formerly one could freely scorn and damn the Vulgus. Thus to rule it out was a great relief and simplification. But there are two excellent reasons for not doing so any longer. In the first place, the contemptible and negligible Vulgus has become the honorable and sovereign Public. In the second place, if we think about the matter, we realize that here and there among the obscure and lowly there is intelligence and understanding which is as startling as the unintelligence of many of the rich and conspicuous. So it would seem that the Public falls into two classes, one, the vast majority, expending such resources of intelligence and interest as it may possess on its private affairs, which are ab-

sorbing enough; the other, a few hundred thousand at best in our broad land, who have a surplus of thought to devote to problems of general significance. It is obvious that in some way the appeal in our writing and thinking should be made to the latter class. If the smaller group could come to view public questions differently, the majority would spontaneously accede and follow. Such freedom as is needful would then be achieved, for one could discuss his thoughts and suggestions before a select and fairly sympathetic audience. One could make the same free appeal to intelligence and taste that he can in fields of human interest which do not happen to have been classified as "moral," "religious," or "patriotic," "socialistic," "anarchistic," or "obscene." So might Freedom be promoted if not fully established in a commercialized democracy.

The tendency of mankind to substitute epithets and phrases for information and inferences therefrom, has often enough been lamented by philosophers. Some of us resent "bunk" and try to avoid it as we should any other kind of messy uncleanness. But standards of intellectual cleanliness differ greatly, and to be forced to adopt those of the careless and lazy is like being precluded from bathing and brushing one's teeth. There have been times and communities when these very proprieties would have been deemed suspicious affectations, even as attempts to raise public questions out of the mire of consecrated prejudice are now widely regarded.

In order to give a sharper point to these reflections, let us stop to see what are some of the great common predicaments which now face us as a nation. The unsolved puzzles of our time are among others: how are recurrent wars to be avoided? What restrictions are to be placed on immigration? To what extent are the intimate relations of men and women to be a matter of governmental interference? How are indus-



trial strife and waste and oppression to be reduced? How are international affairs to be made less hazardous? How is the menace of race animosity to be lessened? How is public education to be so revised that it will prepare boys and girls to take an intelligent part in the solution of these puzzles? And there are plenty more, but these few will serve the purpose.

These matters are all discussed, sometimes honestly, but if so, rather technically. The frank discussions are inaccessible for one reason or another to the great mass of readers and casual inquirers. Such references to these and other equally important matters designed to reach the public at large have to avoid the ready imputation of "immoral," "obscene," "unpatriotic," "socialistic," or just "dangerous."

The great majority of people get their ideas from newspapers, often poor ones, from the cheaper periodicals, with all their qualms, from school text books, and from sectarian publications. None of these sources of information can afford any great degree of scientific honesty in touching on really vital matters. And I say this guardedly, and am fully aware of some exceptions that might be urged. But these exceptions are at best only the promise of hitherto unrealized possibilities.

Once I was so simple as to suppose that newspapers always told the truth, at least as those who write for them know it. Once I expected to get valuable information under seductive titles in our more stately magazines. Once I imagined that a political economy would tell me something about the way manufacture and business is carried on; that a manual of politics would reveal the way government is conducted; that ethics had something to do with the judicious guidance of private conduct; that a book on logic helped one to reason correctly. But I now know that the writers for periodicals and those who prepare text books either know little more of what I really want to know than

I already do, or if they do know more, they are not free to tell the things most important to know.

I have just picked up a new kind of political economy in which the young are summoned to study their role in life by means of pictures of industrial processes, of marble bank interiors and of honest sons of toil shaking hands with capitalists whose brows are corrugated with solicitude for the welfare of society. Here are certainly the outward and impressive aspects of our economic life which could not have been got from the old type of economic text book. But there is no fundamental criticism or explanation of the wastefulness and hazard of our business system. It is shown that strikes are a poor means of regulating things, and unions are given some attention; but the outcome is—keep on doing the same thing with the hope that salvation lies that way. The young are invited to worship in the temple of modern industry, to bring their tithes, peace and thank offerings and leave the rest to the magnates. Lost in the maze of traveling cranes, furnaces, and engines, is a reproduction of Rodin's "Thinker," looking more out of it than he does sitting in Paris, gazing down from the Pantheon to the "Boul Mich."

But how could a writer, great as might be his experience and insight, connected with an institution of commercial lore, tell what is the matter with coal mining or banking, or what is rotten in corporation finance? These are just the things one should know in order to form an intelligent opinion about the business world of to-day. They cannot be told when and where they should be told, consequently the story suffers from the particular kind of disingenuousness and partiality to which we have been referring.

There are like reasons for suppression and evasion in discussing war, which has now emerged as a particularly terrible problem. One cannot freely bring to light the effects on public opinion of patriotic organizations and demonstra-

tions, of the prevalent talk about national honor, of the systematic cultivation of international hate and suspicion. Last winter a Brigadier General of the United States, who believes that the Chemical Warfare Service is the real key to peace, found it expedient publicly to accuse the National Council for Prevention of War of inculcating disloyalty and spreading the doctrines of communism, as well as advocating a "slacker's oath," nothing "short of treason." Almost everyone says that he deprecates war, but he shrinks from being called "disloyal" or a "pacifist," and fails to see how piously we continue to sow the dragon's teeth.

In all attempts to bring the questions of the intimate relations of men and women into the light of modern knowledge, and suggest their adjustment to new conditions, one encounters still other embarrassments, and runs the risk of being decried as a libertine and enemy of the home.

There are associations and periodicals, backed by men of wealth and reputation, that make it their business to misrepresent and calumniate honest and serious thinkers, distorting what they say and branding them as immoral, unpatriotic, irreligious, disturbers of the peace, dangers to society. It is hard to say how much influence these professional heresy hunters and witch finders have, but if the conspiracy against freedom of thought and speech could be fully exposed there is reason to suspect that it would shock many even of those who lend their names to it. I conjecture that they assume that the reckless defamations of ultra-conservative publications merely offset the equally reckless talk of the "radicals." This seems to be their only excuse, and it is a poor one.

The supporters of such periodicals as *The National Civic Federation Review* are really unconsciously aiding in the multiplication of "radicals." They literally live on radicals and must maintain the supply at any cost. They make them

more extreme and menacing than they would otherwise be and force into their ranks those who, were it not for the excesses of conservatism, would never think of aligning themselves with any extremists. Those who make a profession of saving society, whether they be white or red, are forced in self-justification, to be constantly giving their respective demons new coats of black lest the devilry fade into the light of common day. The radical, having been forced violently to break his tether, often falls backward and suffers from concussion of the brain. So it comes about that the radical in the heat of revolt and with hopes for the future cultivates quite as many illusions as the smug standpatter does through suppression and a timid clinging to the past.

Recently the President of the United States has assured us that "Our institutions, our social organization, our economic condition, are all of a quality and quantity which are worthy of our highest admiration." "Constructive criticism" is to be welcomed, so far only as it does not question the amazing rightness of things as they are. But is there not quite as falsetto a note in such exaggeration as in the most morose and sullen talk of those perverted spirits who are accused of cultivating "unrest"? A committee of the American Bar Association reports, "It is stated on competent authority that there are one million five hundred thousand radicals in this country." There are, the committee learns from the same "competent authority," four hundred "radical" periodicals, with five millions of readers, and three millions of dollars were spent last year on "red" propaganda. This state of affairs ought to be offset, the committee recommends, by laws requiring the teaching of the Constitution, by celebrations of national holidays, public addresses, and a regular service of articles and cartoons.

But must our freedom be confined to attack and defense; to standing firm or



running whither we know not; to routine repression and ignorance on the one hand, or, on the other, to fantastic dreamings, wasteful disorder, and the promise of revolution? Most of the people of the United States who trouble their heads at all over public questions place their confidence in one or the other of these methods of dealing with our social problems. On the one hand, there are the safe-and-saners, the hundred-per-centers with their magic sedative, the Constitution; on the other the "radicals," the "reds," the enemies of society. This is perhaps our most striking form of bondage to-day, our servitude to extremes in classification which do not correspond to any such extremes in fact.

There is something quite shocking in the contrast between one's public and forensic utterances and one's honest convictions and doubts as expressed in intimate conversation. We are all tempted to play the demagogue and win our audience by fair means or foul. We love applause and will stoop to win it by dissimulation and exaggeration, whether we be conservatives or radicals. If certain Wall Street bankers could meet up with Max Eastman of *The Liberator*, or with "Red" Doran of the I. W. W. quite casually and unaware of the *names* usually given to them, it is interesting to think how much they would have in common of insight, highmindedness, and emulation. They would be charmed with one another and part with a feeling of fundamental sympathy and a sense of common ends. Even a conspicuous steel magnate, who has always stood for the long day, and "Big Bill" Haywood might in some moment of relaxation from furious professional misunderstanding see that each was a thoughtful individual with much in common in their honest anxiety to do something for humanity. Their different approaches might prove most illuminating to each other if they were not blinded by all sorts of primitive prejudices. And in freedom from primitive prejudices it

might prove to an impartial onlooker that Mr. Haywood had the advantage.

Long centuries ago there was a bloody conflict between the homoöusians and the homioiousians (the altogether-alikers *vs.* the somewhat-alikers) who felt that the vital issue in life was the highly theological question of the relations of the Father to the Son. To the homoöusian the homioiousian was a heretic, a "red," of whom any scandalous report could be accepted without discount. It was unnecessary to look into the merits of his beliefs or the actual course of his conduct; he could be disposed of by calling him a name. There were, too, heteroöusians or all-together-differencers, but they did not get into the game, and very likely had a hard time finding much sympathy. All this seems comical enough to most of us now, but we are in a similar condition without realizing it. The worst restraint on a free and edifying consideration of our social and public problems consists in the danger one runs, if he is honest and outspoken, of getting classified. We do not want to be put into the category of un-American, unpatriotic, un-Christian, immoral, socialistic. It is inconvenient. We hate to be tagged with any compendious label, if we are of the thoughtful, wondering kind whose chief ambition is not to denounce or take sides but to understand things, as a necessary preliminary to any action.

In the discussion of the public questions mentioned above the essential thing is not whether some one would call us un-American or "red" or socialists or advocates of license, but whether we are learning something of the actual conditions and suggesting readjustments in the light of ever-increasing knowledge and ever-extending freedom from ancient superstition. This is all the freedom of speech that could ever be hoped for—would, indeed, ever be desirable. There is always the old trouble which Lecky emphasizes in narrating the history of thought, that we are so prone to think of thinking as moral or immoral. Whereas, as a matter of fact, thinking

is either bold, and adventurous, honest, and pertinent, or it is lazy, irrelevant, and looking for any excuse to lay off. This constitute its goodness or badness, not its consonance with popular prejudice.

If, as Milton says, it were seriously asked, "Who of all teachers and masters that have ever taught hath drawn the most disciples after him, both in religion and manners, it might not untruly be answered, Custom." Custom is "silently received for the best instructor." "Error supports custom; custom countenances error; and these two between them would persecute and chase away all truth and solid wisdom from human life." "Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as a sunbeam; though ill hap wait her nativity, that she never comes into the world but like a bastard, to the ignominy of him that brought her forth." The infant must be washed, salted, and declared legitimate before its infamy is removed.

Of our popular customs the worst is the calling of names, for it not only hinders and endangers the birth of truth, to follow up Milton's metaphor, but makes it illegitimate. The supreme emancipation is that from custom—the perception that in the illimitable range of human discovery custom has no part and forms no court of appeal. Now Milton, with wonderful insight, saw that truth consisted in blocks for a structure, the full and complete design of which no man could foresee. Liberty consists in hewing our blocks with workmanlike skill and honesty, and in not being frightened by those who believe that the building was long ago completed, and now needs only to be protected from destroyers.

Emerging from these various figures of speech and metaphors, we come to the conclusion that freedom consists in a deep humility, rather than in arrogant attacks and persistent defenses, which the facts of our present life in no way countenance. But the humility is just

the recognition of the conditions in which we find ourselves. It is not negative or degrading; it corresponds to the spirit of the explorer who knows that he does not know what he is to find but presses forward. Lucian, one of the most charming of satirical writers, tells us that he was apprenticed to a stone mason. He was warned not to be reckless with the blocks, but he hit his too hard and broke it. Like so many of the radicals, he was impatient and not content to accept the fact that even stone has its lines of cleavage.

Freedom is to be measured by our aspirations and possibilities, which to be realized require constant reckoning with the limitations of each particular situation; a careful inspection of the conditions under which we have to operate. *Freedom is a combination of bravery and discretion*, as are all other notable achievements.

Freedom is not mere suspension and indetermination—just being loose and at large. Doubtless, there are moments after deliverance from unbearable strain and responsibility when the freedom of the hawk poised motionless in the blue yields an ecstatic bliss, but it cannot last long or come often. Freedom is ordinarily measured by the onerousness of what we seem compelled to do and the eagerness to do something else. It is the resentment at constraint and the sense of chains and shackles and prison bars. Although, it's true, we may feel free when we are merely pursuing an habitual and unquestioned routine which is really holding us fast.

Now we live in an age in which the possibilities of change have suddenly been greatly enhanced; in which the old moral and religious restraints have been greatly relaxed; in which routine and habit are violently disturbed. Modern means of communication alone have opened up such possibilities of varied human intercourse that it seems slavery to be forced to continue to act on the former incapacities of mankind. We can move about four or five times as fast as



our ancestors; all parts of the world are relatively accessible with a fair degree of comfort; we can send word to our fellow beings in various speedy, informal, and inexpensive ways. We are moreover relieved from many of the detailed labors once necessary to supply our daily needs. A hundred years ago a country family had to spend several hours looking after its own milk supply; days would be consumed in preparing food material, garments, candles, or soap, now to be bought in a few hours by an excursion in a Ford to the nearest store. The hours of labor are being steadily reduced and new problems of free time emerge. All these things combine to stir new forms of restlessness—a consciousness of unrealized possibilities and new resentments against boredom and routine.

Then the weakening of the religious and older moral sanctions, due to many causes, serve further to suggest a range of freedom hitherto undreamt of by the dutiful and obedient. We perceive on every hand restraints and scruples that are becoming meaningless and that will not bear inspection in the light of new information as to their origin. There are, in short, all sorts of new resources and new escapes—many more kinds of things to be done and fewer reasons than ever for not doing them.

No wonder, then, that the more timid grow nervous and want to join with others in stopping something which seems to them to be undermining society, religion, or morality. And, on the other hand, there are those who welcome the notion of making things over and impetuously ally themselves with hastily conceived plans of innovation and reconstruction. So we get fear and repression and intolerance pitted against "radicalism" and revolution. So hate and suspicion and unfounded accusation flourish, and intelligent Freedom fares badly. This is a poor alignment of forces both of which flatter themselves that they are bent on the welfare of mankind. Something good may come from the partial

victories or defeats of either side, but the notion that we must necessarily fall into two wrangling groups of conservatives and radicals must be overcome if any rapid and steady progress is to be made. Some there be who see this, though they find it hard to make their voices heard. The old-fashioned Liberal thought that he had the secret, but he is finding that he was himself subject to the delusions of the nineteenth century and needs reconstruction along with most things else. As Mencken says, the Liberal who thought to arrive with the midwife only comes on the scene with the coroner.

Brought up as we are, I do not see why we should not land where we do. Indeed, I do not see why the gap between new knowledge and unrealized opportunities on the one hand and the nervous adherence to old ideals and superstitions and the defense of narrow vested interests on the other should not tend to widen as time goes on. There is no use blinking the facts.

I can also see how, should a considerable number of our more moderate reformers get a rather definite program for disseminating intelligence, there might be a fair fighting chance that they would grow in power and fruitfulness. That it is easy to change the mood of a whole people, not to speak of the world, no one will maintain; but there are already hopeful alterations for the better, and the discussion of public and private evils is gradually becoming more free and intelligent.

Interest in public affairs, as was pointed out in the previous article, must be grafted on our private preoccupations, which always take precedence in the very nature of things. Our attitude toward our intimate and urgent personal perplexities will carry over to our mood when judging our teachers, politicians, and business leaders. Freemen can rarely be made after one reaches the voting age. They have to be reared from childhood, even from infancy. Freedom has its roots in the home, as was first

emphasized by Milton, the most generously emancipated perhaps of all the writers of the seventeenth century. To him civil and religious liberty were secondary, since the greatest burden in the world he held to be what he calls "imaginary and scarecrow sins at home." No effect of tyranny, he believed, can sit more heavily on the commonwealth than "household unhappiness." Freedom, as we have seen, is bravery and intelligence, if it amounts to much. And intelligence is almost as much a mood as bravery. It is not a logical process, an exercise of reason, as once supposed, but an attitude of mind—receptivity and flexibility, a sense for the essential, and a suspicion of bunk and irrelevance.

Now as most boys and girls are reared, whether at home or in school, what encouragement is there to acquire a sense of freedom, a discriminating passion for it? And yet all modern psychologists agree that our early years are the fatal years when our character is formed. We are pretty well made at ten; and reach in most cases a sort of finality by fourteen or fifteen. These generalizations are no doubt subject to many reservations. Childhood is only just beginning to be studied with care. Dickens was the first writer to discover childhood; then came Daudet, long years after with his *Le petit Chose*, and was accused of being an imitator, so rare was it as yet to perceive the heartrending importance of the beginnings of life. In the sixties Samuel Butler wrote his *Way of All Flesh*, for which the world, he judged, was not yet ready. But now we are overwhelmed with the tragic imprisonment of blue birds in their narrow houses—*Of Human Bondage*, and *The Captives* of Maugham and Walpole, themes to which Bennett, May Sinclair, Wells, D. H. Lawrence, McFee, and many others have made their contributions. The persistent irritations of everyday existence fill the pages of Sinclair Lewis, Dreiser, and Sherwood Anderson in our country. Such books are often condemned as overdrawn and not infre-

quently, indelicate. They may be viewed as devices to escape from the overworked romantic and heroic themes of the older and of many contemporary novels. They are none the less reflections of modern conditions, growing insight, uncertainty, and revolt against the domestic servitude which once passed almost unnoticed. They often show a fine and bold neglect of the obscuring literary conventions which have rendered so much of our fiction irrelevant to the poignant problems of life as most of us encounter it. These discussions of early homely woes are a response to the increasing flexibility of modern existence and the accompanying decline of old habits and previously unquestioned sanctions.

With our present knowledge we begin to learn that the clamor for or against political, civil, and religious liberty has often been, as in Milton's case, a fairly clear reflection of deeper discontent with things nearer home. And, on the other hand, our hard-earned and lately achieved forms of political liberty leave untouched our internal conflicts, our domestic strains and floating anxieties which are really our main sources of a sense of bondage and persecution. *Public freedom and toleration cannot be set off by themselves; they cannot be developed and secured except by a gradual revision of domestic relations and education.*

The liberty of the household involves the relations between children and parents and, later, the terms on which married people live; and the habits of thought and feeling formed in childhood deeply influence the course of later life. It is safe to say that such standards as have existed in the past should naturally and inevitably be subject to careful reconsideration in view of the new conditions in which both young and old live, and the ever widening knowledge of human behavior. We have new situations to meet and new knowledge to bring to bear on them. And what we really need in promoting domestic liberty is adjustment. As Samuel Butler



has said, "All our lives long, every day and every hour, we are engaged in a process of accommodating our changed and unchanged selves to changed and unchanged surroundings; living, in fact, is nothing else than this process of accommodation." Now since our surroundings are changing far more surprisingly than ever before and our views of ourselves and of our possibilities, there was never a time when mere obedience and fidelity were less helpful. Freedom should be regarded, not as an evasion of obedience or an impeachment of fidelity, but as the power and skill of intelligent accommodation.

In his bachelor days marriage seemed to Stevenson to be the domestication of the recording angel, with imprescriptible and unlimited right to cross-question, rebuke, and admonish. This is one side of the situation. The children get their ideas of the "proper" conduct of life from their parents and relatives; from their companions they get added insight, which is clearly "improper" judged by the formal standards of the home. I see children pulled round, scolded, cross-examined, slapped, or caressed. They do not see why they are at one moment an object of approval, at another humiliated by words or cuffs. Each little being has, we now know, a full-fledged *amour propre* and a complete apparatus of puzzled resentment. He discovers no relation between the treatment he receives and his honest sense of merit and demerit, his heroism and cowardice.

The childish mistake is that others grow up, although we are quite right in our individual conviction that we ourselves do not. We have a lasting sense of giants—of policemen, conductors, waiters, barbers, teachers—powerful, if not always benignant. And this is the

way we are prepared to take part in public life and to aspire to Freedom!

Of late scientifically-minded investigators have begun to probe the Unconscious, and they find it to be made up largely of all the multiform, once vivid but now forgotten, experiences of childhood. These submerged reminiscences of misunderstood afflictions and perplexities are the source of much of our irrational timidity as well as of our inconsiderate revolts. It is a tremendous task to loosen ourselves from their coils, but true Freedom can no otherwise be obtained.

Freedom is gentle and tolerant, for it is understanding. As Anatole France says: *Mes sentiments n'étaient point d'un esclave; ils se développaient avec cette douceur et cette force que la liberté donne à tout ce qui croît en elle. Il ne s'y mêlait pas de haine. La curiosité y était bonne et c'est pour aimer que je voulais connaître.* There is a French proverb that to understand is to forgive. But one can go farther and say that to understand is to perceive that there is nothing to forgive. This is a high ideal, but one can make measurable progress toward it. One can see through that most revered of teachers, Custom, and then one makes free terms with him. And so with all other inevitable things. This kind of freedom, as has been said, is no negative thing; it is the essential forerunner and preparation for action, for really well-considered readjustment.

Our reconsideration of Freedom has brought up many matters which could merely be suggested and not discussed. Freedom is a mood, a frame of mind, and if our mood or frame of mind have a fair correspondence with our circumstances, then we are Free!

## POEMS

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

## THE EARTH-CHILD IN THE GRASS

**I**N the very early morning  
 Long before Dawn time  
 I lay down in the paddock  
 And listened to the cold song of the grass.  
 Between my fingers the green blades,  
 And the green blades pressed against my body.  
 "Who is she leaning so heavily upon me?"  
 Sang the grass.  
 "Why does she weep on my bosom,  
 Mingling her tears with the tears of my mystic lover?  
 Foolish little earth child!  
 It is not yet time.  
 One day I shall open my bosom  
 And you shall slip in—but not weeping.  
 Then in the early morning  
 Long before Dawn time  
 Your lover will lie in the paddock.  
 Between his fingers the green blades  
 And the green blades pressed against his body. . . .  
 My song shall not sound cold to him,  
 In my deep wave he will find the wave of your hair,  
 In my strong sweet perfume, the perfume of your kisses.  
 Long and long he will lie there . . .  
 Laughing—not weeping."

## THERE WAS A CHILD ONCE

**T**HERE was a child once.  
 He came to play in my garden;  
 He was quite pale and silent.  
 Only when he smiled I knew everything about him,  
 I knew what he had in his pockets,  
 And I knew the feel of his hands in my hands  
 And the most intimate tones of his voice.  
 I led him down each secret path,  
 Showing him the hiding-place of all my treasures.  
 I let him play with them, every one,  
 I put my singing thoughts in a little silver cage



And gave them to him to keep. . . .  
 It was very dark in the garden  
 But never dark enough for us. On tiptoe we walked among  
 the deepest shades;  
 We bathed in the shadow pools beneath the trees,  
 Pretending we were under the sea.  
 Once—near the boundary of the garden—  
 We heard steps passing along the World-road;  
 O how frightened we were!  
 I whispered: "Have you ever walked along that road?"  
 He nodded, and we shook the tears from our eyes. . . .

There was a child once.  
 He came—quite alone—to play in my garden;  
 He was pale and silent.  
 When we met we kissed each other,  
 But when he went away we did not even wave.

## TWO NOCTURNES

"IT is cold outside, you will need a coat—  
 What! this old Arabian shawl!  
 Bind it about your head and throat,  
 These steps . . . it is dark . . . my hand . . . you might  
 fall."

What has happened—what strange, sweet charm  
 Lingers about the Arabian shawl? . . .  
 Do not tremble so! There can be no harm  
 In just remembering—that is all.

"I love you so—I will be your wife,"  
 Here, in the dark of the terrace wall,  
 Say it again—Let that other Life  
 Fold us like the Arabian shawl.

"Do you remember?" . . . "I quite forget,  
 Some childish foolishness, that is all,  
 To-night is the first time we have met . . .  
 Let me take off my Arabian shawl!"

SLEEPING together . . . how tired you were . . .  
 How warm our room . . . how the firelight spread  
 On walls and ceiling and great, white bed!  
 We spoke in whispers as children do,  
 And now it was I—and then it was you  
 Slept a moment, to wake—"my dear,  
 I'm not at all sleepy," one of us said. . . .

Was it a thousand years ago?  
 I woke in your arms—you were sound asleep—  
 And heard the pattering sound of sheep.  
 Softly I slipped to the floor and crept  
 To the curtained window, then, while you slept,  
 I watched the sheep pass by in the snow.

Oh, flock of thoughts with their shepherd Fear  
 Shivering, desolate, out in the cold,  
 That entered into my heart to fold!  
 A thousand years . . . was it yesterday  
 When we, two children of far away,  
 Clinging close in the darkness, lay  
 Sleeping together? . . . how tired you were. . . .

## POEMS OF CHILDHOOD

### BUTTERFLY LAUGHTER

**I**N the middle of our porridge plates  
 There was a blue butterfly painted,  
 And each morning we tried who could reach the butterfly first.  
 Then the Grandmother said, "Do not eat the poor butterfly."  
 That made us laugh.  
 Always she said it and always it started us laughing.  
 It seemed such a sweet little joke.  
 I was certain that one fine morning  
 The butterfly would fly out of the plates,  
 Laughing the teeniest laugh in the world,  
 And perch on the Grandmother's lap.

### THE CANDLE

**B**Y my bed, on a little round table  
 The Grandmother placed a candle.  
 She gave me three kisses, saying they were three dreams,  
 And tucked me in just where I loved being tucked.  
 Then she went out of the room and the door was shut.  
 I lay still, waiting for my three dreams to talk;  
 But they were silent.  
 Suddenly I remembered giving her three kisses back.  
 Perhaps, by mistake, I had given my three little dreams.  
 I sat up in bed.  
 The room grew big, oh, bigger far than a church.  
 The wardrobe, quite by itself, as big as a house,  
 And the jug on the washstand smiled at me.  
 It was not a friendly smile.



I looked at the basket-chair where my clothes lay folded:  
 The chair gave a creak as though it were listening for something.  
 Perhaps it was coming alive and going to dress in my clothes.  
 But the awful thing was the window:  
 I could not think what was outside.  
 No tree to be seen, I was sure,  
 No nice little plant or friendly pebbly path.  
 Why did she pull the blind down every night?  
 It was better to know.  
 I crunched my teeth and crept out of bed,  
 I peeped through a slit of the blind.  
 There was nothing at all to be seen  
 But hundreds of friendly candles all over the sky  
 In remembrance of frightened children.  
 I went back to bed . . .  
 The three dreams started singing a little song.

#### LITTLE BROTHER'S SECRET

**W**HEN my birthday was coming  
 Little Brother had a secret.  
 He kept it for days and days  
 And just hummed a little tune when I asked him.  
 But one night it rained  
 And I woke up and heard him crying;  
 Then he told me.  
 "I planted two lumps of sugar in your garden  
 Because you love it so frightfully.  
 I thought there would be a whole sugar tree for your birthday.  
 And now it will be all melted."  
 O the darling!

#### LITTLE BROTHER'S STORY

**W**E sat in front of the fire;  
 Grandmother was in the rocking-chair doing her knitting  
 And Little Brother and I were lying down flat.  
 "Please tell us a story, Grandmother," we said.  
 But she put her head on one side and began counting the  
 stitches.  
 "Suppose you tell me one instead."  
 I made up one about a spotted tiger  
 That had a knot in his tail;  
 But though I liked this about the knot  
 I did not know why it was put there.  
 So I said: "Little Brother's turn."  
 "I know a perfect story," he cried, waving his hands.  
 Grandmother laid down her knitting.

"Do tell us, dear."

"Once upon a time there was a bad little girl  
And her Mummy gave her the slipper, and that's all."  
It was not a very special story,  
But we pretended to be very pleased  
And Grandmother gave him jumps on her lap.

#### THE MAN WITH THE WOODEN LEG

**T**HERE was a man lived quite near us;  
He had a wooden leg and a goldfinch in a green cage.  
His name was Farkey Anderson,  
And he'd been in a war to get his leg.  
We were very sad about him,  
Because he had such a beautiful smile  
And was such a big man to live in a very small house.  
When he walked on the road his leg did not matter so much;  
But when he walked in his little house  
It made an ugly noise.  
Little Brother said his goldfinch sang the loudest of all birds  
So that he should not hear his poor leg  
And feel too sorry about it.

#### WHEN I WAS A BIRD

**I** CLIMBED up the karaka tree  
Into a nest all made of leaves  
But soft as feathers.  
I made up a song that went on singing all by itself  
And hadn't any words, but got sad at the end.  
There were daisies in the grass under the tree.  
I said just to try them:  
"I'll bite off your heads and give them to my little children to  
eat."  
But they didn't believe I was a bird;  
They stayed quite open.  
The sky was like a blue nest with white feathers  
And the sun was a mother bird keeping it warm.  
That's what my song said, though it hadn't any words.  
Little Brother came up the path, wheeling his barrow.  
I made my dress into wings and kept very quiet.  
When he was quite near, I said: "Sweet, sweet!"  
For a moment he looked quite startled;  
Then he said: "Pooh, you're not a bird; I can see your legs."  
But the daisies didn't really matter,  
And Little Brother didn't really matter;  
I felt *just* like a bird.



# Where the Money Is

BY FREDERICK TODD

Secretary, First Federal Foreign Banking Association

**T**O nine out of ten of us Americans it has been one of the mysteries of the times where all the great hoard of gold and other money is hiding itself, of which the newspapers, the radio broadcasters, and every third serious after-dinner speaker have been talking for months. Nobody we know has personally in his possession any embarrassing quantity of the eight billion dollars (four billions of it in solid gold) regarding which the economic-minded among us show so great anxiety because America has it. The man who drives a small car realizes that the small amount of it he holds presents no economic problem for the economists who are doing the talking; and even rich men, as a matter of fact, see and handle very little everyday cash. The greatest financier America has had used to be seen occasionally borrowing a half dollar from an attendant at the steps of his bank to tip a driver—he was in the habit of having so little money in his pocket, though he once signed a check for forty millions in the days when that was a sizable sum. However well-off some of the majority of us may be, most of us nowadays are buying houses, automobiles, stocks and bonds, department-store merchandise, and the things brought to us by the grocer and butcher, “on account,” at the same time tenderly nursing a delicate deposit in a bank somewhere. We handle very moderate individual sums in coin and bills. What is being done with all the vast hoard of real money we hear about but do not see?

If anybody takes the time and the trouble to find out what the answer is to this question, which anybody can do by

simple investigation, he is going to discover that after all, eight billions of dollars is really a small amount of money compared with the perfectly enormous aggregate of business we do in America, and the number of billions of dollars that the hundred millions of us have to count out to one another in the course of trade and in the course of our personal affairs. This is getting to be a pretty big country. In a year, we produce or manufacture about \$60,000,000,000 worth of grain, cotton, coal, lumber, shoes, furniture, tools, automobiles, and every other kind of tangible product, and from ten to twenty billions more in ultimate or direct services, such as those of the doctor, the teacher, the lawyer, the musician, the artist, etc.; and between the farmer or the miner and our old friend the “ultimate consumer” there is a line of busy and more or less prosperous fellows, including the railroad man, the merchant, the banker, etc., as well as the manufacturer, so that if we put at about \$80,000,000,000 the final value of the products and the services that Ultimate Consumer finally buys, we have obviously had to turn every dollar over *ten times* in just turning our production over *once*.

As a matter of fact, we turn our production over several times. For instance, a farmer raises a calf and sells it for \$11; the packer sells the hide for \$2.50; the tanner sells the leather for \$7; the shoe manufacturer sells the shoes made from this hide for perhaps \$14; the retailer gets \$25 for the same shoes: so that \$59.50 of money transfer has been created by this simplest of examples, and it would be \$75 if a jobber also

handled the shoes, and we have not counted the sole-leather and "findings" at all. In reality, the movement of this hide to Ultimate Consumer's feet has occasioned other series of money transfers, because clerks have been paid wages in consequence, lawyers have got fees, railroads have charged freights, and nearly every payment has been passed on by its recipient to his bank. It is not the absolute value of hide, leather, or shoes—it is the fact of these changing through so many hands, every change a change of ownership involving a transfer of dollars, that makes the aggregate of *turnovers* of money mount up to stupendous totals; and they mount up so rapidly, and in such aggregates, in this country's vast activities, that (including also great aggregates of money transfers in finance, real estate, stock markets, investment, etc.) we have a total turnover of dollars in this country which can reasonably be estimated as high as \$800,000,000,000 a year at present.

So that the wonder where the money is turns into the wonder how so comparatively small an amount as eight billions of definitive money can be made to serve in settlement of so vast a volume of payments. The answer is that this "real" money is not the "medium of exchange" at all, in more than a small part, less than 5 per cent, of the business turnover of this country.

The actual medium of exchange in more than 95 per cent of the business and personal transactions involving "dollars" in this country is deposit-credit for dollars in some one of our more than 30,000 banks. It is "dollar-credit" that we pay each other with, and in which we almost unanimously prefer to carry our current earnings and savings, till we spend or invest them, rather than any kind of dollar bills or coin. We do not like to carry much ordinary money about with us personally, or to have it known that there is much of it about the house or in the store safe. And to pay by check is a great convenience, not

only in the physical matter of sending easily and safely by mail, or by messenger, a little piece of paper with which a thief can do next to nothing and which you can easily "stop," but also in the fact that one has in it an indisputable record in case of misunderstandings with the butcher, the church treasurer, and the Income Tax Bureau.

Here in America we have taken on this practice of having our money in a bank and of giving or taking checks as money to such an extent as to make dollar-credits in banks practically equivalent to money in most of our business intercourse. Down in Wall Street, the word "money" invariably means bank-credit. The "money market" is the daily activity of borrowing and lending the surpluses of bank deposits that are not needed for a few days or a few weeks. Billions are transferred daily, hundreds of millions for only a day or two, by the simple process of drawing a check and sending it by a messenger. It is hardly necessary to move a single dollar bill or coin—the transfer of the check results in a very important piece of book-keeping in several banks—a million dollars, say, that stood to the credit of Smith & Co., in a bank is subtracted by a little debit entry on Smith & Co.'s account and is made the property of Jones & Co., by a credit on Jones & Co.'s account in that or another bank, the two banks having arrangements by which they can settle with each other by some transfer of dollar-credit elsewhere. Literally millions of checks go from one business concern to another, and between individuals, every day, in this country, and instead of actual bills or coin being transferred from one man's safe or cash-drawer to another, it has come to be that the "money" of the millions of factories, stores, shops, and even farmers and other individuals, is in the form of bank deposits, in "dollar-credit" instead of bills and coin, and transfers of "money" are overwhelmingly just transfers of credit on the books of over 30,000 banks (to



use a round figure) by bookkeeping entries, and that the 30,000 banks with their clearing-houses and their correspondence relationships and the deposit and collections machinery of the Federal Reserve Banks, make all the arrangements so that when a man in Nebraska, say, sends his check for \$1,000 to a man in New York, the \$1,000 is subtracted from the dollar-credit in the Nebraska bank and added to the dollar-credit on deposit in the New York bank, and from the account of the Nebraska man to the account of the New York man. It is a wonderful organization and machinery that the banks have built up, most of it within a generation, for doing this. Probably more than \$750,000,000,000 of "cash" settlements between busy Americans are effected annually in this way just by bookkeeping transfers of dollar-credit.

In the accounting of American business concerns the actual bills and coin they may happen to have in hand, and the dollar-credit they have on deposit in their banks, are together regarded as "cash." So far as the conduct of business goes, this is made use of as "money." It has come to be a kind of money. In normal times, now, there is something over \$40,000,000,000 of this dollar-credit kind of money standing upon the books of our 30,000 banks available for instant use, of people in their business and personal affairs. There is between \$3,500,000,000 and \$4,000,000,000 of bills and coin also in use outside the banks. Business concerns, particularly retail stores, etc., which sell for cash, have much of this as "till money," and 111,000,000 inhabitants have a large aggregate sum in their pockets. At the time this was written there was about \$48,000,000,000 of dollar-credit in banks, plus definitive currency; and to get the picture of where it is and what it is doing, one must see it in practically continuous motion, passing from individual to individual, and in and out of stores, railroad offices, etc., and in great

streams in and out of the banking system. Very little money or dollar-credit stands still. It has to keep moving in order to effect the settlements of the \$800,000,000,000 payments which we Americans make among ourselves during the year.

Now most of us know more or less about the ordinary affairs of our banks, and we are so used to the ways they do things that almost the last thing we should expect to have anybody speak of as "revolutionary" would be a bank deposit, or anything else with which our conservative bankers have to do. But, believe it or not, the fact that we have this \$40,000,000,000 in dollar-credits in our banks, and that we use it for money as we do, really marks a very important revolution in the world's monetary system.

Less than one hundred years ago people would not have taken bank-credit for an equivalent of money. There are countries now where there is no bank-credit money. In Brazil there is no bank-credit money. Very few checks are drawn in Brazil, and it is common for a man who gets a check upon a bank to go at once and draw out his money. Payments are almost universally settled with national money; cubes of bills in "*contos*" are physically carried about and delivered. The idea of money as a medium of exchange being something of intrinsic value to be taken in as payment when something is sold, and to be given as payment when buying something, made gold and silver in standard weights guaranteed correct by the exclusive stamp of governments the almost universal money of the past. No element of credit is involved in the use of such money. The full value of whatever was traded was equaled in the value of precious metal in the coin. Some peoples in Asia have the old feeling still. They will not accept any paper money as being as good as gold or silver. They do not trust government paper money. They want the value certain in their own hands. It is not

many decades since paper money was under suspicion in America; both bank notes and government bills were apt to be considered worth less than their face-value, in gold.

It means something more revolutionary than most of us appreciate, therefore, to have bank-credit so universally trusted that salaried men with their hard-earned few hundreds and financiers with their millions are, by the thousands, perfectly content to take dollar-credit in a bank as readily as either gold or bills, and to hold it indefinitely in the form of bank deposits. Between American suspicions and the typical "hard-boiled" attitude of America's successful business men, it is evident that there is enough back of dollar-credits in our banks to justify the establishment of the monetary system in which all Americans use ten times as much bank-credit for money as they use bills and coin together, and do so without any hesitation.

That is exactly the point where the revolutionary part comes in. As part of a phenomenal evolutionary advance and expansion of our organization of economic life and business machinery, which has involved revolutionary changes as organic evolution almost invariably does, we have put in the place of the old system of commodity-money—money with its value intrinsically contained in itself—a system of credit-money whose value is backed by the credit and going values of the organized business of the country.

Our present organization and great volume of business would to-day be impossible if we should try to do with gold as money. Only think of the physical problems involved in the old-fashioned money. A million dollars' worth of gold weighs roughly two tons. Think of a movement of 1,600,000 tons of gold about the country every year. Just to move it safely would put a great additional burden on business, and it could not possibly be transferred with the lightning rapidity with which it is

now necessary to move hundreds of millions every day. It is, moreover, an impossibility to obtain so much gold. A collection of reasons just as good could be given in detail, showing how impossible physical coin would be for doing the larger-phase work of money in our present-day business and financial organism. But the credit-money system has just naturally developed in keeping with the rest of the organism, with its elaboration of specialization, co-ordinated division of labor, and necessity of passing everything from hand to hand among numbers of people; so that this highly organized bookkeeping system of paying one another money came gradually as an outgrowth of ordinary business credit relationships.

It is not possible for every nation in the world to have such a system of credit-money. This system can be had in its perfection only in a country whose people are thrifty and of a certain intelligent moral standard; where there is a highly developed and reasonably stable organization of business with its modern machineries; where this organization of business has an efficient organization of mercantile credit, and credit standards average well among the whole personnel of business communities; where there is a sound, strong, and fully modernized system of independent banks with machineries of inter-connection and centralization of reserves; and, at present, it must have a considerable stock of gold. Lacking any of these things, a nation cannot have a monetary system working as ours is working.

One of the commercial agencies in this country has in its book of credit references 2,167,322 names of large and small business establishments, each with a definite rating as to responsibility, expressed in a symbol. During 1922 there were 1,558,847 changes in the big book. There were 525,551 new names that appeared, and 465,988 names that disappeared. The symbol of responsibility was changed in connection with 567,308 names. Here you have con-



densed into these figures the picture of a great living organism of business, that grows, that changes, reflecting the successes and the failures, the newly created enterprise, and the natural mutations of individual business activities in a nation-wide community. Big and little, worth anywhere between \$1,000,000,000 and \$500 individually, they pursue their individual enterprises and ambitions, and compete keenly for a place and for success; but with it all there is a great fact of co-ordination, of all fitting their activities in with one another's.

It is plain that every public school, every church, every live and good newspaper, our great output of liberal literature, our theaters, even our movies, and every other educational factor in the culture of the American public in standards of wholesome living, of intelligent conscientiousness and thrift, help toward the steady upbuilding and maintenance of everyday popular integrity and healthy ultimate consumption of production organically necessary for such a vast, efficient, and highly organized national business establishment as ours, subjectively, objectively, materially, morally, spiritually, and in every way; and no ignorant, popularly inefficient nation could possibly achieve this place of economic organization just by imitating some of the institutions of this and other advanced countries.

Starting with the fact of 111,000,000 individual Americans of a high average of integrity and earning capacity and with great diversification of economic activities over our country, so that we have a combination of good thrifty character and large volume of economic activity that is pretty steadily sustained, we have developed our manufacturing and commercial organization, represented by the two million names in the big book, with certain standards of business policy and management that organically correspond to the character of the people. In the best business circles in America "responsibility" means

a combination of two things: first, that a corporation, firm, or individual enterprise has established itself in a reasonably assured place as a regular member of the community of "going" businesses; second, that it conforms to standards covering not only overt reliability, but the observance of certain proportions between capital, property assets, business turnover, profits, what it owes and has owing to it in current accounts, the cash available, etc., generally regarded as necessary to soundness. Credit is a scientific thing, nowadays. We have a science of accounting keyed to our standards of credit, and we have laws that make false accounting criminal. We do wonderful *dynamic* things with credit that are distantly related to our organic use of credit as money, but that is a story by itself. We have sophisticated credit, so that a man who knows how can determine with average accuracy whether a business concern is operating on a sound, creditable basis, with good connections. And so our 2,000,000 enterprises, big and little, conduct their closely co-related business with one another, passing materials and products back and forth in highly elaborated division-of-labor, with a minimum of loss through "bad credits." Merchants, manufacturers, and others, without including (for a moment) our bankers, are at all times trusting one another to an aggregate volume of ordinary credit that must measure anywhere between \$45,000,000,000 and \$60,000,000,000, judging from average proportions of bank loans to other items in the accounts of many business concerns.

Our 30,000 banks use this mass of basic credit in the creation of their \$40,000,000,000 dollar-obligations which we Americans use as money and call "dollars." To visualize how they do it we have to flash up the mental picture of all our banks together as an integrated organism, and see that the specific things which they do as individuals are at the same time co-ordinate operations

in what they do as a unified system. It is all highly organic, and the same thing is at one and the same time a simple transaction in terms of banking, also a complicated and hardly tangible factor in terms of monetary organism.

When a man introduces himself at a bank, with his balance-sheet, references, data about his business, etc., he is apt to be thinking only about the arrangement he hopes to make for a good banking connection where his deposit will be safe and where there are plenty of resources for the times when he will want to borrow. He has picked the bank he thinks best. But while he is negotiating an individual relationship with an individual bank for what seems to be absolutely individual obligations and services, he is indirectly establishing connection with the whole organism of 30,000 banks. His bank will really be just a responsible medium for relationships with the whole banking system, and through the system he will be in organic integration with our entire organization of production, trade, and finance.

He will think of depositing dollars, and of borrowing and repaying dollars. He is absolutely right about that. If the bank "takes him on" that is exactly what he will do. But some of his dollars will be spiritual dollars, although as good or better than gold. It will be just as correct if he realizes that his name is going on the bank books, and when he borrows dollars the bank will simply make entries on its books with so much dollar-credit against which he can draw checks, and so much debit for which he will be under dollar-obligation to the bank. He will not see much real money, in all probability. He will use his "dollars" in the way of drawing his check in favor of some other business establishment, the effect of this being to transfer so much bank-credit to the other concern's account, and to subtract it from his. He will make a "deposit," but nothing will be deposited anywhere. Any physical money like coin or bills

may immediately be paid out by the bank to somebody who wants that kind of money for a pay roll. In the case of any checks he may "deposit," it will almost surely happen that any drawn on his bank itself will cause only a subtraction of so many dollars credited on the account of the concern that drew the check, and addition to his credit, while checks on other banks will be credited and then move out exactly as money, which they are. The bank will trade them off to other banks that have use for credit in the banks on which they are drawn.

Our 30,000 banks have their individual relations of service and obligation with the 2,000,000 and other business enterprises each with its own group of customers. But they also are interconnected with one another in credit relationships. They all have many correspondents. They have accounts with one another. Little inland banks carry deposits in banks in central cities, and the central city banks, in the great metropolitan banks, and have accounts for loaning and borrowing with them. There are scores of clearing-house associations, through which the millions of checks drawn upon one bank and deposited in another are traded. There is also the mighty Federal Reserve System, with a vast machinery of inter-settlements and rediscounts and the power of issuing bank-bills. It is through this enormously powerful, efficient, and near-infinite organism with its intricately perfect mechanisms that our banks can do the things they do with checks and dollar-credits.

Your individual bank takes your "deposit" and theoretically (and to some extent actually) loans out the money. It assumes an unqualified obligation to pay out dollars credited on your deposit, instantaneously upon demand. It will pay real coin and legal-tender bills, if you ask for them. The fact that we use the dollar-credit system of book-keeping and transfer of monetary-



credit by check to the extent of \$95 out of every \$100 we pay out or receive nowadays, enables the banks individually and as a system, to do several phenomenal things. It makes possible the fact that we transact our \$800,000,000 turnover of business in terms of dollars without using the physical dollars, but with every one of the spiritual credit-dollars standardized to the dollar in gold, worth exactly a gold dollar because the banks promise to give us a real dollar for a credit dollar whenever we ask for it, and we know that they can, will, and actually do carry out the obligation without question.

Small as our billions of dollars aggregate seem in comparison with our totals of credit and turnover, we have plenty of real money so that, as far as the quantity of money is concerned, the banks could handle even bigger aggregates of dollar-credits.

We have about four billions of dollars worth of gold—some 8,000 tons—in the country, and the Federal Reserve System owns 6,000 tons of it. The twelve Federal Reserve Banks hold about a billion dollars of the gold in their own vaults. The United States Treasury holds two billions (or about 4,000 tons of gold) in trust for all the twelve banks together. This is the "Gold Settlement Fund." Each bank has its equity in the hoard. Every morning at eleven the twelve banks settle current accounts with one another, balancing the day's differences in the vast sweep of clearances over the country, and "settle" in the way of a daily change of share ownership in the gold, as recorded upon the Government's books.

The Reserve gold is available for meeting any demand for gold upon our banking system. It is far more than just enough. The demand for gold is apt to be small, though we know not what a day may bring forth in international relations. The money of our people is paper money and small coin. There is a total of about \$4,000,000,000 in that. It

consists of Government bills, National bank-notes, and Federal Reserve notes, with subsidiary coins. Between our government and our banks, and the fact that Federal law puts upon the Secretary of the Treasury the duty of seeing that all our money is standardized to gold by free interchange, the dollar is held equivalent to gold in all the exchanges of the world, and Americans scarcely give the matter a thought. Our banks are required by law to carry reserves of certain amounts. Except for the gold in the Federal Reserve, which does not skip about much since it took on its present weight, the "reserve" of our banks consists of part of what happens to be in the bank at any time. Most banks for practical reasons have more than the required amount, in dollars that happen to be on hand at any time, as the stream of bills and coin flows in and out. We shall always use a few billions of dollars in hand-to-hand money. Business must draw thousands of dollars for pay rolls. The retail shops must have till money. We all want money in our pockets. So we shall always have to call on our banks for enough definitive money to make the necessity of cashing some checks the organic means of continued standardization of credit-dollars to physical money. But it is just as important a fact, organically, that we are rapidly decreasing the relative use of physical money. The American works hard to accomplish what he calls "getting money." But we don't really want *money*. We want potatoes, houses, favorite golfsticks and all that, in our personal capacity, and as business executives, we mostly want concrete-steel, machinery, copper, etc. When we go to "put away a little money," we don't really put any away at all. We buy stocks or bonds, which is really buying business equipment, if they are good, or handing our money over to other people to use in buying things. It is significant that we do not have any misers, nowadays, even in the movies.



It is as a system with collective organization and machineries that our 30,000 banks have evolved the function of taking obligations of the general business community as raw material, offering their own obligations to the community as a kind of standardized composite, and have taught the public to take these dollar-obligations as having *positive* value, as money. They have evolved this phenomenon, individually and collectively, as a system within the community system, by *organizing* the fact that a dollar-credit, via the accumulated obligations of the organized production and trade of the country, represents the products and services, ready for delivery, or prospective, of the country, and is sure of being honored when we have occasion to buy. They are 100 per cent good for either dollars in gold or dollars' worth of the things we want, as we choose. And so this bank-deposit money is overwhelmingly the money of the country.

But the greatest, and the gravest, fact of all the facts of our monetary system is this, that our banks, working as a system, can so readily create this dollar-credit money by the billions. No one bank, or small group of banks, or even the 30,000 banks together, can do this individually or alone. It has to be concerted work of thousands of banks and hundreds of thousands of other enterprises. It must be done in a kind of democratic co-operation by the organized business of the country.

When the business community and the banks become optimistic, and all get busy together, there is the banking organization and machinery for immediate expansion of individual commercial credits, and of the loans and deposits of the banks, all together, and the bank-standardized community-credit grows into credit-dollars with wonderful rapidity.

If one business establishment is optimistic all alone, it experiences great difficulty in finding transactions with other sound establishments, and in ob-

taining credit or loans at the bank. If one or two banks, or the banks of one locality, should suddenly see fit to expand their loans alone, they would soon reach the limit of the deposits they had available to loan, and the checks drawn upon them by the borrowers would quickly cause them embarrassment, because the other banks would present them for collection, and draw out their resources of funds. But when all business establishments increase activities, and credit becomes confident, and large numbers of banks over the country increase their loans, these loans turn into deposits everywhere, instead of into embarrassing collections. This phenomenon happens organically. It is a matter of collective function as well as individual. When the whole community increases activity evenly, and the banks all together increase their loans evenly, the organization of clearances, of mutual accounts, and of central reserve institutions among the banks as a system takes care of the deposits, the borrowers' checks offset one another, and instead of drawing down any bank's funds, they increase all the banks' deposit obligations to the whole community exactly as the obligations of the borrowers (which are the same community) increase to the banks. There is a somewhat flexible limitation upon the expansion of the whole big volume of dollar-credits in the country. The individual banks must always have on hand enough "till money" to meet the demands of depositors. State and National laws require individual banks to carry definite proportions of cash as reserve, or reserve-deposits must be held in the Federal Reserve Banks. In the background are the gold requirements of the Federal Reserve Act. Theoretically, the Federal Reserve Banks have gold enough on which the banks in the Reserve system might expand their credits to over \$77,000,000,000, and all of our banks, on the basis of the gold in the country, might create dollar-credit obligations to upward of \$100,000,000,000. The banks



have created only forty billions, for two main reasons. One is that the organic structure for the expansion has not been built. The other is found in the disposition toward conscientious self-control exercised by our banks.

By the organic evolution of the vogue of dollar-credit money by our banks, the industry and trade of the country can get along with many billions of dollars less capital than would otherwise be required. By being able to borrow dollar-credit for the "peak load" seasons of heavy purchase of raw materials and of heavy sales on credit, individual enterprises are enabled to avoid the necessity of the permanent use of as much capital as the highest amount of credit used for any intermittent period. Bank-credit is thus a substitute for perhaps twice its own volume in capital, for the business community. Our industries and trade economize in the cost of capital.

It is with this substitution of dollar-credit for capital, and the ease with which dollar-credit money is expanded that America has been able to develop its enormously powerful industrial establishment so rapidly; but the very same facilities have brought us our gravest economic problems and difficulties and dangers.

Every time the business community and the banks create a dollar-credit that is not directly representative of stable existent value in the going organization of production and trade, our money is inflated. Therefore every dollar-credit based upon unrealized value, however conservatively anticipated, is a purely creative dollar-credit and so much inflation. It adds so much unearned buying-power to that which has arisen directly out of consummated economic work. This creative buying-power enters into and adds to the competition of earned buying-power in demand for existing supplies of everything. It raises prices at the expense of earned buying-power.

Up to a certain sound maximum, the nation pays for economic growth by the tax of slightly increased prices. It is the

cost we all pay for rapid progress. We expect to get it back, and progressive economies of economic organization should pay it back. The creation of some few billions of dollar-credit on sound expectation of growth has helped thousands of individual enterprises to sound growth, has given the basic resources by which our stock markets financed much of the up-building of heavily capitalized key industries.

Our financiers are able to do great things with the vast surpluses of dollar-credit that flow back and forth seasonally from one section of the land to another, plus a volume of dollar-credit created on the basis of the current marketable value of distant financial prospects. Up to a certain sound maximum, this has been soundly productive, and is an organic means of growth.

But any dollar-credit arising in any other way than by actual delivery of goods or services represents inflation and is an artificial stimulant to business activity. This artificially stimulated activity may run beyond limitations of soundness. There is a point where we ought to slow up. The matter is relative.

We are a nation of serious optimists and "go-getters." When prosperity beams, we all want to put on full steam ahead. There is every incentive for our bankers to help a busy customer with credit when his business appears soundly growing, and for all of them together to let the community as a whole expand almost insensibly the volume of business done on credit as distinguished from that done on capital. Also, to finance an almost insensible growth in purchase and holding of materials for a rise in price as against rapid turnover for a profit. To do all that enters into the first stimulative phase of inflation, with its subsequent temptations to overproduction and its erratic movements in prices, is a matter of hardly noticeable relative increases in the proportions of credit based on expected business. This leads to two different phenomena of dangerous inflation. We run into extravagant booms of

unsound activity and high prices due to the expansion of the supply of money. And we run into the difficulties that come from unequal expansion of dollar-credits as between different industries over the country. To this latter cause can be attributed some of our current maladjustments.

What are we going to do about it? Why, we are already exercising *some* control over *some* of the organic causes of over-expansion of our volume of money. There are those who think the one cure is the capital operation of reducing our gold supply. But nobody knows just how to reduce it, and it is not at all impossible that a few months might bring an outflow of gold that would mean a reversal of this problem, if it is a problem. There are some of us who think that our 8,000 tons of gold present us with opportunities instead of problems. At least, the fact that 6,000 tons of it are concentrated in the control of the

Federal Reserve Banks is reassuring, because, so situated, a little gold ought to go much farther in organic standardization of all our money, and more gold than we need ought to be under best control.

The real solution of the great problem of where our money is seems to lie in the evolution of better organization of self-control in nation-wide uses of dollar-credits. We have hardly scratched the surface of intelligent investigation of the inflation of money through inflation in large-phase capital finance. But we have learned many specific things about dollar-credit inflation in commercial finance from our experiences of the last few years, and are already shaping up some measure of control over it by a little further elaboration of the standards and conventionalities covering sound credit proportions that play so effective a part in the ethical practicalities of American business.

## To A Poet—Dead

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

THEY were untrue who loved you if they gave  
Your silver ashes to the grave!  
What has the flaming spirit that was you—  
The light that shaped its kindled dust—to do  
With the long darkness where they lay  
Mortality away?

Light should be given to the light once more,  
And freedom claim the feet that wandered and were free.  
So, let their violet dust float past the river's shore,  
To meet the wider waters of the sea,  
And those stirred ashes that but yesterday  
Shaped the warm flesh that was your reaching hand,  
Let them be borne on all the winds that stray  
Across the mourning land.

At last then, shall some gleaming note that beat  
Once at your warm heart's deep and crimson core  
Attain, high in some kindred star, the sweet  
Enduring beauty that it almost touched before.





*The* CHARM OF BOSTON  
*Leaves from the Sketch Book*  
of HERBERT PULLINGER



#### LOUISBURG SQUARE

This square surrounded by an iron fence, with its narrow cobbly streets and fine old houses, is quite like a bit of old London. Here, either in the square or close by, lived Louisa Alcott, Howells, Aldrich, Holmes, James T. Fields, and others prominent in American literature. Here too Jenny Lind was married to Otto Goldschmidt.





#### THE STATE HOUSE

Charles Bullfinch's beautiful building has grown more beautiful and mellow with age and usefulness. It occupies a commanding position on the top of Beacon Hill, and its gilded dome can be seen from afar off. It is surrounded by a neighborhood of beautiful old houses in quaint narrow streets—a neighborhood full of historic and literary associations.



#### THE OLD STATE HOUSE

Where State Street comes into Washington Street stands the old State House, famous in the Colonial and Revolutionary history of the town and the country. Many attempts have been made to remove it and put up paying office buildings, but it still stands, a monument to the American people.





#### BOYLSTON STREET

Boylston Street skirts the Common on the south, and runs to the newer section of the town, lined all the way with handsome shops. In the early morning when the sun just touches the tops of the tallest buildings is the time to appreciate best its canyon quality.





#### TREMONT STREET

Tremont—which recalls the early name of Boston, Trimontaine—is perhaps the city's handsomest business street, with its tall buildings and beautiful shops. From Park Street to Boylston Street, it is fronted on the west by the Common, dear to all Bostonians.





#### WASHINGTON STREET

A narrow twisting street wandering along the old lower section of the city on its way to Cornhill and the North Station. The city's oldest thoroughfare, it is also Boston's busiest street, full of department stores and shops, its pavements narrow and crowded.



#### THE CUSTOM HOUSE TOWER

Rising out of the center of the old Custom House, Boston's tallest structure is visible far down the harbor. Faneuil Hall—famous in Revolutionary days—is just within its shadow.



# Fooling Ourselves About Europe

BY FREDERICK PALMER

"THEY'RE pretty miserable over there, ain't they? We ought to do something to help them!" said a Maine native, whose overalls were very much patched, when, upon learning that I had just been in Europe, he turned his attention to foreign affairs from the domestic affair of wondering how he was to meet his grocery bills this winter.

He was the victim of a national habit which was initiated in August, 1914, and which has been deepened by wartime and post-wartime events and sympathies. Apparently, it can be broken only by another such a cataclysm as begot it. Our conviction that nothing cheerful can come out of Europe amounts to a doctrine.

We seem to dislike to read anything but bad news about Europe. So most of the news which is printed is of a kind to make the dreams of a "better world"—that indeterminate creation of each individual's idealism—the sickly memory of a wartime aberration. Sometimes, I think that the more we hear about Europe the less we know about Europe. Partly, this is due to trying to forget the war as well as failing to take with a grain of salt what one European nation says about another.

Of course, if you go abroad saying there was no war, when you discover there was one, and it was quite a large one, you are shocked to find that it had results not exactly ephemeral.

To my mind, the war itself, and a firsthand experience of the war, form an essential background for understanding present-day Europe. Men of large influence in home affairs, who flit from capital to capital on a summer trip, and who speak by the book on their return,

are dabbling in calculus before they have had algebra if they did not know Europe in the war.

I am not a leader in home affairs; but, at least, this article, which will appear in the anniversary month of the Armistice, is the result of observation by the kind of expert who knew something of British and French humanity from having watched it at war for four years on the Western Front. I found that it was in the devastated regions of France, in the Ruhr, and in Paris and London, that I was best able to understand the influences which rule in Europe to-day and shape her future. The future of Europe is dominated by the future of France, and the policy of France is the policy of Foch.

My first glimpse of the devastated regions, which I was to compare with the ghastly desolation of five years ago, was along the old Somme front line which I knew so well during the battle. We wondered in those days if the villages whose ruins were being kicked this way and that by shell bursts would ever be rebuilt.

Surely the soil in the zone of the old front line could never be reclaimed. Soil experts said so. While the reclamation of the deep black loam of Flanders was comparatively easy, here in hilly Picardy the humus was a thin layer on the chalk with which it had been mixed by pestling shell-bursts and the digging of the network of trenches. I could imagine the returning weary soldiers and refugees crying out: "This is too much! We give up," and refusing even to tackle the problem.

But they did not throw up their hands or hesitate. In the midst of the

desolation theirs was a serene courage to match that of the days when the desolation was in the making. The French who proved their strength again in one respect during the war have been proving it again in another since the war.

My first glimpse of that old front line made me proud to belong to the human race. If I were a Frenchman I should want to shout to the whole world: "Look at what the sons and daughters of France have done!" They had grubbed out the fragments of shell and barbed wire and literally sifted the soil from the chalk and laid it back in place.

A nation that has such sons and daughters is rich in the same way as the nation whose sons and daughters carried cultivation westward to the Pacific while it too was suffering the afflictions of politics, as the chronicles of the time abundantly reveal. No less than our pioneers, the people of the devastated regions were conquering a wilderness.

I was passing from new village to new village in a world booming in the market for labor and materials which overtime production was straining to meet. Did I say "overtime"? There is no such word in that world. Regular time is from dawn to dark. Where our pioneers built our new towns for to-day in the confidence that to-morrow's increased wealth and expansion would call for rebuilding, the French have been building for a thousand years. I have a friend who is proud of the solid construction of his new country house, but it is not more solid than the humblest French peasant's house which has risen on the ruins of the old.

A wonderful picture all these new villages in the midst of rich crops and prosperity in that belt from the North Sea to Switzerland, set against the background of that old world of France when we have no villages in our own new land that are completely new.

A former army hut, or any improvised shelter would do for the returned refugee until the new home, as sturdy as his ancestor's, was ready for occupation. No

thought of compromise between the two entered the French mind.

The solidity of the reconstruction suggests that those who have the most to lose hardly share the apprehensions of the prophets of gloom that a destroying army will soon again pass that way. About ninety-nine per cent of the refugees have returned to their homes. The actual renewal of all damaged or demolished structures is eighty per cent complete. For practical working purposes, the devastated regions have their plant back, a new and better plant than before the war, which will require a minimum of expense in upkeep.

At the St. Quentin Station, in sight of patches of ruins, I noted, as an indication that the plant was working, packing cases labeled "Made in France" and to go to the "U.S.A." The masons and carpenters who built the new factories received hardly more than one-third the wages our employers pay, and the hands which made the products in the cases worked ten and twelve hours. They are not bothered about the price of gasoline; they know no summer holidays or winter trips southward. The movies are a rare treat. Farmers would consider a telephone a mad extravagance. Yet they would not change their own for any other land. There is no economic necessity for emigration; no dearth of employment to urge it.

Not that some of the fortunes which speculators have made out of the boom conditions of the devastated regions are not being extravagantly spent. My first dip of depression in my happy tour through this world of new villages was in the dining room of a hotel where I had seen hollow-eyed, lean officers during one of the German drives. A party of *nouveaux riches* were gorging themselves to the tune of the popping of champagne corks with all the vulgar display of one of our own barbarous automobile parties at a road house where the stimulus is illicit cocktails, which have the advantage that they produce earlier



and more frequent casualties than the wine of France. But you do not judge a nation or a people by such scum which the great tide of human effort washes up on the shore.

There was another shock awaiting me at Verdun. My memory of Verdun was in the days of heavy fighting after the town was deserted; again in the majestic silences of the town and the scarred hills, like the hush before the guillotine's fall, between the bursts of firing. The calls of hotel porters, jitney drivers, and of guides had the effect of a jazz band in the tomb of Napoleon. I had the feeling—entirely impracticable and unsentimental—that what the men had fought for on those scarred hills had become a show of waxworks horrors whose attractions were exploited by the "barker" at the ticket window.

The tourist may be thinking of the Verdun of to-day, but the French are always thinking of the Verdun of the war. There you have the dividing line between French opinion and outside opinion.

The symbol of French opinion is the towering spare bronze height of that figure, erected on Mort Homme in commemoration of the battle, which is all but fleshless, with pits between the ribs and skin drawn tight over the skull—but head up in defiance, and the standard resting secure on its skeleton arm. Underneath this emaciated hero, who must pad his bones again with muscle and flesh, are the telling words: "They did not pass."

Such the personification of France, such the legend, which has been impressed upon the gelatine minds of French school children since the war. It stands for what we may call the French "fear complex"—the fear that fought to the bone in desperation.

France, old-fashioned in her patriotism, would lose her background of to-day if she forgot Verdun. She was the one nation which did not make the ineffectual effort of trying to forget the war.

This has been the strength and guid-

ing spirit of her policy for the last five years. Unlike other nations, she had a policy and has stuck to it, and she is reaping the results of decisive council. You may think it a wrong, shortsighted, hate-breeding and war-breeding policy. I may think so, too; but if I am to be a realist I must not indulge myself in the pastime of fooling myself about Europe.

"They did not pass!" speaks for the France of the four years' war which came to an end for the other Allies, except the Belgians, on November 11, 1918, but not for France, to whom Armistice Day was only Gettysburg preceding a long campaign in which Appomattox was yet to be won. The final victory of "They Shall Not Come Again" must follow the success of "They Did Not Pass." The symbol of this I saw in the Ruhr.

I rubbed my eyes. Yes, it was true. No mistaking the suppleness of the French soldier in his horizon blue. French infantry was marching through the streets of Essen. This was the great marvel to one who had been close to the war for four years.

French soldiers in Essen stand for the martial, the aggressive, the *folie de grandeur* complex ever interplaying in the French mind with the fear complex. Consider a Frenchman walking up and down in his study communing with himself about his country! His thoughts, or the unspoken voices which present them, will be something like this:

"France is as great as she ever was. I am a Frenchman, and a Frenchman is as good a man as he ever was. Napoleon! The sun of Austerlitz shines again! Destiny calls again! The German is down! I have won! France has won! France did it! Napoleon! Glory and power again!"

He is strutting a little. All patriots as seen by other nations seem to be strutting at times. He happens to glance into a mirror, and the reflection that he sees is Napoleon First, personification of martial spirit and success; but, gradually this fades and in its place

comes another figure, that of Napoleon Third, personification of military disaster as the penalty of a burst of *folie de grandeur*. The Frenchman winces, he shrugs, he protests, but, after all, he is a logician and realist.

"I am reminded that I did not do it alone," he continues. "That hurts. France, while her *poilus* fought, had to go begging, liberty cap in hand, for help. There are eighty million Germans over there beyond the Rhine and only forty million Frenchmen. What a terrible soldier that German was! What a barbarous brute! I know him. No one but myself really knows him.

"All the world to aid France, the France of Napoleon First! The German army on my soil, and the Allied soldiers in my houses! France a battleground, and a camp! But it was I who had to train these Allies, coddle them, endure them—to make soldiers of them. I led them. Mine was the brain. All for their sakes! Where would they have been but for me? I had to put up with the foibles of the Americans and the trickery of that monstrous Lloyd George.

"Now that the others are safe, they want to keep me down. How stupid they are! How short-sighted! If I am down, who will save them next time? I'll not go cap in hand again. I did win the war. I'll depend on nobody but myself. I can do it alone. I'll prove it. Verdun — Austerlitz — Destiny — Security!"—and Napoleon Third fades, and in his place comes the "Little Corporal," or more likely Foch.

Both the fear and the martial complexes point to the same goal. France may have scattered thoughts but not scattered plans. Other countries, in their "forget-the-war" moods, suffered from the disruption of the unifying process of the war and divided councils. Their leaders were beset by the clamor of contrary suggestions of all manner of selfish and sentimental interests in "shell-shock" irritation, which was fatal to the "better world" program of the idealists.

France, however, remembering the

war, and still at war, preserved her war unity—the product of fear, and glorified by her traditions—which sought a definite end through the operation of the old laws of force, of whose finality she had had such bitter taste. Her leaders had a definite mandate. They had only to reflect that governing instinct of a people which remained steady amid all the vacillations of political intrigue. Her soldiers, partly because of this and partly because they were French, returned to the work of peace without the reactions common to those of other countries, and, in the spirit to bear further sacrifices in order to win in the fresh campaign the security of which England was so sure after the war, and America even surer.

It was the ancient rule that when France was up Germany was down, and when Germany was up France was down. France determined to be up. The new little nations, which in response to fair play and to the theories of those who, perhaps, did not look deep into the human and economic causes of war, had been created in the name of "self-determination" were to be utilized, by appealing to their instinct of self-defense, to form a barrier around Germany through the grouping of new forces.

French councils must still be kept close as they were when Foch was moving a corps in Flanders and another in Champagne. As surely as all strategy in the days of the first campaign led to the breaking of the line, so all in the second must lead toward stretching the terms of the Versailles Treaty to the limit, to the complete disarmament of Germany, and to softening her to a state of helplessness which would make her powerless in the face of France's military strength.

France had had a great sifting, in civil life as well as in the army. The capable, or at least, the confident, had risen to power. Confidence under the spur of responsibility and success often brings capability. So we have strong



men like Poincaré and Millerand, and at their call a strong, well-knit organization.

Having had to summon all the world to her aid, France had developed her singular gift of appeal. The Frenchman listens politely, he flatters with a rare charm, he has the *savoir faire* of his race. "Poor France!" was a thing to be capitalized on the way to Appomattox as well as to Gettysburg. That is, it had become habit by iteration. The rapidity of reparations in the devastated regions was not to be the subject of outspoken pride as with the people of San Francisco after the earthquake and fire, but the devastated regions were to remain a picture of desolation to point the necessity of French policy, as they had been to strengthen the fighting spirit during the war.

French propaganda, which had had four years' training, carried on in all countries after the war. Foch's own visit to America and the visits of the other generals, were not due to individual impulse like the trips of our senators abroad, but to direction. Whether they or lesser men, both soldiers and civilians, returned from America or any other country, they gave out no sensational interviews; but what they had learned they imparted in French realism to that inner circle of a nation's council at the Elysée which canvassed every asset from Moscow and Smyrna to San Francisco, just, as in the war, it reckoned the strength of the Allied divisions against the enemy's in well considered prevision.

So it was that Clemenceau came to America just before the advance into the Ruhr to prepare us for its reception. Only the naïve could have supposed that the venerable "Tiger" made that winter trip for a holiday rather than to do his bit for "Poor France" which must have all possible sympathy in every direction until she should be able to "go it alone."

American sympathy was a direct check against Britain. Though British friendship must be retained as long as

possible, the eventual rift between the two nations was foreseen as inevitable. Their ways parted at the Armistice under the compulsion of their natural feelings and contrary interests, until today they have worked round to face each other across a broader gulf than has been between them since the days when Napoleon mobilized his army at Boulogne for the invasion of Britain.

This bitterness between the Allies of five years ago is no surprise to one who heard at times during the war the biting satire poured into the ears of a neutral confidant by these brothers-in-arms when public amity became so galling that they must relieve their private feelings. Nowhere is a Frenchman so French as against an English background and nowhere is an Englishman so English as against a French background, though they dwell on either side of that narrow Channel.

Strong races both in their contrasts, which are the product of centuries of tradition and breeding, they cannot change their natures in answer to a wave of the hand. Their wonted antipathy is finding a fuller expression after the enforced repression of having had to be frantically enthusiastic in mutual admiration for four years.

Their common victory was the very thing to estrange them. It left them rivals for power, thus recalling an ancient contest with its accustomed bickerings. If we are to believe that the old law of force is to prevail, then they will not come together again except at the call of mutual self-defense, though their public relations will blow hot and cold in response to the opportunism of statesmanship.

At the Washington Conference, which Britain welcomed, she sought to bring France into the open before world opinion as a militarist who was repeating the German error on much weaker assets. France's reply presented a Germany secretly arming and played upon the fear of German military prestige to which we are still habituated. Her hesi-

tation over the naval treaty did not represent naval ambition but a first line of defense and a diversion which would keep the world from concentrating on the strength of her army and her growing air force. Naval expansion was not in the Foch plan. He had a substitute.

Who should appreciate if not the French from their history—from Joan of Arc to Napoleon—that the political instinct of Britain is to rally the other nations of Europe against one that shows signs of predominance? Her command of the Channel had ever left her free to cut in on the Continent at any point she chose.

So France must have a check of force against Britain. Quietly and thoroughly under the eye of Foch, she began preparing it from the day of the Armistice, in that new arm, which we now know was only in its infancy in the late war.

The British had an idea of what was going on, but they reasoned in this way: "The world is too tired of fighting to permit another war for a quarter of a century, at least. Let France lead the way in military aircraft, if she will, and when the time comes we shall profit by her pioneering. Meanwhile, budget balancing and economic recovery are the order of the day."

In their turn the French reasoned: "The thrift, skill, and industry of our people will look after our economic recovery. Meanwhile, we must have a card to play against British interference with our plans for security."

The card was on the table the day of the French entry into the Ruhr in the form of the overwhelming French air squadrons which could fly over any number of British battleships in the Channel and drop a shower of bombs upon the British coast and vital points inland. No longer has France to build a navy as a check to British naval power while she maintains an immense army against Germany. She has a force in the air which she can throw in either direction. This means a revolutionary change in

Britain's tactical relation to the continent, which has existed since Cæsar saw that, if he were to include the Angles in his triumph, he must have boats.

It was a very different French army—an army fully conscious of the meaning of air power—which I saw in the Ruhr in comparison with the French army of the early days of the war, when heavily handicapped by pre-war corruption and bungling, it was fighting in the courage of desperation against German prestige and superior numbers. To-day it is a confident army, an army which has been fed upon the strong meat of success. There may be individual excesses, but, to my observation, it was going about the thankless task of military occupation quietly, firmly, and thoroughly in keeping with the Foch principle.

In that congested area of the Ruhr Valley of endless rows of workers' houses, of factories, furnaces, and mines, which are woven together by a network of canals and railroad sidings, the inhabitants, under their alien soldier shepherds, seemed a drab herd under gray skies, seeing one another as ghosts, as they passed by the statues of Bismarck and old Kaiser William. The grim irony of a people, who had been bred to "blood and iron," being the victims of "blood and iron" cankered in their minds; but I thought of them as dulling their sense of humiliation by solacing themselves that they were in a bad dream from which they must presently awaken. It could not really be true that they, the Germans, were under the domination of the trivial French and the inconsequential Belgians.

If a flame kindled in the breasts of all Germany's veterans, and they gathered in their multitudes to expel the invader, it would be to fight with bare hands against the well-equipped French army which possesses, in the Ruhr Valley, the source of German arms and munitions in a day when the power of weapons is so great, and their creation so complex, that never in all history have small numbers, armed, been so easily



able to impress their will upon unarmed masses.

The Ruhr could not send out its products except through a French cordon. The besieged without relief must always yield to the besiegers. Where might the Germans look for relief? Not in the unwelcome march of Bolshevism across German soil if their ragged battalions could overcome the Poles. America would hardly send an army against the French. World opinion? Partly it takes the French side. *It has no army.*

Britain could only write notes. She could not send her battleships up the Ruhr canals. Her prestige has suffered enormously in European councils, where respect for force still prevails, and France has gained enormously since her decisive venture with Belgium at her side.

The little nations lying between Russia and Germany now see that they have a mighty ally in France. They look up to the French army as the premier army of the world, as it indisputably is, the master of the once overpowering Prussian who had held them in a fear that was a habit until it was broken by the Ruhr occupation. The officers of the armies of the little nations turn as pupils to their French master; and from South America and the rest of the world military students come to sit in awe in the school of Foch, where their enthusiasm persuades them that the French all but won the war single-handed. A great thing, prestige.

Yet, those soldiers of France, in the presence of that vast congeries of Ruhr plants, which furnished the German troops guns and shells while France had to rely upon the resources of Britain and America to supplement her own production, have twinges of that old fear complex. In the eyes of the disciplined herds under the shadow of French bayonets there are gleams of the furnace fire of a hate which will serve the purpose of future war lords in building another army. The French know that they may expect no quarter in defeat. No success

succeeds like military success. A single battle may end military prestige which endures for the victor after a war until a war is lost.

To-day France is absolutely up and Germany absolutely down. Germany cannot recover martial initiative to any threatening extent for another generation or two, and if the Foch idea has its way, the French army will still be in the Ruhr, then, as its first line of French defense.

"We mean to be safe for thirty or forty years," I have heard Frenchmen say again and again. If you ask, "And after that?" the answer is, "You cannot look beyond that!" The Frenchman insists that he deals with facts which intimately affect his existence. We, in our distant security and detachment, may deal in dreams about the affairs of others which do not intimately concern us. To bring the French feeling home to us, suppose a foreigner said to you:

"They say the anthracite fields will be exhausted in another hundred years. Why isn't it your duty to use very little coal in your time so that the people two hundred years hence may have some?" Your answer is: "I'm not looking that far ahead. What I want is this winter's supply."

What the French want is security, now. You cannot shake their logic unless you can give positive guarantees that will take the place of force as a defense. Who is coming forward with guarantees?

Granted that France has Germany down—the banker now speaks—What of the costs of the French policy? The banker deals in collaterals—of proved value, or we should not ask his advice about investments for widows and orphans; when he begins to deal in possible values he becomes a broker and speculator. France has been speculating and brokering, taking a risk for a big prize. When she wanted money during her "second war" she borrowed it in the same way and in the same

spirit as all the combatant nations during the first war.

"We'll consider how we shall pay our debts when the war is won! The first thing is to win the war."

The French people have subscribed even more generously to the "second war" loans than to the first war loans. The nation has kept on increasing its enormous debt and not balancing its budget. Income taxes are high, but, ready as the Frenchman is to subscribe to loans, he will not fill out his returns with more than what he considers a justifiable percentage of his income, while public opinion will not permit the government to be inquisitorial.

Obviously, such continued borrowing can lead only to national bankruptcy. Contrary to the custom of concerns facing insolvency, the French are only too eager to admit that this is true. They are always volunteering that it is. "Bankrupt France!" is the monstrous goblin who supports the appeal of "Poor France!"

What is bankruptcy? It means that creditors compel a reckoning when you cannot meet your obligations. France's debt to us is small in comparison to her total internal debt of sixty billions of dollars. She owes Frenchmen this internal debt. When the creditor forecloses it will be on herself.

If the internal debt were repudiated, or scaled down, France would be no poorer in her plant, her soil, her skill and industry, which are the real wealth of a people. She would be richer in that many people who look forward to being leisurely *rentiers* on the income from their bonds would add their labors to the sum of industry.

Any government which tries such a drastic plan, with the readjustment it would entail, will save time by submitting its resignation with the proposal. If the interest payments and the reliability of our own government loans were dependent upon the Germans paying, Frenchmen say that we should better understand their own situation. French

internal bonds are very widely held. They represent more than double the sum of our own war bonds. A French premier is between Germany and French bondholders.

Bankruptcy can come to a nation only when it continues to pay out to other nations more than it receives, and continues losing gold and living on credit until its credit is exhausted. The French national gold reserve in metal and gold credits is about one billion and a half of dollars which is not all the gold France holds. Immense amounts of gold and silver coins have been privately hoarded out of circulation while the script, and alloy pieces in place of silver, which the traveler sees add to his conviction regarding the stricken financial condition of the country. There being no more metal to hoard, the peasants are now putting hundred-franc notes away in bottles at the same time that they continue to subscribe to government loans to keep up the payment of interest on the growing debt.

This is peculiar and very French, but a fact which the realist must accept along with other facts which may seem against reason. The peasants think that the paper francs will be worth par in gold when the Germans pay, which shows one kind of confidence, a kind which holds fast to the hoarded gold coins as an anchor to windward.

Is France gaining or losing gold? Answer, the packing cases marked "U.S.A." coming out of the devastated regions and the enormous exports of France which now practically balance her imports. Answer, too, all the hundreds of thousands of letters of credit issued annually on France. One dollar spent by an American in France must be checked off against our export of one bushel of wheat.

Thirty thousand Americans are now living in France and drawing their incomes from home. Ours are not the only tourists who increase the foreign throng on the boulevards, exhaust their funds in shops, in flying over French



roads in hired motor cars, and in a general burst of extravagance because they are "abroad." Some of us drink enough of the wine of France while in France to make up for what we miss at home.

Former soldiers of England, Canada, and America, taking with them their relatives, must go to France to see again the fields where they fought. Far away in Australia and New Zealand veterans are saving money to take them on a holiday in France. Visiting South Americans spend far more prodigally than ourselves. Large sums have been contributed to the aid of the devastated regions. All the other peoples from Egypt to the Baltic, excepting the Germans, join in the procession.

"See Paris though you go broke" has become an international motto. Paris is again the playground of the world, her prestige renewed by victory, her charm captivating us afresh. Americans who think that it is not the Paris of old are older themselves and come from a land which itself has had great increase of luxury and has attractive streets and shops of its own.

"These tourists," runs a Parisian saying, "start in at the big restaurants and end up at the cheap ones, holding fast to their return tickets as they spend their last *sou*."

Paris never knew better how to entice them to spend that last *sou*. Paris still dominates women's fashions. Her old leadership in the arts and crafts is returning, and we seem to look up to "Made in France" however much we talk "hundred per cent Americanism."

Altogether France is gaining gold at the rate of at least four or five hundred million dollars annually. Hold what views you will about titular bankruptcy, actual bankruptcy seems very remote. While Britain faced the winter with a million unemployed, France had twelve thousand. So largely self-sustaining in foodstuffs, her products so distinctively the product of the genius of her people, her prosperity, unlike England's, bears small relation to that of Germany ex-

cept in steel. She will be in the safest position of all rivals against the flood of cheap goods which must eventually come from Germany whose people, being unable to emigrate in numbers, will produce on the narrowest margin of costs in order that they may have work and live.

Even the low rate of exchange may have been a help rather than a handicap to French prosperity. It has meant that gold was spent by the tourist or buyer where it would get the most return and has also served the poverty appeal.

When France's military advantage in the Ruhr is politically confirmed—which means a favorable conclusion about reparation payments—and the revelation of her carefully planned, closely held policy is set with the seal of achievement, perhaps France will not dwell so much on her poverty.

It is absurd to suppose that the rift between Britain and France means war. Only in America, where we mistake European gestures for threats and we read so many alarms, is the thought of another cataclysm in the immediate future taken seriously in intelligent circles. The war-weariness, from which all Europe suffers, favors France in impressing her will, backed by her ready legions, upon Europe.

The Foch idea is to prevent war by the old methods which in the end provoke war. There is no further martial glory to be won by the greatest marshal of the greatest of wars. Far from Napoleonic is this elderly and lively gentleman who likes to go about in a jacket coat and Fedora hat, finding his second youth in the rejuvenation of France. He has shown that he has no political ambitions. He is an adviser to whom statecraft turns under the thrall of that prestige which carries weight in the councils of the little Allies who may be tempted into embarrassing military adventures. The inheritance which he would leave is a secure France as the keystone of the European political structure.

French statesmen take French responsibility in this respect very seriously. They see the France that fought to save civilization as the principal factor in preserving civilization and the continuity of democratic rule, while Russia has gone "mad," Italy has turned to a dictator, and the new little nations are trying to find their place in the restoration of equilibrium. Careful driving is required to keep many fractious steeds in harness. France is not so poor that she cannot lend money to the little Allies to tide them over difficulties, and she keeps close touch with their politics which she tries to direct to her purposes and to keeping the peace when she can profit only by peace.

Forty million French people have set themselves a heavy and delicate task in relation to the outnumbering hundreds of millions between the Rhine and the Urals. But they feel that it is their destiny, the destiny not only of race but of their culture which they must safeguard and spread. Not only are military students coming to France, but students of all kinds from every quarter of the earth.

It seems indisputable that France in respect to force has won that forty-years' security. This the French say themselves, though they talk to you about bankruptcy. France is justified in looking forward to another golden age. The danger is the *folie de grandeur* weakness, under the spell of the Napoleonic tradition, which may unbalance her judgment and again lead her to respond to the call of "*La Gloire*" when the voice of Foch is no longer heard in her military counsels.

If we must submit to the law of force, surely we should not prefer its apostle to be Ludendorff rather than Foch. Those who wanted "the better world" to arrive in a day and do not refuse a

slice because they cannot have the loaf may find much to cheer them in the human triumph of industry in the devastated regions and throughout Europe and in the contrast of a France in the days of Napoleonic fustian with the France of Foch and Poincaré and a Chamber of Deputies, undignified as it may seem at times, which is responsive to the people in the traditions of the Third Republic.

The pity to the American, who is "pro-humanity" rather than pro-British or pro-French, is that Britain and France, those two strong points in a troublous time, should be at cross purposes. So they were when Europe was advancing to her great era whose civilization and progress we inherit in common with the rest of the world.

Britain is still Britain, longheaded, patient. Europe is still Europe, especially west of Russia. She is not decaying, but recovering. There is no war in her territory now, and none in sight. Even Turkey has "signed up." America faces a lean, determined competition both in trade and intellectual progress which should enliven us with fresh incentive. This is a better foundation of wealth than sums owed us—sums which I think Europe, excepting Russia, will pay within twenty-five years.

At the end of that period, when France's gold reserve may exceed our own, and French peasants are digging into their stockings, as they were before the war, for subscriptions to the bond flotations of our industrial enterprises, we shall probably still be repeating "Poor France!" It will never do to say "Poor America!" Rich America is another of our habits which the American, who spends his last *sou* in Paris as he holds fast to his return ticket, is particularly insistent upon exhibiting.



# Northern Lights

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

IT was more or less by chance that I shipped out of New York to Shanghai on the *Elenor Dolchers*. After I was through college I was adrift, as so many young fellows are, wanting life and adventure and a career, and with existence so glittering and multitudinous that I was at a loss on which thing to put my hands. At this moment of indecision I stepped out of my well-ordered and pleasant life into the fo'c'stle of the big tramp barkentine which had called to my imagination by her antique and stately dignity as she lay alongside her mooring. I knew her to be one of an august and dying race. She was roomy, with a vast freeboard and an enormous house, on top of which sat a parrot which belonged to Mrs. Dolchers, the captain's wife.

I hadn't the other men fairly straightened in my mind when an English lad named Gedge who messed beside me called to me to come and see the fun.

"'E's got pluck, the little beggar, 'e 'as. But wite until Dummy gets 'is 'ands on 'im and 'e won't know it, not 'arf 'e won't."

A young chap sitting on the taffrail shrilled at Dummy, the fo'c'stle bully:

"Call me Vi'lets again, and if I don't croak you one way I'll croak you another!"

Dummy looked the boy over.

"You'll be mashed to a pulp with these two fists before you've time to do much croakin'." He spoke without emotion. It was a routine matter with him to beat his way to mastery of a crew.

The boy sat still, his head thrust forward malignantly, and said with venom:

"I tell you if you come near me you'd better say your prayers and *get Sails to sew you a white jacket*." For answer Dummy made for the boy in big strides.

I looked at the boy sitting on the taffrail, defying fate. I looked at Dummy, sauntering slowly toward the kid and I looked around at the crew. I think it was their grins that did it. They stood, waiting with unconcealed joy to see indignity and torture meted out to another creature.

It was as if something went snap in my brain. I was mad—fit to murder, "fit to be tied" as they say—I who had been brought up to the immemorial reserve of the well-raised New Englander. A sudden jet of murder had me by the throat. I stepped out clear of the crew and said to Dummy:

"Leave that kid alone."

At that he brought up short with an "Ugh?" of bewilderment, for though I was tall and heavy built, my straw-colored hair and blue eyes must have given me the look of an easy-going lad who wouldn't say boo to a goose. Dummy's fist shot out at me and then all the age-old joy and fury of combat that my youth had been denied burst out. I think it was the sheer surprise of my onslaught which undermined him—the glorious, hot, rushing anger in me cutting loose from all the nice—"thou shalt nots" by which I had been raised that gave the victory to me.

The end of it was my coming to, standing over Dummy, a changed person, some way initiated into life. The furious pleasure I had taken in his punishing gone, sickness surged from my very toes at the sight of him lying there with his limp, broken wrist, feeling my

own punishment for the first time, then leaning over the side of the ship, sick as a pup. Some of the crew came up and helped me down the companionway, congratulatory and obsequious. I had given them a good time. I had licked Dummy. I had assumed the onerous leadership of the fo'c'stle which I neither desired nor knew what to do with, and I was so sick with the aftermath of anger and punishment that I wanted to die.

But there was no time to think of the supremacy of the fo'c'stle, for a gale struck us and followed us to Hatteras, blew up again and hounded us south below Tampa. There was no rest for us and no peace in that reeling, watery world. Struggling aloft, I would sometimes catch a glimpse of Mrs. Dolchers. Except in the worst of weathers, there she would sit calmly reading in the enormous deck-house, a picture of homely domesticity, apparently unconscious of the frantic madness of the elements, the parrot beside her slanted at an angle of forty-five degrees. She would remain serene, unruffled, not a hair out of place, as though she traveled on a magic carpet of eminent goodness. My fantastic imagination would picture her going down into hell, only to take out her hemstitching and her little gold thimble.

There was something extraordinarily reassuring and comforting about this frail domestic lady. To this day I think she had no knowledge of the dangers which we ran. She put a curtain between herself and the wallowing thing on which we made our precarious way. At other times she seemed to me like a fish in an aquarium, unrelated to the life about her, deaf to the screeching of the winds, deaf to the appalling and magnificent madness of the waves, which would, with their heft of churning water, rack us again and again while the vessel shuddered and plunged, a stricken thing.

Meantime Dummy lay groaning in his bunk with his broken wrist, while the mate, Mr. Nolan, attended him when

the setting was shaken out of place, cursing him roundly.

"Call yourself a man, you do! Bully—that's what you are! I wouldn't 'a cared a Gor'damn snap of my fingers if you had got your silly head knocked in. We run into this here gale and you get yourself laid up an' a kid doing your work aloft. Me signin' you on again, *me!* Gor'damn your stinkin' soul for a bag o' wind!"

Mr. Nolan would leave the fo'c'stle, red in the face with fury at the spectacle of a seaman lying disabled when men were needed aloft. He would even turn in the companionway before disappearing like a marine jack-in-the-box to shout vindictively at Dummy, who lay, a crushed Samson.

Below Tampa the storm left us. A fair wind took us in her sweet and soft embrace. We sped along the wide and jeweled immensity of tropic seas as though we had never known cold and fatigue beyond bearing, and danger and the misery that the sea can inflict on man, day after day.

Mrs. Dolchers came up on deck and began dressmaking, of all things, sewing upon sprigged muslins. She had some plants with her that she had somehow managed to cherish throughout the madness of the storm, and these now lined the deck-house. A fantastic sight—that woman sitting with her indestructible femininity which was stronger than the mountainous tons of water that had descended upon us, or the shrieking winds, or the constant menace of death. It looked a thing so frail that one would think anything might explode its substance utterly. Yet she sat there, stitching as though existing in another world, a sight both disturbing and comforting.

One day I was sunning myself and marveling at Mrs. Dolchers, when Mr. Nolan came pelting over the deck toward the fo'c'stle, leaving a stream of rich steaming oaths in his wake like an oil-burning cruiser. As if by magic, every man of us excepting the captain and the man at the wheel disappeared



down the companionway like a family of gophers down a hole, and I, sucked below on the current of curiosity, found the boy struggling to loose himself from Mr. Nolan's grasp.

"The sneaking skunk!" the boy was screaming at Dummy. "The low-lived bully sneaking up on me! God, I'll cut his heart out!"

Around them the crew were standing roaring with laughter, holding their sides, alive with deviltry, pushed by some untoward happening to the uttermost limits of mischief. As I came in Gedge was slapping his thigh, and called to me:

"Hi, Sandy! 'E's a girl, blimme! Ya' lidy frien's a girl!" Then sharp as the report of a pistol came Mr. Nolan's voice:

"The next man peeps I'll attend to him! Young lady, you walk aft!"

Her head up, not casting a look at any of the men, supercilious, in some inscrutable way still master of the whole situation, even of the furious Mr. Nolan who kept by her muttering under his breath, "Here's a fine go for you! Here's a pretty pickle of fish!" The girl walked tranquilly aft and disappeared into Mrs. Dolchers's stateroom.

We saw her the next day transformed, removed from us by such a stellar space that there was not a snicker among the crew. She was walking with Mrs. Dolchers, clad in one of the feathery dresses on which this lady had been sewing. Never have I seen any woman walk as she did, with the sure grace of a wild creature. Never have I seen eyes that looked at the eyes of the world with such fearlessness. She was unmindful of us, as though she had not gone through death and destruction with us, as though she had not reefed down sails with us, slept in the fo'c'stle, messed with us, been knocked about by us, been one of us, joined in our loud talk. It was incredible.

It was her sheer loveliness, I think, that killed in us the possibility of ribald comment. You do not joke when you

find an angel disguised has been messing with you. She walked the deck with Mrs. Dolchers's arm slipped through hers as unconcerned as though she were the ship's owner. Apparently, with her sea clothes, her former life had slipped from her like a garment.

This went on for nearly a week. We had become accustomed to it—reconciled to the miracle. We had almost stopped our speculation as to why she had ventured herself on the hardships and imminent perils through which we had seen her go.

One day she disappeared. Mrs. Dolchers, for the first time worn and worried, came on deck alone. She made two or three short nervous turns and went below. She reappeared with her sewing and sat down with an air of despondency that one could not have believed of her. Meantime the parrot, an acrobatic ancient bird, shrieked and talked incessantly above her head, imitating the screech of a bos'n's whistle in a way that would start you in your bunk.

The second day Mrs. Dolchers again came up alone, her sweet mouth set in a firm line. Small furrows of worry had plowed the smooth expanse of her forehead impregnable to the storms bearing the menace of death on their dark wings.

There were three days more of this, Mrs. Dolchers sitting there more and more quiet, as though being subjected to some awful freezing process; Captain Dolchers, the man of no nerves, pacing the quarterdeck with staccato strides, going up from time to time to confer with Mrs. Dolchers, and she, white lipped, refusing him this comfort for the first time in his life.

As for Mr. Nolan, he was not to have or to hold. He would descend upon the fo'c'stle, devastating as a desert wind, apparently seeking a pretext to murder some one. So there we were, a floating microcosm on the wide illimitable immensity of the tropic sea, a fair trade blowing us along like a tiny white-winged insect, immeasurable space stretched out from the horizon to the

zenith above us: in the heart of us something that scorched and burned, something that denied rest to every one of us.

What had happened to her? That was what we all wanted to know. In some way the simple solution that she might be ill never occurred to us. Instead, it seemed as though some sinister abomination was going on in that secluded cabin. It was as though some silent conflict was tearing our nerves apart, as though by some extra sense we detected torture, smelt the slowly grilling flesh of the victim. On the other hand, it was impossible to doubt either the kindness of Captain Dolchers or the uprightness of Nolan.

We writhed under the uncertainty of it. We reviewed it. We would remember her walking with Mrs. Dolchers, strong, exquisite, with that swift, free way of hers. Now suddenly she was no more, and Mrs. Dolchers sat there making a pretense of reading. It was beyond endurance.

I was sitting on deck one night when Gedge came up to me. The tropic moon hung full and luscious over the water, and dimmed the phosphorescence of the luminous, shining trail we cut. Gedge squatted beside me.

"H've found hout," he communicated in a voice lower than a whisper, for sibilant whispers carry, and he spoke as noiselessly as a convict under the eyes of a guard, for far off we could see the Old Man on his nervous prowling up and down the quarterdeck, and Mrs. Dolchers on her accustomed seat in the tropic moonlight, a white flower relaxed and weary, as though the moon rays had wilted her.

"'Unger-strikin'—that's w'at she is," Gedge went on in his convict mutter, "been 'unger-strikin' these 'ight days! Woimed my way like a Malay learned me 'round the side of that blarsted 'ouse near w're Mrs. Dolchers was talkin' with Mr. Nolan. Says she signed on as seaman an' ain't agoin' to be no loidy passenger." He communicated his information with determined secrecy as

though an enemy were close at hand. He left me then, undoubtedly to spread his news, for by the next day it was through the fo'c'stle.

We were full of nerves already, ready to fly at one another's throats at infinitesimal causes. The usual fo'c'stle card game had become a riot. And now the certainty was worse than our suspicions. It put something up to us. That cruel and preposterous thing could not go on. She could not die of a hunger strike. While the thought of her return to us was an outrage upon our manhood which we could not endure, we were now within the circle of comradeship of the gnawing anxiety of Mr. Nolan and Mr. and Mrs. Dolchers.

From the first we had a horrid presentiment that she would win, that flesh and blood could not hold out against the spectacle of her crucifixion—and then would come the insult upon our integrity, after the integrity of Mr. and Mrs. Dolchers had been fed to the sharks.

It was the tenth day, I think, that, white and tremulous, she emerged, dressed in sailors' clothes. Her blue eyes gleamed out enormous from the emaciated pallor of her face. She ignored the aid that Mr. Nolan would have given her and weakly marched down to the fo'c'stle. We sat around the table that day enormously embarrassed. No one knew what to say or do. She neither spoke to us nor noticed us, ate sparingly, and lay down then in the shade of the after-hatch, immensely weary and spent with conflict. Toward the end of the forenoon I could stand it no longer, and, trying to put a cheerful note into my "Feeling better?" I sat down in the shade beside her.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said. "This is just the beginning. I didn't suppose it was going to be easy." At that large tears welled from her eyes, the weakness of exhaustion, I knew. She let them fall, hardened herself, and explained to me that she was getting ready for the next step of the battle.



It was a hard one, that next step. We did not want her in the fo'c'stle. It was an impossible situation, even though nights she had the decency to sleep in the cabin. We stood together like an expulsive force, an invincible combination that was ever pushing her away. But there she was, taking her watch, doing her work, knowing by a hair's breadth how we hated her presence, going through it head-down, suffering doggedly, like a sick man walking through a storm that will overwhelm him if he doesn't make shelter.

Shelter for her was, of course, our tolerance. Some way the spectacle of her mute gallantry undermined us. If she had explained once, if she had got angry, we should have been as merciless as a pack of dogs. Even now I do not know the steps of her victory over us, first our coveted tolerance, and later our liking, until after a while the fo'c'stle was almost what it had been before it was subjected to her devastating and unwanted presence.

During all this time I was conscious of a double role. I felt as the men felt. I writhed with them. I capitulated with them. I almost forgot with them, but she was mine from the very first by right of victory.

She had opened the house of life for me. I had fought for her. I was assailed by innumerable curiosities concerning her. What had she fled from? Why was she here? What did she want? And why did she return to us rather than remain comfortable and lovely with Mrs. Dolchers? By that time I had a speaking acquaintance with the captain's wife. On the pretext of going on some errand I would stand and talk with her. I never knew a sweeter woman—one who made you think of the soft smell of roses. But concerning Aura she was made of harder stuff than one would have supposed.

"Why, Sandy, a girl can't go on dreaming a romantic dream of this sort. It's one thing for a girl to go aloft on her father's vessel and under his protec-

tion, and another to sail the high seas alone like this," she cried.

"How are you going to stop her?" I asked.

"There's only one way," said Mrs. Dolchers gently, her eyes seeking the soft horizon on which was painted the sudden mirage of a distant island. As if I did not know the way! As if I had not thought of it ever since I had seen Aura Dorn walking aft before Mr. Nolan, red staining her cheeks, her head high, a shaky uncertain flame behind the blue of her eyes.

I knew it the more since our spirits flowed out together, Aura's and mine, as water runs down hill. We spent hours together, lying on the deck looking up at the exorbitant tropic moon or leaning over the taffrail watching our incandescent path through the waters. In these times she told me her story—of adventures in far countries, of voyages taken, and of her indomitable purpose to overcome the accident of birth which made her a girl.

But she could not tell her story to me in its completeness. Later I filled in the details when I went back to Dennisport. What they thought of her there is summed up in Aunt Polly Hendricks' name for her: "Old Dorn's Hell Cat" she called Aura from the moment when Old Dorn himself came to his last anchorage in Dennisport and left as a unique legacy his daughter to be cared for and brought up by a flock of decent, God-fearing Cape Codders.

They knew, the whole lot of them, that trouble was brewing for them the first moment that they looked at Aura with her sullen and defiant magnificence, her dark head with its clipped hair. What she was defying was death and sorrow—defying life to get its teeth in her, a hard thing for a young girl to do in the face of grief and loss. For the going of Dorn's vessel and the going of Old Dorn himself had meant the going of all her life.

There she was, spewed up, you might

say, by the sea itself, a wild sea bird on a coast inhospitable enough, since it is glutted with sea wreckage, since there is an unending fight between the dwellers of the long peninsula and the might and fury of the sea for life itself, without the people who live in the low-lying gray houses being bothered with queer girls who have been brought up on the high seas.

Aurora Borealis Dorn—no one would think of giving a child that name short of a woman crazy enough to bear her baby in a hurricane off the Horn. There isn't a man along the creeping gray coast with its sudden flashes of cruel, magnificent dunes that wouldn't tell you that women ought to stay off the sea, especially off sailing vessels, and of all the women who should stay ashore, certainly those should who are going to bear children.

Of course, to fit the decencies, Rosalba Dorn and her baby should have died, with no doctor aboard the vessel struggling like a blind, crazy horse, or plunging her nose so far under that it looked to everyone that she was going to make her final dive. The legend is that Rosalba washed and dressed the baby herself, all hands being occupied by the hurricane, and the baby lived and thrived. As for Rosalba, she died ashore some six years later while she was visiting her sister in New Bedford. After that Aura Dorn sailed the high seas on the *Golden Rose*, her father's vessel, up to the time when the vessel was lost off outer Hurricane Bar in the Big Gale, and Aura was blown in, to the harbor of Dennisport, hiding the ache of her heart under the garment of her arrogance, and putting this thing and that thing between her and the realization that the sea had swept her old life away.

That she did not shed tears for her father was no disgrace to her—not on the Cape. Women down there have looked the death of those they love in the face so often that when it comes there are enough of them who meet it dry eyed. But they did not think it fit-

ting of her, with her father just dead, to go out so often in M'nuel Souza's motor dory. Motors delighted her. They were one of the things that she was putting between herself and her father's death.

Folks thought it less fitting when later she went out with young Dave Carvon. She went out with him every day while Pauline Carvon cried her eyes out in her cool lonely room, which, of course, she had no business to do, since she had already divorced Carvon. All the same, it seemed to Pauline Carvon a final anguish to see the two of them with the sea wind blowing in their hair, making for his boat in the face of all Dennisport. And Pauline was glad enough, as was Aunt Polly Hendricks and many another, when one day they came back angry at each other, angry so that they would not speak, angry so that hell fire burned in the eyes of Aura if she met him going head-down, like a bull going to butt something, when he passed her on the boardwalk.

Aura didn't put her head down. She looked straight through Dave, would not have known that he was there, would not have known that he existed, except for that glittering flame behind the living blue of her big eyes.

Maybe it was because of this Dave Carvon started out to Yarmouth in weather in which no one should have tried to round the Point. It was by a trick of chance that Aura was out there in that gale—pure deviltry, according to Aunt Polly Hendricks, that a girl could see weather like that making and for the fun of it, mind you, take a man's boat that didn't belong to her and deliberately go out with a storm brewing that brought everything on the wide Atlantic scuttling to harbor. A legend grew up about Aura's going out in that cockleshell of a motor boat of M'nuel Souza's that day. Everyone in town saw her.

Dennisport stretches serpent-wise along a twisted line of coast, and forever the eyes of man and woman are turned out toward the sea by which they live.





*Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover*

"GOOD-BY," SHE SAID, "I HAVE TO DO IT! I HAVE TO GO!"

and through which they so often die. So up and down the town it was:

"Land sakes, what's that—some one goin' out?"

The sea had become a vast proscenium and the whole town a theater whose audience watched Aura Dorn's boat on its perilous cruise, and the audience united in their disapproval of a girl who made a plaything of death, as if the sea didn't give one chances enough to drown without encouraging it.

But I, who knew Aura Dorn, knew that she was not doing that. She was out in M'nuel Souza's boat that day trying herself out, matching her strength with the terror of the sea, finding out in the test of danger who she was, acquainting herself with the mastery of man and motor against wind and water, taking a chance, true enough, taking it with a quiet, willful deliberation, since it was necessary for her to know these things about herself and about danger. She was seeking the fruits of experience that day while the town gaped out at her with its disapproving:

"Well, look at Old Dorn's girl again!"

But the eyes of youth turned on her with applause and envy, knowing that they too must temper themselves to life or else go under. I know that many a girl who spoke ill of Aura Dorn that afternoon had looked at her adventuring out over the dark water as one looks at a wayfarer bound to the Promised Land.

When Dave Carvon started on his blind rush to Yarmouth he knew nothing about Aura's perilous enterprise. The watchers along the waterfront saw him too, and named him mad as a coot to be going out. John Doremus who sailed with him refused him flat, so Dave Carvon went off short-handed, in a towering rage, damning the soul of John Doremus to hell for not wanting to make a suicide of himself and a widow of his wife at Carvon's bidding. But Carvon was like that. He had a temper like a black hurricane when he was crossed, and he was outward-bound that

day, carried on the winds of his own fury against Aura.

The watching town had a second act, to their drama which was being played against the background of a mighty storm. None who could get up from their bed to watch the harbor but saw that something had happened to Dave Carvon's boat and that it was wallowing in the trough of the sea. Who knows through what misstep he had been thrown and wounded? But there he was helpless, sure to founder, and there was Aura Dorn in M'nuel Souza's boat making for him. The seas were running so high that people were betting she couldn't board him and that it meant death for both of them—but the only thing it meant death for was the boat Aura was steering. She abandoned it to the storm's fury as though it was a peanut-shell, took Dave's wheel and brought him in. When they got him ashore they brought him to the house nearest the wharf, which was Aunt Polly Hendricks', and sent for the doctor, the troop of people crowding in behind the men that carried him and Aura Dorn.

It was right there before them all that Dave Carvon asked Aura to marry him, his face like a white blot against the sofa, the blood dripping down his arm and his voice hardly louder than a whisper—the very hand of death squeezing the words out of him as if he were afraid he might go sprawling down the gulf of death before he had time to tell Aura that he loved her and wanted her for his wife.

From what they tell me, it seems that Aura stood there white as he. The story goes that people in the room drew away from them and left them for a matter of seconds in a sort of sacred isolation, Dave Carvon fighting consciousness and speaking out his heart to Aura Dorn, who stood there in front of him, tall and grave and yet with big tears in her eyes.

Temptation walked by Aura Dorn's side that day, for she loved Dave Carvon and she had snatched him from death, and the shadow of death was very near him yet. So the announcement of



her purpose was like a confession of faith. She made it to him and made it to the whole town and she was whiter than Carvon when she told him:

*"I'm not going to be any man's wife! I'm going to be master of my own vessel."*

There was a silence in the room, unnatural like the quiet before storms break. Then Dave Carvon lifted his head ever so little and said:

*"Good for you, Aura Dorn!"*

Through the listening people came a whispering buzz of talk that didn't stop until the whole town was filled with the noise of clicking tongues, so that one would suppose that castanets were playing.

There is a place where endurance ends, and Carvon's face and his gallant, "Good for you, Aura Dorn!" which meant his understanding of her, was the danger signal for her. It must have sounded in her heart, from what I know of her, like a bell on a sunken reef.

The story of her in Dennisport ends there, stark and abrupt, the two of them facing each other and the town buzzing and clacking its accompaniment of their drama.

And now after her running away from them and from love, Fate had spun the wheel again and Aura Dorn was a girl once more, walking the deck with Mrs. Dolchers. After one of their long talks Aura would go away, eyes fixed as if she had been breathing some subtle narcotic.

These were the times when she would be especially close to me. Lying there on deck in the evening, I would have the illusion that has never come to me since of another human spirit intermingling itself with mine, instead of being isolated from all other creatures.

It was a curious irony that I should feel this more when she would talk to me about the work she wanted to do. A ridiculous ambition as one writes it down, but Aura was no more to be laughed at than Joan of Arc when she desired to save France. She would sit

there in the moonlight, head thrown back, looking like a strong and gallant boy, indefinably pure, for a second purged of the imperfection of both man and woman—independent of man, yielding, too, and infinitely desirable. I remember her saying:

"You see, Sandy, I want life whole like this." She cupped her hands as if she held in their mystic circle the apple of life.

"Some people get only the peeling and the core," I reminded her.

"Oh," she cried in that impatient way of hers, "there are lots of people who live on crumbs and dregs, but not I—not I! At most, women have half of life. I want my own life whole. A small thing, isn't it, to want to be master of a vessel? As many men can be masters of vessels as there are ships on the sea. And I want the rest, too." And she let her voice trail off.

"The rest?" I asked, without daring to seek her eyes.

"Yes," she answered with sudden firmness, mingled with a touch of her defiant pride as though she was daring fate again, "the rest of it—love, home, children if I wish."

Then without knowing how it happened, I had her in my arms. I had planned nothing like this, nor she. The wall that divides human beings one from another was shattered and we two were merged in each other. For the week that lay between this moment and our landfall she was mine completely. She was off her guard with me. I disarmed her. During the week of happiness I scarcely dared to look at my shadow for fear of breaking the spell. I was afraid of a sympathetic glance from Mrs. Dolchers or a word from one of the men.

The high perfection of these few hours was like a pale iridescence one finds in the zenith in the south when the sky overhead holds such an exquisite pallor that it seems that a breath will send the whole heavens blowing through the spaces of eternity.

We went ashore at Shanghai, Aura

and I, in the captain's boat with Mrs. Dolchers, Aura dressed in sheer organdie, a bride ready for her bridal wreath.

And there, standing straight, his arms crossed as though he had been waiting for days and would wait for eternity, was Dave Carvon. She stood a moment looking, her eyes sought mine for a fraction of a second, and it was as if she shook from her some lovely enchantment, and she ran to him crying:

"Oh, save me, save me! See *him*—" she pointed at me, "*and her!*" Her voice broke in horror. "They want to put me inside a cage!" Mrs. Dolchers followed her.

"Why, Aura!" she cried. "Why, my little girl, what ails you?"

Aura turned to me, unmindful of anything but her own distress, and flinging her arms round me. Drops of sweat stood out on Aura's white forehead and on her short upper lip when she left me for Dave Carvon. For a moment she searched my eyes without speaking as though begging me to understand.

"Good-by," she said, "I have to do it! I have to go!"

We stood there dazed, Captain Dolchers, Mrs. Dolchers, and I, for you understand we had been going to the embassy for proper papers for ourselves and then to find the English minister. We were a wedding party.

At that moment, of course, there was nothing for me but grief and loss. It seemed to me that I was gutted of all desire of life, slit up, rendered useless at the suddenness of this incredible loss.

It was long before I understood that the sense of protection, the desire for security, must have meant for Aura Dorn the lust for some lovely and fatal opiate.

The blood of a thousand women clamored in her veins for this security. The heart of her cried aloud for love and home and children, but there was something more potent in her than this immemorial desire. A chance seed blown from the mouth of the sea wind had taken root in her and had grown

mightily. It had become her substance. This was the essence of her being. Destroy it, and you destroyed her. I, and what I had to offer her, meant death, and she knew it. At the very root of her were the old desires nagging and gnawing her, ready to devour the strong tree of her life. There have been a few women in history whose love of art or accomplishment or power has been stronger than the age-old lust for peace, security, and the deeper lust for something weaker than herself to protect.

For a moment I had held her in my hands, this bright tameless thing, whose courage flew so high, kin to Joan of Arc, kin to the women down the ages whose names are written into the history of the race, kin also to the innumerable anonymous women who have made the same gallant attempt to have life whole and who have gone down to defeat. With all the passion that was in me I desired with my love to defeat her purposes; and now she had turned herself from me and had left me, I felt not a wounded thing, but something that was a wound itself.

The haze that mercifully blurs the memory of torture shut out the details of the next few months. I know that I raged through Shanghai, a soul demented, and that hidden violence whose existence within me I had not suspected was churned to the surface of my being.

But Aura was gone, engulfed by the seas' immensities.

One thing I had found out was that Carvon had been waiting for her, and soon enough I learned that search for her was a useless thing. So in the end of my quest I landed in Dennisport and there I learned that Dave Carvon had started in pursuit of Aura Dorn when by rights he should have been in the hospital. There was some kinship between them which I could not share, for he guessed that she would ship as a boy. The details of how he found out that she had sailed on that ancient barkentine, I do not know. Anyway, it was by no



chance that he was waiting for us in Shanghai.

I had plenty of time to think things out during the months of tumultuous search, plenty of time to review each event after I had given up hoping and resumed the business of living again, which took me as far as one can trace a line across the world from where I was born. Not wanting anything from life, life was bountiful of material advantages.

News came of the finding of an important fishery on one of the smaller islands, and I was sent down ostensibly to start a trading station, but really to make friends with the natives. A place exquisite, lovely, floating between sea and sky. According to our plans, I was to stay several weeks alone in the trader's house while the rest of the expedition went out quietly to find out the value of the fishing ground. We were off the line of traffic. No sail crossed the horizon. No packet called on us. Here was solitude absolute. The whole thing as I look back on it seems like some phantasmal picture thrown across the screen, even to the detail of the flower-decked copper-colored women and the ceremony of welcome in the chief's house.

I lived outside the circle of reality instead of in a real world, while life held its breath. It seemed part of the phantasm of existence to see a vessel making for us, a smart barkentine, built in northern waters. Maine might have fathered her. The Elephant of Siam flew at her mast-head. Dusk was coming on before they cast anchor in the water of the atoll, and I, as I walked to the landing to meet them, saw a man slung over the side in a hammock by the native sailors.

Two other men, first and second mate I supposed, descended the companion-way rapidly. The mate looked like a strong fellow, slender but rather too elegant a build for my taste. The second mate was the sort of man you might see in any port, a man who followed the sea

throughout the days of his existence, cursing it and cursing the men he drove, brutalizing them and brutalizing himself in the ports of the world, an ordinary hard character without intelligence, but through large experience an efficient seaman. He was inclined to conversation and told me, before the sick captain had been fairly settled in the launch, that he and the mate had brought the *Menang* through the straits in some particularly nasty weather, and that the captain had been taken with the fever a few days out of the island of Tahau. I bent over the sick man, who was spent with the effort of getting over the side, listening to the second mate's importunate:

"He's pretty bad, sir, don't you think? A goner, I take it." The man spoke as though the master was already so far on the other side that there was no possibility of the sound of human speech reaching him. I looked down at the man lying there, inert, unconscious.

Then suddenly I lifted my head to find myself looking into the face of Aura Dorn, who stared back at me with the incredulity of an unbeliever confronted by an indubitable ghost. Her eyes stared out at me, enormous, and in her look, in the gesture of negation of her hand, I knew that she had given up the hope of Dave Carvon's life. Fever had burned him out and candles of death were ready for lighting at his head and feet.

We put him to bed in one of the spare rooms of my house, and Aura went in with him. I could hear, as if from very far off, an occasional murmur of their voices as though they were speaking intimately to each other but yet across wide distances. The second mate and I had dinner together in almost complete silence, the mate contributing from time to time as cheerful table talk:

"He's a goner, the cap'n is—that's a cinch. A goner, he is, a fine master of a vessel!" as he looked at me speculatively, with his little pig eyes.

His atmosphere of commonplace debauchery was curiously nerve-racking,

with that murmur in the next room, Carvon dying, Aura accompanying him as far as she could through the dark doorway.

In the one look that I had had of her I had glimpsed how much she had been tempered to life. She was brown and strong, but before me came the disturbing memory of her as she was in the dress that should have been her bridal dress. Well, she had done it, I reflected. Here she was, first mate of a vessel, with a pilot's license, no doubt, and on her way to be master—and then I was ashamed of myself for thinking about her at all with Dave Carvon's soul struggling to go.

From the first there was no hope for him. The second mate and Aura and I would sit at meals, Aura and I making no pretense of talking while the mate filled the empty air with chatter. It's a hard thing to watch the life of a man ebb out drop by drop. I could watch Aura growing thin under it, but tempered too, like a sword with too sharp a cutting edge, as though his going was urging her on to some impossible effort.

There would be queer ghastly interludes when there were things astir whose meaning I couldn't grasp. I remember one ignominious evening when Aura caught the mate with his speculative gaze on her and stared him down until an unexpected fit of nervousness struck him and he rushed out into the night and Aura lay back in her chair, spent as with some inhumanly difficult effort.

Carvon was dead at last. He had been dead since a moment before dawn. Now it was two o'clock. The bungalow was enveloped in that enchanted silence which heat brings in the tropics. In the house there was no sound anywhere, and yet I was filled with a discomfort as though there was a noise louder than thunder in my ears. There was death in the house and something else sinister and menacing, on whose meaning I could not put my hand. The silence of the house was enveloped in a web of sound of insects and birds intermingled

with the beat of the surf. Together, they fenced in the silence of the house completely from the substance of life.

Into this quiet, in which day seemed to me to have a density that was like the darkness of midnight, there resounded the sudden crash of a single revolver shot. I bounded to my feet, tearing the netting of my bed as I went into the living room, and found Aura standing over the mate, who had fallen face forward on the floor.

For a matter of seconds we faced each other, while before me moved the whole passage of the drama of which I had been a silent and ignorant spectator. I do not think we spoke as we took him up and put him on his bed. I saw that she was shaking as though with an ague. After what seemed hours I asked:

"How long have you known about it?"

"I haven't known. I wasn't sure—not until he made for me—not absolutely, though it's been in the back of my head ever since Dave was taken sick, ever since we sailed. He guessed and I felt he guessed, and I felt he was—waiting."

Together we carried the mate into his room.

"Come," I said, and she followed me unresistingly, unresisting, she drank what I poured for her, her hand moving like a somnambulist's.

"For God's sake," I broke out, "why didn't you tell me, Aura? Why didn't you warn me?"

She made a faint gesture which expressed the whole story of her life, her weariness, and her struggle, a gesture which seemed to say:

"Tell you what would have given you some claim on me? Tell you what would be the first step in the recognition of my love—for you, Sandy, are the world and goodness, and security and home and love." I could not bear it. It was beyond endurance of flesh and blood.

"Aura," I cried out, "why do you have to go on? Why must you? That —" and I made a gesture toward the



room where the dead mate lay—"is going to be lying in wait for you always."

She nodded. It seemed as though the silence of eternities drifted between us before she broke it to say:

"Worse things, too, Sandy."

I echoed stupidly: "Worse things?" and then I realized that my hands, to occupy themselves, had been cleaning her gun and loading it again. I passed it to her and she put it in its holster, moving like a mechanical doll.

"You," she said in a firmer tone, "always calling to me, always speaking to me about rest and about peace and about my own foolishness, undermining me so what I'm trying to do will have no worth."

"But for God's sake," I cried, "you can be helped, can't you? Carvon helped you. You needn't have been pushed to this."

"I've got to take the vessel out, haven't I?" she answered. "It's my responsibility. I couldn't take it with the mate along; I had to wait until I knew." She smiled at me with the same loveliness as when, years before on that ancient barkentine, she had said she would marry me. "It was my business. You're mixed up with the other side of life that I've snatched at now and then. Oh, I know how sweet it is. In between voyages Dave and I would play at it in Paris. Then for a few days I would be a woman, dressed in sweet, soft clothes, keeping house, being taken care of like other women. What loveliness!" Tears rolled down her face, though she looked at me with a face as unlined as that of a young boy. It was unbearable. Death everywhere and the flies buzzing and Aura Dorn telling me the story of the moments she had snatched from life when she had "lived whole," I suppose she would have said.

The afternoon had come to an end. Outside I could hear the padding of the two Chinese boys. Aura raised her head to listen.

"I'd better take her out while there's daylight," she said. She went to the

door and whistled shrilly. Like a shadow, the Malay bos'n rose from the place where he had been waiting. "We go out on the tide," I heard Aura tell him, her voice coming to me as if from a distance.

She went into the room where Dave Carvon lay, and stood for a long time looking at him dry eyed, I standing beside her rolling over in my mind what destiny might hold for her. The immemorial need for security might poison her at last and she might live with some man the life of all women, or the violence of the sea which had taken Old Dorn might overwhelm her, and there were other alternatives of which I dared not think.

She finished her watch beside Carvon, and as though waking from sleep, walked firmly into the other room. At the door she paused to look at him again. "He's the only one who ever tried to help me," she said as though speaking to herself. For a second she stood there, an anonymous crusader, infinitely solitary.

"I'm going now," she told me, and put her arms round my neck and kissed me.

I stood a moment, dazed as a man walking in his sleep, watching her as she made her way toward the landing. Then, involuntarily, I called to her:

"Good for you, Aura Dorn!" The words dragged from me by the sheer insane gallantry of her. With hope dying, I dipped my colors to her courage as Carvon had dipped his when he himself was dying for all he knew.

At that she stopped short and turned toward me, peering at me as though unbelieving what she had heard. So we stood facing each other a moment, looking at what had happened between us; for I, who had meant peril to her life, was ranged now alongside of her. I knew that Aura Dorn, with her master's license, captain of a vessel, dressed as she wished to be in a woman's skirt as a sign that she was sure of herself and invulnerable, would come back to me—since for her victory was to have life whole.

# The Happy Isles

A NOVEL—PART IX

BY BASIL KING

Author of *The Inner Shrine*, *The Wild Olive*, etc.

## XLIII

ON the part of Philip and Sunshine Ansley the confidence was such that Hildred was permitted to take a walk with Tom before his departure for New York.

"We're not engaged," Hildred reported as part of her mother's conditions, "and we can't be engaged unless you're proved to be Harry Whitelaw. Mother thinks you're going to be. So apparently the question in the long run will be as to whether or not you want me."

"It won't be that. I'm crazy about you, Hildred, more than any fellow ever was before."

"And that's the way I feel about you, Tom. I don't care a bit about the things dad and mother think so important. You're you; you're not your father or your mother, whoever they may have been. I shouldn't love you any the better if you became the son of Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw. It would only make it easier."

It was a windy afternoon in April, with the trees in new leaf. All along the Fenway the bridal-veil made cascades of whiteness whiter than the hawthorns. Pansies and forget-me-nots brightened all the footpaths. The two tall, supple figures bent and laughed in the teeth of the lusty wind.

Rather it was she who laughed, since she had the confidence in life, while he knew only life's problems. He had always known life's problems, and though there had never been a time when he was

free from them, he never had had one to solve so difficult as this.

"But that's where the shoe pinches," he declared, "that I'm myself, so much more myself than many fellows are; and yet, unless I turn into some one else, I shall lose you."

She threw back her answer with a kind of radiant honesty. "You couldn't lose me, Tom. I couldn't lose you. We've grown together. Nothing can cut us asunder. One can't win out against two people who're as willing to wait as we are."

He was not comforted. "Oh, wait! I don't want to wait."

"Neither do I; but we'd both rather wait than give each other up."

"Wait—for how long?"

"How can I tell how long? As long as we have to."

"Till your father and mother die?"

"Oh, gracious, no! I'm not killing the poor lambs. Till they come round. They'll *come* round."

"How do you know?"

"Because fathers and mothers always do. Once they see how sad I'll be—"

"Oh, you're going to play that game."

She was indignant. "I shan't play a game. I shall *be* sad. I'm all right now while you're here; but once you're gone—well, if dad and mother want a martyr on their hands, they'll have one. I shan't be putting it on either. I'll not be able to help myself."

"I'd rather they came around for some other reason than to save your life."



"I'm not particular about the reason so long as they come round. But you see I'm talking as if the worse were coming to the worst. As a matter of fact, I believe the good is coming to the best."

"Which means that you think the Whitelaws . . ."

"I know they will."

"And that I . . ."

"Oh, Tom, you'll be reasonable, won't you?"

He was silent. Even Hildred couldn't see what his past had meant to him. A wretched, miserable past from some points of view, at least it was his own. It had entered into him and made him. It was as hard to take it now as a hideous mistake as it would have been to take his breathing or the circulation of his blood.

The farther it drifted behind him the more content he was to have known it. Each phase had given him something he recognized as an asset. Honey, the Quidmores, the Tollivants, Mrs. Crewdson, the "mudda," had all left behind them experiences which time was beginning to consecrate. Hildred couldn't understand any more than anybody else what it cost him to disclaim them. He often wondered whether, had he been born the son of Henry and Eleonora Whitelaw, and never been stolen away from them, he would have grown to be another Tad. He thought it very likely.

Not that Tad hadn't justified himself. He had. His record in the war had gone far to redeem him. He had come through with sacrifice and honor. Having fought without a scratch for a year and a half, he had, on the very morning of the day when the Armistice was signed, received a wound which, because of the infection in his blood, had resulted in the loss of his right arm. This maiming, which the chance of a few hours would have saved him, he took, according to Hildred, with splendid pluck, though also with an inclination to be peevish. Lily, so Tom's letters from Henry Whitelaw had long ago informed him, had married a man named Greenshields, had had a baby,

had been divorced, and again lived at home with her parents.

Tom pondered on the advantages they, Tad and Lily, were assumed to have enjoyed and which he himself had been denied. Everyone, Hildred included, took it for granted that ease and indulgence were blessings, and that he had suffered from the loss of them. Perhaps he had; but he hadn't suffered more than Tad and Lily on whom they had been lavished. Tad with his maimed body, Lily with her maimed life, were not of necessity the product of wealth and luxury; but neither did a blasted soul or character come of necessity from poverty and hardship, or even from an origin in crime.

He couldn't explain this to Hildred, partly because she didn't care, partly because he had not the words, and mostly because her assumptions were those of her society. She would love him just the same whether he were the son of a woman who had killed herself in jail, or that of a banker known throughout the world; but the advantages of being the latter were to her beyond argument. So they were to him, except that . . .

Thus with Hildred he came to no conclusions any more than with her parents. With her as with them it was an object to keep him from making any statement that might seem too decisive. If they left it to Henry Whitelaw and himself the scales could but dip in one direction.

And yet when actually face to face with the banker, Tom doubted if the subject were going to be raised. He had written, reminding Whitelaw of the promise he himself had exacted, that on looking for work, he should apply first of all to him. Like Ansley, the banker had made an appointment at his office.

The office was in the ponderous and somewhat forbidding structure which bore the name of Meek and Brokenshire in Wall Street. The room into which Tom was shown was shabby and unpre-

tentious. Square, low-ceiled, lighted by two windows looking into yards or courts, its one bit of color lay in the green and red of a Turkey rug, threadbare in spots, and scuffed into wrinkles. Against the walls were heavily carved walnut bookcases, housing books of reference. A few worn leather armchairs made a rough circle about a wide flat-topped desk, which stood in the center of the room. On the desk were some valuable knickknacks, paper weights, paper cutters, pen trays, and other odds and ends, evidently gifts. A white-marble mantelpiece clumsily sculptured in the style of 1840 was adorned above by the lithographed head of the first J. Howard Brokenshire, also of 1840, and one of the founders of the firm.

For the first few minutes the room was empty. Tom stood timidly close to the door through which he had come in. The banker entered from a room adjoining.

"Ah, here you are!"

He crossed the floor rapidly. For a long minute Tom found himself held as he had been held before, the man's right hand grasping his, the left hand resting on his shoulder. There was also the same searching with the eyes, and the same little weary push when the eyes had searched enough.

"Sit down."

Tom took the armchair nearest him; the man drew up another. He drew it close, with hungry eagerness. Tom was apologetic.

"I must beg your pardon, sir, for asking you to see me—"

"Oh, no, my dear boy. I should have been hurt if you hadn't. I've been expecting you ever since I read that you'd landed. What made you go to Boston before coming here?"

There was confession in Tom's smile. "I had to see some one."

"Was it Hildred Ansley?"

Tom found himself coloring, and without an answer.

"Oh, you needn't tell me. I didn't mean to embarrass you. The Ansleys are very good friends of mine. Known

them well for years. If it hadn't been for them you and I might never have got together. Now give me some account of yourself. It must be nearly two months since I last heard from you."

Tom gave such scraps of information as he hadn't told in letters, and thought might be of interest. With some use of inner force he nerved himself to ask after Mrs. Whitelaw, and "the other members of the family," a phrase which evaded the use of names.

The banker talked more freely than he had written. He talked as to one with whom he could open his heart, and not as to an outsider. Mrs. Whitelaw was stronger and calmer, less subject to the paralyzing terrors which had beset her for so long. Tad was doing with himself the best he could, but the best in the case of a fellow of his age and tastes who had lost his right arm was not very good. He could ride a little, guiding his horse with his left hand, but he couldn't drive a car, or hunt, or play polo, or use his hand for writing. He could hardly dress himself; he fed himself only when everything was cut up for him. In the course of time he would probably do better, but as yet he couldn't do much. Lily had made a mess of things. It was worse than what he had told Tom in his letters. She had eloped with a worthless fellow, whom he, her father, had forbidden her to know, and who wanted nothing but her money. It was a sad affair, and had stunned or bewildered her. He didn't like to talk of it, but Tom would see for himself.

He reverted to Tom's own concerns. "You wrote to me about a job."

"Yes, sir; but I'm afraid it's bothering you too much."

"Don't think that. I've got the job."

The young man tried to speak, but the other hurried on.

"I hope you'll take it, because I've been keeping it for you ever since I saw you last."

Tom's eyes opened wide. "Over three years?"

"Oh, there was no hurry. Easy



enough to save it. I want you to be one of the assistants to my own confidential secretary. This will keep you close to myself, which is where I want to have you for the first year at least. You'll get the hang of a lot of things there, and anything you don't understand I can explain to you. Later, if you want to go into the study of banking more scientifically—well, I shall be able to direct you."

He sat dazzled, speechless. It was the future!—Hildred!—happiness!—honor!—the big life!—the conquest of the world! He could have them all by sitting still, by saying nothing, by letting it be implied that he renounced his loyalties, by being passive in the hand of this goodwill. He would be a fool, he told himself, not to yield to it. Everyone in his senses would consider him a fool. The father of the Whitelaw baby believed that he had found his child. Why not let him believe it? How did he, Tom Whitelaw, know that he wasn't his child? The woman who had told him he was never to think so was dead and in her grave. Judged by all reasonable standards, he owed her nothing but a training in wicked ways. He would give her up. He would admit, tacitly anyhow, even if not in words, that she had stolen him. He would be grateful to this man—and profit by his mistake.

He began to speak. "I hardly know how to thank you, sir, for so much kindness. I only hope—" He was trying to find the words in which to express his ambition to prove worthy of this trust, but he found himself saying something else—"I only hope that you're not doing all this for me because you think I'm—I'm your son."

Leaning toward him, the banker put his hand on his knee. "Suppose we don't bring that up just yet. Suppose we just—go on. As a matter of fact—I'm talking to you quite frankly—more frankly than I could speak to anyone else in the world—but as a matter of fact I—I want some one who'll—who'll be like a son to me—whether he's my

son or not. I wonder if you're old enough to understand."

"I think I am, sir."

"I'm rather a lonely man. I've got great cares, great responsibilities. I can swing them all right. There are my partners, fine fellows all of them; there are as many friends as I can ask for. But I've nobody who comes—who comes very close to me—as a son could come. I've thought—I've thought it for some time past—that—whatever you are—you might do that."

As he leaned with his hand on Tom's knee his eyes were lower than Tom's own. Tom looked down into them. It was strange to him that this man who held so much of the world in his grasp should be speaking to him almost pleadingly. His memories filed by him with the speed and distinctness of lightning. He was the little boy moving from tenement to tenement; he was in the big shop on that Christmas Eve; he was walking with his mother in front of the policeman; he was watching her go away with the woman who was like a Fate; he was staring at the Christmas Tree; he was being pelted on his first day at school; he was picking strawberries for the Quidmores; he was sleeping in the same room with Honey; he was acting as chauffeur at the inn-club in Dublin, New Hampshire, and picking up this very man at Keene. And here they were together, the instinct of the father calling to the son, while the instinct of the son was scarcely, if at all, articulate.

The struggle was between his future and his past. "I must be his son," he cried to himself. But another voice cried, "And yet I can't be." Aloud he said, modestly, "I'm not sure, sir, that I could fill the bill for you."

"That would be up to me. It isn't what you can do but what I'm looking for that matters in a case like this." He stood up. "I'm sorry I must go back to a conference inside, but I shall see you soon again. What's your address in New York?"

Tom gave him the name of the hotel

at which he was putting up. Whitelaw had never heard of it.

"Can't you do better than that?"

"Oh, it isn't bad, sir. I'm not used to luxury, and I manage very well. I'm quite all right."

"Is it money?"

"Only in the sense that everything is money. I've a little saved—not much—and I like to keep on the weather side of it. The man who did more for me than anybody else—the ex-burglar I told you about—always taught me to be economical."

"All the same I don't like to have you staying in a place like that. You must let me—"

"Oh, no, sir! I'd a great deal rather not." He spoke in some alarm. "I've got to be on my own. I *must* be."

"Oh, very well!"

The tone was not precisely cold; it was that of a man whose good intentions were sensitive. Tom did something which he never had supposed he would have dared to do. He went up to this man, and laid his hand gently on his arm. Instantly the man's free hand was laid on the one which touched him, welcoming the caress. Tom tried to explain himself.

"It isn't that I'm not grateful, sir. I hope you don't think that. But—but I'm myself, you see. I've got to stand on my own feet. I know how to do it. I've learned. I—I hope you don't mind."

"I want you to do whatever you think best yourself. You're the only judge." They had separated now, and the banker held out his hand. "Oh, and by the way," he continued, clinging to Tom's hand in the way he had done on earlier occasions, "my wife wants to see you. She told me to ask you if you couldn't go and lunch with her tomorrow."

Since there was no escape, Tom could only brace himself.

"Very well, sir. It's kind of Mrs. Whitelaw. I'll go with pleasure. At one o'clock?"

"At one o'clock." He picked up a card from the desk. "This is our address. You'll find Mrs. Whitelaw less—less emotional than when you saw her last and more—more used to the idea."

Without explaining the idea to which she was more used, the banker released Tom's hand with his customary little push, as if he had had enough of him, hurrying out by the door through which he had come in.

#### XLIV

Before turning into bed that night Tom had fought to a finish his battle with himself. The victory rested, he hoped, with common sense. He could no longer doubt that before very long an extraordinary offer would be made to him. To repulse it would be insane.

"As far as my personal preferences go," he wrote to Hildred, "I would rather remain as I am. Remaining as I am would be easier. I'm free; I've no one to consider; I know my own way of life, and can follow it pretty surely. But I'm not adaptable. You yourself must often have noticed that my mind works stiffly, and that I find it hard to see the other fellow's point of view. I'm narrow, solitary, concentrated, and self-willed. But as long as I've no one to consult I can get along."

"To enter a family of which I know nothing of the ways or traditions or points of view is going to be a tough job. It will be much tougher than if I merely married into it. In that case I should be only an adjunct to it, whereas in what may happen now I shall have to become an integral part of it. I must be as a leg instead of as a crutch. I don't know how I shall manage it."

"I'm not easily intimate with anyone. Perhaps that's the reason why, as you say, I haven't enough of the lover in me. I'm not naturally a lover. I'm not naturally a friend. I'm a solitary. A solitude *à deux*, with the servants, as you always like to stipulate, is my conception of an earthly paradise."



"To you the normal of life is a father, a mother, a brother, a sister. To me it isn't. To have a father seems abnormal to me, or to have a sister or a brother. If I can see myself with a mother it's because of a poignant experience of the kind that burns itself into the memory. But I can't see myself with *another* mother, and that's what I've got to do. Mind you, it isn't a stepmother I must see, nor an adopted mother, nor a mother-in-law; it's a real mother of my own flesh and blood. I must see a real brother, a real sister. They think that all they have to do is to fling their doors open, and that it will be a simple thing for me to walk in. But I must fling open something more tightly sealed than any door ever was—my life, my affections, my point of view. They are four, and need only make room for one. I'm only one, and must make room for four.

"But I'm going to do it. I'm going to do it for a number of reasons, which I shall try to give you in their order.

"First, for your sake. You want it. For me that is enough. I see your reasons too. It will help us with your father and mother, and all our future life. So that settles that.

"Then, I want to conform to what those who care anything about me would expect. I don't want to seem a fool. It's what I should seem if I turned such an offer down. Nobody would understand my emotional and sentimental reasons but myself; and when it comes to the emotional and sentimental there is a pro side as well as a con to the whole situation.

"Because if I *must* have a father there's no one whom I could so easily accept as a father as this very man. He seems to me like my father; I think I seem to him like his son. More than that, he looks like my father, and I must look like the kind of son he would naturally have. I'm sure he likes me, and I know I like him. If I were choosing a father he's the very one I should pick out.

"Next, and you may be surprised to

hear me say it, I could do very well with Tad as a brother. That he couldn't do with me is another thing; but there's something about the chap which has bewitched me from the day I first laid eyes on him. I haven't liked him exactly; I've only felt for him a kind of responsibility. I've tried to ignore it, to laugh at it, to argue it down; but the thing wouldn't let me kill it. If there's such a thing as an instinct between those of the same flesh and blood. I should say that this was it. I've no doubt that if we come to living in one menagerie we shall be the same sort of friends as a lion and a tiger—but there it is.

"The women appall me. I can't express it otherwise. With the father I could be a son as affectionate as if I'd never left the family. With Tad I could establish—I've established already—a sort of fighting fraternity. To neither the mother nor the daughter could I ever be anything, so far as I can see now. They wouldn't let me. They wouldn't want me. If they yield to the extent of admitting me into the family they'll always bar me from their hearts. The limit of my hope is that, since I generally get along with those I have to live with, the hostility won't be too obvious. I also have the prospect that when you and I are married—and that's my motive in the whole business—I shall get a measure of release."

He purchased next morning a pair of gloves and an inexpensive walking stick, so as to look as nearly as might be like the smart young men he saw on the pavements of Fifth Avenue. It was not his object to be smart; it was to be up to the standard of the house at which he was to lunch.

To reach that house he went on the top of a bus like the one on which he had ridden with Honey nearly ten years earlier. He did this with intention, to make the commemoration. Honey's suspicions and predictions had then seemed absurd; and here they were on the eve of being verified.

He got off at the corner at which, as he remembered, Honey and he had got off on that August Sunday afternoon. He crossed the road to see if he could recognize the home of the Whitelaw baby as it had been pointed out to him. Recognition came easily enough because in the whole line of buildings it was the only one which stood detached, with a bit of lawn on all sides of it. A spacious brownstone house, it had the cheery, homy aspect which comes from generous proportions, and masses of spring flowers, daffodils, tulips, and hyacinths, banked in the bow-windows.

Being a little ahead of his time, he walked up the street, trying to compose himself and recapture his nerve. The story, first told to him by Honey, and repeated in scraps by many others, returned to him. Too far away to be noticed by anyone who chanced to be looking out, he stood and gazed back at the house. If he was really Harry Whitelaw he had been born there. The last time he had come forth from it he had been carried down those steps by two footmen. He had been wheeled across the street and into the Park by a nurse in uniform. Within the glades of the Park a change had somehow been wrought in his destiny, after which there was a blank. He emerged from that blank into consciousness sitting on a high chair in a kitchen, beating on the table with a spoon, and asking the question: "Mudda, id my name Gracie, or id it Tom?" The memory was both vague and vivid. It was vague because it came out from nowhere and vanished into nowhere. It was vivid because it linked up with that bewilderment as to his identity which haunted his early childhood. The discovery that he was a little boy forced on a woman craving for a little girl was the one with which he first became aware of himself as a living entity.

To his present renunciation of that woman he tried to shut his mind. There was no help for it. He had long kept a veil before this sad holy of holies; he

would simply hang it up again. He would nail it up, he would never loosen it, and still less go behind it. What was there would now forever be hidden from any sight, even from his own.

At a minute before one he recrossed the avenue, and went down the little slope. In the role of Harry Whitelaw which he was trying to assume going up the steps was significant. The long, devious, apparently senseless odyssey had brought him back again. It was only to himself that the odyssey seemed straight and with a purpose.

The middle-aged man who opened the door raised his eyebrows and opened his eyes wide in a flash of perturbation. It was only for an instant; in the half of a second he was once more the proper stiffened image of decorum. And yet as he took from the visitor the hat, stick, and gloves, Tom could see that the eyes were scanning his face furtively.

It was a big dim hall, impressive with a few bits of ancient massive furniture, and a stairway in an alcove, partially hidden by a screen which might have been torn from some French cathedral. Tom, who had risen to the modest standard of the Ansleys, again felt his insufficiency.

Following the butler, he went down the length of the hall toward a door on the right. But a door on the left opened stealthily, and stealthily a little figure darted forth.

"So you've come! I knew you would! I knew I shouldn't go down to my grave without seeing you back in the home from which twenty-three years ago you were carried out. I've said so to Dadd times without number, haven't I, Dadd?"

"You have indeed, Miss Nash," Dadd corroborated, "and none of us didn't believe you."

"Dadd was the second footman," Miss Nash explained further. "He was one of the two who lifted you down that morning. Now he's the butler; but he's never had my faith."

She glided away again. Dadd threw open a door. Tom found himself in a



large sunny room, of which the bow-window was filled with flowers.

There was no one there, which was so far a relief. It gave him time to collect himself. Except for apartments in museums, or in some château he had visited in France, he had never been in a room so stately or so full of costly beauty. He knew in spite of his lack of experience that the beauty was costly.

On the wall opposite the bow-window stretched a blue-green Flemish tapestry, with sad-eyed, elongated figures crowding on one another within an intricate frame of flowers, foliage, and fruits. A black-marble mantelpiece supported a clock and a pair of candelabra in *biscuit de Sèvres* mounted in ormolu. Above this hung a full-length eighteenth-century lady—Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough—he was only guessing—looking graciously down on a cabinet of European porcelain, on another of miniatures, and another of old fans. Bronzes were scattered here and there, with bits of iridescent Spanish luster, and two or three plaques of Limoges enamel intense in color. Since there was room for everything, the profusion was without excess, and not too carefully thought out. A work-basket filled with sewing materials and knitting stood on a table strewn with recent magazines and books.

He was so long alone that he was growing nervous when Lily dropped into the room as if she had happened there accidentally. She sauntered up to him, however, offering her hand with a long, serpentine lifting of the arm, casual and negligent.

"How-d'ye-do? Mamma's late. I don't know whether she's in the house or not. Perhaps she's forgotten. She often does." She picked up a silver box of cigarettes. "Have one?"

On his declining, she lighted one for herself, dropping into a big upright chair and crossing her legs. It was the year when young ladies liked to display their ankles and calves nearly up to the knee.

Lily, whose skirt was of unrelieved black, wore violet silk stockings, with black slippers which had bright red buckles set in paste. Over her shoulders a violet scarf, with bright red bars, hung loosely. In sitting, her sinuous figure drooped a little forward, the elbow of the hand which held the cigarette supported on her knee.

Though she hadn't asked him to sit down, he took a chair of his own accord, waiting for her to speak again. When she did so, after an interval of puffing out tiny rings of blue smoke, her voice was languid and monotonous, and yet with overtones of passionate self-will.

"You've been in the army, haven't you?"

He said he had been.

"Did you like it?"

"I never had time to think whether I did or not. I just had to stick it out."

"Did you ever see Tad over there?"

"No, I never did."

As she was laconic, he too would be laconic. She didn't look at him, or show an interest in his personality. If she thought him the brother who after long disappearance was coming home again she betrayed no hint of the possibility. He might have been a chance stranger whom she would never see again. Lapses of silence did not embarrass her. She sat and smoked.

He decided to assume the right to ask questions on his own side. "You've been married since I saw you last, haven't you?"

"Yes." She didn't resent this, apparently, and after a long two minutes of silence, added: "and divorced." There was still a noticeable passage of time before she continued, in her toneless voice: "I've a baby too."

"Do you like him?"

A flicker of a smile passed over a profile heavy-browed, handsome, and disdainful. "He's an ugly little monster so far." She had a way of stringing out her sentences as afterthoughts. "I daresay he's all right."

There followed a pause so long and deep that in it you could hear the ticking of the clock. He was determined to be as apathetic as herself. She had no air of thinking. She scarcely so much as moved. Her stillness suggested the torrid, brooding calm before volcanic or seismic convulsion. Without a turning of the head or a change in her languid intonation, she said, casually,

"You're our lost brother, aren't you?"

The emotion from which she was so free almost strangled him. He could barely breathe the words, "Would you care if I were?"

"What would be the use of my caring if papa were satisfied?"

"Still, I should think, that one way or the other, you might care."

To this challenge she made no response. She was not hostile in any active sense; he was sure of that. She impressed him rather as exhausted after terrific scenes of passion, waywardness, and disillusion. A little rest, and she would be ready for the same again, with himself perhaps to take the consequence.

Mrs. Whitelaw came in with the rapid step and breathless, syncopated utterance he remembered.

"So sorry to be late. I'd been for a long drive. I wanted to think. I had no idea what time it was. I suppose you must be hungry."

She gave him her hand without looking him in the face, helped over the effort of the meeting by the phrases of excuse and explanation.

"So this is my mother!"

It was his single thought. In the attempt to realize the fact he had ceased to be troubled or embarrassed. He could only look. He could only wonder if he would ever be able to make himself believe that which he did not believe. He repeated to himself what he had already written to Hildred: he could believe the man to be his father; but that this woman was his mother he rejected as an impossibility.

Not that there was anything about her displeasing or unsympathetic. On

the contrary, she had been beautiful, and still had a lovely distinction. Features that must always have been soft and appealing had gained by the pathos of her tragedy, while a skin that could never have been anything but delicate and exquisite was kept exquisite and delicate by massage and cosmetics. Veils protected it from the sun and air; gauntlets, easy to pull on and off, preserved the tenderness of hands wearing many jeweled rings, but a little too dimpling and pudgy. The eyes, limpid, large, and gray with the lucent gray of moonstones, had lids of the texture of white rose petals just beginning to shrivel up and show little *bistre* stains. The lashes were long, dark, and curling like those of a young girl. Tom couldn't see the color of her hair because she wore a motoring hat, with a sweeping brown veil draped over it and hanging down the back. Heather-brown, with a purplish mixture, was the Harris tweed of her coat and skirt. The blouse of a silky stuff, was brown, with blue and rose lights in it when she moved. A row of great pearls went round her neck, while the rest of the string, which was probably long, disappeared within the corsage.

Dadd appeared on the threshold, announcing lunch.

"Come on," Mrs. Whitelaw commanded, and Lily rose listlessly. "Is Tad to be at home?"

Lily dragged her frail person in the wake of her mother. "I don't know anything about him."

Tom followed Lily, since it seemed the only thing to do, crossing the hall and passing through the door by which Miss Nash had darted out to speak to him.

The dining room, on the north side of the house, was vast, sunless, and somber. Tom was vaguely aware of the gleam of rich pieces of silver, of the carving of high-backed chairs as majestic as thrones. One of these thrones Dadd drew out for Mrs. Whitelaw; a footman drew out a second for Lily; another footman a third for himself.

"Sit there, will you?" Mrs. Whitelaw



said, in her offhand, breathless way, as if speaking caused her pain. "This room is chilly."

She pulled her coat about her, though the room had the temperature suited to the great plant of *Cattleya*, on which there might have been thirty blooms, which stood in the center of the table. With rapid, nervous movements she picked up a spoon and tasted the grapefruit before her. A taste, and she pushed it away, nervously, rapidly. Nervously, rapidly, she glanced at Tom, glancing off somewhere else as if the sight of him hurt her eyes.

"How long have you been back?"

He gave her the dates and places connected with his recent movements.

"Did you like it over there?"

He made the reply he had given to Lily.

"Were you ever wounded?"

He said he had once received a bad cut on the shoulder which had kept him a month in hospital, but otherwise he had not suffered.

"Tad's lost his right arm. Did you know that?"

He had first got this news from Guy Ansley. He was very sorry. At the same time, when others had been so horribly mangled, it was something to escape with only the loss of a right arm.

She gave him another of her hurried, unwilling glances. "How did you come to know the Ansleys so well?"

He told the story of his early meetings with the fat boy on the sidewalk of Louisburg Square.

"Wasn't it awful—living with that burglar?"

Tom smiled. "No. It seemed natural enough. He was a very kind burglar. I owe him everything."

To Tom's big appetite the lunch was frugal, but it was ceremonious. He was oppressed by it. That three strong men should be needed to bring them the little they had to eat and drink struck him as ridiculous. And this was his father's house! This was what he should come to take as a matter of

course! He would get up every morning to eat a breakfast served with this magnificence. He would sit every day on one of these thrones, like an apostle in the Apocalypse. He thought of breakfasts in the tenements, at the Tollivants', at the Quidmores', or with Honey in the grimy eating-places where they took their meals, and knew for the first time in many years a pang something like that of homesickness.

It was not altogether the ceremony against which he was rebellious. It had elements of beauty which couldn't be decried. What he felt was the old ache on behalf of the millions of people who had to go without, in order that the few might possess so much. It was the world's big wrong, and he didn't know what caused it. His economic studies, taken with a view to helping him in the banking profession, had convinced him that nobody knew what caused it, and that the cures proposed were worse than the disease. Without thinking much of it actively, it was always in the back of his mind that he must work to eliminate this fundamental ill. Sitting and eating commonplace food in this useless solemn stateliness, the conviction forced itself home. Somewhere and somehow the world must find a means between too much and too little, or mankind would be driven to commit suicide.

During the meal, which was brief, Lily scarcely spoke. As they recrossed the hall to go back to the big sunny room, she sloped away to some other part of the house. Tom and his mother sat down together, embarrassed if not distressed.

Pointing to the box of cigarettes, she said, tersely, "Smoke, if you like."

In the hope of feeling more at ease he smoked. Still wearing her hat and coat, she drew her chair close to the fire, which had been lighted while they were at lunch, holding her hands to the blaze.

"Do you think you're our son?"

The question was shot out in the toneless voice common to Lily and herself, except that with the mother there was

the staccato catch of breathlessness between the words.

Tom was on his guard. "Do you?"

Turning slightly, she glanced at him, quickly glancing away. "You look as if you were."

"But looks can be an accident."

"Then there's the name."

"That doesn't prove anything."

"And my husband knows a lot of other things. He'll tell you himself what they are."

He repeated the question he had put to Lily, "Would you care if I were your son?"

Making no immediate response, she evaded the question when she spoke. "If you were, you'd have to make your home here."

"Couldn't I be your son—and make my home somewhere else?"

"I don't see how that would help."

"It might help me."

The large gray eyes stole round toward him. "Do you mean that you wouldn't want to live with us?"

"I mean that I'm not used to your way of living."

"Oh, well!" She dismissed this, continuing to spread her jeweled fingers to the blaze. "You said once—a long time ago—when I saw you in Boston—that you couldn't get accustomed to another—to another mother—now—or something like that. Do you remember?"

He said he remembered, but he said no more.

"Well, what about it?"

Since it was precisely to another mother that he was now making up his mind, he found the question difficult. "It was three years ago that I said that. Things change."

"What's changed?"

"Perhaps not things so much as people. I've changed myself."

"Changed toward us—toward me?"

"I've changed toward the whole question—chiefly because Mr. Whitelaw's been so kind to me."

"I don't suppose his kindness makes any difference in the facts. If you're our

son you're our son whether he's kind to you or not."

"His kindness may not make any difference in the facts, but it does make a difference in my attitude."

"Mine can't be influenced so easily."

Though he wondered what she meant by that he decided to find out indirectly.

"No, I suppose not. After all, you're the one to whom it's all more vital than to anybody else."

"Because I'm the mother? I don't see that. They talk about mother-instinct as if it was so sure; but—" She swung round on him with sudden, unexpected flame—"but if they'd been put to as many tests as I've been they'd find out. Why, almost any child can seem as if he might have been the baby you haven't seen for a few years. You forget. You lose the power either to recognize or to be sure that you don't recognize. If anyone tries hard enough to persuade you . . ."

"Has anyone tried to persuade you—about me?"

He began to see from whence Tad and Lily had drawn the stormy elements in their natures. "Not in so many words perhaps; but when some one very close to you is convinced . . ."

"And you yourself not convinced . . ."

She rose to her feet tragically. "How *can* I be convinced? What is there to convince me? Resemblances—a name—a few records—a few guesses—a few hopes—but I don't *know*. Who can prove a case of this kind—after nearly twenty-three years?"

In his eagerness to reassure her he stepped near to where she stood. "I hope you understand that I'm not trying to prove anything. I never began this."

"I know you didn't. I feel as if a false position would be as hard on you as it would be on ourselves."

"Then you think the position would be a false one?"

"I'm not saying so. I'm only trying to make you see how impossible it is for me to say I'm sure you're my boy—*when I don't know*. I'm not a cold-hearted



woman. I'm only a tried and frightened one."

"Would it be of any help if I were to withdraw?"

"It wouldn't be of help to my husband."

"Oh, I see! We must consider him."

"I don't see that you need consider anyone but yourself. We've dragged you into this. You've a right to do exactly as you please."

"Oh, if I were to do that . . ."

"What I don't want you to do is to misjudge me. Not that it would matter whether you misjudged me or not, unless—later—we were compelled to see ourselves as—as son and mother."

"I shouldn't like to have either of us do that—under compulsion."

Restlessly, rapidly, she began to move about, touching now this object and now that. Her hands were as active as if they had an independent life. They were more expressive than her tone when they tossed themselves wildly apart, as she cried,

"What else could it be for me—but compulsion?" He was about to speak, but she stopped him. "Do me justice. Put yourself in my place. My boy would now be twenty-four. They bring me a man who looks like thirty. Yes, yes; I daresay you're not thirty, but you look like it. It's just as hard for me as if you *were* thirty. I'm only forty-four myself. They want me to think that this man—so big—so grave—so *old*—is my little boy. How *can* I? He may be. I don't deny that. But for me to *think* it . . . !"

He watched her as she moved from table to table, from chair to chair, her eyes on him reproachfully, her hands like things in agony.

"It's as hard for me to think it as it is for you."

The words arrested her. Her frenzied motions ceased. Only her eyes kept themselves on him, with their sorrowful, fixed stare.

"What do you mean by that?"

He tried to explain. "My only con-

ception of a mother is of some one poor—and hard-worked—and knocked about—and loving—and driven from pillar to post—whereas you're so beautiful—and young—young almost—and—and expensive—and—" A flip of his hand included the room—"with all this as your setting—and everything else—I can't credit it."

She came up to him excitedly. "Well, then—what?"

"The only thing we can do, it seems to me, is to try to make it easier for each other. May I ask one question?"

She nodded, mutely.

"Would you rather that your little boy was found—or that he wasn't found?"

She wheeled away, speaking only after a minute's thought, and from the other side of the room. "I'd rather that he was found—of course—if I could be sure that he *was* found."

"How would you know when you were sure?"

She tapped her heart. "I'd know it here."

"That's the way I'd know it too."

"And you don't?"

In a long silence he looked at her. She looked at him. Each strove after the mystery which warps the child to the mother, the mother to the child. Where was it? What was it? How could you tell it when you saw it? And if you saw it, could you miss it and pass it by? He sought it in her eyes; she sought it in his. They sought it by all the avenues of intuitive, spiritual sight.

She tapped her heart again. Her utterance was imperious, insistent, and yet soft.

"And you *don't*—feel it there?"

He too spoke softly. "No, I don't."

In reluctant dismissal he turned away from her. With her quick little gasp of a sob she turned away from him.

#### XLV

To Tom Whitelaw this was the conclusion of the whole matter. A son must

have a mother as well as a father. If there was no mother there was no son. The inference brought him a relief in which there were two strains of regret.

He would be farther away from Hildred. They would have more trials to meet, more bridges to cross. Very well! He was not accustomed to having things made easy. For whatever he possessed, which was not much, he had longed and worked and worked and longed till he got it. But he got it in the end. In the end he would get Hildred. Better win her so than to have her drop as a present in his arms. If not wholly content, he was sure.

In the matter of his second regret he was only sorry. It began to grow clear to him that a father needs a son more than a son needs a father. Of this kind of need he himself knew nothing. He was what he was, detached, independent, assured. He never asked for sympathy, and if he craved for love he had learned to stifle the craving, or direct it into the one narrow channel which flowed toward Hildred. The paternal and filial instinct, having had no function in his life, seemed to have shriveled up.

But the instinct of response to the slightest movement of goodwill, to the faintest plea for help, was active with daily use. It leaped forth eagerly; if it couldn't leap forth something within him fretted and cried like a hound when the scent leads to earth. As Paul the Apostle, he could be all things to all men, if by any means he might help some. If Henry Whitelaw needed a son, he could be a son to him. The tie of blood was in no small measure a matter of indifference. His impulse was like Honey's "next o' kin." He remembered, as he had learned in school, that kin and kind were words with a common origin. Whitelaw's truest kinship with himself was in his kindness. His kinship with Whitelaw could as truly be in his devotion. Devotion was what he could offer most spontaneously.

If only that could satisfy the father yearning for his son! It could do it up

to a point, since the banker identified kindness and kinship much as he did himself. But beyond that point there was the cry of the middle-aged man for some one who was part of himself on whom he could lean now that his strength was beginning to decline. That his two acknowledged children were nothing but a care sent him groping all the more eagerly for the son who might be a support to him. The son who was not a son might be better than no one, as he himself confessed; and yet nothing on earth could satisfy his empty soul but his own son. Not to be that son made Tom sorry; but without a mother, how could he be?

Otherwise, to remain what life had made him was unalloyed relief. He was himself. In his own phrase, he was more himself than most men. But to enter the Whitelaw family, *and belong to it*, would turn him into some one else. He might have a right there; an accident such as happens every day might easily make him the head of it; and yet he would have to put forth affections and develop points of view which could only come from a man with another kind of past. To be the son of that mother, and the brother of that sister, sorry for them as he was, would mean the kind of metamorphosis, the change in the whole nature, of which he had read in ancient mythology. He would make the attempt if he was called to it; but he shrank from the call.

Nevertheless, he took up his job as assistant to the great man's confidential secretary. This was a Mr. Phips whom Tom didn't like, but with whom he got on easily. He easily got on with him because Mr. Phips himself made a point of it.

A rubicund, smiling man, he had to be seen twice before you gave him credit for his unctuous ability. There was in him that mingling of honesty and craft which go to make the henchman, and sometimes the ecclesiastic. While he couldn't originate anything, he could be an instrument accurate and sharp. Al-



ways ready to act boldly, it was with a boldness of which some one else must assume the responsibility. He could be the power behind the throne, but never the power sitting on it publicly. With an almost telepathic gift for reading Whitelaw's mind, he could carry out its wishes before they were expressed. From sheer induction he could, in a secondary way, direct affairs from which he never took a penny of the profits over and above his salary.

Again like the ecclesiastic and the henchman, he had neither will nor conscience beyond the cause he served. A born factotum, with no office but to carry out, he accepted Tom without questioning. Without questioning he set him to those duties which, as a beginner, would be within his grasp. He didn't need to be told that when a message or a document was to be sent to the most private of all offices it should be through the person of this particular young man. Without having invented for Tom the sobriquet of the Whitelaw Baby, he didn't frown at it on hearing it pass round the office, as it did within a few days.

Tom found Whitelaw welcoming, considerate, but at first a little distant. He might have been conscious of the anomalies in the situation; he might have been anxious not to rush things; he might even have been shy. Except to ask him, toward the end of each day, how he was getting along, he didn't speak to him alone.

Then, on the fourth morning, Whitelaw sent for him. As Tom entered he was standing up, a packet in his hand.

"I want you to take a taxi and go up to my house. Ask for my wife, and give her this." He made the nature of the errand clearer. "It's the anniversary of our wedding. She thinks I've forgotten it. I've only been waiting to send this—by you."

The significance of the mission came to Tom while he was on the way. The thing in the packet, probably a jewel, was the token of a marriage of which he

was the eldest born. It was to mark his position in the husband's mind that he was made the bearer of the gift. He had no opinion as to this, except that in the appeal to the wife there was an element of futility.

In the big dim hall he met the second-born. To answer the door Dadd had left the task of helping the one-armed fellow into his spring overcoat. As Tom came in the poor left arm was struggling with the garment viciously. Tad broke into a greeting vigorous, but non-committal,

"Hello, by Gad!"

Tom went straight to his business. "Your father has sent me with a message to Mrs. Whitelaw. I understand she's at home."

"So you've got here! I knew you'd work it some day."

"You were very perspicacious."

"I was. And there's another thing I'll tell you. You've got round the old man. Well, I'm not going to stand for it. See?"

"I see; but it's got nothing to do with me. Your father's given me a job. If you don't want him to do it you ought to tackle him."

Whatever war had done for Tad it had not ennobled him. The face was old and seamed and stained with a dark red flush. It was scowling too, with the helpless scowl of impotence. Tom was sorrier for him than he had ever been before.

Having taken his hat and stick, Tad strode off, turning only on the doorstep. "But there's one thing I'll say right now. If you've got a job at Meek and Brokenshire's I'll damn well have a better one. I'm going to keep my eye on you."

Tom laughed, good-naturedly. "That's the very best thing you could do. Nothing would please your father half so well. You'd buck him up, and at the same time get your knife into me."

As the door closed behind Tad Miss Nash came forward from somewhere in the obscurity. She was in that tremu-

lous ecstasy which the mere sight of Tom always roused in her. She was so very sorry, but Mrs. Whitelaw wasn't able to receive him. If Tom would leave his package with her she would see that it was delivered.

On the next afternoon as Tom was leaving the office Whitelaw offered him a lift uptown. In the seclusion of the limousine the father spoke of Tad.

"He's a great care to me, but somehow I feel that you might do him good."

"He wouldn't let me. I can't get near him, except by force."

"But force is what he respects. In the bottom of his heart he respects you."

"What he needs is a job—the smallest job you could offer him in the bank. If you could put it to him as a sporting proposition that he was to get ahead of me . . ."

"That's what I'll try to do."

In the course of a few days the lift uptown had become a custom. Though he had never received instructions to that effect, Mr. Phips so shaped Tom's duties that he found himself leaving the office at the same moment as the banker. Once or twice when things did not so happen Whitelaw came into the room where Tom was at work to look for him. If no one else saw it Mr. Phips did, that the lift uptown was the big minute of the banker's day.

"I've got a son," the secretary pondered to himself, "but I'll be hanged if I feel about him like that. I suppose it's because I never lost him."

"Tad's applied to me for a job," the father informed Tom in the limousine one day. "The next thing will be to make him stick to it."

"I believe I could manage that, once we get him there," Tom said, confidently. "I can't always make him drink, but I can hold his head to the water. I did that at college more than once."

"I know you did. I can't tell you . . ."

A tremor of the voice cut short this sentence, but Tom knew what would have been said: "I can't tell you what

it means to me now to have some one to fall back upon. The children have given me a good deal of worry which their mother couldn't share because of her unhappiness. But now—I've got you." Tom was glad, however, that it had not been put into words.

## XLVI

They came into May, the joyous, exciting, stimulating May of New York, with its laughing promise of adventure. To Tom Whitelaw that sense of adventure was in the happy sunlight, in the blue sky, in the scudding clouds, in winds that were warm and yet with the tang of salt and ice in them, in the flowers in the Park, in the gay dresses in the Avenue, in the tall young men already beginning to look summery, in the shop windows with their flowers, fruit, jewels, porcelains, and brocades, in the opulent crush of vehicles, and in his own heart most of all. Never before had he known such ecstasy of life. It was more than vigor of limb or the strong coursing of the blood. It was youth and love and expectation, with their call to the daring, the reckless, and the new.

They reached a Saturday. Business was taking Whitelaw to Boston. Tom went with him to the station, to carry his brief-case, to hand him his ticket, to check his bags, and perform the other small services of a clerk for the man of importance.

"I shall come back on Wednesday," the banker explained to him, before entering the train. "On Thursday I shall not be at the office. It's a day on which I never leave my wife. Though I often have to go abroad and leave her behind, I always manage it so that we may have that particular day together. I shall see you then on Friday."

He saw him, however, on Thursday, since Mr. Phips willed it so. At least, it was Mr. Phips who willed it, so far as Tom ever knew. About three on that day he came to Tom with a brief-case stuffed with documents.



"The Chief may want to run his eyes over these before he comes to the office to-morrow. Ask for himself. Don't leave them with anybody else."

To the best of Tom's belief, there was no staging of what happened next beyond that which was set by Phip's intuitions.

By the time he rang at the house in Fifth Avenue it was a little after four. Admitted to the big dim hall, he heard a hum of voices coming from the sitting room. In Dadd's manner there was some constraint.

"Will you step in here, sir, and I'll tell the master that you've come?"

The library was on the same side of the house as the dining room, but it got the afternoon sun. The sun woke its colors to a burnished softness in which red and blue and green and gold melted into one another lovingly. A still, well-ordered room, little used by anyone, it gave the impression of a house of rest for ancient beauty and high thought. Rich and reposeful, there was nothing in it that was not a masterpiece, but a masterpiece which there was no one but some chance visitor to care anything about. In the four who made up the Whitelaw family there were too many aching human cares for knowledge or art to comfort.

Tom's eyes studied absently the profile of a woman on an easel. She might have been a Botticelli; he didn't know. She only reminded him of Hildred—neatly piled dark hair, long slanting eyes, a small snub nose, and lips deliciously *moqueur*. The colors she wore were also Hildred's, subdued and yet ardent, umber round the shoulders, with a chain of emeralds that almost sparkled in the westerling light.

Whitelaw entered with his quick and eager tread, his quick and eager seizing of the young man's hand. Again the left hand rested on his shoulder; again there was the deep and earnest searching of the eyes, as if a lost secret had not yet been found; again there was the little weary push.

"Come."

Taking the brief-case into his own hands, he left Tom nothing to do but follow him. Diagonally crossing the hall, Tom noticed that the hum of voices had died down. Without knowing why, he nerved himself for a test.

The test came at once. Whitelaw, having preceded him into the room, had carried his brief-case to a table, and at once went to work on the contents. Perhaps he did this purposely, to throw Tom on his own resources. In any case, it was on his own resources that he felt himself thrown the instant he appeared on the threshold. He judged from the face of anguish and protest which Mrs. Whitelaw turned on him that he was not expected. Dimly he perceived that Tad and Lily were in the room, and some one else whom as yet he hadn't time to see. All his powers were focused on the meeting of the woman who was not his mother, and didn't want him there.

He thought quickly. He would be on the safest side. He had come there as a clerk; as a clerk shown in among the family he would conduct himself. He bowed to Mrs. Whitelaw, who let him take her hand, though that too seemed to suffer at his touch; he bowed to Lily; he nodded respectfully to Tad. He turned to salute distantly the other person in the room, and found her coming toward him.

He knew her free swinging motion before he had time to see her face.

"Oh, Tom!"

"Why, Hildred!"

Her manner was the protecting one he had often seen in other years, when she thought he might be hurt, or be ignorant of small usages. She was subtle, tactful, and ready, all at once.

"Come over here." She drew him to a seat on a sofa, beside herself. "Mrs. Whitelaw won't mind, will you, Mrs. Whitelaw? You know, Tom and I are the greatest friends—have been for years."

He forgot everyone else who was present in the joy and surprise of seeing her.

"When did you come? Why didn't you let me know?"

"I didn't know myself till late last night, did I, Mrs. Whitelaw? Mrs. Whitelaw only wired to invite me after Mr. Whitelaw came back from Boston. Of course, I wasn't going to miss a chance like that. I don't see New York oftener than once in two years or so. Then there was the chance of seeing you. I was ready in an hour. I took the ten o'clock train this morning, and have just this minute arrived."

Only when these first few bits of information had been given and received did Tom feel the return of his embarrassment. He was in a room where three of the five others were troubled by his presence. He wasn't there of his own free will, and since he was a clerk, he couldn't leave till he was dismissed. He would not have known what to do if Hildred hadn't kept a small conversation going, drawing into it first one and then another, till presently all were discussing the weather or something of equal importance. In spite of her emotion, Mrs. Whitelaw did her best to sustain her role of hostess, Tad and Lily speaking only when they were spoken to. At a given minute Tad got up, sauntering toward the door.

He was stopped by his father. "Don't go, Tad. Tea will be here in a minute." The voice grew pleading. "Stay with us to-day."

Lighting a cigarette, Tad sank back into his chair, doing it rather sulkily. Whitelaw continued to draw papers from the brief-case, arranging them before him on the table.

When Dadd appeared with the teatray Tom made a push for escape. "If you've nothing else for me to do, sir . . ."

Whitelaw merely glanced up at him. "Wait a minute. Sit down again."

Tom went back to his seat beside Hildred, where he watched Mrs. Whitelaw as she poured the tea. It was the first time he had seen her in indoor dress, all lace and soft lavender, her pearls twisted

once around her neck and descending to her waist, a great jewel on her breast. It was the first time, too, that he had seen her hair, which was fair and crinkly, like his own. Except for a light portliness, she was too young to seem like the mother of Lily and Tad, while she was still less like his own. That she should be his own, this woman who had never known anything but what love and money could enrich her with, was too incongruous with everything else in life to call for so much as denial.

And as for the hundredth time he was saying this to himself, Whitelaw spoke. He spoke without looking up from his papers except to take a sip of tea from the cup on the table beside him. He spoke casually, too, as if broaching something not of much importance.

"Now that we're all here I think that perhaps it's as good a time as any to go over the matter we've talked about separately—and settle it."

There was no one in the room who didn't know what he meant. Tad smoked listlessly; Lily set down her cup and lighted a cigarette; Mrs. Whitelaw's jeweled fingers played among the tea-things, as if she must find something for her hands to do or shriek aloud. Tom's heart seemed turned to stone, to have no power of emotion. Hildred was the only one who said anything.

"Hadn't I better go, Mr. Whitelaw? I haven't been up to my room yet."

"No, Hildred. I'd rather that you stayed, if you don't mind. It's the reason we've asked you to come."

He looked at no one. His face was a little white, though he was master of himself.

"This is the tenth of May. It's twenty-three years ago to-day since we lost our little boy. I want to ask the family, now that we're all together, what they think of the chances of our having found him again."

Though he knew it was an anniversary in the family, it was Tom's first recollection of the date. In as far as it was his birthday, birthdays had been mean-



ingless to him, except as he remembered that they had come and gone, and made him a year older.

"Personally," Whitelaw went on, "I've fought this off so long that I can't do it any longer. It will be five years this summer since I first saw him, at Dublin, New Hampshire, and was struck with his looks and his name, as well as with the little I learned of his history."

"Why didn't you do something about it then," Tad put in, peevishly, "if you were going to do anything at all?"

"You're quite right, Tad. It's what I should have done. I was dissuaded by the rest of you. I must confess, too, that I was afraid to take it up myself. We'd followed so many clues that led to nothing! But perhaps it's just as well, as it's given me time to make all the investigation that, it seems to me, has been possible."

Apart from the motion of Tad's and Lily's hands as they put their cigarettes to their lips, everyone sat motionless and tense. Even Mrs. Whitelaw tamed her feverish activity to a more feverish stillness. Hildred put her hand lightly on Tom's sleeve to remind him that she was there, but the power of feeling anything had gone out of him. While Whitelaw told his facts he listened as if the case had nothing to do with himself.

His agents, so the banker said, had probably unearthed every detail in the story that was now to be known.

On August 5, 1895, Thomas Coburn had been married in The Bronx, to Lucy Speight. Coburn was a carpenter who had fallen from a roof in the following October, and had died a few days later of his injuries. Their child, Grace Coburn, had been born in The Bronx on March 5, 1896, and had died on April 21, 1897. After that all trace of the mother had been lost, though a woman who killed herself by poisoning in the Female House of Detention in the suburb of New Rotterdam, after having been arrested for shop-lifting, on December 24, 1904, might be considered as the same

person. This woman had been known to such neighbors as could remember her as Mrs. Lucy Coburn, though at the time of her arrest she had claimed to be the widow of Theodore Whitelaw, after having married Thomas Coburn as her first husband. The wardress who had talked to her on taking her to a cell recalled that she had been incoherent and contradictory in all her statements about herself, her husband, and her child.

As a matter of fact, the early history of Lucy Speight had been traced. She was the daughter of a laboring man at Chatham, in the neighborhood of Albany. Her mental inheritance had been poor. Her father had been the victim of drink, her mother had died insane. One of her sisters had died insane, and a brother had been put at an early age in a home for the feeble-minded. A brother and two sisters still lived either at Chatham or at Pittsfield. He had in his hand photographs of all the living members of the family, and copies of photographs of those deceased, including two of Lucy Speight as she was as a young girl.

He turned toward Tom. "Would you like to look at them?"

The power of emotion came back to him with a rush. He remembered his mother, vividly in two or three attitudes or incidents, but otherwise faintly. A flush that stained his cheek with the same dark red which dissipation stamped on Tad's made the brothers look more than ever alike as he crossed the room to take the pictures from his father's hand.

There were a dozen or fourteen of them, all of poor rustic boys and girls, or men and women, feebleness in the cast of their faces, the hang of their lips, the vacancy of their eyes. Standing to sort them out, he put aside quickly the two of Lucy Speight. One of them must have dated from 1894, or thereabouts, because of the big sleeves; the other, with skin-tight shoulders, was that of a girl perhaps in 1889. In their faded simper there was almost nothing of the

wild dark prettiness with which he saw her in memory, and yet he could recreate it.

He stood and gazed long, all eyes fixed on him. Moving to the table where Mrs. Whitelaw sat behind the tray, he held the two pictures before her.

"That's my mother."

Though he said this without thought of its significance, and only from the habit of thinking of Lucy Speight as really his mother, he saw her shrink. With a glance at the photographs, she glanced up at him, piteously, begging to be spared. Even such contact as this, remote, pictorial only, with people of a world she had never so much as touched, hurt her fastidiousness. That the son of this poor half-witted creature, this Lucy Speight, should also be her son . . . but the only protest she could make was in her eyes.

Tom did not sit down again as Whitelaw continued with his facts; he stood at the end of the mantelpiece, with its three white pieces of *biscuit de Sèvres*. Leaning with his elbow on the black-marble edge, he had all the others facing him, as all the others had him. The attitude seemed best to accord with the position in which he felt himself, that of a prisoner at the bar.

"We've found no record in any State in the Union," Whitelaw went on, "or in any Province in Canada, of a marriage between a Theodore Whitelaw and a Lucy Coburn or Speight. The search has been pretty thorough. Moreover, we find no birth recorded in The Bronx of any Thomas Whitelaw during all the decade between 1890 and 1900. No such birth is recorded in any other suburb of New York, or in Manhattan. In years past I've been on the track of three men of the name of Theodore Whitelaw, one in Portland, Maine, one in New Orleans, and one in Vancouver; but there's reason for thinking that all three were one and the same man. He was a Scotch sailor, who died on the Pacific coast, and was never known to be in or about New York longer than the

two or three days in which his ship was in port."

He came to the circumstances, largely gathered from Tom himself, of the association of the woman with the child. She had harped on the statements, first, that she had not stolen him; secondly, that he was not to think that his name was Whitelaw. And yet on the night before her death she had not only given him that very name, but claimed it as legally her own. The boy—the man, as he was now—could remember that at different times she had called herself by different names, chiefly to escape detection for her thefts; but never before that night had she taken that of Whitelaw.

Those who had worked on the case, the most skilful investigators in the country, were driven to a theory. It was a theory based only on the circumstantial, but so broadly based that the one unproven point, that which absolutely showed identity, seemed to prove itself.

Lucy Coburn, feeble in mind from birth, half demented by the death first of her husband and then of her child, had prowled about the Park, looking for a baby that would satisfy her thwarted mother-love. Any baby would have done this, though she preferred a girl.

"My son, Henry Elphinstone Whitelaw, was born on September 24, 1896. He was eight months old when on May 10, 1897, he was wheeled into the Park by Miss Nash, who is still with us. What happened after, as she supposed, she wheeled him back, we all know about."

But the theory was that, at some minute when Miss Nash's attention was diverted, the prowling woman got possession of the child, through means which were still a matter of speculation. She had money, since it was known that five thousand dollars had been paid to her from a life-insurance company on her husband's death, and, therefore, the power of flitting about, and covering up her traces. Discovering that she had a boy and not a girl, she had given him the first name she could think of, which



was that of her late husband. She could easily have learned from the papers that the child she had stolen was the son of Henry Theodore Whitelaw, though the full name may or may not have remained in a memory probably not retentive at its best. But on the night of her arrest, knowing that she was about to forsake the child for whom she had come to feel a passionate affection, she had made one last wild effort to connect him with his true inheritance. Why she had done this but partially was again a matter of conjecture. She may have given all of the name she remembered; she may have been kept from giving the full name through fear. It was impossible to tell. But she gave the name—with some errors, it was true—but still the name. The name taken with the extraordinary family resemblance—everyone would admit that—was one of the main points in the reconstruction of the history.

He reviewed a few more of the proofs and the half-proofs, asking at last, timidly, and as if afraid of the family verdict:

"Well, what does everyone say?"

The silence was oppressive. The only movement on anyone's part came when Lily stretched out her hand to a tray, and with her little finger knocked off the ash from her cigarette. It seemed to Tom as if none of them would speak, as if he himself must speak first.

"I vote we take him in." This was Tad. "Since we all know you want him, father—well, that settles it. As far as I'm concerned I'll—I'll crawl down."

Lily shrugged her slim shoulders. "I don't care one way or another. I've got my own affairs to think of. If he doesn't interfere with me I won't interfere with him." Again she knocked off the ash of her cigarette. "Have him, if you want to."

It was Mrs. Whitelaw's turn. She sat still, pensive. The clock could be heard ticking. Her husband gazed at her as if his life would depend on what she had to say. Tom himself went numb again. She spoke at last.

"If you're satisfied, Henry, I'm satisfied. All I ask in the world is that you—" she gasped her little sob—"is that you shall be happy." Rising, she walked straight up to Tom. "I want to kiss you."

When he had bent his head she kissed him on the forehead, formally, sacramentally. She went back to her seat.

Without moving from his place at the table, Whitelaw smiled across the room at Tom, a smile of relief and tenderness.

"Well, what do you say?"

Tom looked down at Hildred, noting her strange expression. It was not a satisfied expression; rather it was challenging, defiant of something, he didn't know of what. But he couldn't now consider Hildred; he couldn't consider anyone but himself. He did not change his position, leaning on the black-marble mantelpiece; nor was his tone other than conversational.

"I'm awfully sorry, sir—I'm sorry to say it to you especially—but it's—it's not good enough."

With the slightest possible movement of the head Hildred made him a sign of proud approval. Whitelaw's smile went out.

"What's not good enough?"

"The—the welcome—home."

Tad spluttered, indignantly. "What the devil do you want? Do you expect us to put up an arch?"

"No; I don't expect anything. I should only like you to understand that though it isn't easy for you, it's easier for you than for me."

Tad turned to his father. "Now you're getting it! I could have told you beforehand, if you'd consulted me."

"You see," Tom continued, paying no attention to the interruption, "you're all different from me. You're used to different things, to different standards and ways of thinking. If I were to come in among you the only phrase that would describe me is the homely one of the fish out of water. I should be gasping for breath. I couldn't live in your atmosphere."

Tad was again the only one to voice a comment. "Well, I'll be damned!"

Tom's legs which had quaked at first, began to be surer under him. "Please don't think I'm venturing to criticize anyone or anything. This is your life, and it suits you. It wouldn't suit me because it isn't mine. The past makes me as it makes you, and it's too late now to unmake us. It's possible that I may be Harry Whitelaw. When I hear the evidence that can be produced I can almost think I am. But if I *am* Harry Whitelaw by birth, I'm *not* Harry Whitelaw by life and experience. I can't go back and be made over. I'm myself as I stand." Still having in his hand the pictures of Lucy Speight, he held them out. "To all intents and purposes this is—my mother."

"And I kissed you!"

Tom smiled. "Yes, but you don't know how she kissed me. I do. She loved me. I loved her. I've tried—I've tried my very best—to turn my back on her—to call her a thief—and any other name that would blacken her—and—and I can't do it."

The sleeping lioness in the mother was roused suddenly. Leaving her place behind the tea-table, she advanced near enough to him to point to the two photographs.

"Do you mean to say that—having the choice between—that—and me—you choose—that?"

"I don't choose. I can't do anything else. It isn't what you think that rules your life; it's what you love. I'm one of the people to whom love means more than anything else. I daresay it's a weakness—especially in a man—but that's the way it is."

"If your first stipulation is love . . ."

"Wouldn't it be yours, Onora?"

"I'd try to be reasonable—when so many concessions have been made."

"Yes," Tom hastened to say, "but that's just my point. I'm not asking for concessions. The minute they must be made—well, I'm not there. I couldn't come into your family—on concessions."

Whitelaw spoke up again. "I don't blame you."

Tom tried to make his position clearer. "It's a little like this. A long time ago I was coming along by the Hudson in the train. I was on my way to New York with the man who had adopted me, after I'd been a State ward. There was a steamer on the river, and I watched her—coming *from* I didn't know where—going *to* I didn't know where. And it came to me then that she was something like myself. I didn't know what port I'd sailed from; nor what port I was making for. But now that I'm twenty-three—if that's my age—I see this: that once in so often I touched at some happy isle, where the people took me in and were good to me. It was what carried me along."

The mother broke in, reproachfully. "Happy isles—full of convicts and murderers!"

"Yes; but they were happy. The convicts and murderers were kind. A homeless boy doesn't question the moral righteousness of the people who give him food and shelter and clothes, and, what's more, all their best affection. What it comes to is this, that having lived in those happy isles—awhile in one, awhile in another—I don't want to go ashore at an unhappy one, even though I was born there."

Springing to his feet, Tad bore down on him. "Do you know what I call you? I call you an ass."

"Very likely. I'm only trying to explain to you why I can't be your brother—even if I am—your brother."

"It's because you don't want to be—and you damn well know it."

"That may be another way of putting it; but I'm not putting it that way."

Lily rose languidly, throwing out her words to nobody in particular. "I think he's a good sport, if you ask me. I wouldn't come into a family like us—not the way we are."

"Wait, Lily," Whitelaw cried, as she was sauntering out. He too got to his feet. "You've all spoken. You've done



the best you could. I'm not blaming anyone. Now I want you all to understand—" He indicated Tom—"that this is *my son*. I know he's my son. I claim him as my son. Not even what he says himself can make any difference to me."

Tom strode across the room, grasping the other's hand. "Yes, sir; and you're my father. I know that too, and I claim you on my side. But we'll stop right there. It's as far as we can go. I'll be your son in every sense but that of—" He looked round about on them all—"but that of being your heir or a member of your family. I can't do that; but—between you and me—everything is understood."

He got out of the room with dignity. Passing Tad, he nodded, and said, "Thanks!" To Lily he said, "Thank you too. It was bully, what you said." Reaching the mother whom he didn't know and who didn't know him, he bowed low. Sitting again behind the tea-table, she lifted her hand for him to take it. He took it and kissed it. Her little soblike gasp followed him as he passed into the big dim hall.

He had taken no leave of Hildred, because he knew she would do what actually she did; but he didn't know that she would speak the words he heard spoken.

"I'm going with him, dear Mrs. Whitelaw; but I shan't be long. I just don't want him to go away alone because—because I mean to marry him."

## XLVII

As they went down the steps she took his arm. "Tom, darling, I'm proud of you. Now they know where we stand, both of us."

"It was splendid of you, Hildred, to play up like that. It backs me tremendously that you're not afraid to own me. But, you know, what I've just said will put us farther apart."

"Oh, I don't know about that. Father said we couldn't be engaged un-

less you were acknowledged as Mr. Whitelaw's son; and you have been. He never said anything about your being Mrs. Whitelaw's son. This is a case in which it's the father that counts specially."

"But I couldn't take any of his money beyond what I earned."

"Oh, but that wouldn't make any difference."

They crossed the Avenue and entered the Park. They entered the Park because it was the obvious place in which to look for a little privacy. All the gay sweet life of the May afternoon was at its brightest. Riders were cantering up and down the bridle-path; friends were strolling; children were playing; birds were flying with bits of string or straw for the building of their nests. To Tom and Hildred the gladness was thrown out by the deeper gladness in themselves.

"But you don't know how poor we'll be."

"Oh, don't I? Where do you think I keep my eyes? Why, I expect to be poor when I marry—for a while at any rate. I expect to do my own housework, like most of the young married women I know."

"Oh, but you've always talked so much about servants."

"Yes, dear Tom, but that was to be on a desert island where we were to be all alone. We shan't find that island, except in our hearts."

"But even without the island, I always supposed that when a girl like you got married she . . ."

"She began with an establishment on the scale of ours in Louisburg Square, at the least. Yes, that used to be the way, twenty or thirty years ago. But I'm sorry to say it isn't so any longer. Talk about revolution! We've got revolution as it is. With rents and wages as they are, and all the other expenses, why, a young couple must begin with the simple life, or stay single. I'd rather begin with the simple life, and I know more about it than you think."

He laughed. "So I see."

"Oh, I can cook and sew and make beds and wash dishes. . . ."

They sauntered on, without noticing where they were going, till they came to a dell, where in the shade of an elm there was a seat, and another near a heart-shaped clump of lilacs, all in bloom. They sat in the shade of the elm. They were practical young lovers, and yet they were young lovers. They were lovers for whom there had never been any lovers but themselves. The wonderful thing was that each felt what the other felt; the discoveries by which they had come to the knowledge of this fact were the first that had ever been made.

"Oh, Tom, do you feel like that? Why, that's just the way I feel."

"Is it, Hildred? Well, it shows we were made for each other, doesn't it, because I never thought that anyone felt like that but me?"

"Well, no one ever did but me. Only, Tom, dear, tell me when it was that you first began to fall in love with me."

"It was the night—a winter's night—five, six, seven years ago—when I found Guy in a mix-up with a lot of hoodlums in the snow."

"And you brought him home. That was the first time you ever saw me."

"Yes, it was the first time I ever saw you that I began . . ."

"And I began then, too. Since that evening there's never been anybody else. Oh, Tom, was there ever anybody else with you?"

Tom thought of Maisie. "Not—not really."

"Well, unreally then?"

As he made his confession she listened eagerly. "Yes, that *was* unreally. And you never heard anything more about her?"

"Oh, yes. When I was in Boston a few weeks ago I went to see her aunt. She told me that Maisie had been married for the last two years to a traveling salesman she'd been in love with for a long time, and that she had a baby."

The thought of Maisie brought back

the thought of Honey; and the thought of Honey woke him to the fact that he had been on this spot before.

"Why—why, Hildred! This is the very bench on which Miss Nash and the other nurse were sitting—"

"When you were stolen?"

"When somebody was stolen." He looked round him. "And there's Miss Nash over there!"

On the bench near the lilacs Miss Nash was seated with a book.

"We ought to go and speak to her," Hildred suggested.

Miss Nash received them with her beatific look. "I saw you leave the house. I thought you'd come here. I followed you. I had something to do, something I swore to God I'd do the day my little boy came back. I'd—" She held up a novel of which the open pages were already yellowing—"I'd finish this. *Juliet Allington's Sin* is the name of it. I was just at the scene where the lover drowns when my little boy was taken. I've never opened the book since; but I've kept it by me." She rose, weeping. "Now I can finish it—but I'll go home."

Sitting down on the seat she had left free for them, they began to talk of the scene of the afternoon, which as yet they had avoided.

"I hope I didn't hurt their feelings."

"They didn't mind hurting yours."

"They didn't mean to. They thought they were generous."

"Which only shows . . ."

"But *he's* all right. Hildred, he's a big man."

"And you really think he's your father, Tom?"

"I know he is. Everything makes me sure of it."

"Well, then, if he's your father, she must be your mother."

"Yes, but I don't go that far. It isn't what must be that I think about; it's what *is*."

She persisted in her logic. "And Tad and Lily must be your brother and sister."



"They can be what they like. I don't care anything about them."

"It's only your mother that you don't . . ."

He got up, restlessly. It was easier to reconstruct the scene which Honey had described to him than to let her bring what she was saying too sharply to a point.

"It was over here that the baby carriage stood, right in the heart of this little clump." She followed him into it. "Miss Nash and the other nurse were over there, where we were sitting first. And right here, just where I'm standing, the queer thing must have happened."

"Are you sorry it happened, Tom?"

"You mean, if it actually happened to me. Why, no; and yet—yes. I can't tell. I'm sorry not to have grown up with—with my father. And yet if I had, I should have missed—all the other things—Honey—and perhaps you."

"Oh, you couldn't have missed me. I couldn't have missed you. We might not have met in the way we did meet, but we'd have met."

He hardly heard her last words, because he was staring off along the path by which they themselves had come down. His tone was puzzled, scarcely more than a whisper.

"Hildred, look!"

"Why, it's Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw.

She's changed her dress. How young she looks with that kind of flowered hat. I remember now. They always come here on the tenth of May. They've been here already this morning. Lily told me so. I know what it is. They're looking for you. Miss Nash has told them where we are. I'm going to run."

"Don't run far," he begged of her. "I can't imagine what's up."

He stood where he was, watching their advance. It was not his place to go forward, since he wasn't sure that he was wanted. He only thought he must be when, as they reached the bench beneath the elm, Whitelaw pointed him out and let his wife go on alone.

She came on in the hurried way in which she did everything, her great eyes brimming, as they often were, with unshed tears. At the entrance among the lilacs she held out both her hands, their diamonds upward, as if he was to kiss them. He took the hands, but lightly, barely touching them, keeping on his guard.

"Harry!" The staccato sentences came out as little breathless cries torn from a heart that tried to keep them back. "Harry! You—you needn't—love me—or be my son—or live with us—unless—unless you like—but I want you to—to let me kiss you—just once—the way—the way your other—mother—used to."

*(The end)*

# THE LION'S MOUTH

## A LION AMONG THE LADIES

BY STEPHEN LUCAS

IF uniqueness were a prerequisite to fame, I should be famous, not because I am under twenty-five and still unmarried, but because I enjoy both these privileges and at the same time teach in a woman's college. When I consider how few specimens of my class are abroad in the land, I share the loneliness of the Phoenix and of the Dodo bird. Our number is indeed small, but we have known more adventure than a group of lawyers or merchants twice our size.

In this quiet college town adventure begins for me before I stir from my fire-side. Without more exertion on my part than that required for an innocent weekend trip, my reputation may suffer a sea-change overnight. How many bachelors, however eligible, have been engaged eight times in one year, married four, and accused of living a double life in a wicked city nearby? Yet all these distinctions have come to me within a twelvemonth. A prima donna with a press agent could scarcely achieve more.

I did not anticipate these gratuities of fame when I decided two years ago to settle in H—. The resolution was made, as I have observed most momentous decisions are, desperately. The student of business administration with whom I then shared a second floor front had prepared a neat chart showing me the relative merits of the institutions which had unwittingly offered me a place on their faculties. I labored in the effort to come to a judgment by sober reason. At this juncture a professed friend remarked, "I'm willing to bet you don't dare try the women. You wouldn't last two months." The wager

was laid, and the friend has subsequently had to pay heavily for his skepticism.

The morning I arrived in H—, after an apprehensive vacation, I found the campus appallingly busy. In the throngs hurrying from dormitory to examination room I felt like a wanderer; my embarrassment was that of a man who has intruded on a scene he has no right to witness. One freshman—at least, I suppose she was a freshman—flattered me by asking the way to the Post Office. My heart was grateful for this single moment of human intercourse. Able to endure neither the general indifference nor the occasional scrutiny, I slunk up a side street to my lodgings, sadder, but determined to see the performance through. Was I to fail in this palpable test of my vaunted gift of self-possession? I performed the rite which is the modern equivalent of girding up one's loins; I put on a new and brilliant necktie and my most presentable socks, and sat down to ponder the wisdom of going to chapel. To falter now was to lose all.

I reached the faculty room of the chapel, guided by a heaven-sent intuition. In the next few minutes' conversation, the first for me in two days, I forgot the troubles ahead until the faculty lined up in procession and started toward the platform. I was not prepared for any exhibition. I thought of my garish socks, of the suit not yet pressed after my two days in the train. But I was in so far that returning would not only be tedious as it was for Macbeth, but, indeed, impossible. As I entered the door the confused hum of voices was hushed, only to surge up to me redoubled as I plodded ahead. The organ and choir blared forth the first



stanzas of "Onward Christian Soldiers." I took the hint, raised my eyes, and walked on with the serenity of a martyr. As I sat, taking precaution to see that there was a chair directly behind me, and looked out over the hordes, all faces were merged into one face, looking at me with curious but unfeeling eyes. To prove that I could control my faculties, I defied the composite stare and sang the hymn lustily, though there were moments when everyone among the hundreds seemed to have stopped to leave me caroling alone. My exit was furtive and precipitate. I thanked my gods that the class room I had been assigned to was just around the corner.

When I consider that first awful hour, I now wonder how courage could have stayed with me, for, through some clerical blunder, three sections of freshmen, more avid of amusement than instruction, were awaiting my utterance. To show my indifference, I opened a window, glanced through my notes (they were voluminous this time), pretended to make a correction, and then with the desperation with which one leaps at the water for his first dive, I plunged. Strange to say, the words came. I had never been so fluent. I said things I had not planned to say, and I noticed an occasional stir and laugh at these remarks. Apparently, I could endure for an hour. Then, for no reason at all, individuals began to appear in the crowd which had previously been an abstraction like the throngs in chapel. A pair of mischievous black eyes, a towsled mop of bobbed and copper-colored hair, scarfs and dresses like flowers in a bright garden border. They were girls and exceedingly pretty girls withal! Pretty girls are made to be danced with, not to be taught. With this momentary reflection came the realization that all dignity, all calmness, must be summoned. Forgetting the careful notes before me, I paused in despair. But the kind providence that supplies heroes with heroic words at their hour of death prompted me with the ancient defense of teachers—

"Are there any questions?" Praise God there were. I forgot the eyes, the hair, the dresses, and settled to business.

Classes are no longer among my worries. I do not pause in confusion when faced with the necessity of asking a student to open the window, even when I recollect the predicament of a colleague who, upon making such a request, received the conclusive answer, "Not while there is a gentleman in the room." Visiting mothers have no terror for me. I use a Latin phrase less current than *vice versa* or *et cetera*, and they invariably express to me at the end of the hour their confidence in daughter's intellectual wellbeing. The sensations of the first day, when reason for a time deserted me, have returned only once. I had spoken to a girl with mild severity. She took advantage of me in the traditional feminine way. She wept bitterly and audibly. Now I cannot bear to see a woman weep, especially if she has blue eyes. Instinct urged me to comfort her, reason cautioned moderation. Though it struck me as a base and craven thing to do, I brusquely asked two of her classmates to remove her. She went like a saint to the stake, with a "Help-me-hence-ho" expression on her face.

In a moment of youthful conceit soon after my arrival in H— I began a diary. In the entries of the first week I find this, "I am in no danger of having my head turned or of losing my composure through the evil reports of gossip and rumor." This I now know to be as false prophecy as ever man spake. Think what the effect must inevitably be on a fellow, who, by nature retiring, suddenly finds himself a celebrity and a subject of idle but *incessant* speculation. Not a glance goes unnoticed. If I take the inside of the walk when escorting a lady, buy a giddy scarf not quite approved by fashion, whistle while waiting for a street car, the college world soon knows that I have no manners, that I have a very gay new suit, that I sing to myself as I walk down the street. So far, I have been engaged to two mem-

bers of the faculty, three girls in New York, Yonkers, and Pittsburgh, respectively, a junior and a senior in college, and a member of the local country-club set. There are probably more. Some rumination over the tea cups produced the astounding news that I received the highest grades at Yale ever accorded one so young, a pleasant rumor indeed, but one that is more difficult to live up to than to live down. A certain impressionable sophomore was persuaded at one of these tea-parties that I must have a spouse. She determined to sift for the truth, and so put the question to me one morning, "Are you married, sir?" In my amazement all I could stammer was, "Not to my knowledge, but don't lose hope," a remark similar in stupidity to one I made to a girl who announced her engagement while I was rebuking her for negligence. I gasped out in reply to her excuse, "I'm sure, I wish you luck."

When the rustics were arranging their play in "Midsummer Night's Dream" it was generally agreed that to bring a lion on before the ladies would be an outrage, for "a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing." I have sometimes wondered if the freshmen who approach me with trembling ever consider that I am full of dread not for them but of them. Now that my pseudo-serenity passes current for the real thing, my friends have come to regard me as a savant on the question of woman, and merely because I do not flinch before twenty winsome faces, they feel that they have indisputable authority in my opinion of woman's mental capacity and her reputed subtlety. They are fools and so am I to suppose that we can solve the problem. "What can man, transparent and predictable as he is, know of complex woman?" says the ancient dogma. I shall, sometime, when I have grown old in the service, hypothecate that there is no problem. But that is another chapter and will require the research of years for the writing.

## THE MODEL SON

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

A LITTLE over a year ago I wrote a lament entitled "The Model Father." It was a tale of parental tribulation and of infantile gloom; a portrait of a seven-weeks-old son who looked upon the world and found it not to his liking. People who were kind enough to speak of the article told me that it reminded them of their own experiences; a solemn fact, suggesting that the majority of mankind no sooner embark upon life than they begin to be disillusioned. Thirteen months have passed since then, and justice demands that a new report of my son be spread upon the minutes. For in case, as I was told, he is representative of a coming generation, any change in his attitude toward life deserves mention. It is bad enough to have Europe agitated and our farming population discontented; if my son's mood is no longer one of unrest, our public men ought so to be informed without delay. What we need to-day, as somebody said recently, is an atmosphere of hope.

Be it recorded, then, that my son, upon more mature reflection, thinks that things are looking up. Thirteen months ago he could hardly be induced to consume even four ounces of milk and barley water; now his diet is limited only by the size of his mouth and the watchfulness of his parents. He eats his cereals and prunes in a manner nothing less than lavish. What he can't get into his mouth he is happy to accumulate on his chin and bib. At the end of a meal the casual observer would be somewhat in doubt as to whether he had been eating cereal or bathing in it. And his gustatory tastes are admirably catholic. He is keen for burnt matches and hairpins; turn him loose on the lawn, and in no time you will have to be prying pebbles out of his mouth. To the rest of us the newspapers may seem messengers of discord and disaster; but leave them within his reach and before you know it he will



be devouring them with the most cheerful relish. The literature of the day may strike a note of dismal naturalism, but he doesn't care; he is as ready to lick the jacket of Sherwood Anderson as to suck the corners of *Alice in Wonderland*.

Thirteen months ago my son lay on his back and wailed. The prettiest ceilings distressed him. The hood of his basket offended his decorative sense. The blue arch of heaven hurt his eyes. Now that he is old enough to strut about and see the world more broadly, his attitude has changed. It has become nothing less than boisterous. He wakes us in the morning with raucous laughter. You would think that merely to stand up in one's basket and survey the furnishings of one's room were one of the uproarious experiences of life. He makes his first appearance downstairs while we are at breakfast, and he enters the room with all the air of Lord Fitztravers greeting his guests. It is a portly, well-fed air; his chuckle is a portly chuckle; and if his legs appear too short and widely spaced to support his immense weight without a somewhat waddling walk, what else can you expect of a hale old country squire who has long enjoyed the good things of the earth?

"You are slobbering, Lord Fitztravers," he is told. "Come here and get your chin wiped off." But he only chuckles, as one who is in too genial a frame of mind to be disturbed by such unmannerly comment on the part of his household. He waddles round the room; flattens his nose against the French window to survey the countryside; chuckles to find the weather fair and the shrubbery growing greenly; inspects the appointments of the dining room; reaches up on to the table for the salt cellar and a stray butter-knife; moans a little in disappointment when we remove them from his reach; chuckles again at the realization that after all this is a humorous conceit on our part; and waddles out again to the screened porch and his box of playthings, perfectly content.

For a gentleman of leisure such as he,

the day holds a wide variety of entertainment. To realize why this is so you have only to put yourself in his place, and appreciate that everything about you has the spice of novelty. Glass doors, for example, are found to have many pleasant qualities. If you stand with your face pressed against the glass door of the screened porch, you can see into the living room and distinguish the fireplace on the farther side. You can see enormous grown-up people walking through the house, and even watch them as they sit at the desk to write letters: a highly diverting prospect, for if you cackle at them loudly enough, they will look up and wave at you. If the door is ajar, you can push it open; and that is not half the fun, for then you can go round on the other side and push it shut again with a bang, equaled only by the bang it gives when you push it open and slam it again for the second and third and fourth time. The glass in the door makes an even louder and pleasanter noise when you beat upon it idly with your shovel. The wire screens are delightful to lean against, especially one that is coming loose, and sags appreciably when you put your two hands flat against it and push. There is a large armchair on the porch; with practice you can learn to climb laboriously into the seat, stand there at a thrilling altitude, holding on to the back, and (after you have enjoyed the view for a suitable period) accomplish a careful descent. The Matterhorn itself could hardly offer more exhilarating sport. And then the things in the toy-box! There is your rattle, moderately noisy and therefore moderately satisfactory; there are blocks to pick up and drop on the floor, with a noise sharper and more delightful; and finally there is the curved shining bell of an ancient dismembered alarm clock, which you cannot only suck but smite upon the wall, making a noise which is the very summit of satisfaction.

Of course, occasional clouds cross the sun. If whenever you see anything that tickles your fancy you walk impetuously

toward it without regard to the contour of the ground underfoot, any little inequality such as a doorsill (if you are indoors) or a stone in the path (if you are outdoors) may upset you. You fall with an abruptness that is foreign to the experience of older and larger people. There is no process of stumbling and gradually losing your balance; you go down with a thump, and make known your disappointment.

My son's major sorrows, however, are usually connected with the departure of friends. He likes company. The more people are about, the better he feels. When we leave him alone on the porch, even the sport of chair-climbing fails to console him for a time. He follows after us to the glass doors, presses his face against them, and wails. I think his idea of a thoroughly enjoyable place would be the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, where there are always plenty of people about. He would waddle up and down with his Lord Fitztravers air and look at the people and laugh inordinately, as much as to say, "Well, here we all are, and what could be funnier than that?"

His cheerfulness is not the conscious optimism of a Pollyanna, determined to see the bright side of a dismal world; nor of the professional mixer, bent on achieving a powerful personality and zipping things up for the sake of better business. It is the cheerfulness of one who just likes everything from his cereal in the morning to his soup at night, and takes those present into his confidence. Even his taste in humor is unspoiled. Others may draw sophisticated merriment from the repartee of French farces or the knowing wit of the columnists; but my son knows what is really most amusing. It is to put your head down on the floor, look between your legs, and see your father and mother upside down. That, after all, is the really humorous experience. The person who can laugh so hard at that that he loses his balance and falls down is your truly right-minded citizen. So let us not be unduly

distressed at the cynical younger generation. What is more to the point is that at this present writing the youngest generation is coming along famously.

### THE OPTIMIST

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

**I** HAVE a friend who is an optimist. In fact, I have several. I am going to roll them all into one and call him (or them) Beauchamp, after the most famous of all multiple personalities.

You must be familiar, to the point of nausea, with the term "the modern mind." People talk of it as though it were a modern invention, like the modern alarm clock, modern advertising, or modern methods of dairy farming. But for all that the phrase is worn thin by use, the thing itself is mysterious. What is the modern mind? A mess—you will say in your haste. But be patient. Let us be scientific. Let us analyze. This is where Beauchamp comes in, for Beauchamp's mind is modern. I am quite sure of that. Let us study the modern mind writ small in the person of Beauchamp. We will confine ourselves to his optimism.

It differs from some well-known brands. Thus Beauchamp does not deny outright the existence of evil. When he has a pain he does not say: "Go to, now, I have not got a pain." He has enough sense to see that before the existence of pain can reasonably be denied it must first have been asserted. Now the original assertion, "I have a pain," may be error or illusion or anything you please—in any event it deserves a bad name. Pain may not exist, but persons who think they have pain unquestionably do, and that is an evil. Thus Beauchamp "has no use for" the idea that by cultivating healthy and optimistic thoughts and by ignoring evil you can dispose of it.

Nor again does he accept the philosophy which says that what we mortals call evil exists for the sake of some universal good—that philosophy which



has been so adroitly summarized—and exposed—in the epigram: This is the best of all possible worlds and everything in it is a necessary evil. That every so-called evil has a place in a divine scheme of things is a doctrine which makes no appeal to Beauchamp, for, in the first place, he does not like to use the word divine: it smacks of the supernatural and is therefore “unscientific”—and to be unscientific is to blaspheme. Secondly, you cannot expect any man to get excited about so vague and abstract a thing as “the good of the whole.” Imagine yourself, so Beauchamp might say, in the grip of some tragic bereavement. A philosophic friend approaches you and offers you by way of consolation: “Cheer up! Your suffering, if you could only see it, somehow contributes to the good of the whole.” Would you not cry out from your anguish, “But what is this whole, and what in Heaven’s name is its good that I should be reconciled to suffering for its sake?” What’s Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? The friend would have to summon all his philosophy to compose a satisfactory answer.

No. Beauchamp’s optimism, although in some respects it is kin to these, is much less ambitious and pays more attention to facts. It rests on two principles or dogmas: First, every cloud has a silver lining. Second, we are progressing. Evolution says so. Thus if, in a pessimistic mood, I tell him that the world seems to me to be full of murderers and crooks and adulterers and statesmen, he will counter by calling my attention to all the honest men, happy families, and disinterested public servants that dot this human scene. If after a visit to a jail or a hospital I emerge oppressed by a sense of the mass of human suffering, Beauchamp reminds me that the occupants of jails and hospitals constitute only a fraction of the total population. Think of all the happy people outside. So it goes. I note the evils incident to the growth of machines, industry, applied

science, newspapers, democratic government; Beauchamp quite properly points out the benefits conferred by these. Quite properly, too, he condemns my way of looking at things as willful, arbitrary, one-sided, and the rest. Of course, we do not get on, though we may get amusement, from sitting on opposite ends of this seesaw; but that is not my point. What strikes me as strange is that Beauchamp should think that his silver lining—all the happy folk—somehow cancels the dark side of the cloud on which I am gazing. How can the knowledge that there is a bright side reconcile me to the fact there is a dark side? In other words, is there any conceivable way in which any amount of good could cancel or offset or be balanced against the smallest amount of evil?

This question brings me to Beauchamp’s second dogma. According to the first, there is at any moment enough good discoverable to counterbalance the evil. The second says: Even if this is not so now, there will in the future be enough good to outweigh the evil. For we are getting on, oh, assuredly, says Beauchamp, we are getting on! “Consider the modern treatment of prisoners and the sick, and throw in the defective and the insane for good measure, and compare it with the treatment they received a hundred years ago. Think of education and transportation and sanitation [do all good things, I wonder, end in -ation?] and production and the emancipation of women and surgery and medicine. . . .” And so on and so on. Needless to say, I do not deny that in these matters we have progressed. “Well, then?” asks Beauchamp, as though I had conceded him the victory. I point out to him that he says not only “We have got on,” but, “We shall continue to get on.” And evidently on the farthest horizon of prophecy he sees the shining towers of the earthly city, the far-off event to which the whole creation moves. As a man looks down the tracks of a railroad and sees them stretching

off into the distance and is prescient that they lead to a marble palace which men call a terminal, so Beauchamp sees reaching out into the future the ringing grooves of change along which the Twentieth Century Limited which men call Civilization shall ride safely into Utopia. But where does he get his assurance from? How does he know that he has taken enough of the arc of progress to enable him to predict the whole curve? For all he knows, that which he takes to be a straight-away may be but a bend in the tracks and the name of the terminal may be Hell or Chaos. The answer lies in one word—Evolution. Beauchamp says he believes in Evolution. By that he means two things: First, he thinks there is a something called Evolution that does things. "Evolution," he often says, "brings or will bring this or that to pass." Secondly, Evolution makes for progress. In short, Evolution is his God or Providence, the Power not Beauchamp that makes for righteousness.

It would be interesting—for me—to dwell upon the damnable errors in Beauchamp's philosophy of evolution, but I am now concerned only with his optimism. I will grant him all he says about evolution; I will grant him perfectibility and progress and the far-off divine event. All right. And now how do we stand with regard to evil?

Evil—all evil—is too bulky a concept to be manageable. We must simplify. We will take just one example—toothache. No one will deny that this is an evil. If anyone is inclined to do so, I can only repeat the Playboy's wish: "May I meet him in the road, he to have one tooth only, and it aching." Very well then: a man has a toothache and now Beauchamp informs him that we shall go on learning to conquer disease and pain until one day the

human race will be immune from them. How precisely does that thought help the sufferer now? If he says, as he probably does, "Damn the universe in which such things are possible," how can the prospect of a universe from which such pain is eliminated obliterate the fact that the universe once was bad enough to contain that pain? Of course, if goods and evils were like lumps of sugar, that can be set in opposite pans of a balance, Beauchamp's method would work. But unfortunately they are not, so it doesn't. You cannot base optimism on the fact of progress.

I have criticized Beauchamp's philosophy, so perhaps it is only fair to expound my own. This, fortunately, is neither the time nor the place for an exposition. I will content myself with a story. It is called, quite simply, The Egg.

An optimist and a pessimist were having breakfast together. The pessimist ordered a boiled egg. He cut off the top, English fashion. As he did so a faint nauseating odor assailed him.

"This egg," he exclaimed, "is bad!"

The optimist was true to his principles. "Never mind a little thing like that," he said. "Turn it up the other way and effect an entrance by the other end. You will, I am sure, find parts of it quite edible."

You see, he was telling the pessimist to look upon the bright side of the egg.

"My dear man," said the pessimist, "don't be absurd. An egg is either good or bad without further qualification. It can't be just good or bad in spots. An egg which smells like this is bad, even though"—here he looked savagely at the other—"even though it should have a dozen silver linings."

With that he hurled the egg across the table at the optimist.

Well, I am the pessimist and the universe is my egg.





## What We Have to Be Thankful For

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

HERE comes around again the month of Thanksgiving and it behooves us to consider what, if anything, we have to be thankful for. Undoubtedly, as compared with other countries, we have a great deal. Our farmers are not very prosperous; our fuel supply is more precarious and more costly than it should be; our railroads have to scramble hard to keep up with the demands on them; we have more murders and more hold-ups and more law-breaking generally than we should, and there are other drawbacks to our perfect satisfaction with our material circumstances. But on the whole they are good. We have enough to eat. Housing lags, but not many of us are living in trees or are homeless. There is very little unemployment. On the contrary, labor is scarce and wages are high beyond all precedent. A large proportion of our population is finding due pleasure and satisfaction in life. We are for the moment the richest country in the world and we are spending a good deal of our money on things we think are remunerative. Anyone who went out on the road in a motor car last summer must have been impressed with the great number of people who were refreshing themselves by that method. Many families, evidently not rich, one saw traveling in touring cars on the highways, and noticed innumerable signs out on farmhouses of food and lodging or campsites for tourists. Our people certainly move about. The roads of the country

are a great phenomenon. The travel on them is extraordinary and the pleasure derived from it—change of scene and thought and the enlargement of the understanding that follows—must be reckoned as one of our causes of thankfulness. We do not yet migrate in flocks and droves like the birds and wild creatures, but the mass of the people in this country probably do move around more than any other people on earth except some Arab tribes and the gypsies, and that is a good thing. To see other people and how they live and what they look like gets minds out of ruts and puts new pictures in them, and that makes somewhat for the understanding of life.

On the material side, at least, we Americans of the United States seem to be doing better than anybody else. But how about the spiritual side? Are we getting to be better people, wiser, more courageous, more alive to our responsibilities in the world? Are we more religious or less religious, and is the religion we have doing us as much good as it ought to?

These are really the great questions of the hour. Here is the world in a depressing state, very precarious at this writing in its political outlook. There is Europe disturbed by new complications that actually threaten war, and by other complications that have dragged along for months and that at least impede and imperil the return of peace. And just at this writing the papers are full of the dis-

tress of Japan with two great cities shaken to pieces by earthquakes, with an appalling loss of life and a vast loss of property. That we should help out in that matter, both in the way of first aid and of reconstruction, was to be taken for granted. We know how to do such things and we have the disposition and the wherewithal to do them. But in the greater and more difficult political duties we have not yet anything so good to say of ourselves. In those matters we still lag, with the armament agreement as the main achievement to our credit.

Religion as represented in the churches is, in a way, very active and prosperous. In organization and raising money it is remarkably efficient, and what it does is helpful to the world so far as it goes. But the sentiment is very prevalent both inside of the churches and outside of them that it falls short of what it ought to do; that for some reason or other it is not able to accomplish in the world at this time what is expected of it, in that it does not bring to men the inspiration and the power that the existing situation demands.

In his little book called *Religious Perplexities* Doctor Jacks of Oxford says, in a discussion of reason and religion: "There is a coward and a hero in the breast of every man. Religion is the power which develops the hero at the expense of the coward. As the change proceeds there comes a moment when the cowardly method of reasoning, with its eye on safety, ceases to dominate the soul. Thenceforward the man's reason becomes the organ of the new spirit that is in him. His powers as a reasoner are enriched, his survey of the facts more comprehensive, his insight into their significance more penetrating. Faith is neither a substitute for reason nor an addition to it. Faith is nothing else than reason grown courageous—reason raised to its highest power, expanded to its widest vision. Its advent marks the point where the hero within the man is getting the better of the coward."

That admirably describes what is

wanted of religion. The trouble with it as it prevails to-day in these States is that it has not produced on a sufficiently general scale the necessary new spirit in man which develops the hero in him at the expense of the coward. The times demand the "reason grown courageous" that Doctor Jacks talks about and don't get it, but get from us a cautious and rather timid reason which counts all costs like a cash register, pays close attention to safety first, and does not win even that. For to be timid and calculating when one should be bold is not even safe, and in world politics especially to keep out of what we should be in is to invite disaster.

Mrs. Mary Austin, discussing in the *Century Magazine* the question "Do We Need a New Religion?" insists that we do, because nothing less powerful and corrective than religion can pull human society out of its present parlous condition. Plenty of people think that. They see the politicians at work. They see the back and fill of national interests, the clashes of economic rivalry, the jealousies of mere politics, and they groan and say, "Those people can never work it out! The salvation of society must come up from the crowd through new leadership and new faith. The jockeying of nations won't save us. There must be something that will lift humanity out of itself, and nothing does that but what we call religion." But when Mrs. Austin talks about a new religion she means nothing more startling than a development of powers which belong to the religion that we have. She does not disparage Christianity, nor its Founder, whom indeed she puts ahead of all religious teachers. Christianity has succeeded, she thinks, in the personal problem but not yet in the world problem. She wants new leaders, new knowledge, to work out that end of it and she thinks we shall get it. "In the history of human kind," she says, "whenever new light has been strongly called, it arrives, and almost always by way of some transcendent personality. Occasionally a



group of minor prophets will light a little flame which they blow upon with their united breath until it kindles a great matter. But the greatest truths seem to pierce our darkness through the crevice of one mind at a time, carrying always something of the quality of the medium by means of which they are translated to his time. It is not, therefore, unnatural to expect, now when we so much need him, the arrival of a new prophet of the social order. It is within bounds to venture a guess as to that quarter of the horizon in which his appearance is most likely."

Perhaps she looks to Russia for her new prophet. As to that she does not say, but what she says reminds one that what we have most reason to be thankful for is not material prosperity, nor freedom from earthquakes, nor the fact that we live some distance away from Europe, nor the circumstance that we can pay our debts. The best thing we have is new knowledge visibly increasing, holding out to us the hope, and, indeed, the reasonable expectation, that we shall become wise enough and have power and leadership enough to manage and control the industrial civilization in which we live and constrain its warring elements to live in peace with one another. We can justly be thankful that we are not more stupid than we are, and may even find grounds to believe that we are growing less so. Medicine makes remarkable advances; so does the control of electricity, and the constant improvement in all sorts of transportation is tying the peoples of the world together into the one great human family that they really are. If one looks back even one generation the change in the attitude of minds about the several nations as members of the human family with responsibility according to their powers for its welfare is astonishing. The Great War did accomplish something. People do not think as they did before it happened, and though a good many of them struggle to get the world back to old habits of thought, they have very lim-

ited success, and what success they do have makes prompt and obvious mischief.

We talk about religion and reiterate the world's need of it, but religion is a loose word and means different things to different people. In most minds it stands for the relation between the visible and the invisible world which humanity has always been struggling, more or less blindly, to comprehend and use. There is an instinctive conviction in the minds of men that the development and use of that relation is necessary to the conduct of human affairs, and that nations prosper and civilizations survive in so far as it is understood and applied. If, instead of saying that the world needs religion, we say it needs understanding of life, we convey pretty much the same idea, for to give us understanding of life, its purpose, powers, and possibilities, and what to do with it, is what religion is for. If we think understanding of life is increasing, that is the most valid of all reasons for thanking this year. Many, many people do think so, and find reason for the belief not only in the swift and steady progress of scientific knowledge and the rapid development of man's control of material things which is a consequence of it, but in the very questioning of creeds and dissatisfaction with the Christianity of the churches which to many observers are signs of religious failure. But they do not betoken failure at all. They are a natural outcome of the suspicion that there is more in religion, more in Christianity, than we are getting out of it, and of determination to get what is coming to us. That determination shows not only in the efforts of the regular churches, but in all sorts of outside activities, many of them curious and some of them misleading, but nearly all of them usefully experimental, pursuing some phase of spiritual power that has been neglected, and apparently getting results from the pursuit. In religion as in science a great deal of valuable work is being done now-

adays by amateurs, people attached to no school nor committed to any creed, but who suspect the existence of desirable knowledge and set out to get it, and will try anything in their quest. They are very valuable, these earnest and unterrified seekers. Truth finds it hard to hide from them, for they will dig anywhere. Authority has no hold on them, ridicule only amuses them. They are often wrong and usually partly wrong, but their continuous efforts are adding to knowledge and they are helping us to understand human life. Some of these amateurs come to worldly success and renown. Edison, Ford, Einstein are examples. Others come to success, but not to much advertisement. Many more delve on, mainly useful in accumulating material for succeeding inquirers to use.

And there will be inquirers and the material will be used. A great characteristic of these times is the enormous provision of minds sufficiently furnished with knowledge to want more. Our system of schooling, defective as it is, furnishes a vast number of minds with the means to think, and out of the number so furnished, some are sure to think to important purpose. Everybody reads, and the huge daily flood of printed matter feeds that habit. Most of the reading so provided is pretty poor stuff, but the mass of it includes a great deal that is good, and there is a constantly increasing development of minds that feed upon it. When the quest for knowledge is once developed in any mind trash no longer satisfies it. On the whole we should be thankful for our provision of printed words, their great diffusion and the fact that so large a proportion of them are helpful to intelligence. Perhaps we should be also thankful for the movies, though not so much for what they are as for what they may become. They prevail enormously and probably cost at least as much as we used to pay for rum when we had it. They are like our provision of printed matter in that

they might be worse, but they are rather more subtle in their powers to mislead. They tell a great many stories that are not true, but probably they educate their patrons in the end to distinguish between what is true and what is bogus. The history of the growth of human intelligence is the history of the development of that capacity. We are apt to get things wrong at the first go and correct our impressions as the result of observation and experience. The movies impart a great many impressions which need correction, but not for that reason should we deny them a share in the great educational process that is proceeding. If people must think wrong before they can think right then the movies are helping us.

We are getting to know a great deal more about our neighbors in the world, their habits, dispositions and politics, than we used to. The papers print many times as much foreign news as they did ten years ago, and print it much more conspicuously, and we read much more of it because we think it concerns us. That is a significant change and we should count it a gain, and feel that it makes in its way for eventual peace and order.

Finally, we have abundant cause to be thankful that we live in such lively times, when there is so much going on and nobody knows what will happen tomorrow. A gamble is always interesting, so much so that folks incline to pay too much for it. But for us that interest in life is abundantly provided without effort of our own or deviation from the paths of discretion. We have only to keep track of current events and the processes of reconstruction as they work out in the world, and as we look ahead there looms up a speculation the like of which there never was. These times are not humdrum, anyhow. Let us be thankful for that. Thanksgiving certainly brings us more this year than turkey, roast and boiled, and three kinds of pie.





AND I'VE SOLD SO MANY THOUSAND BOOKS I NOW GET TRIPLE PRICE

## Confession of a Successful Novelist

BY BARON IRELAND

**W**HEN I was but a little lad my parents found no cure  
For my insatiable desire to practice literature.  
They'd planned that I, once come of age, should sell hay, flour, and feed.  
While my ambition was to be a Dickens or a Reade.

And when I went to college I made bold this wish to state  
To Professor Frelinghuysen, who taught English 38.  
The kindly old professor patted me upon the head;  
"A laudable ambition!" he benevolently said.

"But if you'd become a master of the medium of prose  
You must serve a long apprenticeship, as every writer knows;  
You must read the works of Addison, of Hazlitt, and of Pope,  
You must learn the use of tmesis, of metathesis, and trope.

"You must wade all through De Quincey and you *must* feed up on Lamb;  
You must boost your Fielding average; on T. Smollett you must cram;  
For you've got to get the polish of these kings of English style  
If in future you aspire to the ranks of Books Worth While."

So I did. With care and patience I read all those authors through,  
 Conscientiously endeavoring to be suave and polished too.  
 In my daily themes I strove for grace and elegance of phrase;  
 And Professor Frelinghuysen marked them all with big blue "A's."

When at last I graduated I continued as before,  
 Striving ever to be elegant and polished more and more,  
 But the editors unanimously rejected all my stuff  
 With the comment that they liked it, but it hadn't kick enough.

"You are full of bright ideas (so a sample letter ran),  
 And although your style is brilliant as a new tomato can,  
 What the public's after nowadays is stories with a punch—  
 To write them eighty-six per cent in slang's a blamed good hunch.

"For the melting pot's been boiling for so many, many years  
 That it won't be long before the English language disappears,  
 And, from all the signs, this country will eventually speak  
 A composite of Slovakian, eighteen other tongues, and Greek.

"So although we'd much prefer to please the lads like H. Van Dyke,  
 To remain in business we must give the people what they like.  
 So jazz your stuff with dialect and pep it up with slang,  
 And we prophesy your stories will go over with a bang."

Well, Professor Frelinghuysen's tip had done no good so far,  
 Too, I owed the last six payments of my Strate Ate touring car;  
 So I took, in fear and trembling, those kind editors' advice  
 And I've sold so many thousand books I now get triple price!

Instead of using characters like diplomats and deans  
 Who exclaim "Indeed?" instead of "Yeah?" and "Bosh!" instead of "Beans!"  
 I wrote of southpaw pitchers, stokers, gunmen, tramps, and clerks  
 Who for "Yes" would say, "I'll say so," and for "Tell me!" "Shoot the works!"

And what of the Professor who'd advised me to acquire  
 A style of grace and polish if to fame I would aspire?  
 Well, here's a little extract from a recent book review  
 By Professor Frelinghuysen in the Sunday *Ballyhoo*:

"*The Poor Old Boob*, by Alexander Poppleton (that's me)  
 Is as colorful a novel as it's been our lot to see.  
 It combines Swift's vividness of style with Dickens' strength of line."  
 The Moral should be obvious. It is? Well, ain't that fine!





### Looking Backward

LITTLE WILLIAM TELL: "Well, Pop, why don't you shoot?"

WILLIAM TELL: *Just a minute, son—I'm waiting for the overture.*"

#### Almost Envious

IN a Southern town recently there was held a celebration in honor of Shakespeare, and among those in attendance was a famous baseball player, noted for his skill in "lifting 'em over the fence" at critical moments of the games.

Now as the young fellow in question was present at one of the functions during the celebration his health was proposed by some fanatical admirer. His response was noteworthy.

"After observing the way in which Shakespeare's memory is revered," he said, with great simplicity, "I am not sure that I would not rather have been such a man than have gained my own greatest triumphs in baseball."

#### His Pedigree

IT was the day before the Derby, and an inquisitive fan who had been looking over a few of the entries, came upon a likely little roan being groomed by an old darkey.

"Good horse," commented the fan.

"There ain't none bettah, suh," said the darkey.

"Who was he sired by?"

"Well, suh," replied the darkey, aware that the pedigree of his little horse was somewhat shady, "nobody knows that. This colt is so fast he run away from home befoah evah he'd heard his papa's name!"

#### Vagabondia

SOFT shoes, and a sweater of brown, bandanna quite carelessly tied,

With knickers for freedom and ease, to fit a pedestrian's stride—

'Twas thus that the maiden was dressed. Beside me she sturdily strode.

In keeping with vagabond style, we ate by the side of the road.

The shoes had been fifteen a pair, the sweater uncommonly fine;

The handkerchief, tied at her throat, of silk, with a Persian design.

The knickers were tailored to fit, or rather, were tailored to kill,

And I'd had a fit of my own, when faced by the tailoring bill.

The spot by the road where we ate she chose with a confident grin.

"Two-fifty a plate!" she announced, and walked—from the car to the inn!

J. LILIAN VANDEVERE.

## A New Game

MARY LOU was familiar with many games and kindergarten, but church was a new experience. It was a ritualistic church and high at that. She looked on deeply interested while the congregation went through the service, standing, sitting, kneeling, and rising repeatedly. Then she decided to join in the game. The next time they knelt, she popped down on her knees like a flash and called out: "The last one down is a little nigger baby."

## A Discount

AT a certain church in a southern town it is the invariable custom of the pastor to kiss the bride after the ceremony. Now one young woman who was about to be married in his church did not relish the prospect and instructed her prospective husband to advise the minister that she did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom obeyed the instructions given.

When the young man returned she asked: "Henry, did you tell the minister that I did not wish him to kiss me?"

"I did, Florence."

"What did he say?"

"He said that in that case he would charge only half the usual fee."

## Mistook His Opponent

TWO pickaninnies, not thoroughly accustomed to ocean bathing, were engaged in a "water fight" off a Florida beach one windy afternoon. The fight consisted of desperate attempts on the part of each combatant, breast deep in water, to dash more of the ocean in his opponent's face than he himself was getting. They did not notice the huge wave which rolled slowly up to them, lifted the little fellow nearest the beach clean off his feet, and sat him gently in the back water.

Considerably surprised, the pickaninny rose to the surface, dripping and spluttering, and turned to his companion, an awed expression on his face.

"Boy," he said, breathlessly, "boy, yo' got me licked!"

## No Cause for Alarm

BARBARA'S little white bull terrier, self-appointed traffic policeman, stood in the middle of the street and barked loudly at an approaching automobile. The driver kindly slowed up, whereat Barbara reassured him thus:

"He won't hurt you, Mr. Chauffeur, really he won't."

## Reassuring "Miss Jones"

AS they boarded the train they had every look of being a bridal couple. The young man carefully escorted the young woman to a seat, while the interested passengers smiled indulgently.

Then extending his hand to the supposed bride, he said, in a very loud voice, "Well, Miss Jones, the train is about to pull out. I wish you a very pleasant journey," and doffing his hat, he hurried off the train.

But the young woman seemed nervous. By and by she called the porter, and in a whisper gave him some mysterious message. He came back in a moment, and said in a voice audible to every one: "Yo' all right, ma'am. He's in de smokin' compartment."



## The Yellow Peril

"Never mind the laundry, Mr. Lee. Won't you stay and join us in a game of Pung Chow?"





MOTHER OF FAMILY: "Mam, do you know what holds this family together?"  
 SOCIAL WORKER: "I certainly do not."  
 "Safety pins!"

#### Delusions of Grandeur

**D**OWN in Southern Missouri Mose White, a colored farm hand, appeared at a neighbor's back door one morning and asked for the loan of a mule to do his employer's plowing.

"Why, Mose," said the neighbor, "your boss has a good mule. Why not use him?"

"Well, suh," replied Mose, "dat mule sit in the shade all day. Jes' won't work."

"What's the matter with him? Is he sick?"

"No, suh," was the answer, "dat mule ain't sick. He jes' think he's a gentleman farmer!"

#### As the Twig is Bent

**B**OBBIIE and Clare, five-year-old sons of a farmer and an undertaker, respectively, thought to vary their play by "playing papa." The former picked up a newspaper and "read" as follows:

"I see wheat's to be under a dollar; corn holding its own."

"It's my turn now," interrupted Clare, who seized the paper and followed his play-mate's example with:

"Well, I wonder who died to-day."

#### A Long Job

**S**USIE went to visit her little boy cousins. On her return home she remarked, "Daddy, over there they pray for God to make them good little boys."

"That's fine," said her father.

"He ain't done it yet," she replied.

#### Religious Experience

**J**OSEPH was a solemn-eyed, spiritual-looking child.

"Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee, "nurse, is this God's day?"

"No, dear," said the nurse, "this is not Sunday, it is Thursday."

"I'm so sorry," he said sadly, and went back to his blocks.

The next day and the next, in his serious manner, he asked the same question, and the nurse tearfully said to the cook: "That child is too good for this world."

On Sunday the question was repeated, and the nurse with a sob in her voice said: "Yes, Lambie, this is God's day."

"Then where is the funny paper?" he demanded.



*"Was Billy's exhibition a success?"*

*"Oh, yes, one of the visitors went out and left his umbrella behind."*

#### A Muffler Needed

MOTIER was speaking to Hortense touching a matter of much importance. "I wish, my dear," said she, "you wouldn't stand on the steps so long with young Spooner when he brings you home."

"Why, mother," said the girl, "I only stood there for a second last night."

"Is that all?" asked mother. "I really thought I heard a third and a fourth."

#### Her Brothers' Sister

MARIE, who is seven, was having tea with a friend when a visitor called and took some notice of her.

"And have you any little sisters at home?" the lady inquired.

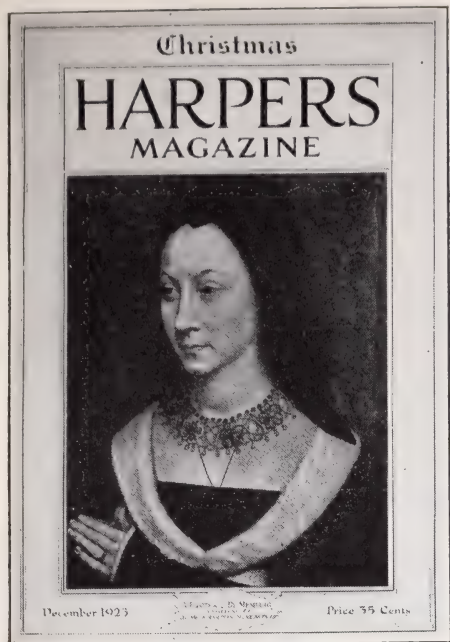
"No," said Marie. Then, after a moment she added reflectively: "But I have two brothers at home—and they have a sister—and I am it."



#### Literary Eventualities

*Little Red Riding Hood starts for her grandmother's.*





A Portrait by Memling  
Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

# Harper's Magazine for 1924

## A Brilliant New Program of the Most Famous Literary Magazine in the World

### *Famous Paintings in Full Color*

While many of the most famous of the world's paintings have come to America, lovers of pictures have been able to see and know but few of them. In one of the most notable undertakings in its artistic history, Harper's will present to its readers these masterpieces in American galleries. A beautiful reproduction in full color will appear on each new cover of the Magazine.

### *Making the Magazine Easier to Read*

The New Harper's, commencing with the January issue, will be bound so that

it will open flat like a book and will be easy to hold and easy to read. Each issue will contain more reading matter than the average two-dollar book.

### *What should the well-read Man Read?*

Out of the thousands of books—classic and modern—which should every well-read person know today? To keep abreast of current thought and to broaden one's cultural background is becoming increasingly difficult in this complex and unsettled age. Harper's has persuaded a distinguished literary authority to deal with this problem in a series of articles. The books which everyone should know in

each of the great departments of literature—history, biography, fiction, etc.—will be outlined each month in a stimulating and delightful program of reading, and the reason why these books should form a part of one's cultural equipment will be fully set forth.

### ***A Great Serial*** **by Margaret Deland**

Two notable serials are scheduled for publication in Harper's Magazine during the coming year. The first is by one of the most loved and best known of American writers—Margaret Deland. It is a story of great depth of feeling, a story of tensely dramatic quality, and one which is certain to have a hold upon all readers, for it is a story of mother love. It will begin in the December issue.

### ***A New Novel*** **by Harvey O'Higgins**

The second serial comes from a writer who has already earned a distinguished position by the publication of three of the most striking volumes of short stories that any American writer has ever given to the public. The name of the author is Harvey O'Higgins. His story, which will begin immediately after the completion of Margaret Deland's shorter novel, is strikingly modern. It is a story in which a girl, brought up in most unusual surroundings, lives her life before our very eyes, day by day, through to the striking culmination of her career.

### ***Thackeray's*** ***Unpublished Letters***

When Thackeray left instructions to his family and to his publishers that no authorized biography of him was to be written, possibly he had in mind that one day his family would see fit to give to the world his many and delightful letters. Certain

letters were actually published in the introduction which his daughter, Lady Ritchie, wrote for the Biographical Edition of her father's works. Others, and these the most precious of them all, have remained unpublished in the hands of his granddaughter, Miss Hester Ritchie. These letters were written to his children and to his mother. Some of them tell of his experiences while on his lecture trips in America. Accompanying them are many delightful and hitherto unknown drawings.

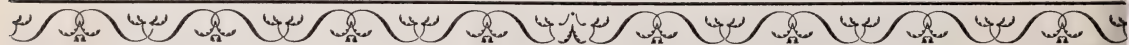
### ***By the Author of*** ***"The Mind in the Making"***

James Harvey Robinson is not only one of the leading thinkers of our day, but is also a writer gifted with such clarity of style that his ideas unfailingly reach the entire public. His book "The Mind in the Making" has gone on to such success that its very name has entered into the language, and the ideas presented in it have exerted a powerful influence. This book had its beginning in a series of four articles published in Harper's Magazine. Since that time Mr. Robinson has published in the pages of Harper's other equally striking papers. And now he is engaged on a new series having to do with "Man and His World"—man, his origin, history, troubles, resources, and prospects.

### ***Science for Everyman***

Within the last year the theory of evolution has been spectacularly challenged. Seldom has a scientific question aroused such widespread discussion in educational and church circles. Ellwood Hendrick has written a notable paper in which some entirely new views are presented on this engrossing subject.

Other important scientific articles will come from Dr. Benjamin Harrow and Dr. Casimir Funk, who are now in Europe





studying the latest scientific advances for Harper's Magazine. Dr. Bailey Willis, who recently returned from a study of the great earthquake in Chile will write of these great upheavals and the new devices for foretelling their approach.

### ***Religion and Modernism***

Basil King, novelist and author of that inspiring book "The Conquest of Fear," is also a Biblical scholar and a minister of the Episcopal Church. He holds that there is nothing in the views of modern science that is irreconcilable with a firm faith in the fundamentals of Christianity. He will uphold this position in a number of vitally important articles.

### ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould in the West***

Mrs. Gerould needs no introduction to Harper readers who welcomed with such hearty enthusiasm her recent articles "The Land of the Free" and "The Personal Touch". For several months Mrs. Gerould has been traveling through the west, stopping wherever life seemed to her most interesting and where she found material that seemed to her most significant of unwritten phases of American life. Some weeks she spent in Reno, Nevada, studying the tragi-comedy of the divorce mill. She has revisited, too, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Albuquerque, and other western cities, and the material that she has gathered, presented as she alone can, should afford the most striking series of studies of American life that has yet been given us.

### ***More Burlesques by Stephen Leacock***

Up at his camp in Canada Stephen Leacock has been chuckling over a new series of burlesques that he has written for

Harper's. He has turned from the theatre and the movies to phases of life that come even more close to us and are shining targets for his satire. Daily his public is growing larger and daily this man who ranks among the first of our economists is coming to be recognized as also the first of our humorists.

### ***The Most Distinguished Short Stories***

Whenever any critic or group of critics take upon themselves the task of selecting the best short stories published during the year, the fiction of Harper's is always ranked with the best. In the recently published O. Henry Memorial volume made up of what the Committee considered the best stories of the year, there were twice as many stories included from Harper's Magazine as from any other periodical. Stories of distinction and permanent literary value are a feature of every issue. The history of the development of the short story in America is largely a history of Harper's Magazine.

### ***The Soul of Mr. Pepys***

"Pepys' Diary" has always had a remarkable hold upon men and women of many types. It has a place of honor in every library, and it is one of the classics that is really read. Among the lovers of this great book is Gamaliel Bradford, whose brilliant character studies entitled "Damaged Souls" formed an important feature of the Magazine not long ago. Now Mr. Bradford is engaged on a number of papers dealing with "The Soul of Samuel Pepys," in which he portrays Pepys in various relations in life and interprets him in such a way as to bring the great diarist before us in an even more delightful way than he himself did in his own diary.



## *The New Gospel of the Creative Spirit*

Among the most popular of the educational articles that have appeared recently in the magazine are those by Professor Rollo W. Brown, now lecturing at Harvard University. He is now engaged upon a new series of articles dealing with "The Creative Spirit." Mr. Brown holds that the spirit of adventure and growth which flowers conspicuously in art is, in the artist, only a higher degree of the power which less favored souls also possess, and which must be developed in them in order to save them from eventual chaos. Mr. Brown views his theme from every human angle,—"The Creative Spirit and Conduct," "The Creative Spirit and the Church," "The Creative Spirit and the Industrial Scheme" are some of the titles in his series. Those who recall Mr. Brown's brilliant paper entitled "Educational Unleveling" will be assured of the great interest and significance of the articles which he is now preparing.

## *Two Harper Expeditions to Romantic Lands*

For some years past a quiet, boyish-looking man has been sitting at his desk in the office of the London "Nation." He has read voluminously and he has written some of the best literary criticism of his day. But always he has been thinking of adventure and travel in strange lands. Now and then he has torn himself away from office work and has wandered out into strange corners of the world. And always when he has returned he has produced a wonderful book. His name is H. M. Tomlinson. In England they

rank his writing with that of H. W. Hudson. Recently there came upon him again the desire to travel. He wrote, as so many others have written first to the editors of Harper's, telling something of the trip that he planned. The editors cabled back, "Go on; we will back you." And now he is wandering among the strange and little visited islands of the Far East, gathering material for one of the most striking narratives of adventurous travel.

Another notable series will come from James Norman Hall, who, with Charles Nordhoff, wrote the great classic of the South Seas. After finishing that wonderful book, Mr. Hall decided that he wanted to make a leap around the world and visit Iceland. There, month by month, he has recorded his experiences in one of the quaintest and least known corners of the earth and he has found the adventure no less fascinating than that other trip to the South Seas. His articles will begin in an early number.

## *Authority, Variety, and Interest*

are the three keynotes of Harper's Magazine.

**Authority**—Its articles are always the work of distinguished thinkers and investigators who speak for themselves of their accomplishment.

**Variety**—Every field of legitimate human endeavor comes within the province of Harper's Magazine, and each issue of the Magazine reflects this diversity of content.

**Interest**—In dealing with fiction or with fact, deep human appeal, with intelligent regard for taste, is always the paramount editorial consideration.



## PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

**Alexander Meiklejohn** has recently resigned from the presidency of Amherst College. His progressive ideas regarding education in America have, in connection with that event, evoked widespread discussion. **Prosper Buranelli**, a member of the staff of the *New York World*, has contributed a number of stories to HARPER'S.

**E. Alexander Powell**, whose recent articles descriptive of his trip through Persia and across the Arabian desert by motor car are still fresh in the minds of HARPER readers, offers this month an interesting *potpourri* gleaned from his many trips to far countries. **Stella Wynne Herron** is a native of California and a graduate of Stanford University. She has traveled extensively in Latin-American countries, and has written stories for various magazines.

**Rose Wilder Lane** presents this month a companion piece to her Albanian study, "Padre Luigi of Kiri," published in the June issue. An interesting letter from her, written in Athens, appears on a following page. **James Harvey Robinson**, author of *The Mind in the Making*, which appeared serially in this Magazine, needs no introduction to HARPER readers.

**Katherine Mansfield's** recent untimely death in France ends the career of one of the most promising of English prose artists. Three volumes of her short stories have thus far appeared in America and have established her position definitely in English letters. In private life she was the wife of John Middleton Murry, the English novelist and critic. **Frederick Todd** is secretary of the First Federal Foreign Banking Association, New York, and a writer on financial subjects. **Herbert Pullinger** is a Philadelphia artist.

**Frederick Palmer** has a distinguished record as a war correspondent in many parts of the world and is the author of a number of volumes. He saw active service during the war, and is now Lieutenant-Colonel in the Reserve Corps. **Stephen Lucas** is the pen name of an author whose confessions have every evidence of authenticity. **Frederick L. Allen**, former Secretary of the Corpora-

tion of Harvard University, is now a resident of Scarsdale, New York, and associated with the literary staff of Harper & Brothers. **Charles A. Bennett** is an instructor in Philosophy at Yale University.



The Editors have already made grateful personal acknowledgment to Meredith Nicholson, the Indiana novelist, for his gift of a large basket of paw-paws recently received at this office. But the Editors feel that public recognition of Mr. Nicholson's generosity is in order, since it affords us the opportunity to share with our readers the letter which accompanied Mr. Nicholson's gift—a tribute originally delivered at the conclusion of a banquet address in Indianapolis:

One other item of the Hoosier flora I must not forget. All summer long in dark corners of the Hoosier woodland the processes of nature are directed toward the perfecting of a wondrous fruit. The tree that bears it cannot, like the persimmon, be transplanted, and no Burbank dare lay impious hands upon it. It is long-leaved and the little trees are shy and hide from the sun. The dark purple flower comes and quickly vanishes. A curious hard, green fruit develops with the deliberation that is dear to mother Nature. And Hoosier lads steal in as to a sanctuary and gaze upon the oval rind in reverence; but taste not, touch not. The eager and nipping frosts of September give the final touch to nature's handiwork. Into that fruit all the sweetness of the world has been gathered. The gardens of the Hesperides contained nothing so marvelous to the palate. It is a food for gods, and we Hoosiers feeding upon it become not as other men. Our Hoosier women derive their beauty and wit and charm from it. It kindles our imagination; it strengthens our patriotism, it makes us valiant contenders for the commerce of the world. And I give you the name of it with pride, as something racy of our own soil, and the explanation of all our achievements—Ladies and Gentlemen, the Hoosier Paw-paw!



The photographs which accompanied the text of Rose Wilder Lane's remarkable Albanian article in the June issue, "Padre Luigi

of Kiri," were taken by Annette Marquis. The Editors were unaware of this fact until it was brought to their attention by a recent letter from Mrs. Lane, who is now in Athens. We regret the omission, particularly because the pictures were taken under such hazardous circumstances. In fact, the difficulties which Mrs. Marquis encountered would make a story in themselves. We quote from Mrs. Lane's graphic letter:

Mrs. Marquis went into the mountains alone, with only Albanian guides, nearly lost her life more than once, and suffered such hardships that when I met her on the plain six weeks later I hardly recognized her. The pack-mule carrying cameras and plates fell down a waterfall, and the camera with which the pictures were made was rescued by an Albanian who swam the rapids to get it. The mule was a total loss. The camera was, naturally, full of water. Mrs. Marquis took it to pieces on the floor of a mountain cabin by the light of the fire, dried it in fragments and put it together again with the aid of a pin and a hair-pin, which are still in it, since none but German experts will undertake to touch the delicate mechanism of an American camera, and Mrs. Marquis has not dared attempt to repeat the feat. Nevertheless, it made the photographs, on plates which she dried one by one with a handkerchief, while the Albanians and their goats slept on the floor around her.

After this, such terrible storms came down on the mountains that the Albanian government became seriously alarmed for her safety, and sent gendarmes to rescue her, and then more gendarmes to find the first gendarmes. None of them reached her. Food had given out in the mountain villages, and she nearly starved.

Some of her experiences are in my story, "Edelweiss on Chafa Shalit." In getting over Chafa Shalit through the avalanches camera and plates were abandoned, and the Albanians risked their lives again to get them down to Scutari. These photographs are the only ones ever made in the interior Albanian mountains, for evident reasons, and I am sure you will share our feeling that Mrs. Marquis should be given credit for overcoming such obstacles in order to get them.



"I want to say that HARPER'S is one of the few magazines to which I do not grudge the wood pulp necessary for its publication," writes Will Larymore Smedley from his studio on Chautauqua-on-Lake, New York. This is a heartening remark to the Editors from a well-known American artist, whom we venture to quote further:

I have greatly enjoyed the Harper publications since I was a boy, from the time when the Weekly was printed in large form, with splendid pictures, up to the last issue. You are surely an American institution, and as five generations of my family were born on American soil, you can be assured that I will boost anything American. I think if you and Mr. Martin and a few others will stick to the job a little longer, we can get past the jazz music, jazz art, jazz literature and jazz manners period. At any rate, don't weaken your standards.

You know nowadays everybody either writes or has the inevitable cousin who does. When a sweet powdery young thing of sixteen can talk glibly of taking a course in journalism and coming through as an author in six months it makes me feel that Herbert Spencer simply threw his life away, and that those who wrote the Bible could have greatly improved their style if they had but lived in our day.

What prompted this note particularly is the letter in the current "Personal and Otherwise" signed "Corpus Sine Animo." I think it one of the neatest commentaries on American literature I have read in a long time.

I am always pleased with Mr. Martin's articles and seem to agree with him on 99 44-100 of everything.



"In these days so many things are said about the railroads and the men who run them that are false or misleading that it does me good to see a sound, constructive article such as Mr. Burton's in a publication which enjoys the standing and influence of HARPER'S." This is the comment of Mr. C. H. Markham, President of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, after reading "The Cost of Progress" in the September issue. He goes on to say:

There are some people who say railroading has lost the romance it once had. I don't believe that. Anyone who reads Mr. Burton's fine account of railway progress surely must be impressed with the fact that the successful operation of our railroads to-day, even though their managements are encompassed about with governmental regulations, is a challenge to virile American manhood.

I assume that you saw the fine editorial published in *The Traffic World* of September 8th commenting upon and quoting from Mr. Burton's article. I concur heartily in everything Mr. Palmer says about it.



An unfortunate error appears on the last page of Robert Bruere's article in last month's issue, "Our Chained Prometheus." In speaking of the rates for electricity in the



data furnished by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, "nine cents per kilowatt-hour" should have read "0.9 cent per kilowatt-hour."



In the December number, the Magazine will begin the publication of a collection of Thackeray letters, which have long been in the possession of the novelist's family and now for the first time are to be given to the public. They will be accompanied by the editorial and explanatory comment of Hester Thackeray Ritchie, his granddaughter, and will appear in four installments; beginning with a number of letters dating from the days of Thackeray's early struggles for recognition, continuing with letters composed when *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes* had brought him—as he expressed it himself in one note—to the "top of the tree," and concluding with a series of American letters dating from the novelist's second American trip and containing pungent comment on American customs and manners (particularly manners) of that day.

Lovers of Thackeray will appreciate the opportunity to share with his descendants these very human documents. Most of them were written to his mother or to his daughter Anne, afterward Lady Ritchie. They contain frequent mention of the progress of *Esmond* or some other novel, but the general tone of the letters is personal; and for this reason they reveal all the more clearly, perhaps, the humor and kindness and wisdom of that gallant gentleman, whose heart, like Colonel Newcome's, was "as that of a little child."

The editors of HARPER'S MAGAZINE count themselves particularly fortunate to be able to present these letters to the great circle of Thackeray-lovers, because of the cordial relations which existed between the novelist and the House of Harper, the American publishers of his complete works. It will be recalled that *The Virginians* and *The Adventures of Philip* made their first American appearance in the Magazine; that Thackeray visited the Franklin Square offices when he came to New York; and that he put himself on record in appreciation of the fair play of the House of Harper, which made regular payments to him for the American rights of *The Virginians*, even though the copyright laws were in such a state that a New York newspaper was

simultaneously pirating the novel, chapter by chapter, without paying the author a penny.

Among the illustrations will be a number of Thackeray's own drawings, now reproduced for the first time.

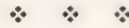


CHICAGO, Illinois.

DEAR HARPER'S—A few months ago, while idly turning the leaves of your magazine, I came upon "Trails to Tiny Towns." No longer did I "idly" turn a leaf. Since then I have become a subscriber and the first article I read is Gertrude Zerr's. If you follow her trails you will always find adventure ahead of you and life throws off its prosy garments and becomes the thing of joy it is meant to be.

Sincerely,

ROSEMARY MEAD.



NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR HARPER'S:—My reading of the essay by W. L. George in the October HARPER's has reminded me that once upon a time—when I was a great deal younger than I am now, and therefore a great deal more sure of myself and my opinions—I gave a ten-minute talk on that same subject, "Success." Like Mr. George, I cited Lincoln and Edison and some of the millionaires and poets, and, like Mr. George, I talked of fame and wealth and power. Today I am sure it was my earnestness rather than my wisdom which gave me the decision of my judges.

Since then I have watched the lives of a good many people, and have inevitably modified my definition of success. Today I like to think of it—not in terms of what one gets—but in terms of what one gives. And I wondered, as I read Mr. George's article, that he never once looked behind the money, or the power, or the fame—coin with which society pays its real or fancied debts—to the contribution, genuine or pseudo genuine, which the successful man had made. We receive because we give, and only in so far as people learn that lesson can civilization prosper. Society is and will be only because it can turn to the advantage of others that which each member gives. Only because of this can it pay for what it receives. Platitude? Yes, but it is the basis of group life. Like the laws of nature, we may seem to break it, only to learn in the end that it is inexorable.

Superficial success is disproved by time and exists only because society in its haste often gets its values mixed, temporarily overrating the contribution of a Harold Bell Wright and underrating that of a Mendel. And yet how hard it is for us to learn that it is he who has given "value received" who stands out among his fellows!



Characteristic Pose of the Author of "The Wisdom of Laziness"

So our friend, Mr. Smith (and we know that he is our friend), is a success because he is giving—to his home, to his business, to his friends, to his casual acquaintances, even to us who read about him—those sterling values which are the best of himself.

ELAINE F. KINDER.

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PROVIDENCE, Rhode Island.

DEAR HARPER'S—What a table you set! The more I dine at other boards the better I like yours. The Head of the Table—in an Easy Chair—sets our thinking straight on all lines. In our seething age consider this:

"Effervescence has a purpose. It is designed to throw out dirt and leave a cleansed residuum that will not turn prematurely to vinegar." We take heart from that, and such as that.

Since March I have lived in "The Happy Isles." I refuse to consider these people characters in fiction or drama. However it was done, Basil King has breathed into every individual the very breath of life. They abide with us. We discuss their past and forecast their future, all the while with importunate appetite.

This Whitelaw story proved beyond peradventure that an author need not depend upon curry powder, love interest or the eternal triangle.

But not every one can make an egg stand on end, though Columbus did. I am not reviewing

"The Happy Isles." But I must just thank you for it.

Yours sincerely,  
GEORGIA ALLEN FIRMAN

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PENN YAN, N. Y.

DEAR HARPER'S—Our family have taken your Magazine fifty consecutive years, and, proud to say, we have every number. Our enthusiasm has never waned. We look forward each month to the new number and read it from cover to cover. Each department is splendid; the "Lion's Mouth" most entertaining, and the "Editor's Easy Chair" always a delight. Especially I wish to mention "The Happy Isles," one of the best serial stories for some time. We are anxiously awaiting the next instalment. In fact, everything in your Magazine is well done.

Sincerely,  
CORNELIA H. BEAUMONT.

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The hearty response of our readers to a piece in The Lion's Mouth entitled "The Wisdom of Laziness," by Fred C. Kelly, leads us to reproduce herewith a photograph of the author. The picture, if unconventional, aptly illustrates some of the precepts set forth in Mr. Kelly's article.













